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CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XI. JANUARY–JUNE, 1892.

		PAGE
ACCOMPLISHMENT OF AGREEABLE DEAFNESS, THE,		791
ADVENTURE IN PHILANTHROPY, AN,	EDWIN C. MARTIN,	230
ÆTNA, MOUNT. See *Ascent of.*		
AFRICA, SOUTH. See "*Golden Mashonaland.*"		
ALLSTON, WASHINGTON.		
I. SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF, With frontispiece from a portrait of Allston painted by George W. Flagg; and reproductions of some of Mr. Allston's drawings.		68
II. AS A PAINTER—UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES OF HENRY GREENOUGH, With engravings from paintings by Allston.		220
AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF TO-DAY,	WILLIAM A. COFFIN,	
FIRST PAPER, With examples of the work of Elihu Vedder, Kenyon Cox, and Will H. Low.		106
SECOND PAPER, With frontispiece—A Portrait, from a pastel by William M. Chase, and examples of the work of Robert Blum, H. Siddons Mowbray, Irving R. Wiles, H. Bolton Jones, Bruce Crane, F. D. Millet, E. H. Blashfield, J. H. Twachtman, and Theodore Robinson.		196
THIRD PAPER, With frontispiece—"Echoes of the Waltz," from a painting by C. S. Reinhart, and examples of the work of Edwin A. Abbey, Joseph Pennell, Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, W. T. Smedley, T. de Thulstrup, O. H. Bacher, S. W. Van Schaick, Frederic Remington, A. E. Sterner, Chester Loomis, and C. D. Gibson.		333
ARCTIC HIGHLANDER, THE, With drawings by O. H. Bacher and J. H. Twachtman.	BENJAMIN SHARP, PH.D.,	241
ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA, AN, With illustrations by the author.	A. F. JACCACI,	663
AUSTRALIA. See *Station Life in.*		
BAYREUTH REVISITED,	H. E. KREHBIEL,	98
BERLIN. See *Unter den Linden.*		
BOKHARA REVISITED, Illustrated by drawings by Kenyon Cox, Francis Day, and W. C. Fitler, and from photographs.	HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.,	50
BOYS' CLUB. See *Drury Lane.*		
BROWNING IN THE FUTURE,		264
BUSINESS AS AN OCCUPATION,		789
CASE OF CONSCIENCE, A,	BEATRICE WITTE,	496

6495

		PAGE
CATTLE-TRAILS OF THE PRAIRIES, With frontispiece—"On the Great Cattle-Trail," and other illustrations by A. Castaigne.	CHARLES MOREAU HARGER,	732
CHICAGO. See *Historic Moments: A Memory of the Fire*, and *Water-Route.*		
CHILDREN OF THE POOR, THE, Drawings by V. Pérard and Irving R. Wiles. See also *Poor in Great Cities.*	JACOB A. RIIS,	531
COMMONEST POSSIBLE STORY, THE,	BLISS PERRY,	257
COUNTRY PLACES, SMALL, Drawings by Victor Pérard.	SAMUEL PARSONS, JR., Superintendent of Parks, New York.	302
CRIME AND THE LAW,	FREDERICK SMYTH, Recorder of the City of New York.	26
DANGERS OF COMFORT, THE,		261
DAY WITH THE DONKEY-BOYS, A, Drawings by E. H. Blashfield. See also *Afloat on the Nile*, Vol. X., 663.	E. H. and E. W. BLASHFIELD,	32
DETECTIVE IN PLAGIARISM, THE,		657
DOCTOR'S RELATIVES, THE,	KARL ERICKSON,	121
DRURY LANE BOYS' CLUB, THE: WHAT IT GREW FROM. WHAT IT IS. WHAT WE HOPE IT WILL BE, See also *Poor in Great Cities.*	FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,	676
DUTCH KITCHEN-MAID, THE COMPLETE—A PICTURE OF HOLLAND A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO,	CORNELIA J. CHADWICK,	250
ETHICS OF UNLOADING, THE,		393
FRANCE ADORÉE,	IDA M. TARBELL,	643
GIRLS' CLUB. See *Working-Girls.*		
"GOLDEN MASHONALAND," Drawings by W. L. Metcalf, H. R. Bloomer, and V. Pérard.	FRANK MANDY,	455
GREENLAND. See *Arctic Highlander.*		
GREENOUGH, HENRY, REMINISCENCES OF. See *Allston, Washington.*		
HISTORIC MOMENTS.		
I. THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL,	EDMUND G. ROSS, Ex-Senator from Kansas.	519
II. THE FIRST NEWS MESSAGE BY TELEGRAPH,	JOHN W. KIRK,	652
III. A MEMORY OF THE CHICAGO FIRE,	DAVID SWING,	691
HOLLAND. See *Dutch Kitchen-Maid.*		
IF IT COULD BE!	OCTAVE THANET,	178
ILLUSTRATION. See *American.*		
IMPEACHMENT TRIAL, THE. See *Historic Moments.*		
KEENE, CHARLES, OF "PUNCH," Illustrations printed from blocks furnished by the author, made from the originals in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.	GEORGE SOMES LAYARD,	499
LAKE PORTS. See *Water-Route.*		
LANDSCAPE GARDENING. See *Country Places.*		
LAUGHTER AND DEMOCRACY,		262
LAW. See *Crime and the.*		
LOCOMOTIVES. See *Speed In.*		
LONDON. See *Social Awakening In.*		
MASHONALAND. See "*Golden Mashonaland.*"		
MAUPASSANT,		527
MEMORY, ILLUSIONS OF.	WILLIAM H. BURNHAM,	185
MEN'S WORK,		129
MISTRESS AND MAID,		658
MYSTERIES OF LIFE, THE,		263
NEW ENGLAND KISMET, A,	ALICE MORSE EARLE,	295
NEW PARKS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, THE, Drawings by V. Pérard, W. L. Metcalf, O. H. Bacher, A. F. Jaccaci, and W. C. Fitler.	E. S. NADAL,	439

PAGE

NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSES, LIFE IN, As Seen by a City Missionary, ... William T. Elsing, . . . 697
With illustrations by Charles Broughton and O. H. Bacher.
See also *Poor in Great Cities.*

NIGHT-CAP BOOKS, ... 792

NILE, THE. See *Day With the Donkey-Boys.*

NO NEW THING, ... 790

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL, ... William Maynadier Browne, . 515

PAINTING. See *Allston*, and *American Illustration of To-day.*

PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS. . . . . William F. Apthorp.
I. The Comédie-Française and the Odéon, ... 3
Illustrated from drawings by Eugène Morand, Kenyon Cox, O. H. Bacher, J. Reich, and from photographs.
II. The Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, and the Conservatoire, ... 350
Drawings by Sinibaldi, Eugène Morand, Kenyon Cox, and O. H. Bacher.
III. The Unsubventioned Theatres and Orchestral Concerts, ... 482
Drawings by Kenyon Cox, O. H. Bacher, and J. Reich.
IV. Theatre-Going Habits, the Café Chantant, Symphony Concerts and Criticism, ... 628
Drawing by J. Reich.

PARKS, NEW YORK CITY. See *New Parks.*

PLAYER'S MOUTH, THE, ... 660

POETRY UNDER OLD AND NEW REPUTE, ... 130

POINT OF VIEW, THE.

Accomplishment of Agreeable Deafness, The, 791.
Browning in the Future, 264.
Business as an Occupation, 789.
Dangers of Comfort, The, 261.
Detective in Plagiarism, The, 657.
Ethics of Unloading, The, 393.
Laughter and Democracy, 262.
Maupassant, 527.
Men's Work, 129.
Mistress and Maid, 658.
Mysteries of Life, The, 263.
Night-cap Books, 792.
No New Thing, 790.
Player's Mouth, The, 660.
Poetry Under Old and New Repute, 130.
Politics and Public Opinion, 526.
Retribution for Russia, 131.
Saving Grace, The, 659.
"Scholars in Politics," 396.
Spare Time, 525.
Weak Point of the Specialist, A, 395.
Wordsworth's Arcady, 394.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC OPINION, ... 526

POOR IN GREAT CITIES, THE—Introduction, ... 399
I. The Social Awakening in London, ... Robert A. Woods, . . . 401
Drawings by Hugh Thomson, Irving R. Wiles, and V. Gribayedoff.
II. Children of the Poor, ... Jacob A. Riis, ... 531
Drawings by V. Pérard and Irving R. Wiles.
III. Life in New York Tenement-Houses as seen by a City Missionary, ... William T. Elsing, . . . 677
See also *Drury Lane Boys' Club* and *Working-Girls' Club.*

PUNCH. See *Charles Keene of.*

RAILWAYS. See *Speed in Locomotives* and *Rapid Transit.*

RAPID TRANSIT IN CITIES, ... Thomas Curtis Clarke.
I. The Problem, ... 567
Drawings by Childe Hassam.
II. The Solution, ... 743
Illustrations by O. H. Bacher, H. T. Schladermund, and Hughson Hawley.

REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN, THE, . . Robert Grant, . 365, 425, 556, 722

RETRIBUTION FOR RUSSIA, ... 131

REVENUE-CUTTER SERVICE, THE.
I. Its Work in the Relief of Vessels in Distress, Percy W. Thompson, Lieutenant U. S. R. M. . . . 207
II. Some Typical Rescues by the Revenue-Cutters, ... Samuel A. Wood, ... 211
With drawing by W. B. Styles.

SAVING GRACE, THE, ... 659

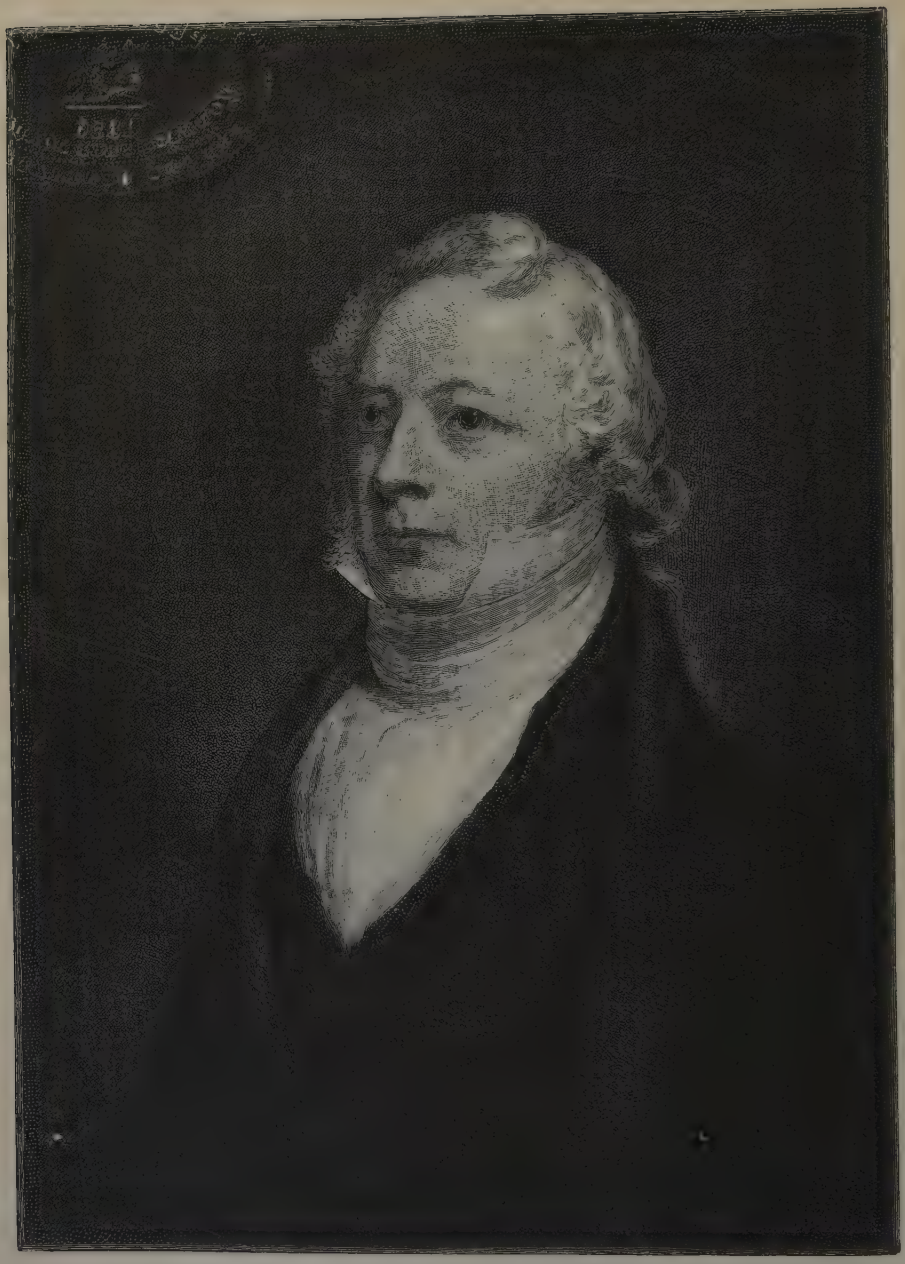
"SCHOLARS IN POLITICS," 396

SEA AND LAND, ... N. S. Shaler, ... 611
Drawings by Harry Fenn and V. Pérard.

		PAGE
SEA-BEACHES, ... Illustrations by J. H. Twachtman, V. Pérard, and G. Véron.	N. S. Shaler, ...	758
SOCIAL AWAKENING IN LONDON, THE, . . . With frontispiece—"Socialism in Hyde Park, London—A Meeting on Sunday afternoon near the Marble Arch," and other drawings by Hugh Thomson, Irving R. Wiles, and V. Gribayedoff. See also *Poor in Great Cities.*	Robert A. Woods, . . .	401
SPARE TIME, ...	. . . . .	525
SPEED IN LOCOMOTIVES.		
I. The Limitations of Fast Running, . . .	M. N. Forney, ... Editor Railroad & Engineering Journal.	378
II. Train-Speed a Question of Transportation, .	Theodore N. Ely, ... General Superintendent Motive Power, Pennsylvania R. R.	385
III. A Practical Experiment, ...	H. Walter Webb, ... Third Vice-President, N. Y. Central.	388
STATION LIFE IN AUSTRALIA, ... Drawings by Birge Harrison.	Sidney Dickinson, ...	135
TELEGRAPH. See *Historic Moments: The First News Message.*		
TENEMENT-HOUSES. See *New York.*		
THEATRES IN PARIS. See *Paris.*		
UNTER DEN LINDEN, ... [The fifth article in the series on "The Great Streets of the World."] With frontispiece—"Unter den Linden," and other drawings by F. Stahl. See also *Great Streets of the World*, Vol. X.	Paul Lindau, ...	579
WAGNER. See *Bayreuth Revisited.*		
WATER-ROUTE FROM CHICAGO TO THE OCEAN, THE, ... Drawings by Carlton T. Chapman and Victor Pérard, with three maps.	Charles C. Rogers, ... Lieutenant U. S. Navy.	270
WEAK POINT OF THE SPECIALIST, A, ...	. . . . .	395
WORDSWORTH'S ARCADY, ...	. . . . .	394
WORKING-GIRLS' CLUB, A MODEL, ... Drawings by W. L. Taylor. See also *Poor in Great Cities.*	Albert Shaw, ...	169
WRECKER, THE—Chapters XIV–XXIII, ... (*Begun in August*, 1891—*to be concluded in July*, 1892.) With illustrations by W. L. Metcalf.	Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne,	85, 155, 315, 471, 598, 777

POETRY.

AFTER SUNSET, ...	Graham R. Tomson, ...	696
ARMISTICE, ...	Ellen Burroughs, ...	104
ASLEEP UPON THE GRASS, ... With a drawing by Wyatt Eaton.	Eliza Woodworth, ...	206
AT NOON, ...	G. Santayana, ...	67
COMFORT OF THE FIELDS, ...	Archibald Lampman, ...	255
BALLADE OF DAWN, A, ...	Hugh McCulloch, Jr., . . .	31
DEAN OF BOURGES, THE, ...	Barrett Wendell, ...	117
EGYPT, IN, ...	Benj. Paul Blood, ...	627
EGYPTIAN BANQUET, AN, ...	T. W. Higginson, ...	424
GIRL OF POMPEII, A, ...	Edward S. Martin, ...	392
LAMP IN THE POOL, THE, ...	Graham R. Tomson, ...	105
MIRRORED MUSIC, ...	Charles Henry Lüders, . . .	578
ON A BUST OF GENERAL GRANT, ... With a fac-simile of a part of Mr. Lowell's manuscript.	James Russell Lowell, . . .	267
PRICELESS PEARL, THE, ...	John W. Chadwick, ...	690
RETURN OF THE YEAR, THE, ...	Archibald Lampman, ...	675
SONG, ...	Duncan Campbell Scott, . . .	25
SO IT IS TRUE, ...	Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, . .	219
TWO PORTRAITS, ... With a decoration by Frank Fowler.	Lloyd McKim Garrison, . . .	377



WASHINGTON ALLSTON

at the Age of 62.

(From a portrait painted by George W. Flagg.)

Engraved by G. Kruell.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. JANUARY, 1892. No. 1.

PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

I. THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE AND THE ODÉON.

By William F. Apthorp.

NOT far from the great Halles-Centrales, on the corner of the new, wide, and bright rue Étienne Marcel, and of the old, narrow, and dingy rue Française—which name, by the way, is still pronounced, as it used to be written, *Françoise*, at the Maison de Molière—stands a house which few passers-by would suspect of having any interest for the antiquary. With its light-buff Paris freestone, its wealth of ornamental carving and iron balconies, it has little to distinguish it from the average modern corner-house in the city par excellence of magnificent corners. Its short frontage on the rue Française—in which it is No. 5—its long stretches of façade on the rue Étienne Marcel and the rue Mauconseil, which runs at a slightly divergent angle behind it from the rue Française to the rue Montorgueil, make it a fair type of that bevel corner which is perhaps the most striking architectural beauty of Paris streets. It is a perfectly commonplace building, like a thousand others in the capital. Approaching it from the rear, as you are most likely to do, up the rue Française from the rue de Turbigo and the Halles, you find it suggestive only of the flaunting modern splendor of the rue Étienne Marcel, overflowing and encroaching upon the sedate dinginess of the older side streets. Its ground floor is occupied by one of those not easily classifiable places of refreshment which are common enough in the less fashionable quarters of the city, and combine in themselves the several distinctive features of the café-restaurant, the brasserie, and the estaminet. Except to the hungry or thirsty, the house presents only one interesting feature: it stands on the site of the old Hôtel de Bourgogne, for nearly a century the first theatre in Paris.

From early in the reign of Louis XIII. the actors at the Hôtel de Bourgogne were known collectively as the *Troupe royale des comédiens;* up to near the time of the death of Louis XIV. they held a quasi-official position. In 1600 there came about a split in the company. Half the actors seceded from it, and set up for themselves in the Marais, under the condition of paying an *écu tournois*, or Tours dollar, to the elder establishment for every performance they should give. The new company, which was known from first to last as the *Comédiens du Marais*, opened at the Hôtel d'Argent, in rue de la Poterie, near the place de la Grève. In 1632 or 1633 it moved to the jeu de paume (tennis-court) de la Fontaine, in the rue Michel-le-Comte. But the people of quality and foreign diplomatists who lived in the rue Michel-le-Comte and the rue du Grenier-Saint-Lazare, soon objected to the theatre as an undesirable neighbor, and in 1635 the Théâtre du Marais had to move once more, to a tennis-court in the rue Vieille-du-Temple, about half-way between the rue de la Perle and the rue des Coû-

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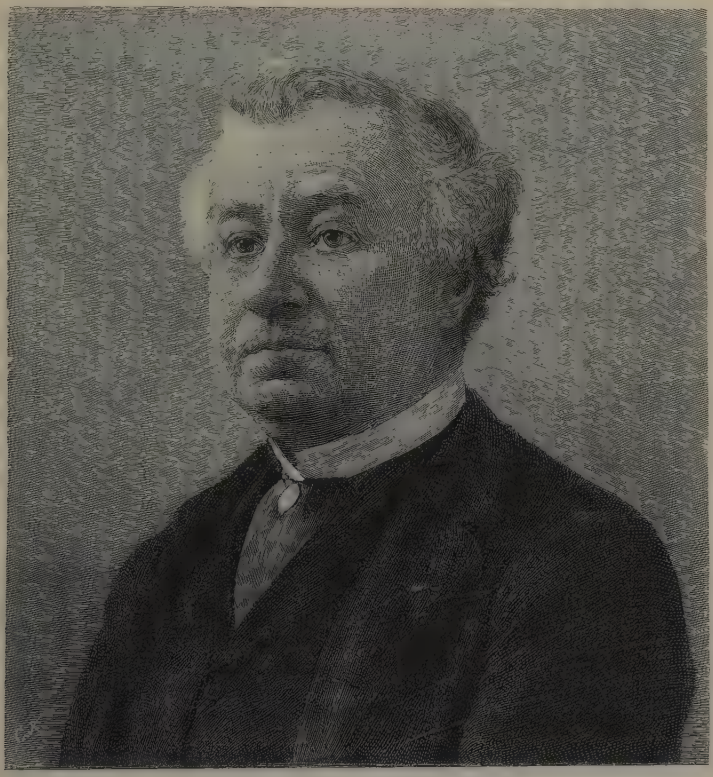
Site of the Old Théâtre-Guénégaud in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle, now rue Mazarine.

tures-Saint-Gervais. Here it remained until the company was disbanded, in 1673.

The Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Marais were the two rivals with which Molière had to compete in Paris. At first there could hardly have been any question of competition, for Molière's first appearances in the capital do not seem to have been particularly brilliant, as they certainly were far from lucrative. In 1643 he joined some other actors in founding the Illustre-Théâtre, which led a rather precarious and bailiff-

ridden existence for four years, or so, in various tennis-courts on the left bank of the Seine. One wonders, by the way, what was happening to the game of tennis in those times! The number of apparently disused tennis-courts that were then found available for theatrical purposes was, as Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., would say, "to say the least, remarkable." In four years the Illustre-Théâtre successively occupied three: the jeu de paume des Métayers, in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (now No. 12, rue Mazarine); in 1645 the jeu de paume de la Croix-Noire, in the rue des Barrés, and, a few months later, the jeu de paume de la Croix-Blanche, in the rue de Buci. About a year after this last move Molière and his company left Paris for the provinces.

He must, however, have laid at least the foundations of a professional reputation in those four hard years in the faubourg Saint-Germain, and have won enough laurels afterward in the provinces to pique metropolitan curiosity. For, on his return to Paris, in 1658, the first thing he did was to give a special performance "by command" in the Salle des Gardes in the Louvre, before King, Monsieur, and court. The bill was Corneille's "Nicomède," with Molière's own "Le docteur amoureux" (since lost) as after-piece. Of course Molière spoke an address to the King between the two plays. It is noticeable in this address, that, besides the usual soft speeches to royalty, Molière went almost out of his way to pay a few highly-seasoned compliments to the *Troupe royale* of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, intimating that he and his poor fellow-players had no notion of rivalling that famous company in such things as Corneille's tragedy, but that they would now, with the royal permission, play a little piece of their own in their own way (*à leur manière*), which they hoped would not prove un-



M. Got, Dean of the Comédie-Française.

M. Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie-Française.

worthy. . . . etc., etc. Molière plainly knew which his best foot was, and meant to put it well foremost.

The result was as might have been expected. Long before the year was out, Molière and his company were installed in the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon, with the official title of *Comédiens de Monsieur*—only they had to share the theatre with the Comédie-Italienne, the latter having the right to give four performances a week.

This Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon has long since disappeared; its exact site, especially the part of it in which the theatre was, is even problematical. But the hôtel is known to have covered part of the present rue du Louvre, between Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois and the Seine, and part of the ground now occupied by the southeast corner of the Louvre itself, with its courtyard and garden. It was torn down in 1660, to make way for the extension of the Louvre; and Molière's company was transferred to the Théâtre du Palais-Royal—still sharing it, however, with the Comédie-Italienne. It is important to remember that this theatre was neither the present cosy little house of that name, nor the one now occupied by the Comédie-Française, both of which are within the precincts of the Palais-Royal itself; it stood on the northeast corner of the rue Saint-Honoré and the rue de Valois. Its history is principally connected with that of the Académie de Musique (the Opéra); but Molière's company and the great dramatist himself did act in it for several years. It was the first theatre in Paris built especially for the purpose. Lully, who was director of the Académie de Musique, had his eye upon it; but Molière was apparently too valuable a man, in the way of furnishing good librettis on occasion, for him to quarrel with just then, and Lully was content to bide his time.

It came soon enough. Molière died in 1673, and his company had given only twelve performances after his death, when the wily Italian, who was a master

M. Coquelin cadet, of the Comédie-Française.

Site of the Old Théâtre Français (1689—1770) in the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés (now rue de l'Ancienne Comédie).

in intrigue as well as in composition, had them and the Comédie-Italienne evicted from the Palais-Royal theatre, to make way for the Opéra. At this very time the old Théâtre du Marais, in the rue Vieille-du-Temple, broke up, about half of the company entering the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the other

half joining Molière's troupe in a new enterprise.

They and the Comédie-Italienne—were they never to be delivered from that exotic Old-Man-of-the-Sea?—hired the Théâtre-Guénegaud,* and were officially allowed to assume the title of *Comédiens du Roy.* This was no mean distinction, and the Hôtel de Bourgogne showed its appreciation of the fact by henceforth styling itself on its playbills: *La* SEULE *troupe royale* (the *only* royal troupe). Competition was competition even in those days, and not an inch of vantage ground was to be conceded to the enemy; there might be as many "King's troupes" as you please, but only one "royal troupe!" The *Gazette*, eager to do its part toward upholding the prestige of what was still undeniably the "*première scène française*," followed suit in always mentioning the Hôtel de Bourgogne as "*la seule troupe royale.*"

The Théâtre-Guénégaud was the old jeu de paume de la Bouteille, in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (now rue Mazarine), in the faubourg Saint-Germain. Perrin, Cambert, and the Marquis de Sourdéac had had it changed into a theatre for the Académie de Musique some time before Lully had jockeyed them out of their "concession," and assumed the direction of that institution himself. Indeed, it was (1671–72) the first royal opera-house in Paris. It was only fifteen doors east of the old jeu de paume des Métayers, in which Molière had made his first bow before a Paris audience in the Illustre-Théâtre, in 1643. Its site is now occupied by the passage du Pont-Neuf and the houses Nos. 42 and 44 rue Mazarine, running back as far as the rue de Seine; it stood opposite the end of the rue Guénégaud, which runs from the rue Mazarine down to the quai Conti and the river.

Mlle. Réjane, of the Odéon.

The new venture was more and more successful; some noted actors even left the Hôtel de Bourgogne and joined the Théâtre-Guénégaud, bringing with them important additions to the repertory in the shape of famous tragedies. The tragic repertory of Molière's troupe had never amounted to very much; its strength lay mainly in Molière's own comedies. Almost all the great tragedies of Racine and Corneille belonged by right to the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But the wind was shifting, and the final blow was soon to come.

In 1680, "by order of the King," the whole *Troupe royale* of the Hôtel de Bourgogne crossed the river and joined the *Comédiens du Roy* at the Théâtre-Guénégaud, the two troupes thus forming a single organization, under the official title of COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE. The Comédie-Italienne passed over to the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where it remained up to the end of the eighteenth century. Thus was the world-famous Comédie-

* The acute accent had not grown upon the second *e* in those days.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

Foyer des Artistes.

(At the Théâtre Français.)

M. Sylvain, of the Comédie-Française

wonderful institution which we all know as the Comédie-Française. Molière was virtually its founder, although the institution itself did not spring into official existence until some years after his death. Another aim I had in view was to give the reader some idea, not so much of the theatrical history, as of the theatrical topography, of Paris at a time when several of its most important present institutions were undergoing a process of crystallization.

From its foundation in 1680, the Comédie-Française has had a pretty troubled existence. Its woes began soon enough. The rue des Fossés-de-Nesle, or, if the reader prefers its present name, the rue Mazarine, ended not far from the rue Guénégaud, at the rear of the Collége Mazarin—where the Institut de France now stands—and it

Française officially born and baptized. It was essentially and primarily Molière's old company, increased and improved by absorbing, first, a half of the troupe of the Théâtre du Marais, and then the whole troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne itself, which latter already comprised the other half of the old Marais company. On its opening night the new-born Comédie-Française gave "Phèdre" and the "Carrosses d'Orléans;" the receipts amounted to 1,424.25 francs (about $284.85). *Tempora mutantur*, box-office receipts *et mutantur in illis!*

I have thought it worth while to go into these historical details, principally to show as clearly as might be exactly what connection there was between Molière and that

M. de Féraudy, of the Comédie-Française.

was soon found that the propinquity of a fashionable theatre had a deplorable effect upon the manners, not to speak of the morals, of the collegians. So

The Comédie-Française kept on at this theatre in the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés, for nearly a century, until the house reached such a pitch of

Mlle. Dudlay, of the Comédie-Française.

the Comédie had to move on. In 1689 it bought the jeu de paume de l'Étoile and two abutting houses in the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés (now rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie), running back nearly to the rue des Mauvais-Garçons* (now rue Grégoire-de-Tours). Here it built itself a new theatre, François d'Orbay being the architect; its site is now occupied by the house No. 14 rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, and by all but the front wall of Nos. 17 and 19 rue Grégoire-de-Tours. Directly opposite it, in the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, still stands the once famous Café de Procope; its shutters are down, and a placard with "*Local à louer*" hangs from them. But it has not been closed long, and its sign is still in tolerable repair.

* The present rue des Mauvais-Garçons is in a wholly different part of the city, across the river.

dilapidation, that all further repairing was hopeless. In 1770, it moved to the Salle des Machines, in the Tuileries, and active measures were taken to provide it with a new permanent theatre. After much discussion, the site of the Hôtel Condé, in the faubourg Saint-Germain, was fixed upon, and the new theatre was built exactly where the Théâtre de l'Odéon now stands. The Comédie opened it, as the Théâtre-Français, on March 30, 1782. In 1789, its name was changed to Théâtre de la Nation, but the members of the company still retained their old title of *Comédiens français ordinaires du Roi.*

Of the subsequent history of the Comédie Française, I need say little; for many years it was too full of incident to be related briefly. It will only be important for my present purpose to give the few following facts: In 1791 a

series of internal dissensions in the company, fomented in part by the political events of the Revolution, ended in the withdrawal of Talma and about half the other members. These seceders, headed by Talma, Mme Dugazon, and Mme Vestris, crossed the river to the theatre now occupied by the Comédie-Française [it was built in 1788, and had been opened, as the Théâtre des Variétés-Amusantes du Palais-Royal, in 1790]. Talma and his followers from the Théâtre de la Nation, reopened it on April 27, 1791, as the Théâtre de la République, which name was changed after the famous Tenth of August, 1793, to Théâtre de la Liberté et de l'Égalité. The remainder of the original company of the Théâtre de la Nation, stayed on at their house in the faubourg Saint-Germain, until it was closed by order of the Comité du Salut-Public on September 3, 1793. They opened again, though, next year, as Théâtre de l'Égalité, in the same house, after adding to their number a whole troupe of Mlle Montansier's, from the Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi * (rue de Richelieu).

Mlle. Reichenberg, of the Comédie Française.

The question now arises, precisely where was the Comédie-Française at this period? Did the "apostolic succession" of Molière go to Talma and his comrades at the Théâtre de la Liberté et de l'Égalité in the Palais-Royal, or did it stay with the other faction at the Théâtre de l'Égalité in the faubourg Saint-Germain? Of course both parties claimed to be the only and original Comédie-Française. The Talma party was certainly the more successful of the two; it stayed on unmolested in the Palais-Royal, while the others, forced to quit their theatre in 1795, led a very nomadic existence during the next four years, acting from time to time at the Théâtre-Feydeau, the Théâtre-Louvois, and the neighboring Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi, the Théâtre-Favart, even at the Théâtre du Marais—not the old, long-closed one in the rue Vieille-du-Temple, but a newer, smaller one in the rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine—until, in 1799, most of the troupe at last joined Talma and his followers. The first performance by the reunited Comédie-Française was given in the theatre which it has occupied ever since on May 30, 1799.

Of all theatres in Paris the Théâtre-Français—by which term I mean the theatre itself, not the company—is the most evidently and unmistakably historic. On entering the building, everything that meets your eye impresses you at once with the fact that the place, and the institution which has made it famous, have a history. There is hardly a picture, statue, or bust, that does not

* This theatre was pulled down long ago. It covered the larger part of what is now the square Louvois, opposite the Bibliothèque Nationale on the rue de Richelieu; it is not to be confounded with the neighboring Théâtre-Louvois.

recall some incident in the life of the Comédie-Française, or show the likeness of some great man—statesman, dramatist, or actor—who was intimately and specifically connected with the history of the institution. There is no trace of that rather vague "homage to the world's great men," of which one finds tokens in many public buildings. Here everything is specific; you can safely ask of every portrait, either on canvas or in marble: "What has this man or woman done toward the glory of the house?" The answer will surely be: "Something!" And if this is true of those portions of the building which are open to the public, it is doubly so of the inner private rooms, staircases, and corridors which are affected to the use of the management and actors. A glimpse "behind" is well worth taking. Leave the doors on the rue de Richelieu and the place du Théâtre-Français to the profane throng, and go in at the door on the place du Palais-Royal, over which is inscribed "Administration." Few "sights" in all Paris are more interesting.

Entering through the large glass double doors, you address yourself to the blue-uniformed concierge in the rather unusually spacious "loge" on your left hand. Nine times out of ten you find this functionary chatting companionably with a small group of sociétaires or pensionnaires. His faith in the sacredness of the institution of which he is supposed to guard the outer door is that of the charcoal-burner; he seems never to have entertained the idea that anyone would dare to attempt an entrance who had no business to enter. No matter what question you ask him, the first two or three words of it are hardly out of your mouth before he answers: "*L'escalier à gauche, au premier.*" (The left-hand staircase, first floor.) I have never known him in a single instance to depart from this formula; after two or three trials you give it up, and pass by his "loge" with no questions asked on either side. Turning to your left, and passing through more glass doors, you go up the staircase, which ever and anon turns at a right angle with itself, and, like almost all Paris staircases, seems to make two stories out of one, although there is no visible entresol. The walls are literally covered with pictures, mostly portraits; a fine full-length of Rachel meets you on the first landing. From this point, if it be in the afternoon, sounds as of declamation are likely to meet your ear. When you reach the first floor, you find that it is well to know your way, for several doors are more or less ajar, and, if you imprudently push one open, you are pretty sure to come plump upon a young man declaiming as for dear life in solitary confinement, with the roll containing his "part" clutched in one hand, with all the frenzy of tragic fervor and imperfect memory. Retreating in apologetic confusion, you may fall from Scylla into Charybdis, and find yourself in the sacred precincts of the

M. Febvre, of the Comédie-Française.

foyer des artistes, where two more young men are lustily belaboring each other with alexandrines. But a little caution will enable you to keep to the corridor, where some antique monarch in full regalia, fresh from stage rehearsal, or else

an actor, or, still better, actress, in modern dress, will be sure to answer a civil question with more than corresponding civility and graciousness. More glass doors! On the right, a little office in which an uniformed official—the visual counterpart and moral opposite of the one downstairs—is very particular in inquiring about your business; on the left, the office of M. Monval, the secretary, through which you pass—or, rather, you do *not* pass, if the strict truth be told—into the sanctum of M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Comédie-Française. M. Claretie, even before he assumed the directorship of the Comédie, was generally reputed to be one of the busiest men in all Paris; as man of letters, journalist, and academician, he is equally indefatigable.

M. Worms, of the Comédie-Française.

There used to be a legend that he regularly turned out his thousand lines of copy every day before breakfast. Now he has practically retired from active journalism; but his direction of the Comédie-Française must be more than an equivalent for that work. Yet, noted as he is as novelist, dramatist, journalist, and director, he has one faculty which many another busy man of letters might envy him still more: the faculty of being utterly invisible! I know that he exists, that there really is such a man, and that he is no mere mythical Mr. Harris, because I have to thank him, and heartily too, for many helpful kindnesses; but it has never been my privilege to meet him face to face.

With M. Monval, however, the secretary, librarian, and archivist of the Society, it is far otherwise; he is approachability itself. He is one of the most distinguished Molière scholars now going — indeed, his face, with its keen, humorous eyes, and long-flowing brown-black mane, presents something of a likeness to the great Jean-Baptiste Poquelin — and has made his mark in the world of letters as a theatrical historian. But, efficient and gracious as M. Monval is at his secretary's desk in the "Administration" wing of the theatre, you see him at his best in his more congenial domain, the library and archives. I have never met a man who had more, or more exact, statistical information stored in his memory. I have heard it said that Mr. Jay Gould knows every railway station in the United States by heart; the number of facts and dates in the history of the Comédie-Française and its offshoot and companion, the Odéon, that M. Monval can give you at a moment's notice, strike me as indicating a not less remarkable power of memory. But I have strayed into the library, which is away off on the other side of the building, on the third floor, looking out on the place du Théâtre-Français, whereas my present business is on the place du Palais-Royal side.

The first time I went there and mounted the staircase I have tried to describe, was by appointment with M. Coquelin, of whom I had had the good luck to see a good deal, both professionally and socially, during his visit to the United States. I was a little before

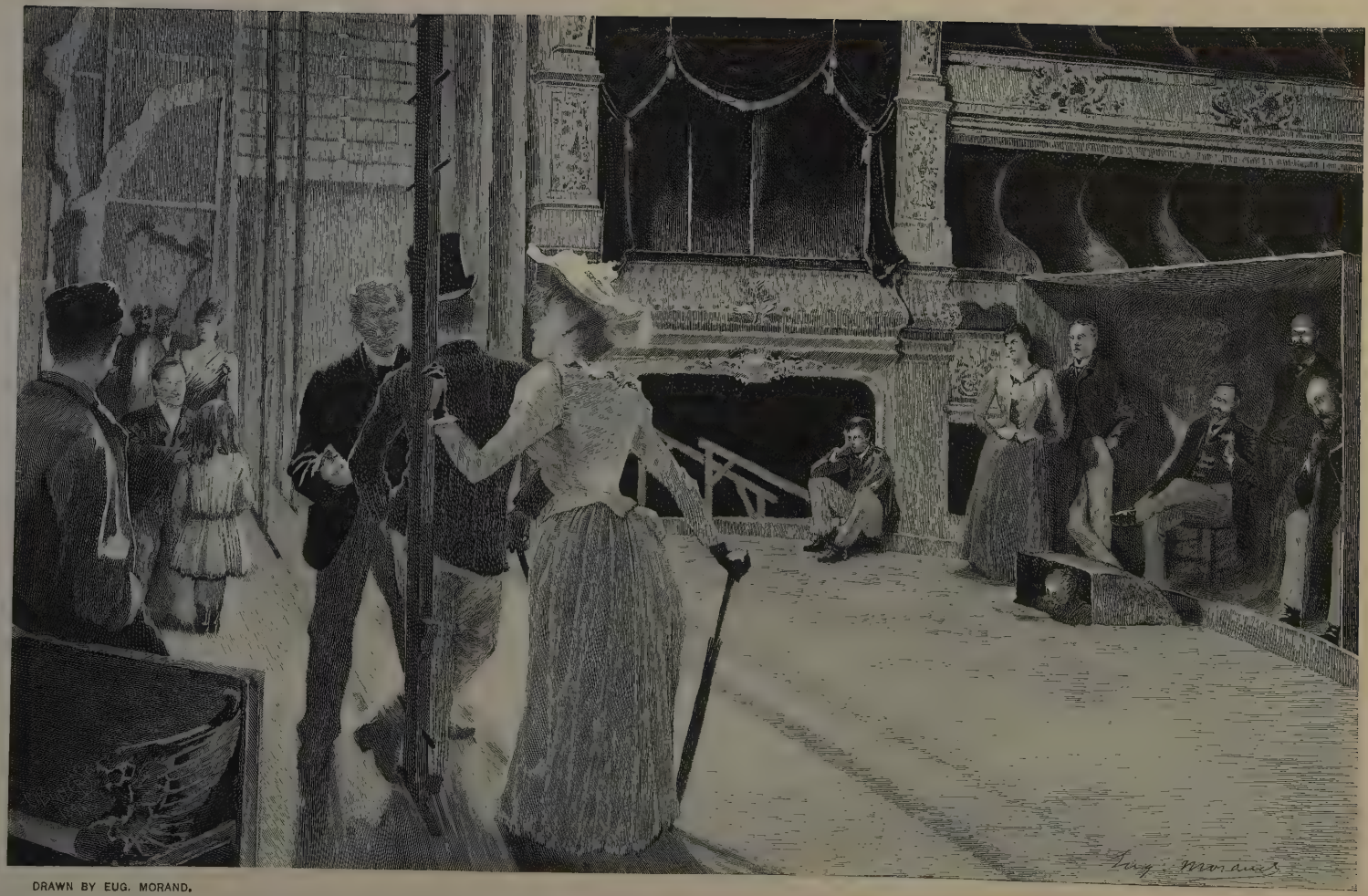
my time, and was shown into the foyer des artistes to wait for him ; so I had a minute or two to look about me. This time I had the room to myself, as there was no partial rehearsing going on. I am not a good hand at poetry, so I will now keep to myself whatever feelings may have been aroused in me by my first coming into the most famous greenroom in the world. I will leave them to the imagination of anyone who loves and respects the stage as much as I do. The foyer itself is a large, oblong, high-studded room—we should call it a hall—richly decorated in the rococo style—at least, I think it is the rococo style, but any architect is at liberty to correct me here ; for aught I know, it may be the very purest Louis XV.—; I am not learned in these things. All I know is that the general impression is one of elaborate gorgeousness, rendered sedate and mellow by time. The walls are covered with pictures and mirrors ; but, before I have time to examine the former, in comes M. Coquelin, who with that bustling bonhomie which is peculiarly his own, forthwith grasps me by the elbow, and hurries me off through a labyrinth of passages, upstairs and down, to see an undress stage-rehearsal of "Les fourberies de Scapin," in which he himself, his brother, Coquelin cadet, and his son are to take part.

Molière's "Malade imaginaire," and "Fourberies de Scapin," revived with *les trois Coquelin* in the cast, have been among the theatrical events of the season of 1890–91 at the Théâtre-Français. This plan of bringing the three members of the same family upon the stage together has been variously commented upon by the Paris critical press. I may have my own opinion of it, but that is not to the point here. It was certainly inexpressibly interesting to me, as a stranger, to see the three Coquelins together in the same play, even though I might feel—as was undoubtedly the case—that the more famous father and uncle rather effaced themselves, in more ways than one, so as to give greater relief to the acting of young Jean Coquelin. It is not every young pen-

Mme Worms-Barretta, of the Comédie-Française.

sionnaire who has the luck to do leading business with two such partners to play into his hand, with all the sympathy that comes from common blood, and all the skill of veterans.

But to our rehearsal! Constant vigilance was the price of something in history—I forget exactly what—and constant rehearsing is, and ever was, the price of the position the Comédie-Française has won for itself among the great dramatic companies of the world. If we look into the matter closely, we find that the Comédie is perhaps quite as famous for its rehearsing as for its acting. It has been said often enough that, to attend a working rehearsal at the Théâtre-Français was to take a lesson, not only in the ways and means of histrionic art, but also in the great general art of painstaking, of attention to minute details. Such a rehearsal is well worth seeing by anyone who likes to



DRAWN BY EUG. MORAND.

study the way in which things are done perfectly; it is quite as instructive in the general ethics of perfect performance as in the specific art of acting.

I must say, however, to begin with, that the rehearsal of the "Fourberies de Scapin" I saw was not a particularly good example. As M. Coquelin admitted to me afterward, the play was too nearly "*à point*," too nearly ready for performance to make the rehearsal especially interesting, *as a rehearsal;* things went too smoothly. But, if it was not the lesson in minute painstaking I had expected, it was a superb example of that equally important wisdom of doing just enough, of not wasting force. When Spontini was musical director of the Court Opera in Berlin, he had the name of being the most wonderful conductor of a rehearsal that had ever been known at that institution. His care for both details and ensemble, and his personal power of getting the maximum of work out of all the forces under his bâton, were well-nigh unexampled. But his method of rehearsing had one grave vice: it tired out both singers and orchestra. It is said that, at a first performance of a new opera of his, the whole company was sure to be half dead with fatigue before the curtain rose. I was glad to note nothing of this overtaxing sort of rehearsal in what I saw at the Théâtre-Français. There was abundant painstaking and not a little fault-finding at times; some passages were repeated over and over again until they went just right; but the general guiding principle seemed to be to let well-enough alone. Interesting it certainly was as anything I ever saw.

As I was ushered upon the stage by M. Coquelin, the scenery was nearly in place; which fact, however, did not prevent some pretty sharp admonitions to the scene-shifters, coupled with exclamations to the effect that nothing was ever ready in time, falling from the great actor's lips. After a hurried handshake with Jean Coquelin, I am again taken in charge by the father, who points out to me a seat in the last row of the orchestra-stalls, just in front of the parterre, and next to the baignoires on the right, with the command to "put myself there and efface myself." I am the only occupant of the half-dark *salle*, except one other man, who seems to belong there, and sits where he pleases, shifting from seat to seat, as if to get a view of the rehearsal from various points of the compass. He smiles upon me benignly from time to time, and seems to invite me to make myself at home.

The rehearsal begins; the actors are in their ordinary street dress, most of the men have their billicock or stovepipe hats on, M. Coquelin wearing his pushed far back, and much on one side, which gives him rather a rakish air, curiously at variance with the part of *Argante*. He carries his Malacca joint, probably as a conventional attribute of senility—the only concession he makes to theatrical make-up. Besides Coquelin aîné, as *Argante*, there is Coquelin cadet, as *Géronte*, and Jean Coquelin, as *Scapin* himself. I have already said that the rehearsal was hardly a characteristic one; as it was the only one I saw, I can give here only some general impressions. First and foremost of these is the ineffectiveness of the whole thing. It is not that the actors merely walk through their parts, for they do anything but that; they throw themselves into their business with immense spirit and energy. But their speech and action reflect only the general drift of their lines; there is little or no attempt to "*détailler*," as it is called in France: to throw into relief certain crucial words in a sentence, to produce effects of finesse in by-play, facial expressions, or vocal inflection. It is all monotonous, and, save for the impression everyone gives of being perfectly at home, and the beautiful distinctness of utterance and elegance of speech, it seems terribly like the acting of amateurs. You are conscious of the mechanism, you "see the wires pulled;" everything militates against dramatic effect, and makes for disillusion. It is very curious to note how a given facial expression fails in producing its intended dramatic impression, when you have caught the actor in the process of assuming it. Then, you find yourself constantly wanting to cry out to this or that actor: "Stop, stop! my good man,

that sentence can be made ten times as effective as you have just made it!" Which goes to show, perhaps, that the acting, in spite of its ineffectiveness, must be pretty good, after all, else it would not keep you continually so near the point of dramatic illusion, and so lure you on to expecting every minute to receive a really dramatic impression. It comes near enough to a good performance to make you forget every now and then that it is only a rehearsal.

It goes smoothly enough, almost the only hitches being occasioned by a word or two of advice to Jean Coquelin from his father or his uncle, advice which is seen to bear good fruit as soon as the passage in question is gone over again. Only once is there a serious stoppage: at the place where *Scapin*, lying on the ground, pretends to have been robbed and beaten by footpads. Here it takes some time fully to satisfy either father or uncle, and at last there is nothing for it but for the elder Coquelin, with his glossy stove-pipe still on the back of his head, to throw himself bodily upon his belly, and, with arms gesticulating and legs kicking in the air, to show by practical example how the thing is to be done. It is a sight for the gods; and the lesson does not have to be repeated, for, as soon as Coquelin the elder has once more regained his feet, down goes Coquelin the younger again, and shows this time that he is quite up with the traditions of the house.

The *Zerbinette* of the day is Mlle Kalb. An hour or two before the rehearsal I had heard her discuss *Zerbinette's* famous laughing speech with M. Sarcey, the critic; they both agreed that this speech was the most difficult *tirade* in any soubrette part in the whole classic repertory. I have not the text now by me, and cannot give the exact number of lines it contains; but it is very long, it is full of important matter, not a word of which must be lost upon the audience, and it is one uninterrupted, ebullient, irrepressible fit of ringing laughter from beginning to end —a speech for Rosina Vokes! Being forewarned, I am all agog with curiosity as Kalb-*Zerbinette* trips forward upon the stage in her neat little black walking-dress, swinging her tiny astrakhan muff in the air. Her bright, jovial face is, in itself, enough at any time to put one in good-humor: the most intelligent, humorous face of any actress I have seen in Paris—as its possessor is one of the brightest women it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I am soon able to appreciate the immense difficulty of the *tirade;* but I am not carried away. Not a syllable is lost, and the silvery laughter rings out bravely; but it sounds forced and monotonous, and I seem to hear the wires creaking in their sheaths. It is like the rest of the rehearsal: immensely interesting, but nothing more.

I do not think the trouble lies in the absence of costume or in the occasional interruptions. The rather dim light, and the actors' faces not being made up, may have more to do with it; for, without stage-paint, the features seem but vaguely outlined, and the facial expression lacks snap and pungency. Be the difficulty what it may, only one of the company surmounts it triumphantly, and this one is Coquelin aîné. This wonderful artist is effective throughout; every look tells, every sentence carries its full weight of meaning! It makes me think of what I once heard M. Coquelin say, in the heat of debate: "I will act you the trial scene in the 'Juif polonais' here, on this table, without scenery, or lights, or costume, *et vous m'en direz des nouvelles!*" I fully believe him.

But, be the rehearsal what it might, the performance, two or three days later, was a different matter altogether. Not that it was an ideally fine one, for it was hardly that. The Paris press was nearly unanimous in praise of it, the only seriously dissenting voice coming from M. Sarcey—and I must say that I pretty much agreed with him. Too much was sacrificed to *les trois Coquelin*, to the mere fact of their acting together in the same play. No doubt the three names looked exceedingly well on the posters; but what looks well on the posters does not always produce the same effect on the stage.

When young Jean Coquelin was in America, we could see with half an eye

that he was a born actor, and that he had been formed in an admirable school. He has made vast strides since, and acts with more authority than any man of his short experience I ever saw; he has the coolness and self-possession of an old hand. Still, one may be an excellent actor, and yet fall considerably short of filling such a part as Molière's *Scapin;* to show us that perfection of heroic impudence takes the very finest art. Jean Coquelin acts the part creditably, but it is as yet too heavy a load for his young shoulders.

Of his father's *Argante* it can only be said that, like almost everything this wonderful actor does, it was perfection itself, albeit lacking something of brilliancy of effect. Whether it was that M. Coquelin intentionally took the part on a rather low key in order to give greater relief to his son's acting, or that the part itself is not particularly congenial to him, I could not determine. It was an extremely finished and telling piece of acting, but it gave one no idea of the actor's full power; in point of effectiveness it was nowhere in comparison with what M. Coquelin does as *Diafoirus* in "Le malade imaginaire." Coquelin cadet's *Géronte* seemed to me thoroughly bad. The "Cadet" was the only one of the family I had not seen before, and my curiosity to see him was great. That he is a Coquelin, through and through, is evident at once. He has the Coquelin voice, to begin with; it is higher than his brother's, and more veiled in quality, often approaching the falsetto character; but it has the unmistakable Coquelin tang to it. His utterance has not — or, perhaps I should rather say, does not seem to have — that beautiful, clean-cut finish for which his brother and nephew are notable; every syllable does not stand out in such absolute distinctness. But, by some magic, he makes you hear every word; you do not feel that he is speaking particularly distinctly, but somehow you catch without effort all he says. He has infinite personal charm; as soon as he comes upon the stage you feel that you like him. His chief fault, or rather his misfortune, seems to be that he is out of place at the Comédie-Française. He has little versatility, and is essentially a low-comedian—a low-comedian through and through. His forte is what might be called refined buffoonery, a sort of physical drollery that would not shock you even at close quarters, in your own drawing-room, but still buffoonery pure and simple. He is the king of fun-makers; they say that his *Pierrot* is inimitable, and he is especially famous in comic monologue. As Coquelin aîné tends naturally and instinctively toward high comedy in all that he does, Coquelin cadet tends just as instinctively and irresistibly toward low comedy and farce. Now, the opportunities an actor with this peculiar cast of talent has of finding congenial parts in the repertory of the Comédie-Française are few and far between. He would be overwhelming at the Palais-Royal or the Variétés, whereas he is oftener than not downright bad at the Français. And yet, curiously enough, he has unmistakably what the sociétaires of the Comédie-Française call with no little pride "*l'air de la maison*"— the air of the house; a certain indefinable something that distinguishes the members of the Maison de Molière from all other actors in Paris. They say that you can tell an Etonian even in his third year at Oxford or Cambridge; I believe that, if you saw Coquelin cadet on the Palais-Royal stage, you could tell that he came from the Comédie-Française. He has the finish, the refinement, in fine, the peculiar *je ne sais quoi*, that belongs to the "first theatre." If anyone else had acted *Géronte* as he acted the part, he would have been not bad, but simply execrable. I cannot leave this performance of "Les fourberies de Scapin" without one word more about Mlle Kalb. What she did at rehearsal gave no notion at all of the effect of her delivery of *Zerbinette's* laughing speech at the performance: it was overwhelming, irresistible! I have heard that the late Jeanne Samary was even better in this speech, but I find it hard to believe it.

To my mind, a decidedly better performance, as a whole, of a Molière comedy was that of "Le malade imaginaire." I missed Coquelin cadet, as *Purgon*, for he was ill the night I saw the play; but

Coquelin aîné, as *Diafoirus*, and Jean Coquelin as his son, *Thomas*, were two figures never to be forgotten. Habitual theatre-goers must remember certain especially effective entrances upon the stage of this or that great actor as high tides in their dramatic experience. Irving's first entrance as *Louis XI.*, Salvini's as *Corrado*, in "La morte civile," are, each in its way, moments worth many a whole act. Coquelin's entrance, as *Diafoirus*, the doctor, followed by Jean Coquelin as "Me too" (alias *Thomas*), may be ranked with these; as soon as he came on, the others, as the French say, *n'existaient plus*—they no longer existed; it was great!

If the first place in the Comédie-Française can rightly be given to any one actor, Coquelin aîné is certainly that one. Still, there are others in the company who do not stand far behind him. Take, for instance, Got, the dean of the Comédie; he is, in certain ways, about as perfect an actor as can well be imagined. He has one faculty, which, considering what an actor's profession is, is singularly and surprisingly rare on the stage: the faculty of disguising himself. With one exception, I know of no actor whose whole physiognomy is so totally transformed by making-up, who looks so unrecognizably different in different parts, as Got. The one exception is de Féraudy, in the same company. Whether it is that both men have naturally rather insignificant faces, without strongly marked features, and that countenances of this sort are more susceptible of artificial change than a highly individualized physiognomy like Coquelin's, I do not know; but certainly, no one who did not know Got pretty well would ever recognize him as *Bernard* in "Les Fourchambault," or the *marquis de Rieux* in "Le duc Job," after having seen him as *Monsieur Poirier*. In the same way, and to the same degree, de Féraudy's face is so totally different as *Jean* in "Le duc Job," from what it is as *Praberneau* in "Le Klephte," or the old butler in "Une famille," that you have difficulty in believing him to be the same man in these three parts. Got is the most genial of actors as well as one of the most versatile; there are few lines of comedy in which he does not excel. To be sure, he made a resounding failure in *Tartuffe* last winter, but it is exceedingly rare to see him do a part otherwise than to perfection. His *Monsieur Poirier* is simply ideal; his breakfast scene with de Féraudy, in Léon Laya's "Duc Job," is the bright spot in that otherwise dull play.

Of all the famous actors at the Français, the one I was most disappointed in is Mounet-Sully; I can to a certain extent understand his immense popularity, for the hold an actor has upon the public is often quite as much owing to his personality as to the quality of his art. The great popularity of the late John McCullough, for instance, was certainly not wholly due to his acting. Mounet-Sully has at moments an air of infantine innocence and purity that is, especially to the French, very winning and hard to resist. Perhaps I should say nothing about him, for I only saw him once, and I hear that he is liable to have his bad nights now and then—perhaps I did not see him at his best. But I saw him in one of his favorite parts, *Ruy Blas*, and I must say that I was sorely disappointed in him. I am not so unreasonable as to expect any actor to make Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* seem otherwise than preposterous; but I did expect Mounet-Sully to make the part at least theatrically strong and effective. I was prepared for his having a good deal of "*ronron*" and "*panache*," * and was ready to like him all the better for it, for most of the actors at the Français read alexandrines far too much like prose for my personal taste—if I had lived in Adrienne Lecouvreur's day, I know I should have preferred Mademoiselle Duclos—and Victor Hugo, without a pretty big *panache*, is unimaginable nonsense from a stage point of view. But Mounet-Sully struck me as not only terribly self-conscious, but weak and ineffective. His delivery is, in general, of the most wholesale sort, and he seldom attempts to what the French call *détailler* a speech, to indicate the finer and

* The French call *ronron*, or purring, what we call sing-song; *panache* (plume, or, as the Germans would say, *Federbusch*) is the common term in theatrical lingo for that touch of exaggeration in acting which is necessary for brilliancy of effect; it is not quite synonymous with overacting, but it tends in that direction.

subtler shades of emotion, and, as it were, squeeze every drop of meaning out of a sentence, by means of variety of vocal inflection and frequent changes of speed. Passionate speeches, in particular, he launches forth in one unvarying torrent. But then, as I have said, it may not have been one of his good nights ; also, he may have felt the influence of the rest of the performance, which, except for Baillet's *Don César de Bazan*, was pretty poor. Mme Broisat is by no means up to acting the *Queen*, and Dupont-Vernon's *Don Salluste* was absolutely wretched.

Mounet-Sully has an able follower and understudy in Albert Lambert fils, who indeed has already succeeded him in some of his parts — among them, *Saint-Mégrin*, in the elder Dumas's "Henri III et sa cour." It is curious, by the way, to see how a Tuesday audience at the Français (the most cultivated audience in all France) now take this astonishing old play. For one thing, they certainly do not take it seriously ; but they none the less follow it with great attentiveness, and are evidently fond of it. In fact, "Henri III et sa cour" is a sort of long-standing habit with them ; they have been brought up on it, and it was probably the first play that most of them ever saw at the Français. Accordingly they like it, and go to see it again and again, mainly for old acquaintance's sake, just as one of us might now and then, of his own free will, go to see Colman's "Iron Chest." The way in which it was given at the Français last winter was as near perfection as anything I ever saw on the stage ; from Worms's *Henri III*, and Febvre's *duc de Guise*, to Mlle Dudlay's *duchesse de Guise*, Mme Pierson's *Catherine de Médicis*, and Lambert's *Saint-Mégrin*, everything was simply masterly. Albert Lambert seems to be one of those actors to whom a costume is a necessity ; he is one of the four younger members of the company (de Féraudy, Le Bargy, Jean Coquelin, and himself) who seem to have the most brilliant future before them, but his field is exclusively tragedy and the romantic drama. In modern society comedy he is painfully bad ; he must have his doublet and hose ; a frock-coat undoes him quite, as all old Delaunay's sacred fire is said to have been quenched outright by a pair of trousers.

Of the older men, Worms and Febvre stand well up in the first rank. Dissimilar as they are in person, they are much alike in the exquisite perfection of their art. I have been told that both are very versatile, and can well imagine either of them acting almost anything ; except that I cannot quite picture to myself Worms doing anything very fiery, nor Febvre being very funny. Worms I have only seen in *Henri III* ; but I saw Febvre in two utterly unlike parts : the *duc de Guise* in "Henri III et sa cour," and *Jacques de Tièvre* in Jules Lemaître's "Mariage blanc." In both of these parts he was perfection itself. I only wish that I could say something about this, in some ways, very remarkable play of Lemaître's, but the subject quite foils my ingenuity. As was the case with almost all the new plays brought out in Paris during the season of 1890–91, a mere sketch of the plot of "Mariage blanc" is beyond the possibilities of English print. One point, however, I can mention : the wonderful acting of the part of *Simone*, the consumptive young bride (or no-bride, if you prefer), by Mlle Reichenberg.*

Except for versatility, this extraordinary actress may be said to stand among the women of the Comédie-Française as Coquelin aîné does among the men. Her range is extremely limited ; she only acts *ingénue* parts ; but within this range, for absolute, unsurpassable, despair-inspiring perfection, she seeks her fellow. Her "*diction*" (elocution) is famous from one end of France to the other ; she is the inimitable model of French speech, whether in prose or verse. True, she is nothing but an *ingénue*, but then such an *ingénue* ! Lemaître, I believe, wrote the part of *Simone* especially for her ; had he written it for anyone else, one might be pardoned for thinking that he had rather overdone matters, for his *Simone's* "artlessness" soars to a dizzy height of greenness, such as

* And not Reichemberg, as it is often spelt in Paris—even on the printed official list of *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* of the Comédie-Française.

only a rather corrupt-minded Gaul could either imagine or take delight in. But Mlle Reichenberg triumphs over this, as over all other difficulties; see her in the part, and it all seems the purest poetry for the time being. Anything more exquisite than her telling her sister *Marthe* (or rather *not* telling her) about her husband's kiss, I never saw on the stage. And Febvre, as the husband! What a fine finish that rough-looking, bull-necked man, whose exterior is suggestive of nothing but strength, knows how to put upon his art! With what natural-seeming ease and grace he expresses all the juice from a sentence.

Another very solid actor is Sylvain, who is particularly noted for his *diction*, most particularly of all for the perfection of his reading of poetry, either in alexandrines or in *vers libres*. He is a versatile actor, but his favorite field is classic tragedy. The Comédie-Française is rather better off, upon the whole, for male than for female tragedians; for the last half century, or so, it has had pretty persistent ill-luck with its *tragédiennes*. Rachel ran away, and then died young; Desclée died; Mlle Agar, the most brilliant débutante since Rachel, could not, or would not, stay in the company, but frittered away her exceptional talents in all sorts of curious professional escapades, until she went virtually to pieces in minor theatres. Sarah Bernhardt ran away. Perhaps there is something unsettled and recalcitrant against a monotonous life inherent in the tragic temperament. It is true, however, on the other hand, that the Comédie-Française does not hold out overwhelmingly brilliant inducements to actors or actresses whose specialty is the classic repertory, either tragic or comic, and the romantic drama of 1830. The house is in honor bound to give a certain amount of Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Regnard every season, and must see to it besides that Victor Hugo and his followers are not quite neglected; but it is not the plays of these older writers by which the house lives financially. The plays that make money for the house are the modern society comedies, or else things like Sardou's "Thermidor;" and it is the actors who act these plays that are financially the most valuable to the house, and to keep whom in the company the greatest pains are taken. Now, the greatest inducement the Comédie-Française can hold out to any actor is to promote him, or her, from the *pensionnat* to the *sociétariat*. It has been noticed more than once of late years, and with a good deal of heart-burning in certain quarters, that young *tragédiennes* and repertory comedians had a way, not perhaps of quite growing gray, but of reaching to a very respectable maturity as *pensionnaires*, while much younger and less experienced actresses of society comedy would be elected *sociétaires* over their heads. Indeed, one cannot long remain blind to the fact that Racine and Corneille are no longer really popular in France, and that even Molière, of and by himself, cannot draw crowded houses except on special occasions, like anniversaries. No doubt there is a certain class who still make it a point to go to the classic repertory with tolerable regularity, and who thoroughly enjoy it; but this class is not very large. Racine and Corneille have exceedingly little of that genuine and general popularity in France that Shakespeare has with us; they appeal more to connaisseurs.

The only *tragédienne* of real distinction the Comédie-Française now has, is Mlle Dudlay. She has, by perseverance and unintermittent hard study, gradually worked her way up to the top; she is not a genius, like Rachel or Sarah Bernhardt; her talent has neither the tiger spring, nor the lighting flash; but a more thoroughly satisfying actress I have seen nowhere. One does not, by the way, often have a chance of seeing her, for her position at the Français amounts to little more than a sinecure, and she appears only about half a dozen times in a season. I only saw her as the *duchesse de Guise* in "Henry III et sa cour," but I shall never forget her great love-scene with *Saint-Mégrin*. I do not think that anything I ever saw Sarah Bernhardt do impressed me so strongly.

The most popular actress at the Français to-day is probably Mme Bartet. Unlike Mlle Dudlay, she is almost continually before the public, and acts

oftener in a single month than Mlle Dudlay does in a whole season. Her repertory is very large; last winter I saw her as *Camille* in de Musset's "On ne badine pas avec l'amour;" as *Mme de Renal* in Pailleron's "l'Étincelle;" as *Mme de Morancé* in the younger Dumas's "Une visite de noces;" as the young wife (I forget her name) in Henry Lavedan's "Une famille;" and in the title-rôle of Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand's "Grisélidis." In all these parts it is impossible not to recognize the fineness of Mme Bartet's art; only I must confess that, upon the whole, I find her a little tame. She has not quite the force of Mlle Reichenberg, and when it comes to the crucial moments in a part, such as the famous "*Elle est morte. Adieu, Perdican!*" in "On ne badine pas," she does not strike quite hard enough a blow. I liked her best in *Grisélidis*, a part of almost infinite tenuity — you see the stars twinkling through it—but, with all its artificiality, full of a certain quasi-poetic imaginativeness. But, upon the whole, I must own to preferring Mme Barretta —whom I saw, by the way, only as the step-daughter in "Une famille," and as *Adrienne* in "l'Été de la Saint-Martin"—who seems to me to have all Mme Bartet's art, but with somewhat a sharper edge to it.

Of the younger men, de Féraudy and Le Bargy may be said already to have made their mark fully. I have already spoken of de Féraudy's power of disguising his face; his versatility in style is equally remarkable. I know of few men who can act three such utterly different parts as *Jean* in "Le duc Job," *Praberneau* in "Le Klephte," and the old butler in "Une famille," equally well, and strike so characteristic a note in each one of them. Not far behind him, however, comes Le Bargy; he has not quite de Féraudy's force, and nothing of his versatility, but in his own line he is perfection itself. His favorite character is the elegant young man of fashion; he is superb in such parts as the young husband in "Une famille," *Raoul* in "l'Étincelle," and *de Cygneroi* in "Une visite de noces." He is elegance personified on the stage.

It will be seen that I have not attempted to give any complete account of the Comédie-Française; I have merely dwelt upon points which interested me, and spoken of actors and actresses that struck me as remarkable. But one thing remains still for me to say: no matter how wonderful this or that actor or actress may be, neither he nor she is nearly as wonderful as the company, as the ensemble with which some plays are given. I have no doubt that things are not now at the Théâtre-Français quite what they were in the consulship of Plancus; I have seen some pretty poor performances there, and certainly one downright bad one. But when things do go aright, they go very right indeed. Such performances as I saw last winter of "Henri III et sa cour" and of "Mariage blanc," are epoch-making in the life of a theatre-goer; that utter perfection *all through* is characteristic of the Français at its best, and, as far as my experience goes, can be found carried to such a pitch nowhere else.

Before closing my inkstand, I must say at least something about the sister establishment to the Comédie-Française, the Odéon, which has for many years borne the official title of Second Théâtre-Français, to which Parisians are fond of adding: "*et premier de l'étranger.*"

It will be remembered that, when Talma and his faction seceded from the Théâtre de la Nation in the faubourg Saint-Germain, in 1791, what remained of the original Comédie-Française stayed on at the old house, until it was closed by order of the Comité du Salut-Public in 1793; and that the house was opened again as the Théâtre de l'Égalité next year, only to be closed once more in 1795. Then began the four years of wandering life for this half of the Comédie-Française, which ended in its reuniting with the Talma faction at the present Théâtre-Français in 1799. The house in the faubourg Saint-Germain had remained closed most of this time. But on May 20, 1797, it was opened again, as the Théâtre de l'Odéon, by a company led by Poupart-Dorfeuille, a school of acting being attached to the theatre. In 1799 the house was burnt

to the ground (March 18th), and the *Comédiens de l'Odéon* opened two days later at the Salle-Louvois, in the rue Louvois, opposite the west side of the Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi. But it seemed fated that almost every company whose proper home was the Odéon should, sooner or later, take to nomadism ; the *Comédiens de l'Odéon,* burnt out of their own theatre, soon began to lead a more checkered existence even than their predecessors of the Comédie-Française had done. It was not long before they crossed the rue Louvois to give some performances at the Théâtre de la Rue de la Loi (called at that time Théâtre de la République et des Arts), alternating with the Opéra ; and during April, May, and June we find them skipping about Paris, performing, sometimes for only a single night, at the Théâtre-Favart, the Théâtre du Marais in the rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine, the Théâtre de la Cité-Variétés, * and again at the Théâtre-Louvois. When the last-named house was rechristened Théâtre de l'Impératrice, in July, 1804, the company, which had remained there since 1801, were allowed to assume the title of *Comédiens ordinaires de l'Empereur.* Not long after this the Odéon itself was rebuilt, and the company returned thither in 1808, opening it on June 15 as the Théâtre de Sa Majesté l'Impératrice et Reine. But ten years later the house was again destroyed by fire, on a Good Friday, and the troupe had once more to go elsewhere, this time to the Théâtre-Favart, where it gave performances on the off-nights of the Italian Opera. In 1819 the Odéon was rebuilt for the third time and the company saw itself again within its own walls on September 30. It was in this year that the house was given the official title of Second Théâtre-Français. The financial prosperity of the house, however, had been at no time great, and now began to go from small to less. For thirteen years this "Second" Théâtre-Français fought against adversity and the ever-growing fashionableness of the theatres on the other side of the Seine, until, in 1832, the whole company left it in a body for the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin on the boulevards.

Here was total wreck ! One of the finest theatres in Paris—and a government theatre, at that—lying fallow for lack of a company and an audience. Before the year was out, it was determined that several of the other theatres in the capital should give extra performances at the Odéon, in rotation. On September 15 this plan was carried into effect, the Comédie-Française giving two performances a week, besides playing every night at its own house in the Palais-Royal. This state of affairs continued for a little while ; but the other theatres soon tired of giving these extra performances, and one after another dropped out of the scheme. In 1834 the only one left, besides the Comédie-Française, was the Opéra-Comique ; toward the end of 1837 even it gave up the enterprise, and the Comédie was left to run the Odéon alone. Finally a separate company was formed for the Odéon, and it was opened as the reorganized Second Théâtre-Français on October 28, 1841.

This title describes the theatre very well ; the repertory of the Odéon is of the same character as that of the Comédie-Française across the river, but in the management of the theatre a far greater elasticity is noticeable. At the Odéon tradition is less imperious than at the Français, and is more frequently disregarded ; it is a noteworthy place for trying experiments, bringing out new plays, and taking old ones from a new artistic point of view. And as plays are generally mounted there with a less punctilious thoroughness of rehearsal than at the Français, these experiments waste less time and money, and are not to be regretted even when they turn out to be failures. Its company is made up largely of young material. Many an actor at the Français has passed through the Odéon before being accepted as *pensionnaire* at the first theatre, and not a few of the actors at the Odéon feel, in their heart of heart, that their admission to the Français will be mainly a matter of time. For instance, an ac-

* This theatre, in the Cité, opposite the main door of the Palais de Justice, was opened October 20, 1792. After a somewhat impecunious career, it was changed into a public dance-hall in 1846, famous as the Prado until 1855, when it was pulled down and superseded by the Closerie des Lilas (Bullier), near the Jardin du Luxembourg. The site of the Cité-Variétés is now occupied by the Tribunal de Commerce.

cident to Mlle Dudlay might easily result in the Comédie-Française snapping up Mlle Antonia Laurent, the admirable young *tragédienne* of the Odéon. The troupe, too, is not so close a corporation as that of the Français; at the house in the faubourg Saint-Germain an actor or actress may be especially engaged for a single part in a new play, the engagement to last only during the run of the play. In this way one of the most original and talented actresses in Paris, Mlle Réjane, was engaged last winter for the part of *Germaine* in de Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse." It was, artistically speaking, quite a fall upstairs for Mlle Réjane, who had just been acting with enormous success at the Variétés in "Ma cousine," a broadish farce-comedy of a far lower type than anything that is given at the Odéon. There is probably no single person in the theatrical world of Paris upon whom so much interest is centred as Mlle Réjane. By many she is looked upon as *the* coming actress of modern drama; it is even prophesied that the doors of the Français itself will fly open to her before very long. I certainly should not be surprised at it. She has indubitably a streak of genius in her composition; she has temperament and immense nervous energy. Her acting is brilliancy itself, and she has, moreover, what they call in Paris nowadays "an eminently *modern* talent;" in other words, she is a good deal of a *naturaliste*. She ought to go far, with that inborn magnetic power of hers. Perhaps it will all depend upon her having the stability of character necessary to make her stick to hard work. But, one way or another, she seems pretty surely one who is destined to be famous.

SONG.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Here's the last rose,
And the end of June,
With the tulips gone
And the lilacs strewn;
A light wind blows
From the golden west,
The bird is charmed
To her secret nest:
Here's the last rose—
In the violet sky
A great star shines,
The gnats are drawn
To the purple pines;
On the magic lawn
A shadow flows
From the summer moon:
Here's the last rose,
And the end of the tune.

CRIME AND THE LAW.

By Frederick Smyth.

THE criminal law, and the methods in which it is administered, are subjected to frequent criticisms, some of which are, no doubt, just, but many of which are founded on a lack of knowledge as to the facts. I have often wished that some of the critics might serve for a few terms as jurors in our criminal courts, and they would find that the evils of which they complain are less numerous and less serious than they had believed.

It is often said, for instance, that the criminal law is harsh; yet, as I have at times said to the petit jurors serving before me, the law provides safeguards which at every step tend to preserve the innocent from any wrong, and to aid accused men to maintain their innocence. A person accused of crime is entitled, under the law, to an immediate examination into the facts; his accuser must immediately be brought before him, and the committing magistrate must promptly hold an examination, so that if the accusation is plainly false, or the accused man can establish his defence, he may be released without further annoyance. If the committing magistrate decides that there is probable cause to believe that the accused man has committed the crime with which he is charged, the Grand Jury, consisting of intelligent and fair-minded men, examines the case with care, and unless the accusation appears well founded the proceedings are dismissed. After the Grand Jury has formulated the charge, and the accused man is arraigned at the bar, if he chooses to stand mute a plea of "not guilty" is entered on his behalf; if he is poor, counsel is assigned to defend him; if he is friendless and has no one to subpœna witnesses on his behalf, he may give the names of his witnesses to the District Attorney, and the whole power of the County and of the Court is at his disposal to enforce the attendance of any one who can testify for him. The presumption of innocence which attaches to a man at the moment of the accusation follows him through every step of the proceedings. The presumption may, at times, be violent, as when the accused man is seen in the very commission of the crime; but if for any reason the evidence against him cannot be properly and fully presented in Court, this presumption prevents his conviction of any offence. He may, if he chooses, take the witness-stand and testify on his own behalf; if he chooses not to testify, the fact of his silence cannot be commented upon by the prosecuting attorney, and cannot be taken by a jury as weighing against him. He is tried by a jury of his peers, and if only a single one of the jurors sees in the evidence presented sufficient reason for his acquittal, he cannot be convicted. He is entitled to the benefit of a reasonable doubt, which follows him at every stage of the case, and the accusation against him must be proved to a reasonable certainty. His character, unless he chooses to put it in issue, is supposed to be good, and the jury must so regard it. If the judge is led into any error as to the admission or exclusion of evidence, or in his charge to the jury, and such error can be considered as injurious to the accused man, the appellate tribunals may be called upon to pass upon the fairness of the judge's rulings. So that, instead of being harsh in its application, the criminal law is extremely careful lest an accused man shall be in-

jured by any failure to effectively prove the charge against him. If there is any discrimination, it is against the community, whom the law should protect, and not against the individual accused of crime.

Again, it is said that the application of the criminal law to individual cases by the judges who pass sentence is sometimes unduly severe. Sentimental persons will bewail the fate of a criminal sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. If a thief on the street snatches from the hand of a poor woman a purse containing a small sum of money, and he is convicted of a serious charge, his friends flock to his support, and besiege the judge with applications for mercy; his wife and numerous small children, including at times a borrowed infant, seek to affect the heart of the judge and turn him from a proper consideration of his duty. I have, at times, myself been accused of heartlessness, because in spite of numerous appeals I have felt it my duty to inflict severe punishment upon criminals. I do not lack sympathy. But, my sympathy goes out rather toward the innocent person against whom the wrong is done, than toward the person by whom it is committed. The woman from whom a purse is snatched loses, perhaps, all the small sum of money which she has for her immediate support; she may be on the way to purchase the necessary articles to sustain her family; she may have gathered, with economy and care, a small sum to provide for her monthly rent, and while in the public street, and trusting to the safety which the community promises to her, while she is in the innocent pursuit of her daily duties, she is robbed of all that she possesses, and compelled to undergo suffering and deprivation. My sympathies go out toward her rather than toward the criminal who has intentionlly violated the laws, openly committed a crime of violence, and who is too much of a coward to attack a man of his own size and strength. If sympathy has its place, even in the administration of the criminal law, it would be well to see that the sympathy is directed toward the right quarter.

Some complain also that the criminal law is unevenly administered. An intelligent young man, connected with one of the daily newspapers, once asked me to explain to him why in two cases which I had just disposed of, and in which the accusations were almost identical, I had sentenced one defendant to two years in the Penitentiary, and another to more than four years in the State Prison. I explained to him that in one case the accused man had never before been guilty of any serious crime; that his employers and others had convinced me that he had been industrious and honest for many years, and his crime appeared to be one of impulse largely, and I felt sure that the smallest possible punishment would be sufficient to convince him that a life of crime was much harder and less profitable than a life of honest work. The other criminal was one who had at other times been convicted of crime, whose companions were notoriously bad, and on whom reforming influences had heretofore had no effect. His punishment must be severe in order to teach him to fear the hand of the law, and to refrain from further violations of it. The young gentleman was perfectly satisfied with my explanation, and saw the justice of the discrimination used.

While the judges, like other men, do make mistakes, my acquaintance with those who have presided in criminal courts has convinced me that they are, as a rule, earnest and conscientious in their endeavors to fix a punishment which is most just in the particular case under consideration. Many sentences imposed upon criminals have followed restless nights in which the judge was considering the different arguments for and against leniency, and frequently he has consulted with other experienced officials to the end that no unfairness toward the community or the criminal should result.

There are some particulars in which I have wished that the Legislature might amend the laws under which criminals are punished in New York State. The Legislature, in many cases, has fixed a minimum and a maximum punishment for a particular crime; but there are cases in which I have thought that the minimum might well be reduced, and a

larger discretion given to the judge. If a man steals $24 in money he cannot be more severely punished than by a year's imprisonment, and a fine; but if he steals $26 in money, while the circumstances may not be more aggravated than in the other case, he cannot receive less than two years' imprisonment. There is, of course, little or no moral difference between stealing a sum over $25, or under that amount, and while a distinction founded on the amount stolen may in some cases be fair, yet it would seem that the minimum punishment for the greater crime and the maximum for the lesser one should more nearly approach. There are frequently circumstances in which a crime comes within the technical definition of a robbery or burglary of the first degree, and yet there are circumstances surrounding the case which would make a punishment less than the minimum now provided equitable. This is especially true of first offenders. I have frequently recommended that the minimum punishment for many offences be reduced.

A strange omission, which is greatly to be regretted, is that the law provides, in New York City at least, no method by which young women accused of a first crime can be sent to a reforming institution instead of to the Penitentiary. As to men, the law allows a convicted person between the ages of sixteen and thirty to be sent either to a Reformatory, State Prison, or in some cases to the Penitentiary, so that the punishment may be more or less severe, according to the character of the offender. Only one place of restraint is now provided for women, and whether the proven charge is that of murder in the second degree, or the larceny of a small amount, the woman must be sent to the Penitentiary. It is often with the greatest reluctance that I am compelled to send a young woman, who may have been brought up honestly and in a virtuous home, and who has only been led astray by a sudden impulse to commit some act of dishonesty, to a prison, where she must have as associates the vilest and the most hardened of her sex. I have approved of, and aided in, every movement toward establishing a reformatory for women, somewhat similar to that useful institution the Elmira Reformatory for young men, but thus far without success. I sincerely hope that the State may soon be relieved from the shame of this omission in its criminal statutes.

The law might also well be changed in the interest of first offenders. The Courts have sometimes exercised the inherent privilege of postponing sentence and discharging the offender when it is evident that the boy or young man accused of his first offence may be saved from a criminal career by the care of his relatives and friends. It might be well, however, if a system somewhat similar to that which I am informed has been recently adopted in France, were incorporated in our statutes, so that a judge might, in the case of a first offender, accused of a crime of a minor degree, release him without sentence, but with the proviso that if he again, within five years of his first conviction, were guilty of a criminal act, he should be punished for his first offence; but if for five years he lived an honest and industrious life, the State should pardon the first violation of its criminal laws, and he should be relieved from further responsibility therefor. In the case of offenders convicted for a second or third time, the punishment should be rendered severe, and the judges might well be allowed the discretion which now rests with the prosecuting attorney and the jury, of inflicting a double punishment upon those who had been guilty of repeated violations of the criminal law.

Chief Inspector Byrnes, to whose skill and intelligence the city of New York owes much of its safety from the depredations of professional thieves, in an article in the *North American Review*, attributes much of the crime in the city to the influences surrounding the cheap lodging-houses, where many crimes of a serious nature are planned. The earlier steps in crime, however, are, in my experience, largely due to the overcrowding of the population in narrow and unhealthful quarters. Boys are almost compelled to seek the streets as a place of recreation after their daily work, and gather upon the nearest street-corners, and, influenced by older and more hard-

ened companions, they readily form themselves into associations or "gangs," which sometimes degenerate into conspiracies for committing crime. They have only uncomfortable or squalid homes, sometimes occupied by drunken parents, and it is not unnatural that they should seek elsewhere means of diversion, and should be unconsciously led into committing the smaller offences with which a criminal life usually begins. Any change in the housing of the poorer classes by which homes can be made more attractive and healthful would certainly have an influence in lessening crime.

A great influence toward lessening the number of professional criminals is found in the reforming institutions for young men. The Elmira Reformatory, to which male criminals between the ages of sixteen and thirty years may be sent, has done an especially useful work in this direction. The statistics show that of those who are committed to this institution a large proportion do not return to criminal careers. They are taught a trade, if they do not already know one, and the habits of industry and study which they there acquire often influence their future lives. The judges are always ready, in proper cases, to send young men who have not previously been guilty of a serious offence to this institution. The law was at one time so worded that if a young man had been convicted of a misdemeanor merely, he could not, on any subsequent conviction of a felony, be sent to the Reformatory. I, however, urged, and the Legislature has enacted, a change, by which a young man may have the benefit of this institution if he has not previously been convicted of a felony. Under the rule which excluded those who had previously been convicted of misdemeanors, a boy who had been arrested for a disturbance of the public peace by playing ball in the streets, or for some similar act, could not be sent, on his conviction of a felony, to the Reformatory, but must instead be sent to the Penitentiary or the State Prison. The law, as it at present stands, is much more useful, and gives a wider discretion to the Judge in reference to the commitment of young men to this excellent institution.

A very large proportion of the criminal offences brought to the notice of the Courts consists of those committed by boys, or young men under the age of twenty-five years. In many cases the crimes are the result of the influence of elder criminals, or are committed without a realization of the great wrongfulness of the act. Sometimes, however, the criminal instinct is strong in even immature youths. A boy of fifteen years of age, who was brought before me a few years ago, was convicted of a high degree of robbery, and it appeared that in other cases he had been guilty of similar offences, but on account of his extreme youth had escaped punishment. He took part with older men in assaulting citizens on the street and taking property from their persons. The managers of the House of Refuge, to which institution I committed the boy, refused to receive him, because of his previous crimes and the bad influence which he exerted upon other inmates. I was unwilling to send him either to the Penitentiary or the State Prison on account of his youth, and because I felt certain that association with older criminals would only render him more hardened in his vicious career. He was detained in the city prison for many months and finally discharged. Other instances of the early depravity of members of the criminal class have come to my attention.

The fact that so many crimes are committed by persons of immature years, however sad it may be, proves that, to some extent at least, the penalties of the criminal law are effective in preventing crime. Young men who have had their first experience in a reforming or penal institution either learn caution, and do not again expose themselves to conviction of serious offences, or become convinced that honest employment at some laborious occupation is, after all, more profitable than the criminal career, with its liability of detection and severe punishment. Some, of course, of the young offenders continue their lives of crime and become professional criminals. The number of professional criminals is, however, smaller than is ordinarily supposed, and in New York City, at least, the police, and

especially the detective force, are able to preserve the community from most of their attempted depredations. Men who belong to the professional criminal class are closely watched; every action is noted and reported at head-quarters; they are prohibited from approaching the banking district; when any suspicious movements on their part are noticed a closer watch is maintained, and most of them are soon driven from the city and compelled to seek abodes in other lands or other portions of this country. While the present system of punishment may have occasional defects it has certainly resulted in minimizing the evils to which society is exposed from the criminal offences of some members of the community.

In spite of the fact that New York is the point of attraction to criminals from other lands, and has, as all great cities have, a fascination for those who lead irregular lives, I am glad to be able to believe, from my experience, that serious crimes have not increased in proportion to the growth of population. The immigrants who seek our shores are, as a rule, industrious and worthy; but among them are many who come from countries where the laws are lax and where they have been accustomed to settle disputes by resort to violence. These usually remain in this city instead of seeking homes in other parts of the country.

Another constant addition to the criminal class is from those who have been attracted from other places by the comparative freedom from observation afforded by city life, and who, freed from the restraints of home, easily drift into lawless lives. The ranks of the criminals are constantly recruited from these quarters. Yet the contest which society wages against criminals has not been unsuccessful. The younger members of the criminal class frequently reform, or find resistance to organized society so hopeless that they give up the fight. Between professional criminals and the forces of law and order the contest is never ended until the criminal dies or is imprisoned for life in a State Prison. The struggle on the part of the officials representing society is to repress the evil instincts of those who are found in the criminal ranks, or to nullify their most daring efforts. The struggle will continue as long as society exists, and it is to be hoped that the victories will ever be more constant and decided on the side of those who seek for the peace and safety of the community.

There has been some criticism of late in the discussions of lawyers as to the advisability of continuing the jury system. I wish at this time to express my belief that any change, at least affecting the jury system in criminal cases, would be unwise. I have found, in a long experience, that in a great majority of cases the decisions of juries as to the facts of a particular case have been just and wise. It has sometimes surprised me to see how men belonging to the business community, and unacquainted with the intricacies of the law have made sharp distinctions between different grades of offences, and have brought in verdicts which conform exactly to the legal requirements of the cases. It has sometimes happened, perhaps, that jurors have been influenced by the particular facts of a case to render a verdict which does not comply exactly with the legal definition of the crime proven, but in the vast majority of cases substantial justice has been done. I know of no other method which approaches in fairness toward the accused, and in justice to the community at large, the decision by a jury of the facts in a criminal case. The judges certainly do not seek added responsibility. It would be unfair and burdensome to them to require that they should pass not only upon the legal questions which arise but upon the facts. The twelve jurors can pay their sole attention to the facts, often intricate and complicated, and by a discussion and a comparison of views can justly weigh them. The jury system as it now exists is the result of centuries of experience, and I trust that it will always be maintained as one of the most effective safeguards against error or injustice in the administration of the criminal law.

A BALLADE OF DAWN.

By Hugh McCulloch, Jr.

"Placida notte, e verecondo raggio
Della cadente luna."

The wan east quivers, and a chilling breeze
Comes trembling o'er the earth; the silence lies
Oppressively on all things, and the trees
Don ever-changing shapes while night-time dies.
From off the river feathery mists arise
And clothe the shivering earth in garments rare.
Changed things, that seem like uncouth monsters, glare
Where late the moonlight cast a charmèd glow.
The stars grow faint, and fade into the air,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

To-night has been a night of nights; great seas
Of tremulous moonlight, pouring from the skies
Enchanted all the earth and made surcease
Of restlessness, and stilled each vague surmise.
Its beauty charmed away earth's laboring sighs,
And brought nepenthe for its sharp despair.
Strange shadows hurried o'er the meadows, where
The wavering mist now billows to and fro.
Alas, the night is gone that was so fair,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

And with the night has fled the golden ease
That filled my heart beneath the myriad eyes
Of midnight. Day is near, and beauty flees
Before its naked squalor. Now the cries
Of birds are heard, who know that in some wise
Another day must yield the wonted share
Of hard-earned food. And all the beasts prepare
To fight for niggard gifts their lives bestow.
Day's murmurs stir them in their nightly lair,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

Yet this is but a symbol; everywhere
Could man find peace, if his weak heart would dare
To search; the very dawn is joyful, though
Its breath seems chilled with day, and toil, and care,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

A DAY WITH THE DONKEY-BOYS.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

EACH one of our days in Egypt * was a delight in its ever fresh recurrence of shining sun and shining river; and not least pleasant was the January morning of our first visit to Medinet Haboo. While breakfast was eaten in the cabin, Alee and Mahaeel packed the luncheon, and above stairs the side-saddles thumped upon the deck as Nafardy carried them to the felucca. When it came alongside cushions were thrown in, the travellers followed, and six blue-gowned figures burst into a chant as they bent to the oars, and the boat shot diagonally southwest against a stiff current.

The sun was hot, but the dry air not unbracing, the water glittered, the wide sleeves of the sailors fluttered in the wind, the hum upon the Luxor bank lessened, the tall yards of the dahabeeyehs seemed to grow shorter, the temple as it receded rose higher, taking its true place in the landscape, the white houses, the boats and steamers becoming so many dwarfs in presence of the columnar giants which marched in yellow procession against the sky, till palm-groves replaced houses and huts, dotting the east bank to the northward where Karnak raises its huge pilon.

The Hathorites leaned back against the cushions in lazy satisfaction that for this one morning they were rid of their self-constituted attendant, Khaleefa. Each day after breakfast that venerable donkey broker and vender of antiquities upon commission had lain in wait at the cabin door and asked of the sailors the destination of the Howagat. Karnak? Oh, then, he would go also, he wished to see a man there. Medinet Haboo? That was just the thing for him, he was absolute ruler at Medinet —owned a house there, a camel, and a slave or two, and was almost a little scriptural king. Wherever the Hathors' people were going, there his business and his pleasure called him, for had he not followed the "big Howaga" for several winters, and was the opportunity of serving him to be neglected? The Socratic depression of his nose did not repel, the Socratic bulge of his forehead indicated wise benevolence, and at first he was given entire credit. But donkeys of his provision were knife-backed or broken-winded, and were left behind by their fellows; operations in antiquities—sold by him at alleged bear market rates—were unsatisfactory when compared with purchases made through others, and it was pleasant to feel that he had not learned the day's itinerary. Alas! what was that, squatting upon the very bow of the boat—unwished-for figure-head to the felucca? Self-gratulation had been over early, there he was, looking eagerly at the western bank, where small black objects began to move along the water's edge keenly interested in the landing.

Much has been written of the importunity of the donkey-boy, but the half has not been told, nor ever will be, of this impish bronze centaur. No condition of things where there is not intent to kill, wound, or even hurt could be so like a battle as a meeting between

* See "Afloat on the Nile," by the same authors, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1891.

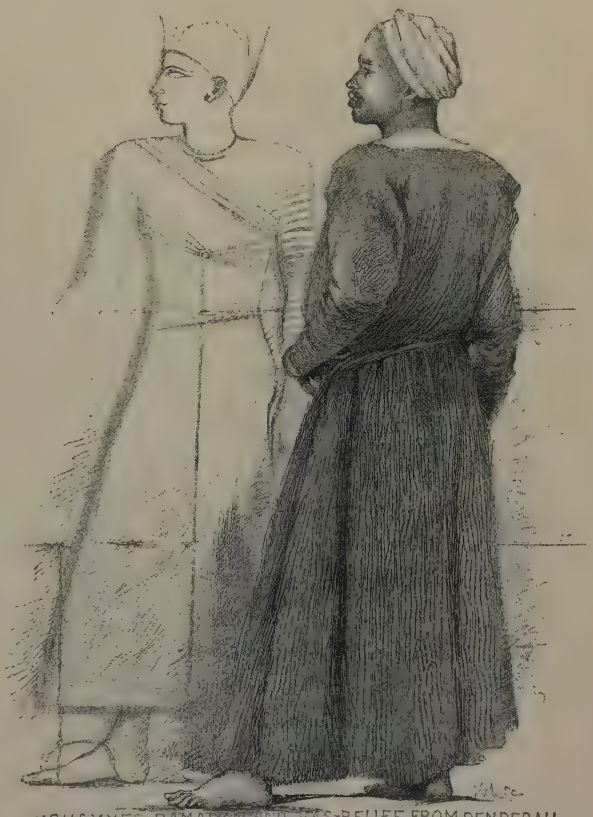
AN EXCURSION
THE START MOUNTING THE DONKEYS

Study of Drapery on a Windy Day at Luxor.

donkey-boys and their possible prey. The mild-mannered man who in Cairo shakes his head at the use of the cudgel, before his second excursion gets him a stick, and ere he leaves Egypt wishes he were a very Robin Hood in proficiency at quarter-staff. "The stick fell from heaven," says the Arab proverb; if so, it was upon a community of quarrelsome donkey-boys, just as Zeus sent the storks to the frogs. Each boy means to get *you*, if not you, then a piece of you, which means your box, your guide-book, or umbrella.

A half-dozen good donkeys had been ordered for the six members of the party. Eighteen or so of the animals were galloped to the water's edge, and many of them urged out into the stream until their saddle-girths were wet. The imps, holding up their gowns in their teeth, showed more and more of copper body as they waded about the boat and thrust in dark slender paws, seizing guide-books, umbrellas, and baskets. Shallows stopped the felucca, which was fairly mobbed. Mahmoud, scooping with his hands, threw as much of the Nile as he could upon the invaders, and Moorhany, losing his temper, brought down his oar with a tremendous splash, missing the boys and drenching the ladies with water, which, however, the hot sun quickly dried. Meantime the figure-head had slipped down from the felucca, and becoming a merman, Khaleefa, with an accomplice, seized the legs of the lightest Howaga, lifted him from the gunwale, opened him like a compass and deposited him astride a donkey, which driven deep into the water, had been predestined to him by this Arab Ulysses.

But the Howaga, who had been served so before, rode the donkey ashore and exchanged it for his own, to Khaleefa's disgust. The other five travellers were carried through the shallows by the sailors, and the battle began. While Nefardy buckled on the side-saddles, the Howagat were bombarded with donkeys whose masters, intrenched behind them, shunted them at their victims who were bumped one against the other, the umbrellas jerking and swaying in the ladies' hands. Donkeys trod upon them, they charged one wing which gave way, but were immediately enveloped upon the other side by donkey light cavalrymen, the latter skirmishing, slapping their high red saddles, screaming, "You take it, my donkey, you donkey sick, werry bad, sit down soon!" The tall sailors, Abderrachman and Urushwan, fended them off with poles, and the canary-colored gown of Mahaeel, the Coptic waiter, streamed in pursuit of the lunch-basket, which a guerilla donkey-boy, intent on porterage fees, had eloped with at a canter. Khaleefa's benevolent forehead bulged as much as ever, but his soul was black, all his beasts had been refused. At last the saddles being fast and all the party mounted, except the sailors who would walk or run as might be, the party were off with a jingle and a shout at a sort of scuttling canter; the dozen supernumerary boys who had all become equestrian since their wares were out of the market, circled about the travellers like a Greek chorus, predicting coming woe, chanting in unison dire prognostications that the beasts would become donkeys couchant, donkeys séant, that they were sick and worthless. So they galloped as far as the first Arab village, sitting their animals as lightly with their naked brown limbs as the cavalrymen of the Panathenaic frieze. With every donkey there ran a boy, and Khaleefa, upon one of the rejected, pounded along with the rest, for a day with the Howagat was always desirable to one who had much spare time. In the pouches of the sailors there was tobacco which could be levied upon, there would be the leavings of the occidental lunch—unclean food, reconcilable, however, to a philosophic Moslem who consorted much with Franks; then there were hypothetical empty bottles and sardine boxes, crumbs of all sorts from Dives' table; so Khaleefa rode and Rayah ran, until the plump little body of the latter tiring the brown legs, the rider took before him on the saddle this son of his old age.



MOHAMMED RAMADAN AND BOYS-RELIEF FROM DENDERAH SHOWING SIMILARITY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN FIGURE IN EGYPT

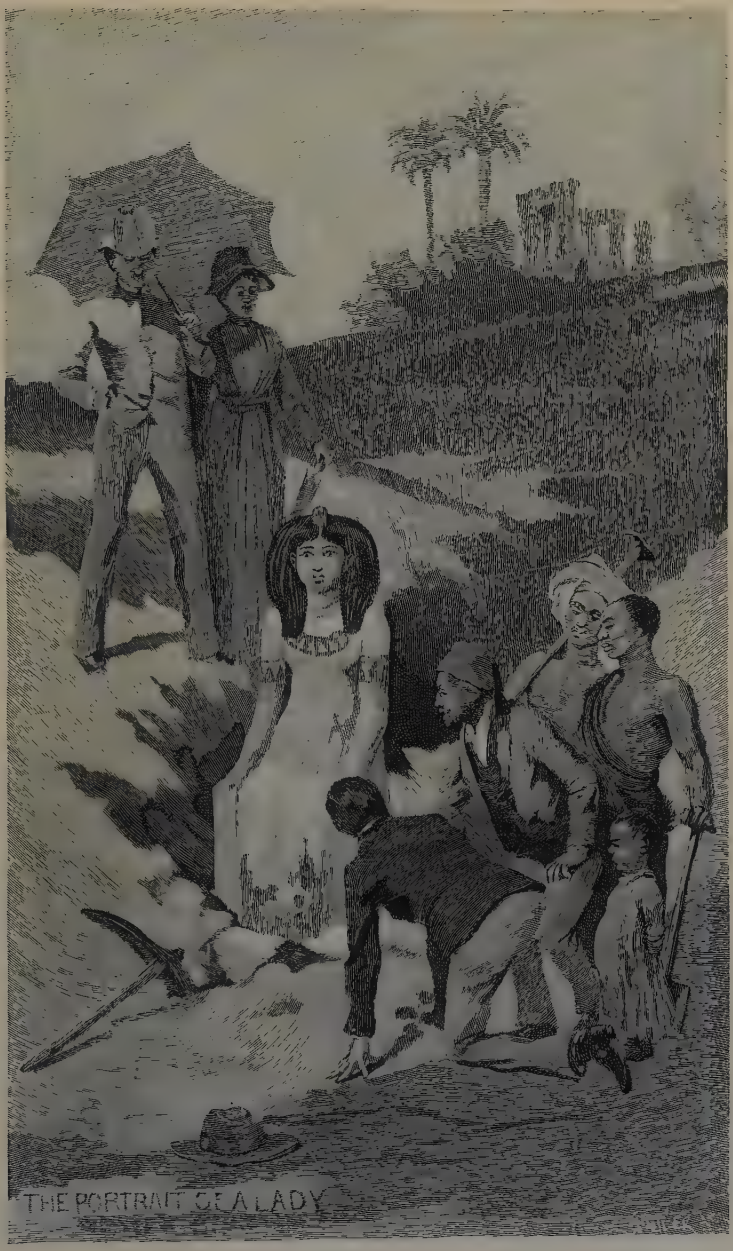
After crossing a long stretch of sand and fording a shallow arm of the Nile, the procession climbed the high bank,

rode along the dike and struck through the wheat-fields. The western shore of the river at Thebes is a little pastoral world of flocks and herds, of sheep, goats, baby camels, and donkeys too young to be loaded. There are no villages like Karnak or Luxor, but wind-swayed seas of wheat and barley breaking against the magnificent cliffs which are the necropolis of ancient Thebes; while among the green and yellow waves of grain rise, like out-lying reefs, the ruins of the Ramesseum and of Kooruch.

Coptic Girl of Luxor.

And now there came to meet us six little Rebeccas, their long veils dragging in the dust as the bearers ran forward, their heads glistening with water-drops splashed from their jars — small jars which these little canephoræ carried all day long, offering them from time to time as they ran beside the donkeys — fleet and tireless through the sand and over the rocks. These clay bottles were full of unfiltered water, and that brought with the luncheon was preferable, but the sailors patronized their *goolahs*, and a few piastres were well expended on them; for bronze Fatmeh, black Anuba, and even mocking Ayesha, were decorative accessories, pleasant to look at, and there was a mine of wealth in their conversation.

In spite of their battle at the water's edge the Howagat were rather fond of donkey-boys, and moved ordinarily about the streets of Luxor with a retinue of them; but on this day the Luxor contingent was absent, it did not go to the western bank with small parties. Such visits would have entailed resentment on the part of the westerners, and beatings at their hands when the chance offered. Only when the semi-weekly battalion of Cook's tourists poured over the river to Medinet or the tombs of the Kings, needing every donkey in the district, did the Luxor boys go; for the westerners were bigger than they, and had not been softened into effeminacy by life in the mud metropolis opposite them. Indeed, to the moralistic inhabitants of Karnak who put their endeavor into agriculture and begging, to the Koorneh men who devoted theirs to mummy stealing, and the manufacture of excellent imitation scarabs, Luxor is corrupt from contact with the Giaour, its standard of morality low. But Luxor and Karnak alike disapproved of Fatmeh, who had just come among the water-carriers. Also they admired — disapproved because at the preposterous age of nearly thirteen years she was still unveiled and carried a water-jar for foreigners; admired because she was the beauty of the district. Said Yussuf Mohammed, embodying the morality of his native village, "if a Howaga wants water at Karnak a boy gives it him; if a girl brought it, her parents would stick a knife in her." Yussuf's wife's mother, like Peter's, lay sick of a fever, and because the wife visited the poor



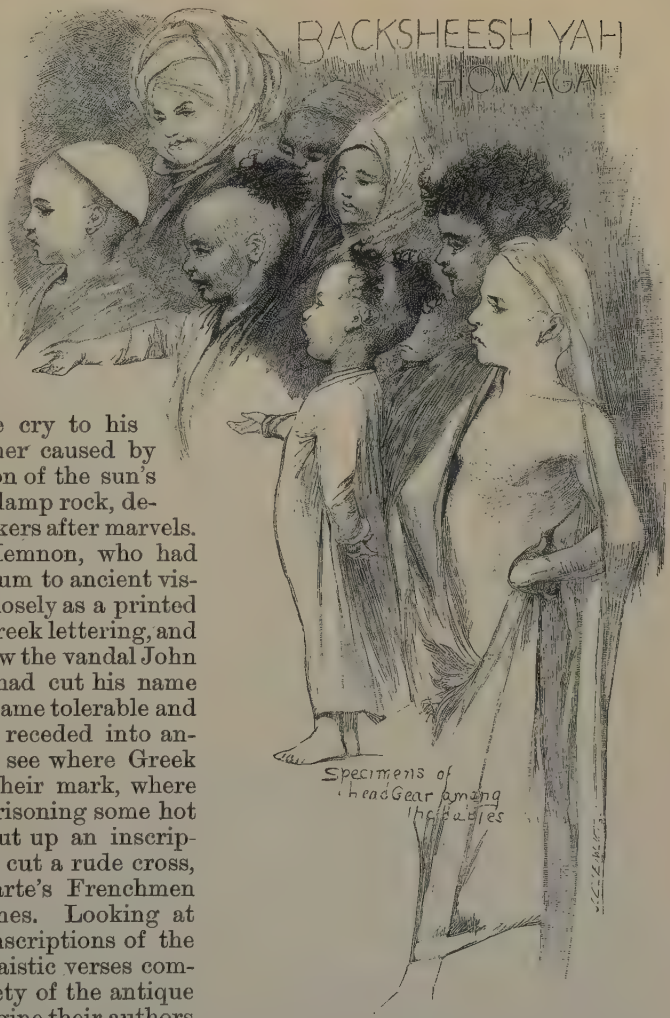
old woman several times, he divorced her; it was evident that he was a moralist and disciplinarian. Indeed he boasted of it as he led the lady's donkey through the wheat, and vaunted his own abstemiousness, saying that he did not even drink coffee in the morning, but took "only a little bread and a few trees (*i.e.*, dates) for breakfast." On being scolded for beating his donkey, he argued wisely—"I tell him twice, he not do it, then I must beat him; yes, I beat my wife too when she give me some words—not much, only two or three stick." The fact that in America a wife-beater might be imprisoned and a di-

vorce obtained by the woman, overcame him utterly. Somewhere the foundations of society had evidently been undermined, who knew but that such a condition of things might reach Egypt. The lady pointing out Pharaoh on the pilon, towering gigantic over the captives he strikes down, said later, "That is just like Egypt, the big man always beats the little one." "Yes," he answered, smiling brightly, "Moslem man very brave; he beat dog, he beat wife, he beat child. Englishman only beat in bottles!" (*i.e.*, battles.)

Meanwhile, if we tired of Yussuf's lofty moralizing, there was much dramatic interest in watching Fatmeh and her admirers. She was the idol of the donkey-boys, and they all, even little eight-year old Abdou, hung on her words and followed in her footsteps; our progress was regulated by her movements. "When swift Camilla scoured the plain," sticks were swung, donkeys belabored, and regardless of their own wishes or intentions, travellers, sailors, and admirers came tearing, plunging, and hallooing after her; when she stopped to buy sugar-cane, or gossip with the herdsmen, we trailed along at a snail's pace, deserted by our respective motive powers. Fatmeh was a hoyden, tall, strong as a boy, and rather pretty, with a charming, subtle, Leonardesque smile, and though somewhat spoiled by tourists, seemed kind and generous, dividing her dates and sugar-cane with all the others and giving an extra share to the little ones. Her conquests are over now, and she is veiled, muzzled, and married to a son of Abd-er-Rasool; it must sometimes be a trifle dreary for her shut up in a little mud-house after her free life in the open air, but she is not forgotten. All the water-carriers have inherited her name, and each one mendaciously assures you that she is the original Fatmeh.

Ibiad, the Luxor Barber.

But while we were watching this village idyl, two strange figures, which from a mile away had looked like twin crags rising from a tranquil sea of rippling wheat, had grown in stature until they towered high in air, and the travellers were at the feet of the Colossi of the plain; statues of Amenophis III., kings and gods at once; giant Dioscuri in the Pantheon of deities who appear above and beneath the ground in this vast metropolis. They were warders to a vanished temple, and their faces, which from a height of nearly sixty feet looked across the plain of Thebes toward a great city, have vanished also; they are



worn and crumbled, but mighty still in their old age; one is a monolith, the other, shattered to the waist by an earthquake, was restored in courses of stone by Septimius Severus. The latter and northern one of the two will always remain to us, not Amenophis, but the vocal Memnon of the Greeks, whose cry to his mother Aurora, whether caused by priestcraft or the action of the sun's rays upon crevices of damp rock, delighted the Roman seekers after marvels. From knees to feet Memnon, who had been an autograph album to ancient visitors, was covered as closely as a printed page with handsome Greek lettering, and it was curious to see how the vandal John Jones of to-day, who had cut his name on the monuments, became tolerable and even fascinating as he receded into antiquity. One liked to see where Greek mercenaries had left their mark, where Roman legionaries garrisoning some hot frontier fortress had put up an inscription, where monks had cut a rude cross, or even where Bonaparte's Frenchmen had scrawled their names. Looking at the finely cut Greek inscriptions of the Colossus, and the archaistic verses composed by the best society of the antique world, it is easy to imagine their authors at work here. The background has changed but little since they stood in the early morning, waiting to hear Memnon; the dawn turned the Libyan range to rosy gold, and the dew-wet bean flowers were as frequent then as now; the water of the inundation still stood here and there in the meadows reflecting the young corn in its glassy pools; the Nile twisted through the wheat-fields like a sacred dragon scaled with gold and purple; the three peaks of the Arabian chain rose pyramid-like at the end of the long, flat-topped mountain wall that guards the eastern plain; but the great temple, of which now only a few scattered blocks and prostrate columns remain, then lay behind the Colossi. Thebes was still splendid with her temples and shrines; Karnak towered high above the palms at the end of her wide, sphinx-bordered avenue; to right and left of Memnon, backed against the mountains, or rising from the plain, were the temples of Ramessids, and Thothmes, and Ptolemies, still gorgeous with their old magnificence in spite of Time and Cambyses, and the Roman robbers. Perhaps Hadrian, the handsome dilettante trifler with the arts, was roused from his sullen melancholy by all this beauty; perhaps he was still mourning the loss of his favorite Antinous, and even the god's voice could

not comfort him. Be that as it may, he came alone to hear Memnon, and it was not until some days later that he was followed by the Empress Sabina and her train.

A fine spectacle it must have been! Augusta in a rage because Memnon, who like most singers had his caprices, remained obstinately silent; the house-philosopher in his Stoic's cloak, carrying the pet lap-dog; the elegant young chamberlains, whom early rising had made a trifle cross; the pretty painted court-ladies shielding their delicately tinted cheeks from the sunlight and yawning behind jewelled fingers; Julia Balbilla writing the Doric and Æolian verses which in that age of archaistic bric-à-brac, of grammarians and academies, were much admired; then there were bearers carrying the bronze litters, half-naked, clean-limbed runners shivering a little in the cool dawn; pert slave girls laden with their mistress's scarfs and parasols; a crowd of beggars and water-carriers, of porters and charioteers

and servants' servants, a whole retinue, of which we and our little train seemed like a modern parody.

They were aristocratic pilgrims generally who visited the Colossus—cultivated, travelled, and æsthetically devout; generals of the Thebaid, governors of nomes, poets of the Museum, priests of Serapis, prefects of the legion and of the camp, domestic *patres familiarum* travelling, like Gemellus, "with his dear wife Rutilia and his children," celebrities like Strabo and Germanicus, the Emperors Hadrian and Septimius Severus, empresses, noble ladies, and such smaller fry as Decurions and Centurions, who, like bluff soldiers, wrote their names in Latin, while the finer folk affected Greek; for, since Juvenal's time the Græculus had become a Roman institution.

It was then the custom for pilgrims or travellers, when visiting a shrine or monument, to salute the local genius in the name of their friends or loved ones at home, in order that they too might share in the blessings of the holy place. On the Colossus are many examples of these *proscynemata* or reverential salutations offered for the absent in this sweet old fashion, and after having duly admired the erudite Greek verses and the titles and honors of the dignitaries, it is a pleasure to turn to the records of less famous folk we know nothing of, save that when the god sang they "thought of those who loved them;" of "Heliodorus, who heard Memnon four times, and remembered his brothers Teno and Aianus;" or of Cæcilia Trebulla, who wrote, "Hearing the sacred voice of Memnon, I thought of thee, O, my mother, and I made a vow that thou mightst hear it also." Few who have read his words will forget the Greek who crossed the shining river and these Elysian fields, all violet starred and scented in the still gray morning, saw the dawn kindle into flame behind the Arabian crags, heard Memnon's resonant cry to the goddess, and carved upon the stone "I, Aponius, heard at the first hour, I wrote the proscynema of my wife Aphroditerion, why have I not her with me while thou singest." Though we, who crossed the same sacred river and the same flowery meadows in the dewy morning, found Memnon silent, we refrained from expressing our disappointment in archaic Greek verse, and cutting our names and dignities upon the statue, yet, like the old Pagans when they stood before the god, we remembered "those who love us."

Then our little procession filed away and left the giants sitting as they have sat since all of history that we know has begun, and grown, and passed; twin guardians at the gates of human records which they have seen roll down the valley of the Nile, till the narrow scroll broadened into the sea of universal history.

It was a long ride still from the Colossi to Medinet Haboo, the road running along the dikes which become the only paths during the inundation; on either side the wheat- and bean-fields seemed greener than elsewhere in the world, palms rose in graceful groups, while before and behind and around towered the rock mountains, deepest yellow against a cloudless sky, with the river in their midst, a thread of silver upon a sea of emerald girdled with a rampart of gold.

The people, too, in spite of dirt and poverty, were not unworthy of this glowing background; strength they have always, and the dignity of carriage peculiar to the older races, and a certain indescribable grace born of their life in the open air, their simple, loosely girdled garments, and their well-trained, muscular bodies. Many of the young men deserve the eulogies of the Arab poets. Copper-colored lads, chested like Antinous, naked but for loin-cloth and skull-caps, passed us, carrying just such implements as Joseph's overseers distributed to Pharaoh's workmen; women rode by on shaggy buffaloes; little nude children dragged sugar-cane stalks behind them, and, like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane, the camels laden with great bundles of grayish-green canes stalked through the rustling grain. By and by we skirted a mud village, where a big dog flew at us with what might be called fierce caution, much rush and barking, but careful avoidance of striking distance, and where, under the rare shade of a sycamore, a tiny child with a high light

upon its shaven head, drove round and round the oxen of a huge creaking sakeeyeh or water-wheel which, as its long row of mossy pots dipped and flashed in the sunshine, droned out as always that legendary bit of Egyptian gossip, "Iskender ornein," Alexander has horns. The story is that the barber of Alexander the Great, self-styled son of Ammon, whose twisted ram's horns are plain enough still on the antique coins the peasants find and sell, in cutting the god-king's hair, discovers this secret. Not daring to tell it, but longing for a confidant, he whispered it to the sakeeyeh, but the water-wheel was garrulous, and to this day every sakeeyeh in Egypt is turned scandal-monger, and murmurs drowsily "Alexander has horns."

Though the great conqueror has been forgotten except by the water-wheel, Antinous is often in the thoughts of the Nile traveller, for he not only gave his name to ruined Antinoopolis, but the memory of the straight brows, the long, heavy-lidded eyes, the ripe curved lips, above all of the widely arched chest of the Roman statues, lives in every Egyptian village; the marble has turned to animated bronze, and against some sunlit wall in bazaar or market-place one may see again and again, silhouetted darkly, the very profile of the relief in the Villa Albani. It is not strange that he, rather than the Hermes or the Apollo is suggested, and only means that modern Egypt, where female comeliness is rare, and male beauty frequent, is more akin by blood to antique Asia Minor than to ancient Greece, and that the young Bithynian of Hadrian's court was but an archetype of the men who bend their magnificent torsos at the shadoof, or shine like polished bronze amid the wheat. But if these nude bronzes recall the Vatican, the draped figures in their trailing brown and blue and russet woollens seem likewise strangely familiar. Under the trees, and by some creaking water-wheel, men and women sit upon the river bank swathed in their long robes. As you look, the lofty palms melt together into the dusky vaulting of the Sistine Chapel, the sakeeyeh's groan swells into an organ tone, for here in the east, and here only, the people of Michael Angelo walk about the earth.

The head drapery, so special to the great Florentine's women, is always present, even on the youngest girls. The Delphian sibyl sits upon the shore and stares with wide startled eyes upon the dahabeeyeh; Lybica turns away just as in the fresco Cumæ bends her head upon her hand; the turbaned prophets, the nude Titans, are all there. That bible first made pictorially living to us by the great fifteenth century masters, moves and lives upon the banks of the Nile.

Every evening at sunset Raphael's women go up the bank, bearing their water-jars to the Incendio del Birgo, or the Arab village, as one pleases; even the least observant person who has passed through Italy must be instantly reminded of the Roman school of painting, with its robustness, its stateliness, and its draperies, muffling, or clinging, or wind-tossed. A woman may be plain, even ugly, but when her face is shrouded she becomes quite beautiful from the graceful lines of the long veil and the gown, as they stream in the wind or cling in multiplied folds to the lithe body that bends over the water-jar; the boy who runs beside your donkey is often but a smug-faced lad, but his muscular torso and slender, vigorous limbs suggest the antique athlete.

Indeed, the whole land might be a studio to Leonardo, elaborating the folds of garments with his careful pencil; or to Benvenuto, who found "pleasure inexpressible in drawing the small muscles that lie along the ribs;" to the student of draperies, and the lover of the nude. Unfortunately, though the Egyptian men are willing enough to sit for artists, the women run away at the mere sight of a sketch-book, they fear the evil eye, they fear the evil tongues of gossiping neighbors, they fear anything and everything—above all having to sit still.

"Their heads are little," say the men; no wonder, poor things, for with their water-jars the Moslem women bear upon those little heads a heredity of thirteen hundred years of ignorance and contempt. "It is not good for Arab girl to read and write, for then she will write to men, and she will not want to carry

water and make soup," says Mahmoud, using a time-honored argument; and our Captain Tanyos holds up his hands when told that in America girls sometimes go to school longer than the boys. Even our extraordinary custom of having a new sultan every four years is less incomprehensible to the Oriental mind. Most fascinating of all are the children who nestle under the Madonna-like veils, or sit astride the shoulders of these women; imagine Barbedienne's bronze Cupids transformed to softest flesh, all melting curves and deep dimples; look through smoked glass at the round-cheeked, grave-eyed cherubs of the Renaissance; or fancy the dusky-tinted Tanagra Loves with their little cloaks and printed hoods, and heavy wreaths, dancing, frolicking, laughing, and you may have some idea of the baby graces of the young Egyptians, graces that even ophthalmia, wretched feeding, and neglect cannot destroy.

Silhouettes at Sunset along the River Bank.

At last the gates of Medinet Haboo rose before us behind sentry-mounds of dark red rubbish, which were once the surrounding wall of the temple, the perishable outer garment that has fallen away while the mighty monuments within seem likely to double their present age; the travellers went straight through the pilon doors and into a fore court, where débris lies piled up in great hummocks, like billows of a rubbish whirlpool. It *is* a whirlpool, for the wind has circled about those square courts for tens of centuries, here banking the sand high against capital and architrave, there scooping it into gulfs; carved and painted goddesses upon the walls emerged waist-deep, files of soldiers were buried to their throats, chariots appeared to struggle through it, till one had a confused sense that here might be an overwhelming of the Egyptians in the Red Sea painted in this temple of Rameses III., son to the Pharaoh of the exodus. It was only a hasty impression, however, for the little Egyptian taskmasters, so near to the end of the journey, whooped and shouted, the donkeys tore over the rubbish heaps, the cloud of dust was so choking that our whole attention was given to keeping it out of eyes and mouth; in through a second door we went, up forty-five degrees, and then down again, and we were in the main court of the temple.

It is one of the noblest courts in Egypt, not particularly large, only one hundred and twenty-three by one hundred and thirty-eight feet, but showing with unusual completeness the massive qualities which distinguish Egyptian architecture; on two sides run colon-

nades of columns only three diameters in height, on the two others are huge piers showing still the Osirid figures, now sadly battered, which stood against them. White is the prevailing color of it all, with faint traces of red here and there; while strong, rich blues remain under the architraves and on the ceiling of the colonnades. About upon the walls are gods and kings and priests, the victories and the triumphs of Rameses III., battles, processions, and sacrifices, and above them, in the temple eaves, the swallows scold. What a sight it must have been when the offerings were burnt, and the choral hymn went up, and the glittering procession swept down the portico past the Osirid giants that then were whole and gorgeous with color, each one a statue of the divinized king. After the days of the priests of Ammon came the Christian monks, building a church in this very court, breaking away the architraves and setting up columns which would seem large in any other place, but here are mere pygmies beside the work of the old Egyptians. The monks made a nave of the columns, pierced square holes for beams, and carefully plastered mud over the pictures of the Heathen, exorcising the devil and embalming his works for a curious nineteenth century; hammering away too under the African sun at the Colossi; going out between the hymns to hack at some royal visage until, within the sacred enclosure at least, the giants were utterly destroyed. After the Christians came desolation, then a Coptic village, and again the desolation which is now upon the place.

In this temple of Rameses III., built by the king to commemorate his Syrian victories, the whole triumph of an Egyptian conqueror is set forth. It is entered through a fortress-gate; on the huge pilons the royal victor grasps the conquered by the hair; in the first hall are rows of captives bound or suppliant, cornices supported on the heads of prisoners, and over the doorway, filling seventy lines of deeply-cut hieroglyphics, is the record of the king's victories; just beyond lies the second court, in which the traveller makes his first stop; for Egyptians are conservative, and long ago the donkey-boys found that this is the proper place for the Howaga to dismount; if he prefers to enter the temple quietly, and to examine it consecutively, he will have to combat not only the deeply-rooted prejudices of his donkey-boy, for they may be overcome, but those of his donkey, which are ineradicable. After all it is the finest of the three grand courts, and first impressions are worth much, so it is wiser to submit to the inevitable and begin the study of the temple here. The walls are covered with illustrations of the spirited chronicle carved above the entrance, and we can follow the king step by step as he fights, conquers, and triumphs; here he charges in his war-chariot and overwhelms the enemy with his arrows; there the captive chiefs of the Libyans are led before him, officers bring heaps of hands cut from dead adversaries, while the king's scribe counts them. Then the victor at the head of the troops arrives at Thebes, prisoners are bound to his chariot-wheels, princes are his fan-bearers, and the gods themselves congratulate him on his prowess; all the charming detail of the procession in Gautier's "Roman de la Momie" may be admired in the panels that follow, celebrating the anniversary of Rameses's coronation; the long lines of soldiers and priests, the strange musical instruments, the images and holy arks, the sacred hawk and bull, the statues of deified royal ancestors, the sacrifices before the flower-laden altars, all the minutiæ of the ceremonial still exist and we can easily picture it, the golden statues, and the helmets, and the white linen robes shining in the sun, as the procession wound over the green plain and halted at the temple gate.

Only the monarch entered the court where we stand to-day, the crowd remained without, a few privileged nobles passed into the first court, but the priest-king alone penetrated to the sanctuary, to pour the libation and offer the sacrifice as pope and emperor at once, he bore to the gods the vows and prayers of his people.

At present the sacred place is filled with donkeys and their drivers, anteeka-sellers carrying fragments of mummy, bits of gayly painted wooden cases,

handfuls of blue beads, and shining new scarabs fresh from the manufactory at Koorneh, beggars too, three blind men and their baby guides, and little naked children shivering in the wind, who have left their cotton gowns outside the temple to excite compassion, and whose pigeon English, learnt at the mission-schools, is a source of income to their families, and of delight to the tourist.

Here we dismounted and dispersed, the workers to sketch and compare texts with the original hieroglyphics, the idlers to explore every nook and corner of this most picturesque and interesting of Egyptian ruins. So they waded ankle-deep through the dust, loose stones, and potsherds, to the strange outlying building which has so long puzzled the archæologists, and has been called in turn, palace, pavilion, and stronghold; its crenelated walls, its shield-shaped battlements, and its narrow gate flanked by bastions, all incline one to believe with Professor Maspero that it was a fortress-gate, a military arch of triumph, built to celebrate Rameses III.'s Syrian campaigns.

With much advice and assistance we climbed to the second story of the tower, where the king still plays draughts with one slender maiden and chucks another under the chin.

"It is the sultan in his harem," say the donkey-boys.

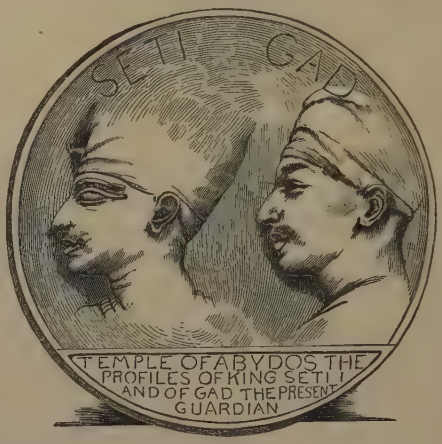
"This game of draughts has a symbolical signification; it was one of the pleasures promised to the virtuous in the future life," according to a most revered authority.

"In the lower chamber over the gate are sculptures in low relief representing the king in the women's apartments," says our guide-book.

Whether these slim, bejewelled girls are goddesses, symbols, or mere mortal odalisques, they are, what is more important to the on-looker, decoratively charming, and are, like so many things in Egypt, nice pegs to hang theories on. With many longing looks at the chambers high out of reach of tourists, unprovided with scaling-ladders, wherein the Egyptian caricaturist dared to ridicule the god-king, and which, in this temple devoted to the apotheosis of the royal conqueror, remind one of the satirical verses sung by the Roman soldiers marching in the triumph of a vic-

AN EXCURSION ON DONKEYBACK

torious general, the little party scrambled down and passed through the great courts, again stopping in the third to examine the stumps of columns, and the dark chambers once filled with the treasure Rameses dedicated to Ammon. Here lay gold in grains, bars of silver, pyramids of emeralds and turquoises, heaps of seal-rings engraved with the king's name, and "all sorts of jewels in chests of bright copper," justifying the king's boast to Ammon, "Thou hast secured gold and silver like sands on the seashore."



What a find this precious hoard would have been for the thieving Theban brothers of the old Greek legend, in which the king Rhamsinitos is no other than this same Rameses III. Unfortunately the modern treasure-seekers who cleared away the Coptic village that covered the temple, found only a quantity of little blue porcelain Osirid figures, probably buried when the foundations of the building were laid, and even they, like the giants of the piers, were broken. Later excavations by M. Bouriant in the first court, have uncovered files of cruelly bound prisoners whose lips and brows are contracted by pain, and a cornice supported by four captives, of different nationalities (the Egyptian Atlantides), in which the types are much more marked than in any other sculptures.

From the flat roof of the temple, which was easily reached by climbing one of the mounds of débris that surround it, was a wide view, not only of the Nile Valley, but of the temple backed against the mountain, which with its steep walls and flat terraces covered with wind-blown sand, seemed to continue the lines of the building itself. As one leaned over the broken cynocephali, ancient guardians of the door, once covered with golden plates "which rejoiced the heart of Ammon," it was easy to understand what a safe refuge the early Christians found here behind the crenelated walls, when they filled the temple with their mud huts clustering about the church in their midst. From this roof they doubtless watched the Arabs coming across the desert before that last siege when they were driven out and fled to Esneh.

Meanwhile Nafady and Mahaeel had been preparing lunch, spreading the cloth in the shade of the columns, and lighting a fire of newspapers and sticks under the slow alcohol lamp, to hasten the coffee boiling; Egyptians do not take kindly to modern improvements, our cook for some time used the oven to heat irons, and always made a charcoal fire in it under his bread.

After luncheon, Fatmeh was sketched as she sat leaning against an Osirid pier; just above her head Rameses III. offered pots of precious unguent to Osiris; faint traces of red lingered on the king's narrow torse and straight legs; the pillar, rich asphalt where it entered the earth, paled and whitened as it neared the roof painted brightest blue and sprinkled with stars, the light reflected from the tawny pilon on her right, and the sunny pavement at her feet turned the girl's face to a delicious golden bronze. Indeed, with her dark dress and veil, her hair curiously braided above her brow in classic fashion, and her home-made necklace and earrings of turquoise blue beads, she suggested one of those archaic Greek statuettes which, bedecked with real jewels, stare solemnly out of their enamel eyes. Unfortunately, she was far from being as immovable and turned her head incessantly, first to where Mahaeel with many chuckles was examining the sculptures of the northern wall, the heaps of cut hands appealing apparently to his sense of humor; then to the centre of the court, where Yusuf the disciplinarian and another lad were

fighting; Yusuf, before we could interfere, pulling off several yards of his adversary's turban hand over hand, in a most diverting manner. When order was finally restored Fatmeh was no quieter, for the donkey-boys, finding that she was an object of interest to the travellers, began to discuss her matrimonial prospects; they were soon absorbed in calculations as to how much she cost, for Egyptian parents receive a certain sum of money for their daughters from the future bridegrooms, though probably this price is no more fixed than that of any other article in this land of bargaining.

"I can get her for five guineas," said one young man, "because I am her cousin, and of course she is cheaper for one of the family."

"They ask much money for her because she brings home a great deal; the travellers give her many piastres for carrying water," added another, in explanation.

"They want seven guineas for her, that is too much," added a third prudent youth. He then informed us that Fatmeh's parents did not live together, her mother had been divorced, and her father, pocketing all his daughter's earnings, lived in elegant leisure, giving wife and child an allowance of two dollars a month. Yusuf, thinking that we were unfamiliar with the Moslem system of divorce, which allows the husband, like the customer of the Paris "Bon Marché," to change articles that have ceased to please, felt called upon to explain in English, "My wife not 'bey me, not blease me, I tell it emshee (go away), then if I got children I eat (feed) those children, yes, I must eat um sometimes two, three years."

Meanwhile the subject of these discussions crouched, glaring like a little panther at her calculating suitors; even our sailor's gallant remark that he would give twenty or even fifty guineas for her, failed to restore her equanimity; later, however, she was quite consoled by being allowed to admire the landscape through an astygmatic *lorgnon* and by the gift of a biscuit tin. This was indeed a treasure, it was strong box, tambourine, and mirror at once, excited the envy of all the others, and probably added several piastres to Fatmeh's market value; for of all the products of western civilization, that most readily assimilated by the Arab is the tin can. Beating time on her new possession, Fatmeh ran after us Miriam-like, while we strolled off to see the sculptured sea-fight which the king, in memory of the naval victory at Migdol, had carved on this temple of triumphs. It interested us all, but to one of our party it afforded real mental solace. Nafady was our favorite sailor, tireless, prompt, and wonderfully helpful; he did so much general work that sometimes it seemed as though the progress of the dahabeeyeh depended on his individual exertions; so we had nicknamed him "the Button," remembering the boy's definition of responsibility: "When you've only one suspender button to your trousers there is a great deal of responsibility on that button."

The day's excursion had not been a happy one to him, for Nafady was proud of the office that he shared with only one or two of the sailors, that of special attendant upon the ladies on all expeditions; so that when the Cairene Mahaeel stepped forward to help them with the superior assurance of the metropolis, the Button, who was a villager, felt wronged and humiliated. All day long he glowered at Mahaeel, and when at the end of the excursion the latter, to save his canary-colored gown and red shoes, instead of wading to the small boat, was carried through the water by two sailors, his legs sticking out straight like a Howaga's, Nafady turned away with a grunt of fierce contempt. But the sea-fight consoled him: a born sailor, his one joy in temples was the discovery upon their pictured walls of *merakib* or boats; there are plenty of them, from the barks of Ra and Horus to the roughly scrawled dahabeeyehs, the work of contemporaneous amateurs. Like Dickens's "Cook's tourist," who passed all his time among the finest Italian monuments in fingering and spelling out inscriptions with a Platonic interest quite unaffected by his innocence of Latin, Nafady stood unimpressed in the giant hall at Karnak or the great court at Edfru, until a joyous chuckle told us that he had discovered a ship. Medinet Haboo, from

his point of view, had been but a dreary waste of sculptured stone until he saw the rows of small boats filled with sailors and fighting men, then it became an object of interest meriting the whole attention of Nafady's mind, and not one of those monuments intrinsically worthless, but to be tolerated because attractive to *howagat* who employed boats as a preliminary to visiting them.

While Nafady looked and admired, the "big Howaga," accompanied by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged Arab, had joined us, and the latter was introduced as Abd-er-Rasool, a native of Koorneh, who, with his brother Mohammed, discovered the famous pit of Dehr-el-Bahari in which the royal mummies, now in the Boulak museum, were hidden. For many years they kept the precious secret, cautiously selling from time to time the smaller objects found in the cache, but the blue statuettes and the papyri finally attracted the attention and aroused the suspicions of the Egyptologists; testimony from various sources convinced Professor Maspero that these Theban brothers, like those of the old Greek legend, were plundering a royal treasury. Abd-er-Rasool was threatened, imprisoned, and bastinadoed, but he kept the secret well, never opening his lips except to protest his innocence; he was finally released after ten weeks confinement, and returned triumphantly to his native village. A day or two after his elder brother, Mohammed, frightened at the severe treatment Abd-er-Rasool had experienced, and apprehensive that his turn might come next, quietly went to the authorities and made a full confession. Thus, this important find came to light; the hill foxes of Koorneh had unearthed the dead lions, and world-famous kings of Egypt journeyed down to Cairo to the museum of Boulak.

We were amused and personally interested by the fact that, only a few days before the arrest of Abd-er-Rasool, Professor Maspero and the "big Howaga" wandered up into the immediate vicinity of the shaft, collecting potsherds scrawled with Greek accounts; so to this day the Arabs believe that they found upon the sherds indications which led to the discovery of the brothers' secret. Nevertheless, this same Abd-er-Rasool was still very friendly with the "big Howaga," and had toiled over the long hot desert road to see him and be presented to his family. "The Servant of the Prophet" was evidently very proud of his connection with royalty, and offered to guide us to the scene of his exploits, an offer that was gladly accepted; and as the shadows grew a little longer our cavalcade filed out of the stronghold gate between the twin sentinels, the cat-headed goddesses who guard the narrow way. The road to the cache ran over the desert, honeycombed with graves long since rifled by the peasants in their search for antiquities; on our left was the great rock wall of petrified Nile mud millennials, old, curiously ribbed and crevassed, here chalk white, there clay color, again pure brown ochre, while the topmost crags shone in the sun like giant nuggets of pure yellow gold.

Beyond the little temple of Dehr-el-Medinet, the mountains, hollowed, buttressed, and pinnacled by primeval floods, thrust great spurs into the desert below, forming a series of valleys. The sand swept up the sides of the crags like a great sea, foamed over the huge rocks, and dashed even their crests with its spray; here, in one of the wildest of these gorges, at the bottom of a deep shaft fanged with sharp stones, Sesostris and his brother kings lay hidden for thousands of years; when and why they were carried there from their tombs is still a mystery, probably to save them from the hands of robbers or invaders.

As we stood about the mouth of the pit, Abd-er-Rasool, his bright face all frankness and sincerity, told us how the Mudeer of Keneh threw him into prison, and had him cruelly beaten again and again without being able to force from him anything but the repeated assertion, "I am a poor man," until fortitude and a persistent denial obtained his release; when his brother, though unbeaten, lost heart and gave up the secret. No warrior returning from a hard-fought victory, no Egyptian peasant limping homeward lame from the tax-collector's bastinado, with his unpaid money hidden under his tongue,

was ever prouder of his constancy than was Abd-er-Rasool. Just before we left he seized old Khaleefa, who was fussing about, and shook him laughing over the pit. "Shall I drop him in?" said this modern follower of Joseph's brethren.

"Yes," answered the sailors, "he would make a good mummy; all he needs is a little gilding and paint."

Khaleefa, quite undisturbed, let his leathern old face, which seventy years of Egyptian sunshine had indeed mummified—no *paraschites* could have done the work better — crack into a thousand laughing wrinkles, and we slid down the cool gray sand-slope, looking back now and then toward the mountain, that glorious sepulchre of the Pharaohs.

Then we rode riverward out of the giant shadow of the crags into the radiant valley; the sun was sinking and the great artist was gilding his handiwork into even greater splendor, each blade of wheat was a golden spear, the palm-trunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsmen going home to their

evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden background. The blue smoke curled upward from the mud villages, like the sacred symbol on some temple architrave, a vulture rose heavily into the still air, in the east the three peaks of the Arabian chain flushed orange and crimson and purple, fire opals set in the ring of a horizon of light. The people of the Bible were all around us glorified by the evening sky: Jacob tall and dark, his deep eyes burning under the linen headcloth, drove home his flocks and herds; Rebecca passed us with Isaac's jewels of gold and silver glittering on her brown arms; Esau unyoked the tired oxen of the water-wheel; Laban, white-bearded and solemn, rode by; Ruth smiled at us from where she stood waist-deep in the wheat; and just at hand, riding on an ass, a young child in her arms, yonder low-browed girl seemed the Divine Mother herself, for the whole plain and sky were a halo about her.

College of Divan Beggi, at Bokhara.

BOKHARA REVISITED.

By Henry Lansdell, D.D., M.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

ON my first visit to Bokhara, in 1882, the country had been shut up for centuries to such an extent that no Englishman then living had been in the Khanate. So rapid, however, has been the progress of events since that date, that when, six years later, I reapproached the country, it was by railway from Merv.

The line between these two places, however, in one respect, is perhaps the most remarkable in the world; by rea-

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

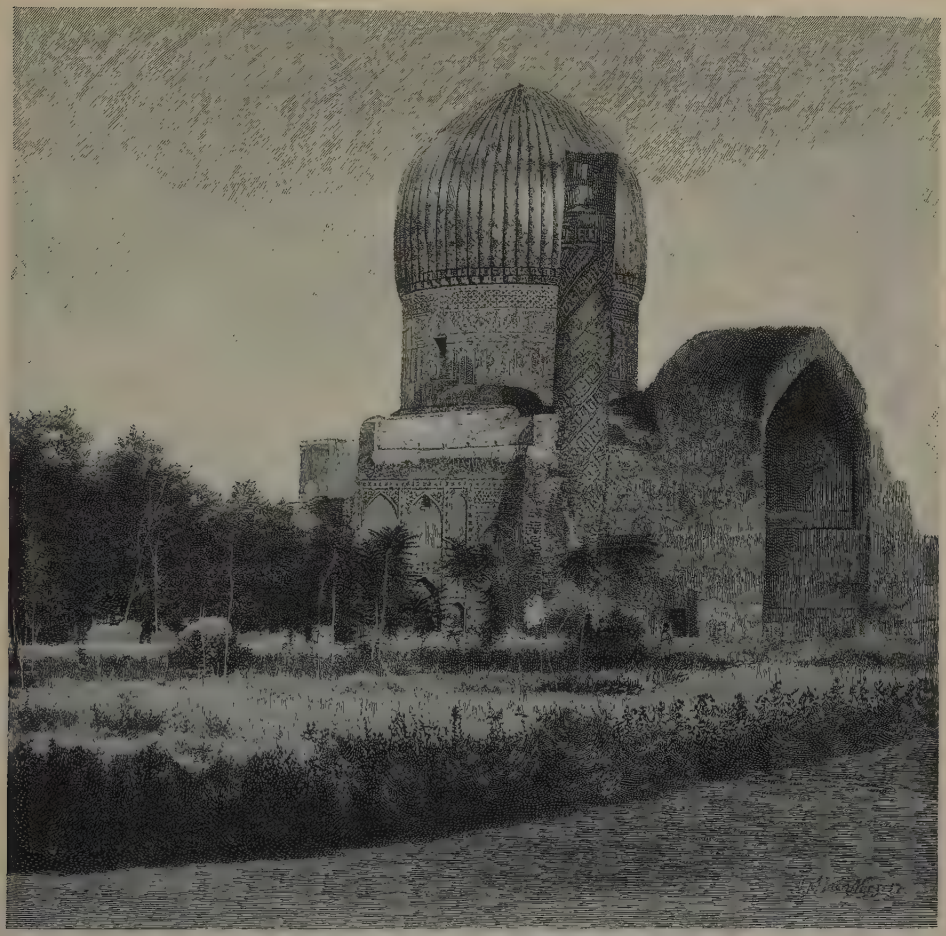
The Emir of Bokhara and his Treasurer.

Costumes of Bokhara Women—on the street and in the house.

son, that is, of the horrible desert over which it passes. This desert is not merely sandy, but of sand entirely, with this additional drawback, that whereas the sands on the coast of the Caspian may by labor be half-fixed, those near the Oxus are at the mercy of every wind that blows. They cover the face of the country in barkhans, or sickle-shaped hills, varying in height up to 100 feet. The prevailing wind comes from the northeast, on which side the barkhans are convex and gradual in ascent, while the other face is concave and steep. When agitated by a strong wind they present a certain resemblance to the waves of the ocean, with spray being scattered from every billow.

I first examined some of these barkhans in Khokand, and had not forgotten crossing the sands of Sundukli, east of the Oxus, in 1882, when it took twenty men, twenty horses, and a camel to get my carriage to its destination. I was curious, therefore, to see what measures had been taken to cope with a like obstacle on the railway.

A similar defence, it appeared, had been adopted to that employed in Russia against the snow—namely, open palisades, about three feet high, placed on the side of the rails whence come the prevailing winds, but with this marked difference of result, that whereas the snow thus stopped in its drift disappears with the warmth of spring, the sand remains,



The Gur-Emir, or Mausoleum of Tamerlane at Samarkand.

and augments the possibilities of the line being covered. In certain places, plantations of bushes suitable to the soil have been placed beside the way, but until these grow it seems inevitable that from time to time, after strong winds, the rails will need to be cleared as after a snow-storm.

It was by reason of this uncertainty as to what might be the condition of the road that our train, though arriving at Merv in the morning, did not leave until nearly midnight, so as to traverse the worst part of the sandy desert by day. In the gray dawn of very early morning we reached a station significantly named Pesky, after the surrounding sand.

Here we bade farewell to the few tokens remaining of the Merv oasis, after which sunrise found us at Repetek, where was a refreshment station, with only brackish water for making tea, and then we plunged in among the sand barkhans, where nothing was visible all round but sand-hills; while a more desolate outlook than we had from the carriage windows, in steaming along, could hardly be imagined. I congratulated myself, however, upon getting over the ground west of the Oxus with infinitely less discomfort than I had ridden over similar country eastward, with sand blowing in my face, and my horse sinking at every step to his knees.

Finally, about six miles west of the Amu-daria, cultivation reappeared, with fortified mud-houses and walls and trees, the last somewhat larger than those of Merv. We had now en-

tered the oasis of Charjui, a narrow strip of cultivated land belonging to Bokhara on the west bank of the Oxus, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the station Amu-daria, thus completing a journey of six hundred and seventy miles from the Caspian in sixty hours of actual travel.

The local railway potentate for this part of the line was Prince Khilkoff, who had been kind enough to send to the station a carriage to take me to be guest of Colonel Nicholas Tcharykow, the "Russian Political Agent" (or "Resident," as the English would call

Jews of Bokhara.

him) in Bokhara, but who for the moment was laid up here with a broken ankle. The Colonel spoke English fluently, having received a part of his early education in Edinburgh, and proved to be one of the most polished and gentlemanly of Russian officers I have ever met. Though unable to go out, he made my stay thoroughly enjoyable, and knowing well my writings on Bokhara, he was able to confirm or otherwise what had been written, and to give information upon several points connected with the present condition of the country.

Since my previous visit the Emir Muzaffar-ed-din had died, and had been succeeded by his fourth son, Seid Abdul Ahad, of whom it was pleasant to hear that he had introduced certain reforms and improvements; as, for instance, that, on coming to the throne, he had proclaimed throughout the country liberty to slaves.

Nominally, the slave-markets of Bok-

Cemetery, and Mode of Execution in Bokhara and Khiva.

hara, under compulsion from the Russians, had long been closed, and when I was at Charjui in 1882 I did not suspect the trade to be going on ; but that Persian girls were brought by the Turkomans and sold there I learned after my return to England, from Colonel Stewart, who had left eastern Persia only a few weeks previously, and I thereupon, with his consent, published his statement by way of confirmation of M. Stremoukhoff's letters to the St. Petersburg *Gazette*, stating that the odious trade was not completely stamped out in Bokhara.

It was a wise and humane policy, therefore, of the Russians to "advise" (which meant to command) the young Emir not merely to prohibit the trade, but to set at liberty those already bound, and to send special orders to the frontier towns that if any slaves were imported there, they should be immediately set at liberty. Thus, whatever may be said in disfavor of Russia's annexations, it should not be forgotten that she has by this last measure completed the extirpation of slavery from the shores of the Caspian to China.

On my previous visit to Bokhara it was the fashion for the Emir to send nightly, for the amusement of his guests, a troupe of *batchas*, or dancing boys, with musicians and buffoons. The men with tambourines sat near a charcoal fire in a brazier, over which, from time to time, they held their instruments, to tighten the parchment. The *batchas* were dressed, I remember, in red flowing robes and loose, wide trousers, but were unshod, their most striking peculiarity being their long hair, like that of girls. Their dances were interspersed with somersaults and other antics, while during a Persian song and dance whistles were introduced, the *batchas* snapping their fingers in time, and then striking in unison their wands.

To us the performance soon became wearisome ; but with the natives *batchas* represent their favorite amusement, often with demoralizing and vicious influ-

Batchas or Dancing Boys with Musicians and Singers, Charjui.

ences. One heard and read of the late Emir, when young, having in his harem a number of such boys, the keeping of whom was quite common throughout the Khanate. Colonel Tcharykow informed me, however, in answer to my question on the subject, that the new Emir, instead of providing boys, with their tambourine music, for the public entertainment of guests, as did his father, had forbidden *batchas* and ordered them to enlist in the army, though it might be that they were in some cases tolerated in private.

Something similar may be said with regard to prostitution in Bokhara; for whatever may be done secretly, the Muhammadan law regarding its prohibition remains in force, and a case having at the time of my visit recently come to light of two parents selling their daughter for an immoral purpose, the father's throat was cut and the mother shot, which in Bokhara is a common method of capital punishment for offences of this class.

The construction of the railway, I found, speedily made its influence felt on Bokhara trade, insomuch that articles of export doubled in price.

The residence, too, of a Russian officer in the capital rendered less impossible than before the compilation of trade statistics, which were kindly placed at my service, with the warning that, by reason of the difficulty of obtaining such data, the figures must be regarded as only approximate.

Exports from Bokhara.

	Tons.	Value in Pounds.
Bokharan trade with Russia.	19,446	1,250,000
Bokharan trade with Persia.	37	212,000
Bokharan trade with India..	34	42,000
	19,517	1,504,000

Imports to Bokhara.

	Tons.	Value in Pounds.
Bokharan trade with Russia.	10,182	1,060,000
Bokharan trade with Persia.	337	60,000
Bokharan trade with India..	1,607	547,500
	12,126	1,667,500

The amount of native capital in circulation in Bokhara is estimated approximately at £616,000; but besides native merchants there are Jews, Russians, Hindoos, and Afghans, the Russians paying two and one-half per cent. for export and import duties, and other foreigners double that amount. It would appear that Bokhara has foreign commercial relations with Persia through Merv; with Russia through Orenburg; and with Afghanistan and India through Kilif on the Oxus.

The products given me in 1888 as imported into Bokhara according to latest information were:

From Russia—

	Tons.
Iron and metal goods	3,809
Sugar and sweets	1,607
Earthenware	418
Black leather	112
Boxes of paper	225
Drugs	771
Manufactures (camel loads)	22,000

From Persia—

	Tons.
Manufactures (camel loads)	130
Skins (camel loads)	100
Hamadan leather (camel loads)	16
Green tea	154
Drugs	145

From India—

	Tons.
Green tea	1,125
Indigo	289
Drugs	13
Muslin (camel loads)	1,400
Chinkhob, or cloth of gold (pieces)	300
Ambasara (shawls) 250 pieces (or yards)	1,555

From Khokand—

	Tons.
Silk and stuffs	96
White felt	19
Native writing-paper	11

On the other hand, the articles exported from Bokhara were:

	Tons.
Cotton	14,463
Wool	3,214
Silk	161
Dried fruits	321
Cotton piece goods	321
Mata, or coarse cotton cloth (yards)	933,000
Cotton and silk, native mixtures (yards)	18,660
Carpets	£4,500
Karakul lambskins (curly)	700,000
White sheepskins (cured)	800,000
Barana, or sheepskins	200,000
Danadav, or gray lambskins	20,000
Fox skins	50,000
Kunitza (skins)	500
Khalats, or robes	10,000
Sheeps' entrails (pieces)	800,000

On my second evening at the Amudaria Colonel Tcharykow gave a dinner, and invited to meet me the officers of the garrison and Captain Loewenhagen, the commander of the steamer Czar, then in course of construction on the river, as also an English engineer named Boots. It was a pleasant party, and we broke up at a sensible hour, the signal for departure being the evening muster of the soldiers, who, at the approaching shades of night, and in the midst of Muhammadan surroundings, softly sang their evening hymn and the national anthem, before retiring to rest, in view of an early rise for drill.

Next morning I went, by invitation of Captain Loewenhagen, to see the Czar, then lying below the bridge alongside of the barge, or lighter, she was intended to tow.

The Czar is a paddle steamer, 150 feet long, 22 feet broad, and 10 feet deep, with plates $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in thickness, drawing 2 feet of water when unladen, and 6 inches more when carrying 167 tons. Her engines are of 120 nominal and 500 indicated horse-power, steam being generated by naphtha. Naphtha costs here two shillings a hundredweight, thanks to carriage by the railway, which has thus solved one important obstacle to the Russians in navigating the Oxus, since the wood of the *saxaul*, the only other fuel available, is not to be had in large quantities, is very bulky, and costs nearly sixpence per hundredweight. On examining the furnaces, it was pointed out that the fires had to be lit with *saxaul*, and when thus started the naphtha was supplied in the form of spray from jets giving out upward of three hundredweight an hour, this fuel developing twice the heat of coal and giving little smoke.

This steamer was intended to ply on the Oxus between Petro Alexandrovsk and Kerki. To the former place I had floated in a barge from Charjui, and my journey is described in "Russian Central Asia," but Kerki is situated one hundred and forty miles from Charjui in the opposite direction. Its mud-walled fortress, entered by a square gateway with flanking towers of brick on either hand, stands on a lofty mound of earth, and in the eyes of Asiatics is considered a strong position. The occupation of this Bokhariot stronghold, by consent of the Emir, was a stroke of policy of General Rosenbach at the time of the Panjdeh affair, and the place continues to be the farthest advanced military post of the Russians on the Oxus southward; while, forty miles above Kerki, is Bosagha, near the Afghan frontier and inhabited by Ersari Turkomans. Farther still up the stream by forty miles is the historic Kilif, on the road to India, where Timur and Nadir Shah crossed with their armies, and up to which point or thereabouts British survey and intelligence officers advanced at the time of the delimitation of the Russo-Afghan frontier.

Colonel Tcharykow kindly arranged that I should drive, on the morrow after my arrival, to the town of Charjui, and pay a complimentary call on the native Bek or Governor. I was well pleased thus to revisit a place that had interested me exceedingly, six years before, as a frontier outpost whence one looked into the desert toward Merv and longed to go but dared not, there being then no security for a foreigner's life.

In passing through the High Street one could see that contact with the Russians, and the vicinity of the railway, were producing their effects on the natives, since they were less curious and excited at sight of a foreigner; though among themselves they were keeping up rigorously their old-fashioned customs

at the citadel, into which I was requested to ride on horseback. The antiquated entrance, with chambers above, is one of the best specimens I remember of a Central Asian portal, and, in time of siege, would present excellent facility for "speaking with the enemy in the gate" (Psalm cxxvii. 5.), or parleying as did Rab-shakeh with officers on the wall (II. Kings xviii. 27).

Outside the citadel, instead of inside, as one would expect, was arranged under a shed a very small park of old-fashioned artillery, which I suppose the Charjui natives used to fancy brought them abreast of the times. So vain, indeed, and so ignorant were they on my former visit that, on my thinking to surprise the young bek by describing our 110-ton guns and their enormous projectiles, he replied, "Yes, ours are like that too."

This young bek, a younger brother of the present Emir, and who when he received me had got himself up in a dandy turban and gorgeous robes, lost his post at his father's death; and his successor had now been summoned to court to take the place of the Kush-beggi's son, whom I had seen when calling on his father. I mentally dubbed him the greatest nincompoop in the kingdom. But this was not at all the estimate put upon him by his peers, for the new Emir had taken him to his cabinet as Divan-beggi, or Minister of Finance. Colonel Tcharykow also spoke well of him, saying that he had been a favorite with the people.

No small indignation, therefore, had been recently aroused when, the Divan-beggi taking a warrant for the sale of the goods of a man who had embezzled money, the culprit shot the Divan-beggi with two bullets, so that after lingering twenty hours he died, expressing a wish, however, that his murderer might not be put to death. But the Emir condemned the culprit, and handed him over to the dead man's relatives to do with him as they pleased. This was, first, to break his bones; next, to drag him through the donkey market (some said at the tail of an ass); thirdly, to behead him; and, lastly, to cast his body outside the city to the dogs.

On my present visit to Charjui I was received in the usual reception-room by the acting bek and his staff, robed in their gaily colored *khalats* and white turbans, and, after speaking of my former visit and partaking of light refreshment and sweetmeats, I returned toward the outer gateway between lines of soldiers and a native band.

Being anxious to revisit the prison, and remembering that it was under a chamber at the gate of the citadel, I stopped opposite the entrance and asked to be allowed to go in. My gaining admission six years previously was a great triumph, because they had done their best to keep me from seeing their prisons, and I then discovered at Charjui not only a near approach to the "black hole of Calcutta," but men wearing iron collars, through the ends of which was passed a chain to secure them all together, as well as a long beam wherein the prisoners' feet were made fast, and which was placed across the centre of the chamber.

This beam I could not help thinking was anciently an ordinary piece of furniture in prisons, similar, perhaps, to that in which the Philippian jailer thrust the feet of Paul and Silas (Acts xvi. 24), and I was anxious on the present occasion to take a photograph of it.

But the hot and fusty chamber, without windows or ventilation, and measuring only six paces by four, was too dark and the space too contracted to allow of operating satisfactorily; so, putting a bold face on the matter, I asked that the prisoners might be brought out into the yard, and the beam too, which was accordingly done, for the police-master looked afraid to refuse. Then I sent to the bazaar for refreshments, after eating which the prisoners were posed and photographed, much to their astonishment, but on terms they evidently liked.

In addition to the chamber already described, I found, on this visit, another on the opposite side of the citadel gateway, circular in form and measuring four paces across. In the former place were four prisoners chained by the neck together; in the latter were eight more, one of whom had been confined for a year, others for a longer period, together with a boy of thirteen whose tale

was a pitiful one. His father had struck him, it appeared, after which the son, finding his parent asleep, retaliated by dealing him a blow which proved fatal. The young parricide had already been in confinement for nearly a year, but I could not make out what they intended to do with him.

On passing the gallows they told me that previous to the advent of the Russians they used to hang from five to six hundred Turkomans a year; but that state of things had now passed away.

Among sundry photographs kindly given me by Colonel Tcharykow is one of the gallows at Khiva, not as when I was there, in front of the Khan's palace, but in a cemetery, with a felon supposed to be suspended. His foot, however, is suspiciously near a mud wall, on which it looks as if the man might be posing for the photographer, but whether it be so or not, the picture illustrates the simple character of the Turkistan gallows, consisting simply of two posts and a lintel.

The distance from Charjui on the western frontier of the Khanate to the capital, by rail, is only seventy-three miles; and when my carriage arrived wherein to drive the nine miles between the station and the town of Bokhara, I recognized it as the calèche in which, six years previously, I was drawn by two artillery-horses from Kitab to Karshi. It was then the only carriage in the kingdom, and was a present from the Emperor Alexander II. to the Emir Muzaffar-ed-din. I recognized, too, one of the postilions, but not the line of country through which we were to drive on a beautiful spring morning, and which presented a very different aspect from the parched appearance of the Khanate as I had last seen it in autumn.

On arriving before the grim and sombre-looking walls and towers of Bokhara we were taken to what was formerly the harem or women's apartments of the house assigned to me in 1882, which the Emir had now lent for the Russian Residency, pending the building of a suitable dwelling for the Political Agent near the railway station.

The rooms I occupied before, in the principal court, were now inhabited by Colonel Tcharykow, and, in the same court, were the Treasury, guarded by Cossacks, and the apartments of Mr. Basil Oskapovitch Klemm, Secretary-dragoman to the Political Agency at Bokhara, and his family, with whom were staying Madame Klemm's mother and sister, Madame Olga and Mademoiselle Aphekhtine, on a visit from Moscow. There was lodging also on the premises a Russified native officer and interpreter named Mirbadaleff, whose brother had met me at Petro-Alexandrovsk. To complete the list of visitors must be added a Spanish gentleman and his wife, of whom mention had been made by the Governor at Baku as coming after me, who passed by the pseudonym of Juan de Chelva, from Valencia, but who were said to be in reality the brother of Don Carlos of Spain, and his wife, the Duchess of Montpensier.

An American fellow-traveller, once inviting me to come and stay at his house, added, "We will take you in, you know, boots and all;" and in this fashion on my first visit to the Khanate, from the moment of crossing the frontier, I was regarded as the Emir's guest, and supplied with lodging, servants, food, and even raiment, and all that was necessary for myself and attendants.

Something of the same sort was observed on this second visit, though I could not at first make out whether I was guest of the Emir or of the Russian Residency. The lunch brought daily to my room was of native preparation, but in the evening Madame Klemm entertained us at dinner; and, considering the difficulty of getting variety of food for European palates, and serving it in anything like Western fashion in the midst of a city where foreigners were so few, it was not an undeserved compliment the duchess paid one evening to our hostess in observing, "*Comment on mange bien, Madame, chez vous!*"

The paucity of Europeans in the town contributed largely toward making prisoners of the ladies of the Residency; for at first their appearance in the bazaar, unveiled, drew together a crowd to admire or to stare as the case might be, and this was intensified when Mademoiselle Aphekhtine appeared on horseback with a lady's saddle.

Accustomed, like all Muhammadans, to degrade their own wives into drudges or toys, it seemed to the natives a bold thing for women thus to appear in public; and that these sentiments were not those of the vulgar only crept out on the day of the opening railway fête, when the Residency was decked out with flags and carpets, and the nobles of Bokhara were invited to dine with Russian officers and their wives, perceiving which, one of the Bokhariots high in dignity remarked that he thought the Russian ladies were not kept sufficiently in subjection!

On the birth of Madame Klemm's first baby there was much rejoicing and passing of compliments and presents, and the young boy was forthwith dubbed a "*bek*," in honor of having been born in "Bokhara the Noble;" but I could not gather that, even with the best of Russian desires to that end, there could be maintained anything like family intercourse or familiarity between Muscovite and Bokhariot ladies, so great was the ignorance of the latter, and so little did they understand each other's customs; added to which the natives were intensely suspicious that beneath every proffered kindness there lay concealed a snare.

To me these indications of suspicion were not new, for so rampant were they at the time of my previous visit that our deeds and words, and taking of notes especially, were reported to the Emir; and, to add to the joke, some of my retainers one day heard two of the spies reading over what they intended to report.

On this second visit I was less tightly in their grasp, but I recognized one of our old spies among three native officials, who remained on the premises nominally, and to a considerable extent really, to look after the Emir's guests, but also, of course, to espy.

On the day after our arrival, the Kush-beggi, or Prime Minister, sent a Karaul-beggi to show me the bazaar, where things were going on as of old. There sat the mender of broken china pursuing his calling with bow, drill, and spittle; and the baker flattening out his round cake of dough, placing it on a pillow, and then dabbing it against the side of the earthen oven, heated like a fiery furnace, to be roasted in a few minutes and come forth as daily bread, eaten new, and which costs only six *pul*, or the equivalent of a halfpenny. For those who longed after flesh, six small pieces of meat were being fixed in the cookshops on a skewer, roasted over the tiniest of fires in a brazier, and sold for one *pul;* but meat is not with everybody in Bokhara an article of everyday consumption.

Another feature common to Bokhara with other towns of Russian Turkistan, to be seen generally in the Potter's Street, was the potter at work with his wheel, fashioning vases, pots, and ewers, so absolutely alike, for rich and poor, as to suggest that the least variation, from generation to generation, would be counted as heresy.

From the bazaar the Karaul-beggi took me to the Kalan Minaret, said to have been built by the Arabs in the ninth century; and to the Great Mosque adjoining, out of which, before, I had been hurried, in fear lest I should be set upon as an unbeliever, whereas now I was allowed to examine everything at leisure, and even to photograph the *Mihrab*, or sanctuary toward which Muhammadans pray, and the *Sakkakhana* or place for drinking-water.

Had I brought a camera six years before, its use would undoubtedly have been forbidden, but now they had seen some of the Russians practising their "black art," which had to some extent softened prejudice, so that when in the mosque one of the natives was about to object, the Karaul-beggi overruled that I should be allowed to proceed. On another day, however, one old simpleton, and a great obstructionist on my first visit, after seeing me take a photograph of a tomb in the cemetery, thought the proceeding so mysterious and uncanny that he declared next day it had caused him a sleepless night.

I photographed this place of sepulture because the cemeteries of Bokhara and Khiva give the best illustration that I have seen how those possessed of devils (which in Bokhara would mean the insane) had their dwellings in the tombs (Matthew viii. 28). These tombs are built simply of clay, the ends pre-

senting the form of a triangle with the sides bent out. Beneath this the corpse is laid, often on the surface of the ground, divested of all clothing, except a turban, and the tomb plastered up. In course of time, however, the heat of summer causes the clay to crack, and the ends being fallen, disclose dry bones and skulls within, but form a place wherein friendless maniacs, turned loose to provide for themselves (as I heard they sometimes were in Bokhara), might easily take refuge.

I had heard, on my previous visit, of the barbarous manner in which the insane were kept and treated, being beaten while prayers were read over from the Koran, and then picketed, like horses, to posts in the yard of a mullah called the Ishan; but I did not then succeed in witnessing it. This house of the Ishan, therefore, was one of the places I asked now to be taken to see.

It was an ordinary native dwelling, presided over by a sort of mullah-doctor, who was treating his insane patients as "possessed of the devil," and was dealing largely in charms for all comers, consisting of extracts from the Koran, placed in receptacles, to be worn on the afflicted part of the body. He sat in his room near a window, and outside was a little crowd of ignorant women, many of them said to be childless, who had come to consult this man in their troubles, and pay for his nostrums.

This was sad enough, but the sight of the maniacs was truly pitiable; in the case of one man especially, Akhmet Kul, from Karshi, who had been there six months, and was chained by the ankles, but who kept violently jumping and dancing about. Unlike some of the others, when I gave him money or sweets he threw them into the air, and appeared decidedly combative. Near him, chained to the wall, was a youth who had been there ten days only. "What is the matter with him?" I asked. "Oh!" said they, "he has a devil," whereupon I took from his legs the chains, which they allowed me to purchase.

Passing through a doorway I found myself in a stable where was a donkey, and, as little cared for, seemingly, two maniacs, one of whom was jumping and crying, the situation looking indescribably miserable, and filthily dirty. Sitting outside in the sun, but chained, was an Afghan, and another man of unknown nationality, who was evidently vain of his appearance, for, before a small looking-glass, he was continually combing his long and plentiful hair and beard. There were others on a loft who had been there three months, but some only fifteen days, but in all cases their stay was intended to be temporary.

Of course I wanted to photograph this sad and strange, but instructive, scene, for it connected itself in my mind with further characteristics of those we read of as possessed of devils. I accordingly began to put up my apparatus, the Ishan not expressing any objection. Some of his subordinates, however, did not like it, and, too timid to stop me, and thinking perhaps to escape responsibility themselves, let loose the Karshi maniac, who came dancing before the camera, crying out, as interpreted to me, "We don't want to be photographed, we don't want to be photographed," whereupon I desisted, and, by permission, returned a few days afterward to accomplish my purpose. On this second occasion there were ten patients, and Akhmet Kul, a man of middle age, but who told me he was three years old, made no objection to having his portrait taken, showing the charm he wore on his shoulder, which seemed to be the only thing they were applying for his recovery. Whether he had been beaten I have no record; some were so treated, and some, they said, beat themselves.

On turning my camera in the direction of the little crowd of women seeking the Ishan's assistance, all of whom were dressed for promenade and thickly veiled, looking like walking bundles of clothing rather than human beings, they beat a speedy retreat; but my disappointment was not irreparable since I obtained otherwise photographs of native women, in one case seemingly at an afternoon tea-party, and smoking the *chilim* or native pipe. Judging from this and other pictures, the Turkistan women are not nearly so pretty as the Jewesses living among them.

I paid a third visit to the Ishan's house on my last Sunday in Bokhara, thinking to give the poor creatures a dinner of *pilau*, which when announced to the old obstructionist, he said, rightly or wrongly, the needed quantity of *pilau* could not be had in the bazaar at so short a notice. "Very well," I said, "then we will give them bread and sweets, as before;" which accordingly was done, much to the satisfaction of the patients; and the Ishan gave me, I suppose as a compliment, one of his charms or slips of writing.

On another day in Bokhara, accompanied by one of the Emir's officials, I revisited the Jews' synagogue, anxious to thoroughly overhaul a number of manuscripts and disused rolls of the law which, six years before, were stowed away in dust and disorder on a loft. But the spirit of church restoration had been abroad; the loft was removed, and the old rolls were now orderly arranged in niches in the walls and in cupboards.

On asking for the most ancient, a *Torah*, or copy of the Pentateuch, was shown, and said to have been given by Abdurrahman Kalan, the Israelite patron or founder of the synagogue, four or five hundred years ago. Just before my previous visit a woman in Bokhara had parted with a manuscript I met at Moscow, on its way to London, and which, when sold to the British Museum, turned out to be of importance both to textual criticism as well as to illustration of the art of Jewish illumination—to be pronounced, in fact, the most richly illuminated Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament extant.

On applying a few tests on this second visit to the form of certain letters, I could not make out that this oldest copy in the synagogue would be regarded by an expert as very ancient, or perhaps remarkable, though the writing was larger than usual and carefully penned.

On the next morning at sunrise I was taken again to the synagogue to witness a circumcision. Many men were assembled, wearing phylacteries and prayer-shawls or scarfs, called locally *sisid*, but in Hebrew *talith*, some of which were ornamented with strips of silver and gold. The congregation sat on the ground, but sprang to their feet at the repetition of the *Kodesh*, or Holy, Holy, Holy! and from time to time they turned toward Jerusalem.

After the usual daily morning prayers, which last for about three-quarters of an hour, two chairs were brought into the midst of the congregation near a stone lectern, said to be four hundred years old and covered with cloths of silk. The officiating rabbi or priest then took in his hand a silver rod, called the rod of Elijah, and the child was brought in by the father amid shouting and recitation of prayers by the congregation. A prayer was said by the rabbi, after which the infant, held by two aged men, was circumcised according to the law.

In Bokhara the Jews still labor under many restrictions. They may not wear a garment of silk, for instance, with a belt and a turban, but are compelled to wear a cotton *khalat* and black calico cap, and to be girded only with a piece of string. Again, they may not ride a horse in the city, and in the fields are made to dismount from an ass before a mounted Muhammadan, who, if he choose, may smite a Jew, but the Jew must not retaliate.

The boys, many of whom, like their mothers, were extremely good-looking, at first were terrified at me if only I patted them on the head. Meanwhile they showed themselves well disposed toward me, some of them remembering my former visit, especially one boy to whom I had given a Hebrew New Testament. Moreover, true to their character, the Jews were not above turning a penny where possible. The rabbi sold me a small manuscript roll of the Book of Esther, and coins and precious stones were brought for my selection, as also old embroidery, some of the last of which I was tempted to purchase and now value highly.

I had thought to persist in asking to be taken to Baha-ud-din, the tomb of the local patron Muhammadan saint outside the city. My guides had put me off from seeing it six years before, and seemed to place obstacles in my way now, upon hearing which a Jew advised me to desist, saying that there were at the shrine several fanatics, and that

though the Emir's men might for the moment drive them into holes and corners for the hour of my visit, yet that they were likely enough in their bigotry to set upon me as an "infidel." Accordingly, to this disinterested advice I listened, remembering that it was at Baha-ud-din a man tried to kill that admirable writer on Russian Turkistan, the late Mr. Eugene Schuyler.

I expressed a strong desire to see also the Zindan, or city prison of Bokhara, which they asked me not to photograph. It was a wretched place, of which they might well be ashamed, consisting of two rooms, not too large for four persons, but into which they had crammed forty-seven. The first room was ten paces long, the ceiling almost within reach, and containing twenty-five prisoners, one poor fellow crying because sick, and apparently broken-hearted. The second chamber was six paces square, without boards or ceiling, the domed roof opening to the sky and containing twenty-two prisoners, of whom six were Persians.

There was no furniture in the rooms, unless, perhaps, a piece or two of matting on the bare earth, a water-vessel, and the most wretched sanitary arrangements. They said the man longest there had been imprisoned eighteen months; and it is proper to remember that imprisonment, as such, for a term of years for instance, is not a recognized form of punishment in Bokhara; but men are put in prison, rather, until their cases can be dealt with and disposed of in a summary fashion, which may be anything between a thrashing and being put to death.

Joseph, my servant, had brought an armful of bread, which I would not entrust to the keepers, but distributed myself, and on going again on a subsequent day for a similar purpose I perceived in the centre of the chamber open to the sky, a hole covered over with earth and sticks, which I learned was the entrance to the bottle-shaped dungeon into which prisoners could be lowered by cords.

Here it was, I make no doubt, that the English Colonel Stoddart at first was placed by Nasr-Ullah, the present Emir's grandfather, and afterward removed to another prison within the palace, where he and Captain Conolly were said to have been persecuted by sheepticks; but however that may be, I had heard from Colonel Tcharykow that, before he came to the Residency, it was hinted to the new Emir that such abominations could not be allowed in a city inhabited by a representative of the Czar, in deference to which desire of his friends, the Russians, the Emir had covered up the underground dungeon, and released or otherwise disposed of more than a hundred prisoners confined therein at the death of his father.

Another place I thought it might be a charity to visit was the lepers' quarter, which before, at Karshi, they refused to allow me to see; nor did I subsequently get more than a passing glimpse of it, and that by stealth, at Bokhara. I said, therefore, now, that I wished to give a dinner to the lunatics, the prisoners, and the lepers; and we rode out to a village where were reported to be two hundred persons, or houses of the infected. They were not congregated in any one building, so that all we could do was to gather a few together, ask for their head man, and give him some money to distribute. I heard of no hospital of any kind in Bokhara, though Dr. Heyfelder, on the railway staff of General Annenkoff, when resident in the city, had given the natives much medical assistance, and made many friends thereby.

It is not customary in Bokhara that visitors be admitted to the presence of the Emir until they have remained in the city a few days, at least three it was said on my former visit, during which time they would not let me, at Shahr-i-Sabz, go off the premises. On the present occasion the staying within was not exacted, but on the fifth day after my arrival my Spanish fellow-guest and I were to be presented to the Emir, who was staying in his summer palace at Shirbadan, a few miles out of the city.

His Highness sent repeated invitations to Mr. Klemm, desiring that he also would come. Accordingly, we drove in a calèche through the streets, preceded by a numerous cavalcade of outriders and servants, and after them,

to do honor to the occasion, the Minister of Finance, lately Bek of Charjui. Added to this the people along the route were "*en fête*," keeping the Muhammadan New Year, the festivities of which had been postponed on account of the Emir's absence in March. As we approached Shirbadan the crowds increased, for they were expecting to scramble for presents, besides which soldiers were drawn up to salute.

The palace, with fairly good entrance, approached by four steps from the court and covered with an awning supported by two slender wooden columns, stands in a garden of one hundred acres, and the reception-hall, with its pool of water in front, is ornamented on the exterior with arabesque painting in no way remarkable. But it was otherwise with the ceiling within, which had been painted only a year before, and was, I think, the prettiest work of art we saw in Bokhara. The room had glazed windows, testifying to contact with Russia, as did also the three chairs placed for the visitors, and a fourth occupied by the Emir, but I remember no other furniture in the room, which was richly carpeted.

I had been requested not to ask permission to take His Highness's portrait, though I managed otherwise to secure his photograph in full dress, wearing a richly embroidered velvet *khalat* and trousers, with a sword and a highly ornamented turban, and attended by one of his ministers. On the present occasion he was less gorgeously dressed, and displayed the insignia of four or five Russian and Bokhariot orders.

It was pleasant for us that Mr. Klemm could speak to the Emir directly in Persian and thus kindly act as interpreter. After sundry remarks of a formal character, and passing of compliments, we attempted to interest him with the recital of some of our travels. But geography, if existent at all, occupies a poor place in the Muhammadan curriculum, and it was somewhat difficult to find subjects of conversation of mutual interest. I thought the present Emir, however, more intelligent than his father, and after a few more speeches he invited us to walk in his flower-garden, and take refreshment in an adjoining room.

This tea-room, as it was called, was said to be fifty years old. It was less brilliant than the one we left, and here was spread for us the usual *dostarkhan* of fruits and sweets and *pilau*, of which they pressed us hard to eat abundantly. Then we adjourned to the gardens, in no way beautiful to an English eye, after which we returned.

I did not see much, this time, of the commercial affairs of Bokhara. The wholesale merchants carry on their business in caravansaries, or warehouses, built in form of a hollow square, some of which we visited, as, for instance, the Russian caravansary, which had three stories. In the lowest stand the horses and carts and camels and their attendants, while higher, on a platform running round the court, and in alcoves or chambers giving thereon, are stored bales of goods and *charpoys*, or corded bedsteads, upon which to recline; while on the top story are dwelling-places for the Russian merchants or their agents, among whom, in the Nadejda caravansary, I found a man of British descent, named Jackson, who spoke English and appeared very much of a stranger in a strange land.

The same remark was true of all at the Residency, but it was interesting to see how important an influence was there established, and how well the Resident and his Secretary appeared suited to their posts, and that too without a very large outlay to the Russian Government. The Colonel struck me as an able diplomatist, and the Secretary as thoroughly industrious and better acquainted than most Russians I met with Oriental languages. Hence the people, whether Jews or natives, could come with their grievances, which they frequently did, hoping that the Russians would gain them redress. Slaves sometimes came asking to be freed, and some of the discontented occasionally were bold enough to ask that the Czar would take possession of the country.

It was not the policy of the Resident, however, to interfere more than is necessary in the domestic affairs of the Khanate, except when they related to Russian subjects; and as for annexing the Khanate, "why," as one asked of me,

"should they do that?" To administer the country in Muscovite fashion would cost a great deal more than the taxes would pay for, and if the Russians want anything done, they have simply to nod to the Emir and he does it. They are much too wise, therefore, to annex Bokhara, but if need arises it can of course be done at any moment.

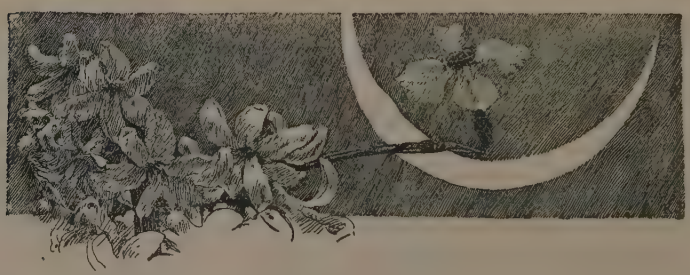
During our stay at Bokhara I went sometimes for a drive with Mr. Mirbadaleff, or for a ride with him and Mademoiselle Aphekhtine, which gave opportunities for seeing the town and noticing the curious customs of its narrow, old-fashioned streets. The Rhigistan appeared in no way altered since my visit there to the palace; and the steps around the pools, such as that of the Liabe house with its surrounding tea-shops, were covered as usual with loungers discussing the news, and water-carriers filling their skin bottles.

Going for the sake of curiosity to one of the bath-houses it was found similar to those of Constantinople, but not so clean. I visited some of the Medresses, or Colleges, of which that of the Divanbeggi, with its pool in front and shaded by mulberry-trees a century old, is one of the best. A smaller one, called Chuchugoim, near the Residency, was inhabited by thirteen students only. One had been there three years, and intended to stay much longer, but was so poor as to be thankful for alms, which my servant asked on his behalf, saying that the scholar could not beg. I gave, therefore, like a good Mussulman for the nonce, and in accordance with the teaching of the Koran, which prescribes giving not only "to him who asks" but "to him who is ashamed to ask"—a very good maxim for countries where primitive manners obtain and begging has not become a trade.

One cannot say much for the architectural remains of "Bokhara the Noble." In its palmy days the Khanate had a second capital in Samarkand, and there it is the native points for specimens of what were once the buildings of his country, among which none is more interesting than the Gur Emir, or Mausoleum of Tamerlane.

I could not do otherwise than revisit this interesting relic, and found it enclosed by a low wall of open brick-work. The structure is too far gone for an attempt at restoration to anything like its original beauty; but it was satisfactory on entering to find the interior cleaned, its marbles polished, and the whole kept in better condition than on my first visit.

Truly, the times are changed, and the savage conqueror who vanquished half of Asia, and made pyramids of the skulls of his foes, is now indebted to their children for the garnishing of his sepulchre!



AT NOON.

By G. Santayana.

What god will choose me from this laboring nation
To worship him afar, with inward gladness,
At sunset and at sunrise, in some Persian
Garden of roses.

Or under the full moon, in rapturous silence,
Charmed by the trickling fountain, and the moaning
Of the death-hallowed cypress and the myrtle
Hallowed by Venus?

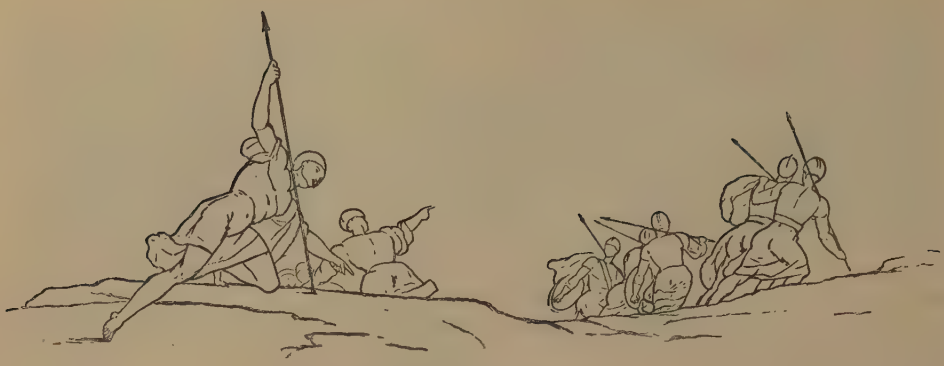
O for a chamber in an eastern tower,
Spacious and empty, roofed in odorous cedar,
A silken soft divan, a woven carpet,
Rich, many-colored,

A jug that, poised on her firm head, a negress
Fetched from the well, a window to the ocean,
Lest of the stormy world too deep seclusion
Make me forgetful!

Thence I might watch the vessel-bearing waters
Beat the slow pulses of the life eternal,
That bring of nature's universal travail
Infinite echoes.

And there at even I might stand and listen
To thrum of distant lutes and dying voices
Chanting the ditty an Arabian captive
Sang to Darius.

So would I dream a while, and ease a little
The soul long stifled and the straitened spirit,
Tasting new pleasures in a far-off country
Sacred to beauty.



From "Michael Setting the Watch."

[Paradise Lost, Book IV.]

(From a tracing in chalk on gauze, made by Allston from a composition afterward destroyed.)

SOME UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON was an altogether unique figure among the earlier American painters, not only by the character of his performance, but by the high intellectual and imaginative quality which he brought to the study of his art. A particularly deep and strong admiration of him, of the kind which is commonly found to have its root in a vigorous and vital individuality, has long prevailed among those of an earlier generation who knew him; and to anyone who looks into even the biographical material already accessible concerning him, this is easily explicable. His will be found to be, in other respects as well as in his relations to his art, a most interesting personality, in a time and surroundings in which these were not frequent. Among the chapters in recent biography which will remain long in their readers' memory, are those in Mr. Adams's "Life of Richard H. Dana, Jr.," which describe Allston's death, and incidentally give a glimpse of his ideals, methods, and but partially fulfilled accomplishment. A life of him by his nephew, Jared B. Flagg, soon to be published, will increase the means both for this estimate and for the definition of his stature and place among his contemporaries.

The outer facts of his life, in so far as they need to be recalled for readers unfamiliar with them, are these: He was born at Waccamaw, S. C., November 5, 1779, of mixed English and Huguenot descent; showed an early liking and talent for painting; and when sent to Newport to prepare for Harvard under a tutor, met there Malbone, the miniature painter (whose pupil he afterward became), and others who confirmed his inclinations. He was graduated at Harvard in 1800; and a year later, having then finally determined to be a painter, he went to England with Malbone, studied as a pupil of the Royal Academy (of which West, who befriended him, was then president), and spent the next seven or eight years there and in France and Italy, studying and painting. He returned to Boston in 1809, married a sister of William Ellery Channing, went back to Europe for another eight years' stay, and in 1818 (his wife having died several years before in London) returned permanently to America. Just after his departure from London he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. Till 1830 he lived in Boston; in that year he married again (a sister of Richard H. Dana, Sr.) and removed to Cam-

bridgeport. During all these years his artistic activity was continuous, but varied; greatest in London and in Rome, less productive after his return to Boston; in his later years, in Cambridgeport, being chiefly restricted to a few great pictures, notably "Belshazzar's Feast." Leaving this picture still unfinished after years of work upon it, he died suddenly on July 9, 1843.

Among his friends, with many of whom his correspondence was constant during many years, were S. T. Coleridge, Benjamin West, C. R. Leslie, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Thomas Lawrence, William Collins, Wordsworth, and many more in England; and among Americans, Channing, Dana, Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, Gilbert Stuart, Vanderlyn, S. F. B. Morse, Greenough, Sully, Edward Everett, and, notwithstanding the retirement of his last years, many of the most prominent men of his time.

From the letters, reminiscences, and other unpublished papers relating to Allston, and to be included in his biography, a few extracts are here given. The most interesting portion of his life, in the light it throws upon his character, will probably always be that after his permanent return to America, when his powers were to a great degree recognized, but when he had entered on a phase very different from his prolific activity in London—concentrated upon a few large ideas and ambitions, living retired, contemplative, and absorbed with a few of the works which he hoped would be his masterpieces. So much has been written of him in this later aspect, that one is likely to forget how successful had been his part in a very active world, and how well-known and well-liked a figure he had been in London. Among the letters to and from him many glimpses may be had of his years there; but from this correspondence only one or two passages are taken. One, from a letter to a friend, Fraser, a young artist in Charleston—written in a thoroughly boyish spirit, and with opinions which he no doubt afterward revised on some of the magnates of English art—dates from his arrival.

"LONDON, August 25, 1801.

"Were it in my power, I would certainly make an excuse for having so long delayed writing to you; but, as I have none to make, I shall throw myself on that candor which my short acquaintance with you has encouraged me to expect. You have no doubt anticipated much, and will, I apprehend, be not a little disappointed at the account of what I have seen.

"I landed in this country big with anticipation of every species of grandeur. No city, thought I then, to be compared with London, no people with its inhabitants. But I have found London but a city, and its inhabitants like the rest of the world, much in them to admire, more to despise, and still more to abhor.

"As to the country, it is beyond my expectation, beautiful and picturesque; and the appearance of the people, that of health and contentment; in short, every leaf seemed to embody a sentiment and every cottage to contain a Venus. But when I arrived in London, what a contrast! Figure to yourself the extremes of misery and splendor, and you will have a better idea of it than I can give you. Scarcely a luxury but you may command here; and scarcely a scene of wretchedness but you may witness at the corner of every street. Indeed, the whole city appears to be composed of princes and beggars. I had no idea before of pride unaccompanied by some kind of merit. But here no one has pride without fortune. Indeed, the most respectable among the middle ranks appear to have no consequence except in boasting of the acquaintance of someone in rank; and among the greater part, so shameful is their venality, they will condescend to flatter the most infamous for a penny.

"It is said in their defence that every man must live, and in so populous a country one must not be scrupulous about the means. But I can conceive of no necessity that should induce a man to degrade himself before those with whom he cannot but feel an equality, and whom he has too frequently occasion to despise. But it is time to conclude with this, for I know you must be

impatient to read something about the arts.

"You will no doubt be surprised that among the many painters in London I should rank Mr. West as first. I must own I myself was not a little surprised to find him such. I left America strongly prejudiced against him; and indeed I even now think with good reason, for those pictures from which I had seen prints would do no credit to a very inferior artist, much less to one of his reputation. But when I saw his gallery and the innumerable excellences which it contained, I pronounced him one of the greatest men in the world. I have looked upon his understanding with indifference, and his imagination with contempt; but I have now reason to suppose them both vigorous in the highest degree. No fancy could have better conceived, and no pencil more happily embodied, the visions of sublimity than he has in his inimitable picture from Revelation. Its subject is the opening of the seven seals, and a more sublime and awful picture I never beheld. It is impossible to conceive anything more terrible than death on the white horse, and I am certain no painter has exceeded Mr. West in the fury, horror, and despair which he has represented in the surrounding figures. I could mention many others of similar merit, but were I particular on each I should not only weary you but write myself asleep.

"Of Fuseli I shall speak hereafter. I have seen but few of his pictures, therefore cannot so well judge at present. They are, however, sufficient to entitle him to immortality. Indeed, his 'Hamlet' alone, were it not for the picture I have just mentioned, would undoubtedly place him in the first seat among the English artists. Another picture also of his that I admire much represents 'Sin Separating Death and Satan.' The attitude of Satan is beyond improvement sublime, and the others are such as none but Fuseli could have painted. In short, it is the only picture I ever saw that was worthy of being joined with the name of Milton.

"Opie comes next in rank; as a bold and determinate delineator of character he has not a superior. He is surpassed, however, by Northcote in effect. But that is a subordinate excellence. Indeed, were it not, the English artists might well stand in competition with many of the ancient masters. You have seen a print from Northcote's 'Arthur.' The original, I must own, is a beautiful thing. But Opie has painted the same subject, and I assure you the two pictures will not bear a comparison. You may think I exaggerate when I say the head of Arthur is the divinest thing I ever beheld. But I assure you it is no less. His Hubert I do not like, it is not equal to Northcote's. But his two villains are such as the devil nourishes in the cradle. They have murder written on every feature; and I cannot but think that Opie, like Salvator Rosa, must have lived among banditti to have so admirably portrayed them.

"Are these all? you will ask. All indeed, I assure you, that are worth mentioning. I had forgot, however, the portrait painters. The two first are Lawrence and Sir William Beechy, but even Lawrence cannot paint so well as Stuart; and as for the rest they are the damnedest stupid wretches that ever disgraced a profession. But I do not include the miniature painters; that is a line I am but little acquainted with, therefore I am not able to judge. As far, however, as my judgment extends I can pronounce Mr. Malbone not inferior to the best among them. He showed a likeness he painted of me to Mr. West, who complimented him very highly. 'I have seldom seen,' said he, 'a miniature that pleased me more.' I would mention also some compliments which he paid me, but I should blush to repeat what I cannot think I deserve.

"Your friend White I like very much. He has a spice of literature about him which makes him not the less agreeable to me, who am about (*mirabile dictu*) to publish a book. By the by, how long do you suppose Trumbull was about his 'Gibraltar?' It is truly a charming picture; but he was a whole year about it, therefore it ought to have been better. I have no idea of a painter's laboring up to fame. When he ceases to obtain reputation without it, he becomes a mechanic. Trumbull is no portrait painter. By this picture alone he has gained credit. But it is indeed credit

purchased at a most exorbitant interest.

"I have lately painted several pictures; but am now about one that will far surpass anything I have done before. The subject is from the passage of Scripture, 'And Christ looked upon Peter.' It contains twenty figures, which are about two feet in height, on the whole making the best composition I ever attempted. The two principal groups are Christ between two soldiers, who are about to bear him away, the high priests, etc., and Peter surrounded by his accusers. The other groups are composed of spectators, variously affected, men, women, and children.

"Next week I shall apply for admission into the Academy. The very first figure that I drew from plaster, Mr. West said, would admit me. It was from the 'Gladiator.' He was astonished when I told him it was my first, and paid a compliment (too pretty to be repeated) to the correctness of my eye. He also observed that I not only preserved the form, but, what few artists think of, the expression of my subject. You see by this account that I am not very modest. Indeed I despise the affectation of it. But my principal motive in being thus particular is to encourage you, by proving that much greater men than either you or I were once no better than ourselves. And could I convince you, by flattering myself, of the dignity of your powers, I would boast as much again. Believe me, sir, it is no proof of vanity that a man should suppose himself adequate to more than he has already performed. Confidence is the soul of genius. Great talents to a timid mind are of as little value to the owner as gold to a miser, who is afraid to use it. Great men rise but by their own exertions. It is the fool's and the child's pusillanimity alone that are boosted up to fame. How are we to learn our own powers without a trial? Accident will, indeed, sometimes discover them; but are we all to wait for accident? No, sir; the principle of self-love was implanted in us to excite emulation, and he violates a law of nature who yields to despair without a previous trial of his powers. A little seasonable vanity is the best friend we can have.

"Not that silly conceit founded on adventitious advantages, which exalts us but in our own imagination. But I mean the confidence which arises from a determination to excel, and is nourished by a hope of future greatness. The great Buffon thought there were but three geniuses in the world—two besides himself. And what was the consequence? His application was indefatigable. He was a genius and ought to surpass other men. He did surpass them. Cæsar, giving an account of his conquest, said 'Veni, vidi, vici.' No man, perhaps, had so great an opinion of his own strength, and no man was capable of more. When a man is thus confident he is not to be discouraged by difficulties. But his exertions rather strengthen as they increase. It was a saying of Alcibiades, and I believe a very just one, that 'When souls of a certain order did not perform all they wished, it was because they had not courage to attempt all they could.'

"Why, then, my friend, should you despair? You have talents; cultivate them—and it is not impossible that the name of Fraser may one day be as celebrated as those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Resolve to shine, and, believe me, the little crosses of to-day will vanish before the more substantial joys of to-morrow.

"In the meantime let me advise you to beware of love. Love and painting are two opposite elements; you cannot live in both at the same time. Be wise in time, and let it not be said, when future biographers shall record your life, that 'Mr. Fraser promised much, his genius gave symptoms of expansion beyond mortality, but love, alas! untimely love had set a seal upon his fame. His soul, which was just about to grasp a world, is now imprisoned within the bosom of a girl.'

"'Where now are those mighty schemes which were to elevate him to the summit of fame? Where are those characters which were to inscribe the name of Fraser on the front of time? Alas! a woman's tears have washed them from his memory. No longer is he anxious to be distinguished from the

crowd; no longer does the spirit of Michael Angelo point the way to heaven; he is blessed with a smile from his mistress, his ambition is contented; he seeks no other heaven than the bed of roses on her bosom.'

"No, Fraser, let this not be said of you. Love in its place I revere; but it is not at all times to be indulged. There are many beautiful girls in Charleston, but Raphael and Michael Angelo are still more beautiful than they.

"Believe me, with sincerity,

"Your friend,

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON."

The first of the two following letters from Coleridge, written on a journey to Italy, shows how early one of Allston's strongest friendships had grown to an intimacy. The second, nine years later, was written just after Mrs. Allston's death.

"MY DEAR ALLSTON: No want of affection has occasioned my silence. Day after day I expected Mr. Wallis. Benvenati received me with almost insulting coldness, not even asking me to sit down, neither could I, by any inquiry, find that he ever returned my call; and even in answer to a very polite note inquiring for letters, sent a verbal message that there was one, and I might call for it. However, within the last seven or eight days, he has called and made his amende honorable; he says he forgot the name of my inn, and called at two or three in vain. Whoo! I did not tell him that within five days I sent him a note in which the inn was mentioned, and that he sent me a message in consequence, and yet never called for ten days afterward. However, yester evening the truth came out. He had been bored by letters of recommendation, and, till he received a letter from Mr. Richardson, looked upon me as a bore—which, however, he might and ought to have got rid of in a more gentlemanly manner. Nothing more was necessary than the day after my arrival to have sent his card by his servant. But I forgive him from my heart. It should, however, be a lesson to Mr. Wallis, to whom, and for whom, he gives letters of introduction.

"I have been dangerously ill for the last fortnight, and unwell enough, heaven knows, previously; but about ten days ago, on rising from my bed, I had a manifest stroke of palsy along my right side and right arm; my head felt like another man's head, so dead was it, that I seemed to know it only by my left hand and a strange sense of numbness. Every attempt to move was accompanied by involuntary and terrific screams. Enough of it, continual vexations and preyings upon the spirit. I gave life to my children, and they have repeatedly given it to me, for, by the Maker of all things, but for them I would try my chance. But they pluck out the wing-feathers from the mind. I have not entirely recovered the sense of my side or hand, but have recovered the use. I am troubled by local and partial fevers. This day, at noon, we set off from Leghorn; all passage through the Italian states and Germany is little other than impossible for an Englishman, and heaven knows whether Leghorn may not be blockaded. However, we go hither, and shall go to England in an American ship. . . .

"My dear Allston, somewhat from increasing age, but more from calamity and intense, painful affections, my heart is not open to more than kind, good wishes in general. To you, and you alone, since I have left England, I have felt drawn, and had I not known the Wordsworths, should have esteemed and loved you first and most; and as it is, next to them I love and honor you. Heaven knows, a part of such a wreck as my head and heart is scarcely worth your acceptance.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"October 25, 1815.

"MY DEAR ALLSTON: I could have wished to have learnt more particulars from you respecting yourself. I have, perhaps, felt too great an awe for the sacredness of Grief. But those of our household know with how deep and recurrent a sympathy I have followed you: and *I* know what consolation it has been to *me* that YOU have in every sense the consolation and the undoubting Hopes of a Christian. Blessed indeed is that Gift from above, the characteristic oper-

ation of which is to transmute the profoundest sources of our Sorrow into the most inexhaustible sources of our Comfort. The very Virtues that enforce the Tear of earthly regret, fill that Tear with a Light not earthly. There is a capaciousness in every *living* Heart which retains an aching vacuum, what and howsoever numerous its present Freight of worldly Blessings may be: and as God only can fill it, so must it needs be a sweet and gracious Incarnation of the Heavenly that what we deeply loved, but with fear and trembling, we must now love with a love of Faith that excludeth fear! love it in God, and God in it!

"From such thoughts none but an abrupt Transition is possible. I pass, therefore, at once, by an effort, to the sphere in which you are appointed, because highly *gifted*, to act; and in this I can but pour forth two earnest wishes. First, that *equal* to the best in composition, and I most firmly believe *superior* in the charm of coloring, you would commend your genius to the universally intelligible of your παγγλώσσης τέχνης—*Expression!* Second, that you never for any length of time absent yourself from Nature, and the communion with Nature: for to you alone of all contemporary Artists does it seem to have been given to know what Nature is—not the dead Shapes, the outward *Letter*, but the Life of Nature revealing itself in the Phœnomenon, or rather attempting to reveal itself. Now, the power of producing the true Ideals is no other, in my belief, than to learn the Will from the Deed, and then to take the Will for the Deed. The great Artist does what Nature would do, if only the disturbing Forces were abstracted.

"With regard to my MSS., I had no other wish, and had formed no higher expectation than this: that a Copyright, as exclusive as the American Law permits, should be vested in some one Bookseller who should have the Copy in time enough to get it printed in America two months before the work could arrive from England; that is to say, have it published in Boston or Philadelphia at the same time of its first publication in England, and that the Bookseller, in return for the Copy and Copyright, should secure to me some portion, say one-third, of his net profits. If this can be done, I shall think it worth while to continue the transcription, though the ultimate profits should be but from £20 to £0 0*s.* 0*d.* One volume of 900 pages octavo contains the History of my life and opinions; the second, my Poems, composed since 1795, *i.e.*, those not in my volume of 'Poems' already printed.

"In the 'Ode on the Death of General Ross,' if I ever finish it, I shall utter a voice of lamentation on the *moral* War between the Child and the Parent Country, a War laden with curses for unborn generations in both Countries! You may well believe, therefore, that I shall not make myself an accomplice directly or indirectly, by flattery or by abuse, in what I regard as a crime of no ordinary guilt, the feeding or palliating the vindictive antipathy of the one party, or the senseless, groundless, wicked Contempt and Insolence of the other. Even now it would not be too late, if the Spirit of Philosophy could be called down on Ministers and Governments. The true Policy is palpable and simple. A child, wearied out by undue exercise of parental authority, elopes, marries with an independent fortune, and sets up for himself. The matter is irrevocable; a reconciliation takes place, and the Parent himself is convinced that he had acted tyrannically and under false notions of the extent of his authority, and that in the same proportion his child had acted justifiably. What then would a good Parent do? Evidently, treat the child with the kindness of a Parent, but with additional respect and etiquette, as now a Householder, and himself the Master of a Family; and this he will show in the character of his Messengers, in the style of his letters, etc. But if in addition to the duties of family love, their two Trades or Estates played into each other's hands, so that they could not really prosper without increasing their Dealings with each other (suppose the Father a Shoemaker-finisher, and the Son a Tanner-currier), then common self-love would dictate the abandonment of every act and impulse of Jealousy. Were I Dictator, I would not only send

to America men of the highest Rank and Talent, with more than usual Splendor, as Ambassadors, Ministers, etc.; but would throw open not only the West Indies, but the whole Colonial Trade to the Americans, confident that every new City that would thence arise in the United States would add a new street to some Town in G. Britain. Alas! that the Dictates of Wisdom should be but Dreams of Benevolence, to be interpreted by contraries! The malignant Witchcraft of evil Passions reads good men's Prayers backward! and I cannot help dreading that the hot heads of both Countries will go on to make folly beget folly, both the more wrong in proportion as each is right. How little then ought we to value Wealth and Power, seeing that every nation carries its only formidable enemy in its Bosom; and the vices that make its enemies elsewhere are but the Systole to its Diastole.

"I have received a most flattering letter from Lord Byron. Should my Tragedy be accepted (of which I have little doubt), I shall, God willing, see you about Christmas. Meantime may God bless you. Let me hear from you soon.

"S. T. Coleridge.

"P. S.—Friday last (20th) my forty-fourth birthday; and in *all* but the brain I am an old man! Such ravages do anxiety and mismanagement make."

The following letters from Allston to his friend and former pupil, C. R. Leslie, were written in the year following Allston's return to America:

From Allston to Leslie.

"Boston, November 15, 1819.

"Dear Leslie:

. . . . . .

"Your letter by the London packet, together with the prints, has been received. Tell Frank Collins I feel greatly obliged to him for hunting up the admirable print of Lieven's 'Lazarus,' which I value more than I should twenty of Lebrun's battles, fine as they are. Pray say to him that when he has collected for me to the amount of ten pounds, I wish him to stop, until I shall be a little more in cash, when I will write to request him to proceed. Thank him also for the present of his brother's print of the sea-coast; I am glad to have such a remembrance of the picture, and accept yourself my thanks for the print of your church. I like it exceedingly.

"The critiques on your 'Sir Roger' and my 'Jacob,' from the *New Monthly Magazine*, were republished here before I got the *Magazine* you sent. I find, as I supposed, they were written by Mr. Carey—indeed I thought they must have been by him, as there is not one of the London picture critics who could have done them half so well. Pray present him my best thanks for it. He has described your picture so well that I could almost copy it from the description. I heartily congratulate you on its success, and hope that it may prove a trusty pioneer for you to fame and fortune. The last, however, is only dreamt of by young painters; a dream which becomes dimmer and dimmer as we advance in life. But no matter, the art itself has so much intrinsic pleasures for its votaries that we ought to be satisfied if to that is added but enough of the Mammon to make the ends of the year meet. Indeed I often think, with Collins, that if a painter who really loved his art had together with fame, as much wealth as he wished, he would be too happy in this world ever to be in a suitable state of mind to leave it. I hope, notwithstanding, that Collins is getting money so as to lay up something at the end of each year; for a little more than we have, I trust, would do neither of us any harm; but everything is for the best so we do our duty to Heaven. Tell him I think and talk a great deal about him (as I do also about you), talk to those whom he has never seen, but who, in feeling an interest in all I love and esteem, require not the aid of sight to admit him and you among the number of their friends.

"How mysterious, when we ponder over it, is this communication by words, and how real and distinct an image do they create in our minds of objects far removed, even of those long buried in the grave, over which centuries have passed. Indeed, so familiar is the image

of Sir Joshua to me, his manners, habits, modes of thinking, and even of speaking, created by the description of him, that I feel almost persuaded at times I had actually been acquainted with him. What a world is that of thought! And what a world does he possess whose thoughts are only of the beautiful, the pure, and holy. How fearful then is his, where the vindictive and base and sensual make the sum. 'As the tree falleth, so shall it lie.' . . .

"I write without order whatever comes uppermost, and consequently have left myself too little room to tell you all I wished. I have painted a small picture from Spenser, and a head of Beatrice, both just sold. I shall soon proceed with the 'Belshazzar,' then the hospital picture, and no more small pictures. Morse has spent the summer here, and has just finished a large whole-length portrait of a beautiful girl wandering amid the ruins of a Gothic abbey. 'Tis well drawn, composed, and colored, and would make a figure even at Somerset House. I always thought he had a great deal in him, if he would only bring it out by application, which you will be glad to hear he at length has acquired. Circumstances made him industrious, and being continued, his industry has grown a habit. He leaves town this week for Washington, where he is to paint a whole-length of the President for the City Hall, Charleston.

"I have written to Mr. Howard, the Secretary of the Royal Academy, enclosing to him a paper he sent me for my signature, and have requested him to deliver my diploma to you, which I will thank you to have put into a deal box, and to deliver to Captain Tracy, to bring out to me when he returns. Tell me all about the artists. What is Welles doing? Give my best and most affectionate regards to Irving, and tell him I will write by the next opportunity. His 'Sketch-Book' is greatly admired here. I like all the articles. Above all give my regards to Mr. West, to whom I have written a note enclosed to Mr. Howard.

"God bless you, yours ever,

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON."

From Allston to Leslie.

"BOSTON, May 20, 1821.

"DEAR LESLIE: So many things must have been done in the Art since you last wrote, that I begin to feel not a little impatient for some account of them; but as I have so long owed you a letter, I have no right to expect one from you till I pay my debts; so I must e'en, lazy as I am, write to you.

"Of you and Newton I occasionally hear from such of our countrymen as have met you in London; but they seldom give any distinct account of what either of you are doing; of which, however, the newspapers sometimes speak, after their manner, with more credit of their own judgment than distinctness in their criticism. The last account which I have seen of you in the latter was of your 'Gypsying Party,' which was almost a year back. I am pleased to find that Newton's last picture, 'The Importunate Author,' from Molière, was so generally admired. I can have little notion of the picture, it being a branch of art he has engaged in since I left London. But from the variety of notices, and all favorable, which I have seen of it, I conclude it must have been generally liked by the artists, from whom the newspaper critics, especially when they agree in praising, always take their tone. By the by, have you seen a criticism on Haydon's 'Entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem,' in an article on the 'State of the Arts in England,' in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review?* The praise it gives, I think just, but cannot say the same of all the censure; one point, however, in the latter seems well founded—the want of those subtle niceties and inflections in the outlines which make so great a part of the charm in some of the old masters; it was what I always felt the want of in nearly all the pictures of modern date. With respect to the rest of the review, it is but little better than a gross libel on the English school. The speculations of the writer seem to be those of a man who, in hunting after originality, runs down a common thought till it falls to pieces, then putting it again together, and by stitching on the head where the tail was, is astonished to find what an

extraordinary animal he has been chasing. It is a dangerous thing for a writer to think of his own cleverness when he is engaged in the cause of truth; the interest of the cause is too apt to become subordinate to the *éclat* of the pleader's wit.

"But it is time that I say something of myself. Various circumstances have prevented me from recommencing with 'Belshazzar' till last September, since which I have, with one interruption, been constantly at work on it. On seeing it at a greater distance in my present room, I found I had got my point of distance too near, and the point of sight too high. It was a sore task to change the perspective in so large a picture; but I had the courage to do it, and by lowering the latter and increasing the former I find the effect increased a hundredfold. I have spared no labor to get everything that came within the laws of perspective correct, even the very banisters in the gallery are put in by rule. Now it is over I do not regret the toil, for it has given me a deeper knowledge of perspective than I ever had before, for I could not do that and many other things in the picture, which are seen from below, without pretty hard fagging at the 'Jesuit.'* I have, besides, made several changes in the composition, which are for the better, such as introducing two enormous flights of steps, beyond the table, leading up to an inner apartment. These steps are supposed to extend wholly across the hall, and the first landing-place is crowded with figures, which being just discoverable in the dark, have a powerful effect on the imagination. I suppose them to be principally Jews, exulting in the overthrow of the idols and their own restoration, as prophesied by Jeremiah, Isaiah, and others, which I think their action sufficiently explains. The gallery, too, is also crowded, the figures there foreshorthened as they would appear seen from below.

"I have written to Collins by this opportunity, and given him a list of what I have done since I have been here. Among the pictures mentioned I consider 'Jeremiah' and 'Miriam the Prophetess' the best I have done here: the last, I think, is one of the best I have ever painted, in the back of which is seen the shore of the Red Sea, and on it the wreck of Pharaoh's army. . . .

"I have a piece of news for you—no less than that I am engaged to be married. The finishing of 'Belshazzar' is all I wait for to be once more a happy husband.

"Believe me, affectionately your friend,

"W. Allston."

* A standard work on perspective.

In 1830, when Allston was already settled in Cambridgeport, and was devoting himself almost exclusively to his "Belshazzar," a correspondence with Gulian C. Verplanck took place, which sought to draw his art into public service, and called out some characteristic letters.

Verplanck, who was a man of letters and a conspicuous figure in public life, was chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings of the House of Representatives.

From Verplanck to R. H. Dana.

"Washington, February 17, 1830.

"My Dear Sir: I have this moment written to Allston about a picture for our public buildings from his hand, which, as chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings, I hope to be able to get ordered by Congress and passed in our general bill for the buildings, etc., without any flourish, or limiting him to any subject of the day. I hope he will answer me without delay, and I must rely upon you to make him do so.

. . . . . .

"Before I leave Congress I trust to do the state some service by reducing the magnificent uselessness of our hall, and leaving it to my successors in a state where common-sense can be spoken and heard, and where a shrill voice or else the lungs of a stentor will not be the chief requisites of a congressional orator. In other words, I am very busy in studying both the theory and practice of acoustics for the purpose of improving the hall, and I am convinced that such a reform would do

more for the legislature, as well as its taste and eloquence, than any law or constitutional amendment. I feel that I cannot fill my sheet with anything worth reading, and having begun with the benevolent intention of making you act as Allston's flapper according to the Laputan usage, must end by again urging upon you that duty.

"Yours truly,

"G. C. VERPLANCK."

From Allston to Verplanck.

"CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., March 1, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR: I did not get your letter of the 17th ult. until the night before last (Saturday), and I shall endeavor, agreeably to your wishes, to answer it in a business-like manner. Though I have, I fear, but little of that laconic spirit, so essential to it, which I used so much to admire in our excellent friend, S. Williams, of Finsbury Square. Without more flourish, then, you could not desire to be more heartily thanked than I thank you for this additional instance of the friendship with which you honor me. These are not words of courtesy, but of grateful truth, and yet I fear there are certain formidable, and to my present apprehension, insurmountable, obstacles to my profiting by your kindness. The subjects from which I am to choose, you say, are limited to American History. The most prominent of these, indeed the only ones that occur to me, are in our military and naval achievements. Herein lies my difficulty. I will not say that I doubt, I know that I have not any talent for battle pieces; and, perhaps, because they have always appeared to me, from their very nature, incapable of being justly represented; for to say nothing of the ominous prelude of silent emotion, when you take away the excessive movement, the dash of arms, the deadly roll of the drum, the blast of the trumpet, forcing almost a heart into a coward, the rush of cavalry, the thunder of artillery, and the still more fearful din of human thunder, giving a terrific life to the whole — and all this must be taken from the painter—what is there left for his canvas? It seems to me (at least in comparison with the living whole) *caput mortuum*. All these things, and indeed much more, can be made present to the imagination by words. In this the poet and historian have the advantage of the painter. I know not where, even among the great names of my art, to look for anything like the living mass of one of Cooper's battles; there are besides many circumstances connected with these subjects, such as monotony of color, of costume, of form, together with a smallness of parts (ever fatal to breadth and grandeur), that make them, at least to me, wholly untranslatable in the painter's language. The monotony of color alone would paralyze my hand. Such being my opinion, you will easily believe that I could have no hope of succeeding in subjects of this nature. Indeed, I know from past experience that I must fail when the subject is not of myself, that is, in relation to the powers of my art, essentially exciting. In a pecuniary view, it has been perhaps my misfortune to have inherited a patrimony; since it has lasted only just long enough to allow my mind to take its own course, till its habits of thought had become rigid and too fixed to be changed when change was desirable. To be more intelligible, having in the commencement of my art and for the greater part of my subsequent life, only the pleasure of its pursuit to consult, I of course engaged in nothing which had not that for its chief end, the realizing of my conceptions being my chief reward; for though the pecuniary profit was always an acceptable contingency, it was never at that time an exciting cause; so far from it, that I have in some instances undertaken works for less than I knew they would cost. As an artist, I cannot, in spite of many troubles, regret this freedom of action, since I feel of such that I owe to it whatever professional skill I may possess. But of late years, since the source of this liberty has been dried up, and the cold current of necessity has sprung up in its stead, I have sometimes, as a man, almost felt the possession to have been a misfortune, for necessity I find has no inspiration; she has not with me even the forcing power. Willingly, most willingly, would I have been driven by her, but it

seems that at my age it cannot be; my imagination has become too fixed in its own peculiar orbit to be moved by anything extrinsic. In other words, it seems to me almost morally impossible to compose, much less to finish, a picture where the subject does not afford pleasurable excitement. I trust you know me too well to doubt my patriotism because I cannot be inspired to paint an American battle. I yield in love of country to no man; no one has gloried more in the success of her arms, or more sincerely honored the gallant spirits whose victories have given her a name among nations. But they need not my pencil to make their deeds known to posterity. Could I embody them as they deserve, or even make others feel what I have felt, as the fame of them came to me across the water, while I was in kind, hospitable old England (for such, even while a foe to my country, she ever was to me); could I send that hearty breeze from our gallant native land to their hearts, there would be no lack of inspiration. I would invest them with the grandeur of my art, or touch them not. But the power is not mine. I know you will not doubt the sincerity of this conviction, but you will better estimate the strength of it when I add, that at no time would the commission you propose be more acceptable to me in a pecuniary view than at present.

"But may there not be some eligible subject in our civil history? For myself I can think of none that would make a picture; of none, at least, that belongs to high art. But such a subject might possibly have occurred to you. If so, and I find it one from which I can make such a picture as you would have me paint, both for my own credit and that of the nation, be assured I will most gladly undertake it. I am persuaded, however, that you will agree with me in this, that no consideration of interest should induce me to accept any commission from the Government that will not tax my powers to their utmost. My best indeed may be all unworthy, but less than that my country shall not have. In the meantime, that is, till a practicable subject is found, I must beg you to suspend, if such is in progress, 'the order for a picture.' You will readily appreciate the motive for this request; namely, to avoid the censure which the good-natured world are ever too disposed to bestow on all those who seem wanting to their own interests. I know the world too well not to foresee that it would do me essential injury were it known that I declined such a commission. They would not understand the impracticability I have stated, were they even made acquainted with it. Neither would they believe how grievous to me was the necessity of declining it.

"There is another class of subject, however, in which, were I permitted to choose from it, I should find exciting matter enough, and more than enough, for my imperfect skill—that is, from Scripture. But I fear this is a forlorn hope. Yet why should it be? This is a Christian land, and the Scriptures belong to no country, but to man. The facts they record come home to all men, to the high and the low, the wise and simple; but I need not enlarge on this topic to you. Should the Government allow me to select a subject from them, I need not say with what delight I should accept the commission. With such a source of inspiration and the glory of painting for my country, if there be anything in me, it must come out. Would it might be so! But let us suppose it—well, supposing such a commission given, there's a subject already composed *in petto*, which I have long intended to paint as soon as I am at liberty: the three Marys at the tomb of the Saviour, the angel sitting on a stone before the mouth of the sepulchre. I consider this one of my happiest conceptions. The terrible beauty of the angel, his preternatural brightness, the varied emotions of wonder, awe, and bewilderment of the three women, the streak of distant daybreak lighting the City of Jerusalem out of the darkness, and the deep-toned spell of the chiaro-oscuro, mingling as it were the night with the day, I see now before me; I wish I could see them on the walls at Washington.

"Now as to the price, should such a dream, I will not call it hope, be realized, it would be eight thousand dollars, which I believe was the price given

to Colonel Trumbull for each of his pictures. I should not indeed refuse ten thousand, should Uncle Sam take the generous fit upon him to offer it, but eight is my price for that particular composition, which would consist of four figures, seven feet high; the picture itself (an upright) twelve or thirteen feet high and ten or twelve wide. Were I to undertake a larger composition from another subject, and of the dimensions of Colonel Trumbull's, which I think are eighteen by twelve, the price would be then ten or twelve thousand. I fear this last sum would frighten some of your grave members; my conscience would, however, be quite safe in making the demand, were it even more. And I think I have already given the world sufficient proof that I am not mercenary.

"Pray do not let any part of this letter get into print. I beg you will not think from anything I have said, that I intend any disrespect to the painters of battles, or that I would under-rate such pictures. I meant only to express my own peculiar notions of them, as picturable subjects, *quoad*, myself. There are many of deserved reputation, which show great skill in their authors; and among those of modern date, it would be unjust not to mention, as holding the very first rank, Mr. West's 'Wolf' and the 'Death of Warren and Montgomery,' and the 'Sortie' by Colonel Trumbull.

"Truly you might say, our good friend's laconic mantle has not fallen on the writer of this epistle; I believe if I could write shorter letters, I should be a better correspondent, but I have not the secret.

"Ever most truly yours,
"W. Allston."

From Verplanck to Allston.

"Washington, March 9, 1830.

"My Dear Sir: Your letter only convinces me the more that we must, if we can, have one specimen of 'high art' on the wall of the Capitol. By American history, mere revolutionary history is not meant. To Scripture, I fear we cannot go in the present state of public opinion and taste. But does our ante-revolutionary history present no subject? The landing of the pilgrims, a threadbare subject in some respects, has never been viewed with a poet's and painter's eye. What think you of that, or of any similar subject in our early history? Your townsman, Dr. Holmes, has recently published a very useful, though not important, book of 'Annals.' A hasty glance over the first volume of this would perhaps suggest some idea. If not, I still fall back upon the pilgrims. I have read your letter to Colonel Drayton, who fully agrees with me in honoring your feeling upon this subject, and still wishes to call upon your services in embellishing our national annals. Emulating our friend Williams, not from choice, but from the wish not to lose the mail, I will not turn over the leaf.

"Yours truly,
"G. C. Verplanck."

From Allston to Verplanck.

"Cambridgeport, March 29, 1830.

"My Dear Sir: Your two letters of the ninth and twelfth have, as the business phrase is, duly come to hand; as you full well know that I cannot be insensible to such persevering kindness, I will not trouble you with a repetition of thanks, but proceed to answer them in as business-like a way as I can.

"To the first subject you propose, 'The Landing of the Pilgrims' (not unpicturesque), I have a personal objection. It has already been painted by an old friend of mine, Colonel Sargent, a high-minded, honorable man, to whom I would on no account give pain; which I could not avoid doing were I to encroach on what, at the expense of several years labor, he has a fair right to consider as his ground. I do not like rivalry in any shape; and my picture on the same subject would seem like it. Indeed, it would give me no pleasure to beat anyone. Nor do I consider this business of 'beating' as having any natural connection with excellence of any kind, which to be such must be intrinsic and independent of comparison. Nature never made two minds alike; and if the artist, whether poet or painter, has any of the *mens divinior* with the power of embodying it, his production must have a distinctive excellence,

which not a hundred bad or good ones by another can either increase or diminish. I know this is not the doctrine of the Reviewing age, but I believe it to be true, nevertheless. Moreover, I doubt if competition was ever yet the cause of a great work. It is the love of excellence in the abstract, and for itself, that alone can produce excellence. And I believe that Raffaelle loved Michael Angelo because he thought him his superior, for that excellence which he could not reach himself. There may indeed be clever imitations, got up under more ignoble impulses, a kind of second-hand originality, as Edmund Dana calls them, that might pass for it; nay, the world is full of them, mocking each other, and sometimes mocking at, and how bitterly—But here I am wandering off, like Tangent in the play, I hardly know where. After this excursion I will not trouble you with my objections to the other subject, the 'Leave-taking of Washington,' lest I have no room for one of my own choosing, which I should be glad to have you approve, namely: 'The First Interview of Columbus with Ferdinand and Isabella,' at court after the discovery of America, accompanied by natives, and so forth, exhibited in evidence of his success. As you have read Irving's book it is unnecessary for me to describe the scene. Here is magnificence, emotion, and everything, the very triumph of 'matter' to task a painter's powers. The announcement and the proof of the birth of a new world. This is not thought of now for the first time. I have long cherished it as one of the dreams which the future, if the future were spared me, was one day to embody. But to business; the size of a picture from this would be not less than eighteen feet by twelve, perhaps twenty by fourteen; and the price fifteen thousand dollars. As to its class, I know not what subject could be said more emphatically to belong to America, and her history, than the triumph of her discoverer. We, who now enjoy the blessing of his discovery, cannot place him too high in that history which without him would never have been. Besides, the beautiful work of Irving has placed him as the presiding genius over the yet fresh, and we will hope, immortal, fountain of our national literature; the fame of which Columbus was so long defrauded is now restored to him, and it will endure, at least with every American heart. Pray excuse my heroics, I did not mean to get into them. May I venture to suggest one popular hint. The subject is from an American book, and a book, too, that any country might be proud of. Now I am going to take a liberty, for which I feel assured you will not require any apology. Could not a commission also be given to my friend Vanderlyn? He is truly a man of genius, who has powers, if opportunity is given to call them forth, that would do honor to his country. His 'Ariadne' has no superior in modern art; his 'Marius' also, though not equal to that, is still a noble work. Some persons have unjustly censured him for not having painted many such pictures. The wonder to me is how, circumstanced as he has been ever since I have known him, he could have attained to the knowledge and power in the art which those works show him to possess. For, I say it not in friendship, but in simple justice, Vanderlyn is a great artist. I have known him for many years, in France and Italy, intimately, and I never knew the time when he had not literally to struggle with poverty; the process of procuring his daily bread stifling powers that, if allowed freely to act, would have filled Europe with his name. I fear that like the subject of my last letter, he finds no inspiration in necessity. Let his country now call his genius forth, I know he will do her honor. With this opinion of him, I need hardly say that my own commission would be doubly welcome, should I hear at the same time that an equal commission was also given to Vanderlyn. And if Uncle Sam's generous mood would incline him, too, to commission Morse and Sully, I should then be thereby delighted. Morse I consider as a child of my own, and you know what I think of him. The quickening atmosphere which he is now breathing in Europe, will open some original and powerful seeds which I long ago saw in him. I am much mistaken if he has not that in him which will one day surprise. And Sully has historical powers, already

Figures from "Jacob's Dream."

(Facsimile of a pen and ink drawing by Allston, from his painting.)

proved in his 'Crossing the Delaware,' of no common order.

"I am much gratified to learn the interest which Colonel Drayton does me the honor to take in my behalf. I knew him some years since in London, and I have met few persons with whom I have been so much pleased on so short an acquaintance. Pray present him my respects and thanks. Should the commission be given I hope they will not limit me as to time, as I have several engagements that must previously be fulfilled. My interest would, of course, preclude any unnecessary delay.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. Allston."

Mr. Verplanck's bill failed to pass the house "owing to a pressure of other business," and the whole matter lapsed for several years. In 1836, however, the measure, never entirely dropped, was carried through; and a new correspondence, this time with Mr. Jarvis, of the committee, shows that in the interval he had incurred an obligation to finish his "Belshazzar," which weighed upon him to an almost morbid degree, and was now the leading motive of his refusal of an offer which, especially coupled with his need of money, must have presented great temptations to his mind.

Apart from Allston's own ambition to finish his great picture, it was to be paid for by a subscription of $1,000 each from ten gentlemen, and a part of the money had been already advanced.

"Cambridgeport, June 24, 1836.

"Dear Jarvis: I have just received your letter of the eighteenth inst., informing me of the passage of a bill by Congress for supplying the vacant panels in the Rotunda with pictures by American artists. For your friendly intention in my behalf, I beg you to accept my best thanks; but I regret to say, that under present circumstances it is not in my power to profit by them. I had anticipated this contingency, and had long since deliberately made up my mind on the subject. I am not a free man, nor shall I probably become one in less than three years; for after the completion of 'Belshazzar' (which I expect to resume in a few weeks) I have several other pictures engaged, which I am bound in honor to finish before I undertake any new work. An expected picture at an uncertain time is an incubus to my imagination; I have therefore, under this feeling, declined five

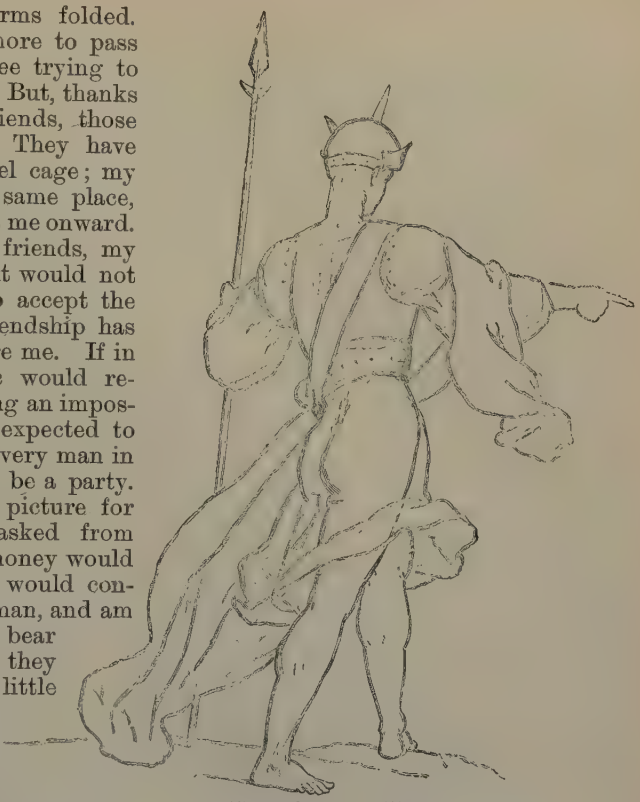
commissions within the last eighteen months. Could you know but the twentieth part of what I have suffered from the (compelled) delay of 'Belshazzar,' you would readily believe that my peace of mind requires me to withstand to do. Even some who professed to be friendly could not forbear a hard word. I do not, however, believe there was any ill-nature in this; but words, if unjust, may be hard without ill-nature. I never quitted 'Belshazzar' at any time

Figures from "Jacob's Dream."

the present temptation, for temptation it certainly is; but he is safe who knows when he is tempted, seeing the end in the beginning. Were I free from my imperative engagements, nothing would delight me more than to fill one of the panels of the Rotunda. It has often been a pleasant dream to me; but I am not my own master and must dismiss all such dreams.

"I would not recall, much less repeat, the many injurious speeches that have been made about me for not finishing this picture, though it was a private affair, with which the public had nothing but when compelled to do so by debts contracted while engaged upon it, and which I could discharge only by painting small pictures; many of which, from being forced work, cost me treble the labor and time they otherwise would have done, and consequently left but a pittance of profit—nay, some hardly enough to cover their expenses, and of course without the means of returning to the larger work. You know that I have been unremitting in my labors. For years the Sabbath was the only time that I have been absent (except on business) from my painting-room, and I

never sit there with my arms folded. That I have not brought more to pass was because I was like a bee trying to make honey in a coal-hole. But, thanks to some noble-hearted friends, those dark days are now past. They have taken me out of the squirrel cage; my foot no longer falls in the same place, but every step I take carries me onward. By the assistance of these friends, my mind is now at ease; but it would not long continue so were I to accept the commission which your friendship has so kindly labored to procure me. If in a private affair the public would reproach me for not performing an impossibility, they can hardly be expected to be more considerate when every man in the country might claim to be a party. 'Will he never finish that picture for Government?' might be asked from Castine to St. Louis. No money would buy off the fiends that such would conjure up. I am now an old man, and am besides too infirm of body to bear these things as some might; they would soon wear away the little flesh I have. A regard for my peace therefore will compel me to decline the Government commission, should it be offered me.



"Michael Setting the Watch."
(From a tracing in chalk.)

"But I must wind up this long epistle by again expressing my grateful thanks for your kindness, which I trust you know I most sincerely feel, though for the reasons assigned I cannot avail myself of it as you had hoped. That it might not be thought (from ignorance of my motives) that I had carelessly 'thrown fortune from me,' I wish you to show this letter in confidence to Mr. Preston. I have written freely to you as an old friend, what I could not have written to him, and it will save me the awkwardness of a more formal exposition of the reasons for declining the honor which the committee would confer on me. Pray present my respects to Mr. Preston.

"Give my best regards to Greenough and tell him that I shall be right glad to see him.

"Your old and faithful friend,

"W. Allston."

Allston.

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"And lo! there was disclosed but a trayful of papers."—Page 86.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CABIN OF THE "FLYING SCUD."

The sun of the morrow had not cleared the morning bank: the lake of the lagoon, the islets, and the wall of breakers now beginning to subside, still lay clearly pictured in the flushed obscurity of early day, when we stepped again upon the deck of the *Flying Scud:* Nares, myself, the mate, two of the hands, and one dozen bright, virgin axes, in war against that massive structure. I think we all drew pleasurable breath; so profound in man is the instinct of destruction, so engaging is the interest of the chase. For we were now about to taste, in a supreme degree, the double joys of demolishing a toy and playing "Hide the handkerchief:" sports from which we had all perhaps desisted since the days of infancy. And the toy we were to burst in pieces was a deep-sea ship; and the hidden good for which we were to hunt was a prodigious fortune.

The decks were washed down, the main hatch removed, and a gun-tackle purchase rigged, before the boat arrived with breakfast. I had grown so suspicious of the wreck, that it was a positive relief to me to look down into the hold, and see it full, or nearly full, of undeniable rice packed in the Chinese fashion in boluses of matting. Breakfast over, Johnson and the hands turned to upon the cargo; while Nares and I, having smashed open the skylight and rigged up a windsail on deck, began the work of rummaging the cabins.

I must not be expected to describe our first day's work, or (for that matter) any of the rest, in order and detail as it occurred. Such particularity might have been possible for several officers and a draft of men from a ship of war, accompanied by an experienced secretary with a knowledge of shorthand. For two plain human beings, unaccustomed to the use of the broad-axe and consumed with an impatient greed of the result, the whole business melts, in the retrospect, into a nightmare of exertion, heat, hurry, and bewilderment; sweat pouring from the face like rain, the scurry of rats, the choking exhalations of the bilge, and the throbs and splinterings of the toiling axes. I shall content myself with giving the cream of our discoveries in a logical rather than a temporal order—the two indeed practically coincided—and we had finished our exploration of the cabin, before we could be certain of the nature of the cargo.

Nares and I began operations by tossing up pell-mell through the companion, and piling in a squalid heap about the wheel, all clothes, personal effects, the crockery, the carpet, stale victuals, tins of meat, and in a word, all movables from the main cabin. Thence, we transferred our attention to the captain's quarters on the starboard side. Using the blankets for a basket, we sent up the books, instruments, and clothes to swell our growing midden on the deck; and then Nares, going on hands and

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knees, began to forage underneath the bed. Box after box of Manilla cigars rewarded his search. I took occasion to smash some of these boxes open, and even to guillotine the bundles of cigars; but quite in vain—no secret *cache* of opium encouraged me to continue.

"By the yellow dog that bit the dicky!" exclaimed Nares, and turning round from my perquisitions, I found he had drawn forth a heavy iron box, secured to the bulkhead by chain and padlock. On this he was now gazing, not with the triumph that instantly inflamed my own bosom, but with a somewhat foolish appearance of surprise.

"By George, we have it now!" I cried, and would have shaken hands with my companion; but he did not see, or would not accept, the salutation.

"Let's see what's in it first," he remarked, dryly. And he adjusted the box upon its side, and with some blows of an axe burst the lock open. I threw myself beside him, as he replaced the box on its bottom and removed the lid. I cannot tell what I expected; a million's worth of diamonds might perhaps have pleased me; my cheeks burned, my heart throbbed to bursting; and lo! there was disclosed but a trayful of papers, neatly taped, and a cheque-book of the customary pattern. I made a snatch at the tray to see what was beneath; but the captain's hand fell on mine, heavy and hard.

"Now, boss!" he cried, not unkindly, "is this to be run shipshape? or is it a Dutch grab-racket?"

And he proceeded to untie and run over the contents of the papers, with a serious face and what seemed an ostentation of delay. Me and my impatience it would appear he had forgotten; for when he was quite done, he sat awhile thinking, whistled a bar or two, refolded the papers, tied them up again; and then, and not before, deliberately raised the tray.

I saw a cigar-box, tied with a piece of fishing-line, and four fat canvas-bags. Nares whipped out his knife, cut the line, and opened the box. It was about half full of sovereigns.

"And the bags?" I whispered.

The captain ripped them open one by one, and a flood of mixed silver coin burst forth and rattled in the rusty bottom of the box. Without a word, he set to work to count the gold.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's the ship's money," he returned, doggedly, continuing his work.

"The ship's money?" I repeated. "That's the money Trent tramped and traded with? And there's his cheque-book to draw upon his owners? And he has left it?"

"I guess he has," said Nares, austerely, jotting down a note of the gold; and I was abashed into silence till his task should be completed.

It came, I think, to three hundred and seventy-eight pounds sterling; some nineteen pounds of it in silver: all of which we turned again into the chest.

"And what do you think of that?" I asked.

"Mr. Dodd," he replied, "you see something of the rumness of this job, but not the whole. The specie bothers you, but what gets me is the papers. Are you aware that the master of a ship has charge of all the cash in hand, pays the men advances, receives freight and passage-money, and runs up bills in every port? All this he does as the owner's confidential agent, and his integrity is proved by his receipted bills. I tell you, the captain of a ship is more likely to forget his pants than these bills which guarantee his character. I've known men drown to save them: bad men, too; but this is the shipmaster's honor. And here this Captain Trent—not hurried, not threatened with anything but a free passage in a British man-of-war—has left them all behind! I don't want to express myself too strongly, because the facts appear against me, but the thing is impossible."

Dinner came to us not long after, and we ate it on deck, in a grim silence, each privately racking his brain for some solution of the mysteries. I was indeed so swallowed up in these considerations, that the wreck, the lagoon, the islets, and the strident sea-fowl, the strong sun then beating on my head, and even the gloomy countenance of the captain at my elbow, all vanished from the field of consciousness. My mind was a blackboard, on which I scrawled and blotted out hypotheses;

comparing each with the pictorial records in my memory: ciphering with pictures. In the course of this tense mental exercise I recalled and studied the faces of one memorial masterpiece, the scene of the saloon; and here I found myself, on a sudden, looking in the eyes of the Kanaka.

"There's one thing I can put beyond doubt, at all events," I cried, relinquishing my dinner and getting briskly afoot. "There was that Kanaka I saw in the bar with Captain Trent, the fellow the newspapers and ship's articles made out to be a Chinaman. I mean to rout his quarters out and settle that."

"All right," said Nares. "I'll lazy off a bit longer, Mr. Dodd; I feel pretty rocky and mean."

We had thoroughly cleared out the three after-compartments of the ship: all the stuff from the main cabin and the mate's and captain's quarters lay piled about the wheel; but in the forward state-room with the two bunks, where Nares had said the mate and cook most likely berthed, we had as yet done nothing. Thither I went; it was very bare; a few photographs were tacked on the bulkhead, one of them indecent; a single chest stood open, and like all we had yet found, it had been partly rifled. An armful of two-shilling novels proved to me beyond a doubt it was a European's: no Chinaman would have possessed any, and the most literate Kanaka conceivable in a ship's galley was not likely to have gone beyond one. It was plain, then, that the cook had not berthed aft, and I must look elsewhere.

The men had stamped down the nests and driven the birds from the galley, so that I could now enter without contest. One door had been already blocked with rice; the place was in part darkness, full of a foul stale smell and a cloud of nasty flies; it had been left, besides, in some disorder, or else the birds, during their time of tenancy, had knocked the things about; and the floor, like the deck before we washed it, was spread with pasty filth. Against the wall, in the far corner, I found a handsome chest of camphor wood bound with brass, such as Chinamen and sailors love, and indeed all of mankind that plies in the Pacific. From its outside view I could thus make no deduction; and strange to say, the interior was concealed. All the other chests, as I have said already, we had found gaping open and their contents scattered abroad; the same remark we found to apply afterwards in the quarters of the seamen; only this camphor-wood chest, a singular exception, was both closed and locked.

I took an axe to it, readily forced the paltry Chinese fastening, and, like a custom-house officer, plunged my hands among the contents. For some while I groped among linen and cotton. Then my teeth were set on edge with silk, of which I drew forth several strips covered with mysterious characters. And these settled the business, for I recognized them as a kind of bed-hanging popular with the commoner class of the Chinese. Nor were farther evidences wanting, such as night-clothes of an extraordinary design, a three-stringed Chinese fiddle, a silk handkerchief full of roots and herbs, and a neat apparatus for smoking opium, with a liberal provision of the drug. Plainly, then, the cook had been a Chinaman; and if so, who was Jos. Amalu? Or had Jos. stolen the chest before he proceeded to ship under a false name and domicile? It was possible, as anything was possible in such a welter; but regarded as a solution, it only led and left me deeper in the bog. For why should this chest have been deserted and neglected, when the others were rummaged or removed? and where had Jos. come by that second chest, with which (according to the clerk at the What Cheer) he had started for Honolulu?

"And how have *you* fared?" inquired the captain, whom I found luxuriously reclining in our mound of litter. And the accent on the pronoun, the heightened color of the speaker's face, and the contained excitement in his tones, advertised me at once that I had not alone to make discoveries.

"I have found a Chinaman's chest in the galley," said I, "and John (if there was any John) was not so much as at the pains to take his opium."

Nares seemed to take it mighty quietly. "That so?" said he. "Now,

cast your eyes on that and own you're beaten!" And with a formidable clap of his open hand, he flattened out before me, on the deck, a pair of newspapers.

I gazed upon them dully, being in no mood for fresh discoveries.

"Look at them, Mr. Dodd," cried the captain, sharply. "Can't you look at them?" And he ran a dirty thumb along the title. "'*Sydney Morning Herald*, January 3d,' can't you make that out?" he cried, with rising energy. "And don't you know, sir, that not four days after this paper appeared in New South Pole, this ship we're standing in heaved her blessed anchors out of China? How did the *Sydney Morning Herald* get to Hong-Kong in four days? Trent made no land, he spoke no ship, till he got here. Then he either got it here or in Hong-Kong. I give you your choice, my son!" he cried, and fell back among the clothes like a man weary of life.

"Where did you find them?" I asked. "In that black bag?"

"Guess so," he said. "You needn't fool with it. There's nothing else but a lead-pencil and a kind of worked-out knife."

I looked in the bag, however, and was well rewarded.

"Every man to his trade, captain," said I. "You're a sailor, and you've given me plenty of points! but I am an artist, and allow me to inform you this is quite as strange as all the rest. The knife is a palette knife; the pencil, a Winsor & Newton, and a B B B at that. A palette-knife and a B B B on a tramp brig! It's against the laws of nature."

"It would sicken a dog, wouldn't it?" said Nares.

"Yes," I continued, "it's been used by an artist, too: see how it's sharpened —not for writing—no man could write with that. An artist, and straight from Sydney? How can he come in?"

"O, that's natural enough," sneered Nares. "They cabled him to come up and illustrate this dime novel."

We fell awhile silent.

"Captain," I said at last, "there is something deuced underhand about this brig. You tell me you've been to sea a good part of your life. You must have seen shady things done on ships, and heard of more. Well, what is this? is it insurance? is it piracy? what is it *about?* what can it be *for?*"

"Mr. Dodd," returned Nares, "you're right about me having been to sea the bigger part of my life. And you're right again, when you think I know a good many ways in which a dishonest captain mayn't be on the square, nor do exactly the right thing by his owners, and altogether be just a little too smart by ninety-nine and three-quarters. There's a good many ways, but not so many as you'd think; and not one that has any mortal thing to do with Trent. Trent and his whole racket has got to do with nothing — that's the bed-rock fact; there's no sense to it, and no use in it, and no story to it: it's a beastly dream. And don't you run away with that notion that landsmen take about ships. A society actress don't go around more publicly than what a ship does, nor is more interviewed, nor more humbugged, nor more run after by all sorts of little fussinesses in brass buttons. And more than an actress, a ship has a deal to lose; she's capital, and the actress only character — if she's that. The ports of the world are thick with people ready to kick a captain into the penitentiary, if he's not as bright as a dollar and as honest as the morning star; and what with Lloyd keeping watch and watch in every corner of the three oceans, and the insurance leeches, and the consuls, and the customs bugs, and the medicos, you can only get the idea by thinking of a landsman watched by a hundred and fifty detectives, or a stranger in a village Down East."

"Well, but at sea?" I said.

"You tire me," retorted the captain. "What's the use—at sea? Everything's got to come to bearings at some port, hasn't it? You can't stop at sea forever, can you?—No; the *Flying Scud* is rubbish; if it meant anything, it would have to mean something so almighty intricate that James G. Blaine hasn't got the brains to engineer it; and I vote for more axeing, pioneering, and opening up the resources of this phenomenal brig, and less general fuss," he added, arising. "The dime-museum

symptoms will drop in of themselves, I guess, to keep us cheery."

But it appeared we were at the end of discoveries for the day; and we left the brig about sundown, without being further puzzled or further enlightened. The best of the cabin spoils—books, instruments, papers, silks, and curiosities—we carried along with us in a blanket, however, to divert the evening hours; and when supper was over, and the table cleared, and Johnson set down to a dreary game of cribbage between his right hand and his left, the captain and I turned out our blanket on the floor, and sat side by side to examine and appraise the spoils.

The books were the first to engage our notice. These were rather numerous (as Nares contemptuously put it) "for a lime-juicer." Scorn of the British mercantile marine glows in the breast of every Yankee merchant captain; as the scorn is not reciprocated, I can only suppose it justified in fact; and certainly the old country mariner appears of a less studious disposition. The more credit to the officers of the *Flying Scud*, who had quite a library, both literary and professional. There were Findlay's five directories of the world—all broken-backed, as is usual with Findlay, and all marked and scribbled over with corrections and additions—several books of navigation, a signal code, and an admiralty book of a sort of orange hue, called *Islands of the Eastern Pacific Ocean, Vol. III.*, which appeared from its imprint to be the latest authority, and showed marks of frequent consultation in the passages about the French Frigate Shoals, the Harman, Cure, Pearl, and Hermes Reefs, Lisiansky Island, Ocean Island, and the place where we then lay—Brooks or Midway. A volume of Macaulay's *Essays* and a shilling Shakespeare led the van of the *belles lettres;* the rest were novels; several Miss Braddons—of course, *Aurora Floyd*, which has penetrated to every isle of the Pacific, a good many cheap detective books, *Rob Roy*, Auerbach's *Auf der Höhe* in the German, and a prize temperance story, pillaged (to judge by the stamp) from an Anglo-Indian circulating library.

"The admiralty man gives a fine picture of our island," remarked Nares, who had turned up Midway Island. "He draws the dreariness rather mild, but you can make out he knows the place."

"Captain," I cried, "you've struck another point in this mad business. See here," I went on eagerly, drawing from my pocket a crumpled fragment of the *Daily Occidental* which I had inherited from Jim: "'misled by Hoyt's Pacific Directory?' Where's Hoyt?"

"Let's look into that," said Nares. "I got that book on purpose for this cruise." Therewith he fetched it from the shelf in his berth, turned to Midway Island, and read the account aloud. It stated with precision that the Pacific Mail Company were about to form a depot there, in preference to Honolulu, and that they had already a station on the island.

"I wonder who gives these Directory men their information," Nares reflected. "Nobody can blame Trent after that. I never got in company with squarer lying; it reminds a man of a presidential campaign."

"All very well," said I. "That's your Hoyt, and a fine, tall copy. But what I want to know is, where is Trent's Hoyt?"

"Took it with him," chuckled Nares. "He had left everything else, bills and money and all the rest; he was bound to take something, or it would have aroused attention on the *Tempest:* 'Happy thought,' says he; 'let's take Hoyt.'"

"And has it not occurred to you," I went on, "that all the Hoyts in creation couldn't have misled Trent, since he had in his hand that red admiralty book, an official publication, later in date, and particularly full on Midway Island?"

"That's a fact!" cried Nares; "and I bet the first Hoyt he ever saw was out of the mercantile library in San Francisco. Looks as if he'd brought her here on purpose, don't it? But then that's inconsistent with the steam-crusher of the sale. That's the trouble with this racket; any one can make half a dozen theories for sixty or seventy per cent. of it; but when they're made, there's always a fathom or two of slack hanging out of the other end."

I believe our attention fell next on the papers, of which we had altogether a considerable bulk. I had hoped to find among these matter for a full-length character of Captain Trent; but here I was doomed, on the whole, to disappointment. We could make out he was an orderly man, for all his bills were docketed and preserved. That he was convivial, and inclined to be frugal even in conviviality, several documents proclaimed. Such letters as we found were, with one exception, arid notes from tradesmen. The exception, signed Hannah Trent, was a somewhat fervid appeal for a loan. "You know what misfortunes I have had to bear," wrote Hannah, "and how much I am disappointed in George. The landlady appeared a true friend when I first came here, and I thought her a perfect lady. But she has come out since then in her *true colors*; and if you will not be softened by this last appeal, I can't think what is to become of your affectionate—" and then the signature. This document was without place or date, and a voice told me that it had gone likewise without answer. On the whole, there were few letters anywhere in the ship; but we found one before we were finished, in a seaman's chest, of which I must transcribe some sentences. It was dated from some place on the Clyde. "My dearist son," it ran, "this is to tell you your dearist father passed away, Jan twelft, in the peace of the Lord. He had your photo and dear David's lade upon his bed, made me sit by him. Let's be a' thegither, he said, and gave you all his blessing. O my dear laddie, why were nae you and Davie here? He would have had a happier passage. He spoke of both of ye all night most beautiful, and how ye used to stravaig on the Saturday afternoons, and of *auld Kelvinside*. Sooth the tune to me, he said, though it was the Sabbath, and I had to sooth him Kelvin Grove, and he looked at his fiddle, the dear man. I cannae bear the sight of it, he'll never play it mair. O my lamb, come home to me, I'm all by my lane now." The rest was in a religious vein and quite conventional. I have never seen any one more put out than Nares, when I handed him this letter; he had read but a few words, before he cast it down; it was perhaps a minute ere he picked it up again, and the performance was repeated the third time before he reached the end.

"It's touching, isn't it?" said I.

For all answer, Nares exploded in a brutal oath; and it was some half an hour later that he vouchsafed an explanation. "I'll tell you what broke me up about that letter," said he. "My old man played the fiddle, played it all out of tune: one of the things he played was *Martyrdom*, I remember — it was all martyrdom to me. He was a pig of a father, and I was a pig of a son; but it sort of came over me I would like to hear that fiddle squeak again. Natural," he added; "I guess we're all beasts."

"All sons are, I guess," said I. "I have the same trouble on my conscience: we can shake hands on that." Which (oddly enough, perhaps) we did.

Amongst the papers we found a considerable sprinkling of photographs; for the most part either of very debonair-looking young ladies or old women of the lodging-house persuasion. But one among them was the means of our crowning discovery.

"They're not pretty, are they, Mr. Dodd?" said Nares, as he passed it over.

"Who?" I asked, mechanically taking the card (it was a quarter-plate) in hand, and smothering a yawn; for the hour was late, the day had been laborious, and I was wearying for bed.

"Trent and Company," said he. "That's a historic picture of the gang."

I held it to the light, my curiosity at a low ebb: I had seen Captain Trent once, and had no delight in viewing him again. It was a photograph of the deck of the brig, taken from forward; all in apple-pie order; the hands gathered in the waist, the officers on the poop. At the foot of the card was written, "Brig Flying Scud, Rangoon," and a date; and above or below each individual figure the name had been carefully noted.

As I continued to gaze, a shock went through me; the dimness of sleep and fatigue lifted from my eyes, as fog lifts in the channel; and I beheld with startled clearness, the photographic

presentment of a crowd of strangers. "I. Trent, Master" at the top of the card directed me to a smallish, weazened man, with bushy eyebrows and full white beard, dressed in a frock coat and white trousers; a flower stuck in his buttonhole, his bearded chin set forward, his mouth clenched with habitual determination. There was not much of the sailor in his looks, but plenty of the martinet: a dry, precise man, who might pass for a preacher in some rigid sect; and whatever he was, not the Captain Trent of San Francisco. The men, too, were all new to me; the cook, an unmistakable Chinaman, in his characteristic dress, standing apart on the poop steps. But perhaps I turned on the whole with the greatest curiosity to the figure labelled "E. Goddedael, 1st off." He whom I had never seen, he might be the identical; he might be the clue and spring of all this mystery; and I scanned his features with the eye of a detective. He was of great stature, seemingly blond as a viking, his hair clustering round his head in frowsy curls, and two enormous whiskers, like the tusks of some strange animal, jutting from his cheeks. With these virile appendages and the defiant attitude in which he stood, the expression of his face only imperfectly harmonized. It was wild, heroic, and womanish looking; and I felt I was prepared to hear he was a sentimentalist, and to see him weep.

For some while I digested my discovery in private, reflecting how best, and how with most of drama, I might share it with the captain. Then my sketch-book came in my head; and I fished it out from where it lay, with other miscellaneous possessions, at the foot of my bunk and turned to my sketch of Captain Trent and the survivors of the British brig *Flying Scud* in the San Francisco bar-room.

"Nares," said I, "I've told you how I first saw Captain Trent in that saloon in 'Frisco? how he came with his men, one of them a Kanaka with a canary-bird in a cage? and how I saw him afterwards at the auction, frightened to death, and as much surprised at how the figures skipped up as anybody there? Well," said I, "there's the man I saw"—and I laid the sketch before him—"there's Trent of 'Frisco, and there are his three hands. Find one of them in the photograph, and I'll be obliged."

Nares compared the two in silence. "Well," he said, at last, "I call this rather a relief: seems to clear the horizon. We might have guessed at something of the kind from the double ration of chests that figured."

"Does it explain anything?" I asked.

"It would explain everything," Nares replied, "but for the steam-crusher. It'll all tally as neat as a patent puzzle, if you leave out the way these people bid the wreck up. And there we come to a stone wall. But whatever it is, Mr. Dodd, it's on the crook."

"And looks like piracy," I added.

"Looks like blind hookey!" cried the captain. "No, don't you deceive yourself; neither your head nor mine is big enough to put a name on this business."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CARGO OF THE "FLYING SCUD."

In my early days I was a man, the most wedded to his idols of my generation. I was a dweller under roofs: the gull of that which we call civilization; a superstitious votary of the plastic arts: a cit; and a prop of restaurants. I had a comrade in those days, somewhat of an outsider, though he moved in the company of artists, and a man famous in our small world for gallantry, knee breeches, and dry and pregnant sayings. He, looking on the long meals and waxing bellies of the French, whom I confess I somewhat imitated, branded me as "a cultivator of restaurant fat." And I believe he had his finger on the dangerous spot; I believe, if things had gone smooth with me, I should be now swollen like a prize-ox in body, and fallen in mind to a thing perhaps as low as many types of *bourgeois*—the implicit or exclusive artist. That was a home word of Pinkerton's, deserving to be writ in letters of gold on the portico of every school of art: "What I can't see is why you should want to do nothing else." The dull man is made, not by the nature, but by the degree of his immersion in a single business. And all

the more if that be sedentary, uneventful, and ingloriously safe. More than one-half of him will then remain unexercised and undeveloped; the rest will be distended and deformed by over-nutrition, over-cerebration, and the heat of rooms. And I have often marvelled at the impudence of gentlemen, who describe and pass judgments on the life of man, in almost perfect ignorance of all its necessary elements and natural careers. Those who dwell in clubs and studios may paint excellent pictures or write enchanting novels. There is one thing that they should not do: they should pass no judgment on man's destiny, for it is a thing with which they are unacquainted. Their own life is an excrescence of the moment, doomed, in the vicissitude of history, to pass and disappear: the eternal life of man, spent under sun and rain and in rude physical effort, lies upon one side, scarce changed since the beginning.

I would I could have carried along with me to Midway Island all the writers and the prating artists of my time. Day after day of hope deferred, of heat, of unremitting toil; night after night of aching limbs, bruised hands, and a mind obscured with the grateful vacancy of physical fatigue: the scene, the nature of my employment; the rugged speech and faces of my fellow-toilers, the glare of the day on deck, the stinking twilight in the bilge, the shrill myriads of the ocean-fowl: above all, the sense of our immitigable isolation from the world and from the current epoch; —keeping another time, some eras old; the new day heralded by no daily paper, only by the rising sun; and the state, the churches, the peopled empires, war, and the rumors of war, and the voices of the arts, all gone silent as in the days ere they were yet invented. Such were the conditions of my new experience in life, of which (if I had been able) I would have had all my confrères and contemporaries to partake: forgetting, for that while, the orthodoxies of the moment, and devoted to a single and material purpose under the eye of heaven.

Of the nature of our task, I must continue to give some summary idea. The forecastle was lumbered with ship's chandlery, the hold nigh full of rice, the lazarette crowded with the teas and silks. These must all be dug out; and that made but a fraction of our task. The hold was ceiled throughout; a part, where perhaps some delicate cargo was once stored, had been lined, in addition, with inch boards; and between every beam there was a movable panel into the bilge. Any of these, the bulkheads of the cabins, the very timbers of the hull itself, might be the place of hiding. It was therefore necessary to demolish, as we proceeded, a great part of the ship's inner skin and fittings, and to auscultate what remained, like a doctor sounding for a lung disease. Upon the return, from any beam or bulkhead, of a flat or doubtful sound, we must up axe and hew into the timber: a violent and—from the amount of dry rot in the wreck—a mortifying exercise. Every night saw a deeper inroad into the bones of the *Flying Scud*,—more beams tapped and hewn in splinters, more planking peeled away and tossed aside, —and every night saw us as far as ever from the end and object of our arduous devastation. In this perpetual disappointment, my courage did not fail me, but my spirits dwindled; and Nares himself grew silent and morose. At night, when supper was done, we passed an hour in the cabin, mostly without speech: I, sometimes dozing over a book; Nares, sullenly but busily drilling sea-shells with the instrument called a Yankee Fiddle. A stranger might have supposed we were estranged; as a matter of fact, in this silent comradeship of labor, our intimacy grew.

I had been struck, at the first beginning of our enterprise upon the wreck, to find the men so ready at the captain's lightest word. I dare not say they liked, but I can never deny that they admired him thoroughly. A mild word from his mouth was more valued than flattery and half a dollar from myself; if he relaxed at all from his habitual attitude of censure, smiling alacrity surrounded him; and I was led to think his theory of captainship, even if pushed to excess, reposed upon some ground of reason. But even terror and admiration of the captain failed us before the end. The men wearied of the hopeless,

unremunerative quest, and the long strain of labor. They began to shirk and grumble. Retribution fell on them at once, and retribution multiplied the grumblings. With every day it took harder driving to keep them to the daily drudge; and we, in our narrow boundaries, were kept conscious every moment of the ill-will of our assistants.

In spite of the best care, the object of our search was perfectly well known to all on board; and there had leaked out besides some knowledge of those inconsistencies that had so greatly amazed the captain and myself. I could overhear the men debate the character of Captain Trent, and set forth competing theories of where the opium was stowed; and as they seemed to have been eavesdropping on ourselves, I thought little shame to prick up my ears when I had the return chance of spying upon them, in this way. I could diagnose their temper and judge how far they were informed upon the mystery of the *Flying Scud*. It was after having thus overheard some almost mutinous speeches, that a fortunate idea crossed my mind. At night, I matured it in my bed, and the first thing the next morning, broached it to the captain.

"Suppose I spirit up the hands a bit," I asked, "by the offer of a reward?"

"If you think you're getting your month's wages out of them the way it is, I don't," was his reply. "However, they are all the men you've got, and you're the supercargo."

This, from a person of the captain's character, might be regarded as complete adhesion; and the crew were accordingly called aft. Never had the captain worn a front more menacing. It was supposed by all that some misdeed had been discovered, and some surprising punishment was to be announced.

"See here, you!" he threw at them over his shoulder as he walked the deck, "Mr. Dodd, here, is going to offer a reward to the first man who strikes the opium in that wreck. There's two ways of making a donkey go; both good, I guess: the one's kicks and the other's carrots. Mr. Dodd's going to try the carrots. Well, my sons,"—and here he faced the men for the first time with his hands behind him—"if that opium's not found in five days, you can come to me for the kicks."

He nodded to the present narrator, who took up the tale. "Here is what I propose, men," said I; "I put up one hundred and fifty dollars. If any man can lay hands on the stuff right away, and off his own club, he shall have the hundred and fifty down. If any one can put us on the scent of where to look, he shall have a hundred and twenty-five, and the balance shall be for the lucky one who actually picks it up. We'll call it the Pinkerton Stakes, captain," I added, with a smile.

"Call it the Grand Combination Sweep, then," cries he. "For I go you better. Look here, men, I make up this jack-pot to two hundred and fifty dollars, American gold coin."

"Thank you, Captain Nares," said I; "that was handsomely done."

"It was kindly meant," he returned.

The offer was not made in vain; the hands had scarce yet realized the magnitude of the reward, they had scarce begun to buzz aloud in the extremity of hope and wonder, ere the Chinese cook stepped forward with gracious gestures and explanatory smiles.

"Captain," he began, "I serv-um two year Melican navy; serva-um six year mail-boat steward. Sav-v-y plenty."

"Oho!" cried Nares, "you sav-v-y plenty, do you? (Beggar's seen this trick in the mail-boats, I guess.) Well, why you no sav-v-y a little sooner, sonny?"

"I think bimeby make-um reward," replied the cook, with smiling dignity.

"Well, you can't say fairer than that," the captain admitted, "and now the reward's offered, you'll talk? Speak up, then. Suppose you speak true, you get reward. See?"

"I think long time," replied the Chinaman. "See plenty litty mat lice; too-muchy plenty litty mat lice; sixty ton, litty mat lice. I think all-e-time: perhaps plenty opium plenty litty mat lice?"

"Well, Mr. Dodd, how does that strike you?" asked the captain. He may be right, he may be wrong. He's likely to be right: for if he isn't, where can the stuff be? On the other hand, if he's wrong, we destroy a hundred and

fifty tons of good rice for nothing. It's a point to be considered."

"I don't hesitate," said I. "Let's get to the bottom of the thing. The rice is nothing; the rice will neither make nor break us."

"That's how I expected you to see it," returned Nares.

And we called the boat away and set forth on our new quest.

The hold was now almost entirely emptied; the mats (of which there went forty to the short ton) had been stacked on deck, and now crowded the ship's waist and forecastle. It was our task to disembowel and explore six thousand individual mats, and incidentally to destroy a hundred and fifty tons of valuable food. Nor were the circumstances of the day's business less strange than its essential nature. Each man of us, armed with a great knife, attacked the pile from his own quarter, slashed into the nearest mat, burrowed in it with his hands, and shed forth the rice upon the deck, where it heaped up, overflowed, and was trodden down, poured at last into the scuppers, and occasionally spouted from the vents. About the wreck, thus transformed into an overflowing granary, the sea-fowl swarmed in myriads and with surprising insolence. The sight of so much food confounded them; they deafened us with their shrill tongues, swooped in our midst, dashed in our faces, and snatched the grain from between our fingers. The men—their hands bleeding from these assaults—turned savagely on the offensive, drove their knives into the birds, drew them out crimsoned, and turned again to dig among the rice, unmindful of the gawking creatures that struggled and died among their feet. We made a singular picture: the hovering and diving birds; the bodies of the dead discoloring the rice with blood; the scuppers vomiting breadstuff; the men, frenzied by the gold hunt, toiling, slaying, and shouting aloud: over all, the lofty intricacy of rigging and the radiant heaven of the Pacific. Every man there toiled in the immediate hope of fifty dollars; and I, of fifty thousand. Small wonder if we waded callously in blood and food.

It was perhaps about ten in the forenoon when the scene was interrupted. Nares, who had just ripped open a fresh mat, drew forth, and slung at his feet among the rice, a papered tin box.

"How's that?" he shouted.

A cry broke from all hands: the next moment, forgetting their own disappointment, in that contagious sentiment of success, they gave three cheers that scared the sea-birds; and the next, they had crowded round the captain, and were jostling together and groping with emulous hands in the new-opened mat. Box after box rewarded them, six in all; wrapped, as I have said, in a paper envelope, and the paper printed on, in Chinese characters.

Nares turned to me and shook my hand. "I began to think we should never see this day," said he. "I congratulate you, Mr. Dodd, on having pulled it through."

The captain's tones affected me profoundly; and when Johnson and the men pressed round me in turn with congratulations, the tears came in my eyes.

"These are five-tael boxes, more than two pounds," said Nares, weighing one in his hand. "Say two hundred and fifty dollars to the mat. Lay into it, boys! We'll make Mr. Dodd a millionnaire before dark."

It was strange to see with what a fury we fell to. The men had now nothing to expect; the mere idea of great sums inspired them with disinterested ardor. Mats were slashed and disembowelled, the rice flowed to our knees in the ship's waist, the sweat ran in our eyes and blinded us, our arms ached to agony; and yet our fire abated not. Dinner came; we were too weary to eat, too hoarse for conversation; and yet dinner was scarce done, before we were afoot again and delving in the rice. Before nightfall not a mat was unexplored, and we were face to face with the astonishing result.

For of all the inexplicable things in the story of the *Flying Scud*, here was the most inexplicable. Out of the six thousand mats, only twenty were found to have been sugared; in each we found the same amount, about twelve pounds of drug; making a grand total of two hundred and forty pounds. By the last San Francisco quotation, opium was

selling for a fraction over twenty dollars a pound; but it had been known not long before to bring as much as forty in Honolulu, where it was contraband.

Taking, then, this high Honolulu figure, the value of the opium on board the *Flying Scud* fell considerably short of ten thousand dollars, while at the San Francisco rate, it lacked a trifle of five thousand. And fifty thousand was the price that Jim and I had paid for it. And Bellairs had been eager to go higher! There is no language to express the stupor with which I contemplated this result.

It may be argued we were not yet sure; there might be yet another cache, and you may be certain in that hour of my distress the argument was not forgotten. There was never a ship more ardently perquested; no stone was left unturned, and no expedient untried; day after day of growing despair, we punched and dug in the brig's vitals, exciting the men with promises and presents; evening after evening Nares and I sat face to face in the narrow cabin, racking our minds for some neglected possibility of search. I could stake my salvation on the certainty of the result: in all that ship there was nothing left of value but the timber and the copper nails. So that our case was lamentably plain; we had paid fifty thousand dollars, borne the charges of the schooner, and paid fancy interest on money; and if things went well with us, we might realize fifteen per cent. of the first outlay. We were not merely bankrupt, we were comic bankrupts: a fair butt for jeering in the streets. I hope I bore the blow with a good countenance; indeed, my mind had long been quite made up, and since the day we found the opium I had known the result. But the thought of Jim and Mamie ached in me like a physical pain, and I shrank from speech and companionship.

I was in this frame of mind when the captain proposed that we should land upon the island. I saw he had something to say, and only feared it might be consolation; for I could just bear my grief, not bungling sympathy; and yet I had no choice but to accede to his proposal.

We walked awhile along the beach in silence. The sun overhead reverberated rays of heat; the staring sand, the glaring lagoon, tortured our eyes; and the birds and the boom of the far-away breakers made a savage symphony.

"I don't require to tell you the game's up?" Nares asked.

"No," said I.

"I was thinking of getting to sea tomorrow," he pursued.

"The best thing you can do," said I.

"Shall we say Honolulu?" he inquired.

"O yes; let's stick to the programme," I cried. "Honolulu be it!"

There was another silence, and then Nares cleared his throat.

"We've been pretty good friends, you and me, Mr. Dodd," he resumed. "We've been going through the kind of thing that tires a man. We've had the hardest kind of work, we've been badly backed, and now we're badly beaten. And we've fetched through without a word of disagreement. I don't say this to praise myself: it's my trade; it's what I'm paid for, and trained for, and brought up to. But it was another thing for you; it was all new to you; and it did me good to see you stand right up to it and swing right into it, day in, day out. And then see how you've taken this disappointment, when everybody knows you must have been taughtened up to shying-point! I wish you'd let me tell you, Mr. Dodd, that you've stood out mighty manly and handsomely in all this business, and made every one like you and admire you. And I wish you'd let me tell you, besides, that I've taken this wreck business as much to heart as you have; something kind of rises in my throat when I think we're beaten; and if I thought waiting would do it, I would stick on this reef until we starved."

I tried in vain to thank him for these generous words, but he was beforehand with me in a moment.

"I didn't bring you ashore to sound my praises," he interrupted. "We understand one another now, that's all; and I guess you can trust me. What I wished to speak about is more important, and it's got to be faced. What are we to do about the *Flying Scud* and the dime novel?"

"I really have thought nothing about that," I replied. "But I expect I mean to get at the bottom of it; and if the bogus Captain Trent is to be found on the earth's surface, I guess I mean to find him."

"All you've got to do is talk," said Nares; "you can make the biggest kind of boom; it isn't often the reporters have a chance at such a yarn as this; and I can tell you how it will go. It will go by telegraph, Mr. Dodd; it'll be telegraphed by the column, and headlined, and frothed up, and denied by authority; and it'll hit bogus Captain Trent in a Mexican bar-room, and knock over bogus Goddedael in a slum somewhere up the Baltic, and bowl down Black and Jones in sailors' music halls round Greenock. O, there's no doubt you can have a regular domestic Judgment Day. The only point is whether you deliberately want to."

"Well," said I, "I deliberately don't want one thing: I deliberately don't want to make a public exhibition of myself and Pinkerton: so moral—smuggling opium; such damned fools—paying fifty thousand for a 'dead horse!'"

"No doubt it might damage you in a business sense," the captain agreed. "And I'm pleased you take that view; for I've turned kind of soft upon the job. There's been some crookedness about, no doubt of it; but, Law bless you! if we dropped upon the troupe, all the premier artists would slip right out with the boodle in their grip-sacks, and you'd only collar a lot of old mutton-headed shell-bucks that didn't know the back of the business from the front. I don't take much stock in Mercantile Jack, you know that; but, poor devil, he's got to go where he's told; and if you make trouble, ten to one it'll make you sick to see the innocents who have to stand the racket. It would be different if we understood the operation; but we don't, you see: there's a lot of queer corners in life; and my vote is to let the blame' thing lie."

"You speak as if we had that in our power," I objected.

"And so we have," said he.

"What about the men?" I asked. "They know too much by half; and you can't keep them from talking."

"Can't I?" returned Nares. "I bet a boarding-master can! They can be all half-seas over, when they get ashore, blind drunk by dark, and cruising out of the Golden Gate in different deep-sea ships by the next morning. Can't keep them from talking, can't I? Well, I can make 'em talk separate, leastways. If a whole crew came talking, parties would listen; but if it's only one lone old shell-back, it's the usual yarn. And at least, they needn't talk before six months, or—if we have luck, and there's a whaler handy—three years. And by that time, Mr. Dodd, it's ancient history."

"That's what they call Shanghaiing, isn't it?" I asked. "I thought it belonged to the dime novel."

"Oh, dime novels are right enough," returned the captain. "Nothing wrong with the dime novel, only that things happen thicker than they do in life, and the practical seamanship is off-color."

"So we can keep the business to ourselves," I mused.

"There's one other person that might blab," said the captain. "Though I don't believe she has anything left to tell."

"And who is *she?*" I asked.

"The old girl there," he answered, pointing to the wreck. "I know there's nothing in her; but somehow I'm afraid of some one else—it's the last thing you'd expect, so it's just the first that'll happen—some one dropping into this God-forgotten island where nobody drops in, waltzing into that wreck that we've grown old with searching, stooping straight down, and picking right up the very thing that tells the story. What's that to me? you may ask, and why am I gone Soft Tommy on this Museum of Crooks? They've smashed up you and Mr. Pinkerton; they've turned my hair gray with conundrums; they've been up to larks, no doubt; and that's all I know of them—you say. Well, and that's just where it is. I don't know enough; I don't know what's uppermost; it's just such a lot of miscellaneous eventualities as I don't care to go stirring up; and I ask you to let me deal with the old girl after a patent of my own."

"Certainly—what you please," said I, scarce with attention, for a new thought

now occupied my brain. "Captain," I broke out, "you are wrong; we cannot hush this up. There is one thing you have forgotten."

"What is that?" he asked.

"A bogus Captain Trent, a bogus Goddedael, a whole bogus crew, have all started home," said I. "If we are right, not one of them will reach his journey's end. And do you mean to say that such a circumstance as that can pass without remark?"

"Sailors," said the captain, "only sailors! If they were all bound for one place, in a body, I don't say so; but they're all going separate—to Hull, to Sweden, to the Clyde, to the Thames. Well, at each place, what is it? Nothing new. Only one sailor man missing: got drunk, or got drowned, or got left; the proper sailor's end."

Something bitter in the thought and in the speaker's tones struck me hard. "Here is one that has got left!" I cried, getting sharply to my feet; for we had been some time seated. "I wish it were the other. I don't—don't relish going home to Jim with this!"

"See here," said Nares, with ready tact, "I must be getting aboard. Johnson's in the brig annexing chandlery and canvas, and there's some things in the *Norah* that want fixing against we go to sea. Would you like to be left here in the chicken-ranch? I'll send for you to supper."

I embraced the proposal with delight. Solitude, in my frame of mind, was not too dearly purchased at the risk of sunstroke or sand-blindness; and soon I was alone on the ill-omened islet. I should find it hard to tell of what I thought—of Jim, of Mamie, of our lost fortune, of my lost hopes, of the doom before me: to turn to at some mechanical occupation in some subaltern rank, and to toil there, unremarked and unamused, until the hour of the last deliverance. I was, at least, so sunk in sadness, that I scarce remarked where I was going; and chance (or some finer sense that lives in us, and only guides us when the mind is in abeyance) conducted my steps into a quarter of the island where the birds were few. By some devious route, which I was unable to retrace for my return, I was thus able to mount, without interruption, to the highest point of land. And here I was recalled to consciousness by a last discovery.

The spot on which I stood was level, and commanded a wide view of the lagoon, the bounding reef, the round horizon. Nearer hand I saw the sister islet, the wreck, the *Norah Creina*, and the *Norah's* boat already moving shoreward. For the sun was now low, flaming on the sea's verge; and the galley chimney smoked on board the schooner.

It thus befell that though my discovery was both affecting and suggestive, I had no leisure to examine further. What I saw was the blackened embers of fire—of wreck. By all the signs, it must have blazed to a great height and burned for days; from the scantling of a spar that lay upon the margin only half consumed, it must have been the work of more than one; and I received at once the image of a forlorn troop of castaways, houseless in that lost corner of the earth, and feeding there their fire of signal. The next moment a hail reached me from the boat; and bursting through the bushes and the rising sea-fowl, I said farewell (I trust forever) to that desert isle.

(To be continued.)

BAYREUTH REVISITED.

By H. E. Krehbiel.

For a month last summer Bayreuth, in Bavaria, was overrun by tourists. By simply going to the Wagner Theatre a traveller from the United States was as sure to meet a score of acquaintances from home any day as he was, a few weeks later, at the Louvre, when the current of return travel whirled in the annual Parisian eddy. Between the acts the victims of the opera habit were kept as busy greeting friends in that far-away Franconian town as if the New York or London season were at its height and they seated in box or stall at the Metropolitan Opera House or Covent Garden. The French contingent seemed to come remittently, attracted by "Tristan und Isolde" rather than by "Parsifal;" but to the members of the General Richard Wagner Verein, who had delayed the purchase of tickets until it was too late, the American contingent was a plague of locusts. Bayreuth was not privileged this year to sun itself in the presence of German King or Kaiser, but there were princes and dukes in plenty, and every railway train that crawled grunting down the two sides of the triangle from Schnabelwaid and Weiden carried enough American monarchs to be considered thrice royal. At the Fantasie, one day, I looked up from my wine to see two ex-cabinet ministers of the United States shaking hands, and when I went to Angermann's for my beer in the evening, I found a place at a table around which a publisher, novelist, poet, painter, and critic had gathered. They had forgotten their natural antagonisms and were discussing the ethical problem set by "Parsifal" as earnestly as if it had a more vital bearing on American literature and art than either McKinley or Copyright Bill. An itinerant essayist and peripatetic humorist, of whom I had caught furtive glimpses, were not in the party. The former had probably not recovered from the fatigue caused by his carrying home the keys with which he had been invested by his lodgings keeper on his arrival. Those keys were too large for his pockets; so he carried them in his hands and exhibited them proudly as antiquities dating back to the period of Bayreuth's splendor under the old Margraves. "This, to the door of my lodgings; this to the gates of the town!" As for the humorist, he was "doing" Bayreuth with enough impedimenta in gowns to keep him supernaturally solemn, and at a pace which did not allow his feet to come in contact with the ground.

The visitors who came and went during the month numbered, let me say, about 25,000, of whom 24,500 had tickets for the festival plays in their pockets, bought in advance at the rate of five dollars for each representation. The ticketless five hundred "chanced it," either buying the precious pasteboards from speculative headwaiters at prices ranging from seven dollars and a half to twenty dollars, or waiting for an opportunity to be booked for the gallery above the lamps, for which privilege the management, most uncompromisingly democratic in this particular, exacted five dollars a seat. The sum which these patient pilgrims paid into the exchequer of the Richard Wagner Theatre is reported at between $165,000 and $200,000.

"Tannhäuser" was this year added to the Bayreuth list, being associated

with "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde." The old opera was decked out with brave clothes, at a cost, it is said (the statement is calculated to stretch even a Wagnerite's credulity), of $125,000. Felix Mottl and his forces did some extraordinary things with its music—things that were more extraordinary than excellent, indeed — and Madame Wagner disclosed some of her ideas touching the familiar work. For the chief impersonator of the sainted Elizabeth of the play, she brought forward a young woman who was certified to the public as just the age which one should be who would represent the heroine. Just how old the representative of Elizabeth was, I did not take the trouble to learn. It was obvious enough that she was young and inexperienced, and we have Madame Wagner's word for it that she was gifted with the lack of years and experience which Elizabeth had when she became infatuated with the renegade lover of Dame Venus. The care bestowed in searching out Fräulein Wiborg's physical qualifications was calculated to make one forget Wagner's hunt for "Rheingold" giants sixteen years ago. Unhappily, Madame Wagner forgot consistency when she cast the other tragedy. Kurwenal's chief representative had avoirdupois for two squires, and the actor who essayed the part of Tristan lacked at least six inches of the stature essential to belief in the story that he could worst a score of King Mark's knights and contumeliously apply his sword "flatlings," as Sir Thomas Malory says, to that monarch's person.

But in spite of the things which to the common eye seemed to make for the greatest success ever achieved at Bayreuth, the Inner Brotherhood at Angermann's, and the Mahatmas from Leipsic and elsewhere, shook their heads mournfully and said that for Bayreuth, Ragnarök was not far away. Since then they have printed their plaints. And thereby hangs a tale.

As a rule, the writers for the press who attend the festivals at Bayreuth are admirers of the dramas of Richard Wagner and upholders of his artistic principles. If it were not for this fact, the significance of which is obvious in view of the disaffection aroused by the last festival, the world would not hear as much as it does about the latter-day representations in the out-of-the-way town. Fifteen years ago the spectacle presented by the first festival was so unique and extraordinary in the history of music and the drama, that it was only the performance of an obvious and imperative journalistic duty to care for the curiosity and interest which had been excited throughout the cultured world. In 1882 the desire to report upon the last drama created by the poet-composer, was an equally potent incentive to the journalistic fraternity. With the reports upon "The Nibelung's Ring" and "Parsifal," however, the demands of necessity were satisfied, and since then only love for the works of Wagner, or a desire to study phases of artistic development which the festivals disclose, has sent the professional reviewer for the press to Bayreuth. If then a grave doubt touching the present value of the festival enterprise has entered the minds of the German critics, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such a phenomenon. Such doubts have been expressed. To the casual observer they seem to stand in a paradoxical relationship with their alleged causes. Elements which, at first blush, would seem to make for good, are looked upon as in the highest degree disturbing. Such elements are the financial success of the festivals ; the ever-growing popular interest in them, especially among the people of the United States and Great Britain ; the influence of Wagner's principles of construction on contemporaneous composition, even in France and Italy. Practically, anti-Wagnerism is only a phrase ; it stands for nothing. There is no longer an effective opposition to Wagner. Its last bulwark, the chauvinism of the Parisians, has gone down before "Lohengrin." Criticism of his principles and methods continues to be written ; but the sanest and best of it fails to arrest the current of Wagner's popularity, or check his influence among music students. In this we have but a repetition of the spectacle, which is as old as the world, of the impotence of obstructive argu-

ment, of all criticism, indeed, in the presence of a vital art-work. Wagner's influence for good in the encouragement of sincerity of purpose and truthfulness of representation is universally conceded; his influence in emancipating the lyric drama from silly conventions, which long stood in the way of naturalness and truth, may be seen in the compositions which come from Vienna, Paris, Milan, London, and St. Petersburg. Think of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Italy, twenty years ago! The one unsolved question in the case goes to the value of Wagner as a model of style. Here there is room for controversy, and one might go so far as to say that the effect of his example has been, not only to stifle spontaneity and put reflection in its place, but even to put a clog upon all creative activity in the field of the lyric drama, without being a traitor to the Wagnerian cause. The bow of Ulysses is not to be bent by every suitor for the hand of Penelope. It is sometimes hard to find the boundary line between spontaneous invention and the fruit of reflection in Wagner's works; they often overlap each other. In "Tristan und Isolde" the music sounds most spontaneous when he is hewing most closely to the line of his constructive theories. Besides, all creative geniuses are not good models. Bismarck's diplomatic methods, Carlyle's diction, cannot be imitated successfully by men of less original strength. But peers ought not and will not be imitators. Wagner's only worthy successor must be one as original as he; for him the world must wait.

The feeling of unrest, among some of the most aggressive friends of Wagner's art, which has been visible of late was not born in Bayreuth, last summer. It is much older. Nor has the full extent of the disaffection found vent in open utterance and conduct. Many eminent men who were identified closely with the Bayreuth enterprise while Wagner was living, are inactive in the premises now. In one instance, doubly noteworthy because of the reputation of the man and the violence of both manifestations, a most energetic champion was transformed into a recklessly virulent opponent. In 1876, Frederich Nietzsche, formerly Professor of Classical Philology at the University of Basel, considered Wagner not merely the discoverer of a new art, but of art itself and its true relation to human society. He was a philosopher, historian, æsthetician, critic, master of language, "mythologist and mytho-poet." It seemed at least a debatable point in the mind of the enthusiastic professor, whether a visit to Bayreuth was not enough in itself to furnish an affirmative answer to the question whether life was at all worth living. In 1888, the same man doubted whether Wagner was either dramatist or musician. He did not know whether or not the god of his previous idolatry was entitled to be called a German, or even a man (*Mensch*). He was sure however, that he was "a modern Cagliostro" who had "made music ill," a "master of hypnotic tricks." His music was "endlessness without melody," the "gymnastics of ugliness on the tight-rope of unharmony," his characters a "gallery of invalids." Bayreuth was "grand opera, and not even good grand opera." In this instance, a discrediting personal equation was too obvious to require demonstration, but the violence with which Professor Nietzsche proclaimed his apostasy remained inexplicable, until the news of his mental derangement followed hard on the heels of his book, "Der Fall Wagner." To complete the spectacle, a critic who had been relegated by the Wagnerites to the ranks of their enemies, now came forward as the champion of Wagner against Nietzsche. It was an easy task for Eduard Kulke to show that the book of 1888 was as illogical as the book of 1876.

Some other noteworthy instances have been in a different case. Five years ago Moritz Wirth, an enthusiastic adherent of the Wagnerian cause, said that Bayreuth was doomed. To save what he conceived it to represent, he urged the establishment of five theatres, in as many European cities, for the purpose of giving model representations of Wagner's dramas. Herr Wirth was again at Bayreuth last summer, and at the meeting of the General Richard Wagner Verein, he was the most uncompromising of the critics of the festival man-

agement. He is probably engaged now in the preparation of the pamphlet which at the meeting he threatened to publish, the character of which may be guessed from the title: "The Circus at Bayreuth." In a pamphlet written by Dr. Paul Marsop, another eminent disciple of Wagner, it is argued that the Bayreuth festivals are worthless and needless. In the true spirit of pessimism, Dr. Marsop urges that nothing be done to prevent them from hastening on to that Nirvâna which, in the philosophy held by Wagner, is the true goal of all things.

These three men illustrate three of the view-points of Bayreuth criticism, the personal and physical, the artistic, and the philosophical. The most thoroughly consistent, perhaps, is the last. The popularity of Wagner's works means nothing to Dr. Marsop, for it is a phenomenon which is paralleled by the popularity of "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen." In this reflection Wagner anticipated him, using the same illustration. Had he lived to see the rise of Mascagni, he would have had even a more striking instance to advance. Marsop is simply a Tolstoi in music—there is nothing to do except to wait for the end of all things. Here, too, he is a true disciple of his master in his latter days, who writing to Friedrich Schön in the last year of his life, used this extraordinary language: "I no longer believe in music, and when I meet it I turn away as a matter of principle. If the prediction of our friend, Count Gobineau, should be fulfilled, Europe be overrun in ten years by Asiatic hordes, and all our civilization and culture be destroyed, I would not twitch an eye; for then I might believe that, before anything else, our present music-making would go by the board."

Herr Wirth's pugnacity is due to the strained relations between the representatives of Wagner, the man, and several of the Richard Wagner societies, especially that at Leipsic, of which Herr Wirth is an influential member. Madame Wagner and Councillor Gross have assumed the artistic and business management of the festivals, and carry them on as a private enterprise. The theatre, built by the gifts of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria and the contributions of the old Society of Patrons, they say, is the personal property of Wagner's heirs; whatever interest the Society may once have had, was extinguished by its failure to rescue Wagner from the financial dilemma in which the festival of 1876 left him. The present General Richard Wagner Verein, which is the successor of the Society of Patrons, organized on a plan proposed by Wagner for the purpose of building the theatre and producing "The Nibelung's Ring," has been informed by Madame Wagner that it has nothing to do with the festivals, which belong now to the public; it lives to disseminate the ideas embodied in the writings of Wagner. The Society has a different view of its mission, derived from Article I. of its constitution, and the fact that it sends thirty-five per centum of all money collected by it to Bayreuth, to be applied to the payment of the expenses of impecunious musicians who wish to attend the festivals. For its own tickets the Society in effect pays three times as much as the tourist, who "does" the festival in the same spirit as he "does" a bull-fight in Spain.

A decadence in the festival may be charged, and its nature inquired into, without going so far as to charge that the mission of Bayreuth has been sunk in the desire to transform it into a money-making institution for the family of Wagner. The festivals have indeed changed in purpose since 1876, but the change was suggested by Wagner. They have degenerated artistically, but this decadence, inevitable as soon as the death of Wagner removed him from the artistic management, has been hastened by the assumption of supreme authority on the part of his widow. The bond between Wagner and the Society which for a decade helped him to execute his vast scheme, was a sentimental one. So far as that bond seemed to imply a privileged relationship of the Society toward his institution, Wagner severed it when he began his preparations for the second festival. Whether by his own fiat he could relieve himself of the great obligation under which he rested, need not be discussed here. He exacted, not only devotion to his principles, but also affection for his per-

son, from those whom he called his friends, and he received both in generous measure. He is still receiving both devotion and affection, though some of those friends think that ingratitude, as well as incompetency, is undermining the fabric which they helped him to build. All this has less bearing on the artistic question involved than the fact that, with the accomplishment in 1876 of the purpose which had animated him for over a quarter of a century, Wagner entered upon a course in which it is scarcely possible to avoid seeing a loss in consistency of conduct, as well as ideality of purpose. The story of that change seems to point the old moral, that suffering is essential to true artistic production. Even Wagner was no exception to the rule that worldly prosperity is subversive of ideality in art.

The festival project is contemporaneous in origin with "The Nibelung's Ring." Strictly speaking, it is a little older, for when he first conceived a performance of his work under artistic conditions like those which prevailed at Bayreuth in 1876, Wagner had only a single drama, "Siegfried's Death," in mind. In a letter written to his friend Uhlig, in September, 1850, he sets down the completion of that work and its performance as the conscious mission of his life. He wanted ten thousand thalers. With this sum he would build a rough theatre at Zurich (where he was then living in exile), furnish it with the necessary scenery and machines, organize a chorus of amateurs, invite orchestral musicians, select his singers, and invite the world to a dramatic festival. All who would show enough interest to come to Zurich should be admitted without money or price, but a special invitation was to issue to the young people of Zurich, the university, and the choral unions. After three performances of "Siegfried's Death" had been given in one week, the theatre was to be torn down, and the score of the drama burnt. "To those who had been pleased with the thing I should then say: 'Now do likewise.' But if they wanted something new from me, I should say: '*You* get the money.'" For the next few years his mind is full of the plan. His single drama grows into a tetralogy, and with it the scope of his festival. To attain his end of creating what he conceives to be an ideal work and giving it an ideal representation, he longs to sever all connection with the contemporary stage. To "do things by halves" becomes "a martyrdom;" with his new conception, he withdraws "entirely from all connection with our theatre and public of to-day," breaks "decisively and forever with the formal present." His earlier works were now intolerable to his thoughts. He asked nothing from them, save that they should bring him money; the desire of managers to produce them was to him "disgusting;" his consent to yield them up to commonplace performance for gain he called his "prostitution."

That was Wagner's ideal in the day of his adversity, nor did it change after the favor of King Ludwig told him to hope for its realization. Artistic necessity was still to determine everything. The theatres of Germany had degenerated under foreign influences till they could not do justice to a work of strong native originality. The corrupted taste of the ignorant public was tending to the demoralization of the theatres. A festival performance of "The Nibelung's Ring" was therefore a necessity. Such a consummation, however, was possible only with the help of the friends who loved him. He called for the organization of a Society of Patrons, and it came into being. The theatre was built, the first festival given. It left him in debt, and he was disappointed in his expectation that the Imperial Government would establish the theatre firmly by granting it a subvention as a national institution. He abandoned his plan to repeat the festival and surrendered the tetralogy to the theatres which in his opinion could not do justice to it. In a review of the festival he laid stress upon the failure of his plan to prevent the sale of tickets "just as they are at any opera-house," or to give him a public different from the ordinary "opera public" with the usual admixture of the critics, who to him were an abomination. Yet an overwhelming majority of the visitors of 1876 were the friends who had strained every nerve to enable Wagner to perform his miracle.

In 1880 Wagner has other notions in his head. His tetralogy has been sacrificed to the theatres, but he has a theatre of his own and the prestige of having accomplished all that he had dreamed of twenty-five years before and more. He now conceives the plan of a series of festivals at which all of his works are to be performed, and as a first step he forgets his antipathy to the general public. Upon the success of the performances, to be confined for the present to "Parsifal," the procurement of the means for producing gradually all his works is to be left dependent, and a faithful company of patrons is to assume the duty of preserving the correct spirit of the performances for the friends of his art, even after his death. He confessed his obligation to the Society of Patrons for having founded his enterprise, which he felt he could now continue by appealing in the ordinary manner to the public. Two reasons led him to take this step with "Parsifal:" the reservation of the work for Bayreuth would guarantee its profitableness. That was an external reason; but there was also an internal one: "Parsifal" was a work of such unique character that the festivals would have an educational value: by participating in them, young singers would learn the elements of the new style of lyrico-dramatic representation, and would escape the danger which lay in their precipitation into a field already spoiled by bad habits — the field, for instance, occupied by his older operas, whose manner of representation was subject to the ordinary operatic régime. For himself he was unwilling to attempt the task of preparing model performances of his older works; experience had taught him that the exertion would be useless. To the Society of Patrons he suggested a reorganization which would limit its direct connection with the festival to the provision of means to save the poorer portion of the public from exclusion by the rich, a contingency which he foresaw would result from the adoption of the ordinary showman's methods against which he had railed after the festival of 1876. The organized patrons of his art-work were now to become organized patrons of the public — a Charity Society.

In one respect Madame Wagner has been harshly accused. I am unable to see that she has done aught with the mission of Bayreuth than administer the trust bequeathed to her by her husband. How she has administered it is another question. After the manifestations of last summer I can see only a speedy collapse of the proud edifice; but the seeds of destruction are not all of her sowing; Wagner scattered them broadcast when he set a new purpose for the festivals and —— died. All would be different were he still alive. His participation would insure a standard of representation so high that competition with the operatic establishments of the world, in the performance of works open to them all, would benefit rather than injure the festivals. His death threw the directors and performers on tradition as the conservator of his artistic intentions. Tradition is a weak reed in the best of cases, and peculiarly liable to become treacherous when a person of strong individuality, like Madame Wagner, constitutes herself its sole repository and oracle. An early effect was seen in the estrangement of Hans Richter, Wagner's ablest and most zealous coadjutor in the early festivals, because of disagreements with the widow concerning *tempi*. Another effect was seen last summer in the representations of "Tannhäuser." This opera was always the most beloved of Wagner's older brain-children. Doubtless much of the favoritism with which he regarded it was due to the abuse which it received in the German opera-houses. In its performance he exacted so much that, as late as 1870, he said that he knew of no capable representative of the titular rôle. The performance at Bayreuth last summer was a delight to the eye. There were pretty pictures in plenty. But if pretty pictures make "Tannhäuser," Wagner's despair at ever seeing a correct performance was hypocritical, and his criticisms of the Parisian performance of 1861 dishonest. There are settings of "Tannhäuser" in Dresden and Vienna to-day which compare favorably with the new ones at Bayreuth. In producing the opera last summer, Madame Wagner essayed a task from which her

husband shrunk in 1882. She measured her talent with his genius, and the result cannot be summed up more truthfully or sententiously than in the words which came, three years ago, from the embittered and deranged mind of Friedrich Nietzsche: "Tannhäuser" was grand opera, and not even good grand "opera." Not one of the spiritual wants which Wagner deplored, even in the representations superintended by himself, was supplied. A crude and wofully materialistic interpretation was given to the suggestions contained in his brochure "On the Representation of Tannhäuser." The *tempi* were dragged till one's patience was tried to the extreme verge of endurance; the players on wind instruments in the orchestra vied with the singers on the stage in tearing the musical phrases to tatters, in the belief that thereby they were heeding Wagner's advice to phrase vocally. In a composition written to a great extent in the old-fashioned lyric vein, Madame Wagner compelled her fledglings to declaim in the manner contemplated by Wagner in "Parsifal," which, in her conception, seemed to mean the pursuit of every consonant to the death. Faithful friends of Wagner were amazed and aggrieved. Musicians who had come to learn were disgusted by these things, while the careless tourists from afar were set to wondering what they had come out for to see. For the first time in the history of the festivals, Wagner's friends had to hear comparisons between Bayreuth and the contemned court and municipal theatres of Germany. Such comparisons are a deathblow to the interest represented by the tourists. It is said that the managers of the German opera-houses have threatened to withhold from their singers the privilege of singing at Bayreuth. Such a step would be foolish, because useless. Bayreuth will no longer be a rival to their establishments the moment it becomes one. Which is another paradox like the proof of Bayreuth's decadence in the signs of her prosperity.

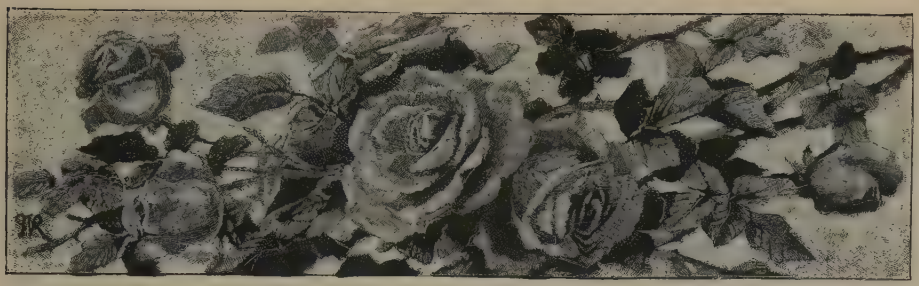
ARMISTICE.

By Ellen Burroughs.

The water sings along our keel,
  The wind falls to a whispering breath;
I look into your eyes and feel
  No fear of life or death;
So near is love, so far away
  The losing strife of yesterday.

We watch the swallows skim and dip;
  Some magic bids the world be still;
Life stands with finger upon lip;
  Love hath his gentle will;
Though hearts have bled, and tears have burned,
  The river floweth unconcerned.

We pray the fickle flag of truce
  Still float deceitfully and fair;
Our eyes must love its sweet abuse;
  This hour we will not care,
Though just beyond to-morrow's gate,
  Arrayed and strong, the battle wait.



THE LAMP IN THE POOL.

By Graham R. Tomson.

Far down in the deep, black water
A golden lanthorn swings,
Whose lustre widens and trembles
As tremble the water rings.

Above, on the purple twilight
The moon in her glory shows,
But still with a mellower splendor
The lamp in the water glows.

Like a love-lamp set in a window
On a starless summer night,
Steadfast it gleams and beckons,
A jewel of amber light.

Steadfast it points and beckons,
And ever the self-same way,
For it hangs at the gate of a palace
That knows not the light of day.

The great elms' leafy branches
Stretch over the water's brink,
Where deep in their sheltering hollows
The shadows in shadows sink.

But the gold lamp in the water
It glimmers and beckons bright,
Like a love-lamp set in a window
On a murky summer night.

For him who would rise and follow
Full smooth is the path, and straight,
The way through the glistening water
That leads to the palace gate.

And he who shall cross the threshold
No more shall he strive nor weep,
Being come to the Tower of Silence,
In the Valley of Endless Sleep.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF TO-DAY

By William A. Coffin.

FIRST PAPER.

ILLUSTRATIONS may be divided into two groups: first, those which depict manners and customs and the life of men and beasts; second, those in which men's thoughts and creations already given to the world in another form, as in literature and tradition, are taken and used as subjects by the artist. The earliest illustrations are as old as writing, and are indeed symbolic writings recording the social, religious, and political life of the people. The Egyptian and Phœnician figures carved on blocks of stone, the pictures on Greek vases, and the wall-paintings at Pompeii are illustrations. All these belong in the first group.

What we mean when we speak of illustrations to-day are included in the second group, and, unlike the earlier works which exist only in a single example, the artists' designs are multiplied a thousand-fold by the various processes of reproduction. Du Halde is authority for the statement that the Chinese printed pictures from plates or blocks as early as 1120 B.C. In the West we find the Italians printing from blocks in 1285, the Germans making prints of saints at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and Finiguerra using copper plates in Florence in 1461. The painter Botticelli gave his attention to copper-plate engraving, and others followed his example. Since the days of Albert Dürer and the Italian Renaissance, painters have been drawing for reproduction, until at the present time half of all those who use the brush have worked more or less in the field of illustration, as we use the term, and some have made in it reputations that outshine those gained in painting pictures. We have many worthy artists who do nothing but illustrations, and who rarely paint a picture or draw in color. In the United States great progress has been made in the past twelve or fifteen years. Some of the best of our painters have devoted a large part of their time to illustration, and the work done by the "illustrators"—the artists who work almost exclusively in black and white for the magazines and illustrated journals—has steadily improved in quality. To-day illustration is the regular profession of a host of men and women, the *gagne-pain* of a number of painters, who find in it a source of income that permits them to paint pictures according to their individual tastes, without regard to the question of popularity with the public; and the serious occupation of others who find in some work of poetry or fiction subjects with which their temperament is in sympathy, and an opportunity to make drawings that are in no sense to be confounded with what is known as "hack work," even when it is of such excellence that it seems unjust to apply to it a name that suggests in itself a lack of true artistic interest.

"Into the green-recessed woods they flew."

(From a drawing by Will H. Low, to illustrate Keats's "Lamia." By permission of the artist and the J. B. Lippincott Co.)

In considering the subject of illustration we must say a word at the outset about the *dictum* of certain critics, who maintain that illustration, as such, is unnecessary, and that it is bad art. "If an idea or a scene is portrayed in words," they contend, "what reason is there for another man to attempt to do it over again in another form? If in a poem, a play, or a story, a thing is well done, the illustration will be inferior, or in a few cases, perhaps, it will be better as a work of art than the text which furnished the subject. In the first case the designer's work is superfluous, in the second the picture will live, and the original in its literary form will be forgotten, for the world will not want both. If this is not plain, reverse the proposition and fancy a man writing a poem about a picture. What can he tell that is not already told on the canvas, and how can he express in words what the artist has only been able to convey to the senses by means of form and color?" This is a specious argument, but it is not a sound one. While it may be true that a good deal of the current illustration is inferior, it serves a useful purpose in the propagation of a love of art among people who would not without it see any whatever worthy of the name. Woodcuts and photo-gravures from the designs of competent artists, in the illustrated papers and magazines, are far better food for the people in homes distant from the art-centres, than the cheap chromos and cheaper steel engravings that used to be about all there was in such houses in the way of pictures of any description. The relative merit of the illustration and its subject in literature are not in question. In our own country, at least, it is indisputable that more has been done through the medium of illustrated literature to make the masses of the people realize that there is such a thing as art, and that it is worth caring about, than in any other way. As to the best work in the field of illustration, when the artist has found in literature something that appeals to him as a subject he would like to treat in pictorial form, we are not forced to decide which is in our opinion the better, the author's word picture or the artist's interpretation of it. No better example of this can be found than Mr. Abbey's delightful drawings illustrating Herrick's poems. We shall not forget the sweet lines of Herrick because we have seen the charming pictures the artist has made to go with them, and if we remember best the poems, we shall not for that reason be blind to the beauty of the drawings. We shall have two things that please us where we had but one before. Further than this, a very large part of the world's art is illustration. Pictures depicting religious and historical subjects, even the frescoes of the Vatican, are in one sense illustrations. All the works of art in the great galleries, in which the subjects are drawn from mythology and legend, are illustrations in the same way. The only essential point of difference from what we call illustrations in our time, is that they were not made to accompany a text. Half the subjects that artists have treated, from the old masters down, have been drawn from literature in one form or another, and it is only in portraits, genre, and still life, and in our modern schools of landscape painting and *plein air* treatment of figures, that the subjects have been found in nature.

In the United States the most serious work in illustration has been done by men already well known as painters of the figure. The two volumes of Keats's poems, "Lamia" and "Odes and Sonnets," with drawings by Will H. Low; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel," illustrated by Kenyon Cox; and "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," with decorative designs by Elihu Vedder, have contributed as much as their work in painting to the reputations of the artists. Mr. Low had already done a considerable amount of magazine and book illustration when he began, in 1885, the series of drawings for "Lamia," and enjoyed among his fellow-artists a reputation as a good draughtsman and a painter of refined sensibility. The illustration of "Lamia" was a project that he conceived himself and proposed to his publishers. The idea being well received by them and the commission given, he entered upon his work with enthusiasm, and for a year and more made it his chief, almost his sole, artistic occupation. The drawings, taken to-

TO AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS WITH
SYMPATHY FOR HIS AIMS AND WITH
ADMIRATION FOR HIS ACHIEVEMENT
MY WORK IN THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

A Dedication.

(From a drawing by Will H. Low in Keats's "Odes and Sonnets." By permission of the artist and the J. B. Lippincott Co.)

gether, form a harmonious series that, so far as illustrating the poem go, is very satisfactory. The choice of subjects for the illustrations has been made by the artist with excellent judgment, and in his treatment of them he gives evidence of a sympathetic appreciation of the poet's thought. There are thirty-eight drawings in the book, including titles and head and tail pieces, and the design for the cover is a charming piece of decorative work. The drawings are of unequal merit, but most of them deserve praise for beauty of conception and cleverness in the execution. It is only in a few cases that the reproach of conventionality of treatment may justly be made. Of some of the drawings inserted in the text, it may be said that from the shape of the designs one would expect them to be treated decoratively, and not in a purely pictorial manner. The picture for the line, "And shut the chamber up, close, hush'd and still," for example, is a narrow band across the page and it is not composed within its limits. The right way to use such spaces is shown in such designs as "I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes," which, with its single figure of Hermes descending through the clouds, is complete in itself; or in "What wreath for Lamia? what for Lycius? what for the sage, old Apollonius?" where it is used as simple decoration without enclosing outlines. The best composition in Mr. Low's "Lamia" is the picture "Into the green-recessed woods they flew." The two figures are admirable in line, and the group is exceedingly well arranged and good in movement. There is a drawing in the "Odes and Sonnets" that shows Mr. Low at his very best. It is the one that accompanies the "Ode to Psyche." The nude figure of Psyche recumbent on the grass by the brook-side, is a marvel of delicacy and grace, beautiful in line and subtly modelled, and the figure of Cupid at her side is made subordinate, without losing importance in the group, with fine artistic feeling. The landscape setting is charmingly composed, the masses of light and dark skilfully distributed, and the ensemble is effective without being forced. The dedication to the "Odes and Sonnets" is the finest decorative page in the book, and one of the best things of its kind in modern art, sharing in this distinction with Mr. Cox's dedication in "The Blessed Damozel." Throughout the series of drawings in this book, Mr. Low shows that he has overcome certain faults that were to be noted here and there in the earlier work, and there is a decided gain in decorative spirit. In soundness of execution and elegance of style, these drawings rank easily with the best modern work in the field of creative illustration.

Mr. Low's drawings for the two books were made in body-color and in monotint, of course, and are reproduced by a photographic process. Even in the very best of these processes something is lost in the reproduction, more in some drawings than in others, but always something. Taking the pictures, however, as they stand in the printed books, the artist's chief characteristics are seen to be refinement and elegance of line in drawing the figure, a poetical feeling for landscape, and a genuine talent for composition. In his technical expression he is sometimes too mindful of detail, but he never sins in the other direction by carelessness and affectation of breadth. In such drawings as the Psyche, in the "Odes and Sonnets," where his little faults do not exist and his great merits are seen in their happiest expression, we find him to be an artist whose intention is serious and intelligent, and whose methods are direct and unaffected. Moreover, though one does not need to be a scholar to be a good painter, it is indispensable to be master of one's subjects when one undertakes such a work as the illustration of the two books of Keats's poems we have just been considering. A large part of it is purely creative, and it is gratifying to be able to say that, while we can praise Mr. Low's work from the artistic standpoint, we are also able to commend his scholarship whenever it comes into question—and that is a matter of no small consequence where the illustration is of poems that allude to classical lore as much as do some of these beautiful lines of John Keats.

"The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with drawings by Kenyon

"We two will lie i' the shadow."

(From a drawing by Kenyon Cox, to illustrate Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Some of her New Friends."

(From a drawing by Kenyon Cox, to illustrate Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Cox, appeared a year after the publication of Mr. Low's series of drawings for "Lamia," and though it is not our purpose to make comparisons between the two books—for comparisons in art do not prove very much—it is worth noting that Mr. Cox followed Mr. Low in taking advantage of the opportunities his subjects offered him to essay the serious treatment of the nude figure. Not very much had been accomplished in this direction in illustrative art, in the United States, up to that time, with the exception of a few of the designs in Mr. Vedder's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," published in 1884. The originals of Mr. Cox's drawings were painted in oil in monotint, and the full page illustrations to the poem number thirteen. There are seven other drawings that may be classed as decorative, and twenty-four initial letters drawn with the pen. In some of the work in this book Mr. Cox has attained to a very high level. Three of the drawings in particular are worthy of unqualified praise: "Some of her new friends," the beautiful group of three young women dancing on the sward; "The stars sang in their spheres," three nude female figures admirable in line and chaste in treatment; and "With Love," in which the conception is bold and original and very ably carried out. The last-named drawing is well done, not only in the sense that it is good from the technical point of view, but also in the sense that such a conception as this new Eros, a pagan God of Love blessing a marriage in heaven, must needs carry in itself, in the way it is made to persuade us of the fitness of its presence, the justification on the part of the artist for its introduction. Considered as a picture without reference to the text, there would be no need of such justification; but the drawing is an illustration, it must be remembered, and it is in just such a question as this that the thought of the artist becomes of the utmost importance in dealing with it. In all of his pictures in this book, Mr. Cox has had to do with a *mise-en-scène* that presented many difficulties in its representation. He has frankly made his heaven a place with tangible forms in architecture and landscape. He has discarded the old expedient of making clouds serve for all sorts of purposes, and gives us walls and casements, grass and trees, as we know them on earth. He has frequent occasion to introduce landscape, and he has adopted a sort of purist motive, suggestive of the early Renaissance, and which harmonizes admirably with his figures, which are not etherealized, but solid and living, depending on natural beauty for their charm, and never falling into quaintness or weirdness through fancied idealization. His use of landscape in these pictures is especially good in the drawing, "We two will lie i' the shadow," where the carefully drawn foliage of spreading branches of trees and the flat meadow with a little stream winding through it, form a delightful setting for the group of two figures in the foreground. One of the finest of all the designs in the book is the dedication, with its two figures personifying the art of painting and the art of poetry. The figure of Poetry, in classic drapery, with uplifted head and a lyre in her hands, is possibly not unlike something we have seen before, but the nude figure of Painting, a fine, ample type of woman with a wealth of hair and something typical of the splendid art of the Venetians in her face, is a real creation. The subject of the title drawing is a half-length figure of an angel drawing a bow across the strings of a violin. It is pure in line and beautiful in type. The lettering in this design also deserves commendation, and it may be said in passing, that wherever Mr. Cox, in the decorative part of his work, has had occasion to use lettering, he has adopted the elegant forms of the Italians. He in no case descends to anything resembling the fantastic characters which too many of our designers seem to fancy in some way especially fitted to decorative inscriptions. The pen drawings for initial letters are by long odds the best things of the kind that have come from the hand of an American artist. There is not space to speak of them separately, but of them all it is but just to say that they show great originality of conception, a knowledge of the principles of design that very few artists possess, and a delicate though virile sense of beauty

The Throne of Saturn.

From a drawing by Elihu Vedder, to illustrate the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in their execution. One which is intended to illustrate the lines :

> And the souls mounting up to God
> Went by her like thin flames,

is quite as good in its way as anything in all modern art.

Mr. Cox's work in "The Blessed Damozel" shows him to be a master of form. His drawing is in general firm and decisive, and founded on a thorough knowledge of construction. He has a rare talent for composition, and his work in this respect, while it does not violate sensible traditions and go to extremes in the search for novelty, is never such as to deserve the reproach of conventionality. In his treatment of the undraped figure, these drawings give proof of a right appreciation of the beauty of the nude, entirely free from the sort of vaporing refinement that the ignorant call "idealization," and possessing true purity in vitality and naturalism. His taste is sometimes at fault from the point of view of the layman, who is not accustomed to think always of the subject as a motive primarily in the artist's eyes to make a picture of, but to think of the subject as the whole of the picture and disregard the technical achievement. These drawings, as well as many among the large number he has contributed to the monthly magazines and other publications, entitle him to rank among the very best of American artists who work in the field of illustration. He has, among other things, signed some pen drawings representing animal groups in sculpture by Barye, that for cleverness of technique and truthful and characteristic rendering of the spirit of the originals, are surpassed by nothing that anybody has done.

The illustration of the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" by Elihu Vedder, is conceived in quite a different way from that in which Mr. Low and Mr. Cox proceeded in the works we have just been considering. The essential point of difference is that the illustrations, with the exception of two—"The Throne of Saturn," and "The Recording Angel"—are not separate pictures, but designs composed in connection with portions of the text, enclosed with an outline, the composition being arranged as a sort of decorative border. In almost all of the fifty-six illustrated pages in Mr. Vedder's book the figure is introduced, and the drawings are in chalk, reproduced in black and white and gray, with excellent effect. The chief interest in Mr. Vedder's work lies, not in his drawing of the figure, for it is not, at least in these examples, of more than respectable quality, nor in the composition of pictures, nor in any particular point of technical skill, but in the eminently decorative tendency of his illustrations. Even in "The Throne of Saturn," which is a page apart from the text, the figure on the whirling globe with the encircling ring around it, is not the prime motive of the composition, but only a part of it, and the spirit of the drawing is derived from the fine arrangement of the great curving lines of the sphere and the ring. In "The Recording Angel" there is more interest in the mysterious face of the angel, perhaps, than in anything else, but it is not left to tell its own story. Hands reaching up from below to the desk before him, and a group of wings about his head and those of the two angels that appear on either side of him, are introduced in a decorative manner that does not comport with purely pictorial treatment. Mr. Vedder's fancy finds enjoyment in twisting draperies, curling clouds of vapor, wreathes of vines, and curious forms of animal and vegetable matter with which he surrounds his figures. In one case it is a griffin-like monster with a woman's head, "The Inevitable Fate," lying upon a vast pile of skulls and bones ; again, it is a wine cup, "The Cup of Despair," placed in the midst of a whirl of fuming vapor ; and again, the winged figure of a youth, "Love affrighted at the sight of Hell," standing on a cloud, and a crowd of human shapes passing below him, with serpents twining about their necks. Sun, moon, and stars, men and angels, things earthly and things celestial, are brought together without coherence, apparently, but yet it is not a jumble. The artist uses whatever he finds that is weird, when weirdness is his subject, caring little for probability, and bent only on strange and quaint effects. There is a very pretty figure

The Present and the Past.

(From a drawing by Elihu Vedder, to illustrate the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." By permission of the artist and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

of a boy holding a conch-shell to his ear in "The Present and the Past," a great deal of character and expression in some of the heads in "Death's Review," a fine group of two figures in "The Cup of Death," and much feeling and harmony of line in some of the other drawings.

Mr. Vedder is widely known, apart from his work in the "Rubáiyát" as a designer of book-covers and other forms of decoration, that are marked by originality of conception and execution. As a painter he is noted for the individuality with which he invests his themes, and to this quality more than to technical excellence he owes most of his reputation.

THE DEAN OF BOURGES.

JUNE, 1891.

By Barrett Wendell.

Old Felix Plat, dean of the church at Bourges,
Lay quiet. Through the cool cathedral aisles
Went strains of holy music. All the throng
Of those that knew him in his gentle life
Knelt, lifting up their souls in prayer to God
For his, gone to God's presence.—Then the bells
Clanging harmonious told the time was come
To bear him to his everlasting rest.
The red-coat beadles with their ringing staves
Stalked solemn first; then red-robed, chanting boys;
Then, grave and reverend, spectacled and laced,
The bishop with his chapter; following on,
The faithful, holy clergy, robed in black,
Save one with shaven crown and sandalled feet,
Brown robe and ropen girdle, down-cast eye,
And visage grim with fasting. High amid
The pious throng, a bier whereon reposed,
Beneath the broidered glories of his pall,
The good old man. And following him there came
Bare-headed husbands with their crapen wives,
Who keep alive the worthy name of Plat
In sundry cities of the Nivernais;
Then last the folk that loved his gentle life,
Some weeping, silent some, some whispering.
Down the cool aisle they passed. The central doors
Groaned on their lazy hinges. Glorious light
Of summer noon-day streamed beneath the Christ
Who sits enthroned above the headless saints
Twice martyred in his service. So the dean
Passed from the church he gave his life to; turned
In solemn pomp the corner of the porch;
And down the hill-side, where gray buttresses
Half block the way, lacing the noon-tide sun
With lines of stony shadow, passed from sight,
Leaving the world of men.

In the olden time
When Felix Plat was born, Napoleon
Still mimicked Julius' conquests, and the gaze
Of calm Augustus Cæsar. Far from Bourges
The father, once some petty advocate,
Followed the imperial eagles, hot with hope
That from their spoil his hand might gather up
A baton or a throne, like Bernadotte.
The mother, prayerful, trembling, left in Bourges,
Went day by day into the lofty church,
Five-aisled, mysterious, devastated, stern,
But speaking still, she knew not how but knew,
Mute messages of older, purer days,
Lost in the silence of the centuries,
When men had been content to live and die
Loyal to God and to the fleur-de-lys.
So, heavy with the child, she knelt in prayer
She dared not breathe to any but the saints,
That peace and purity might come again
To tired, sinful Europe. And her child
Was born, and looked at her with wistful eyes
Blue as the evening heavens, pillowed there
Beside her in the darkened room. Whereat
She smiled a message, how she dreamt her boy
Should do God service, not the Emperor.
So when came tidings from the frozen East
That she was widowed, whilst Napoleon
Rode home from flaming Moscow, 'mid the plains
Of white, unvanquished Russia swallowing up
His dream imperial, she saw God at work;
And, though she loved him well whose time was come
Still far from throne or baton, clasped her child,
And bore him to the church, wherein behind
The arches of the altar, in the aisle
Where glass like northern sunsets makes the light
Throughout the ages dimly glorious,
She made him kneel, teaching his baby lips
To prattle prayer like hers for peace to come.

But peace came not to France. The longed-for king
Dabbled in Horace till the Hundred Days
Scared him from classics and his capital.
Then red-coat island folk, at Waterloo,
Drove stout Napoleon, island-born, to the isle
Whence could be no return; and Europe, free
From one invading stranger, dared divide
His toppling conquests. God's anointed now
Trod in their fathers' footsteps; nothing learned
Nor aught forgotten, led the way again
To what they once had fled from.

All the while,
In quiet Bourges, the mother with her son
Grew with the years together—aged she,
He manful—and together in the church

Knelt day by day, in prayer for peace to come.
The tall gray arches 'twixt the pillared aisles,
The cool gray vaults, the glory of the glass
Wherefrom, as from the heavens, stare the saints,
He grew to know for God's mute messengers
Of what hath been on earth; prophetic, too,
Of what may be, would man but lift his eyes
Godward again. The noisy world without
Made his heart faint. For, even in sleepy Bourges,
The hoydens of the chaffering market-place,
The tramping soldiery with their rattling drums,
The trotting lawyers with their serviettes,
And bustling sin and passion imaged all
The devil's work on earth. Yet when he passed
Sad to the five-arched portal, where the saints
Gather in stony myriads at the feet
Of Christ triumphant, still he knew the faith
That what hath been on earth shall be again.
So when to him, grown manful, came the time
To choose what path his mortal feet should tread,
He had no thought of choosing, gave himself
To Christ, and to His Church, and to the King
Who, chastened for his sins, should come at last
Unto his own again.

And that is all
His story. Deacon, priest, then canon there,
His gentle years passed by. He did the works
He found to do; preached, prayed, ministered
Unto God's people, poor and rich alike,
In joy, in sorrow; heard the whispered sins
Of heavy hearts, spoke them consoling words;
Gave alms and counsel, having little thought
For aught but God's own service. Well he knew,
Ever more surely, France must bide her time,
Paying her debt of sin, ere God should grant
Peace to her people, with the fleur-de-lys.
He closed his mother's eyes amid the days
When pear-faced Orleans, by the people's voice—
Not God's—made king, sat smug in Paris; saw
Those loyal ones who for a little cheered
The standard of the Duchess, bid her go
Suckle her child unroyal. Sin must pay
Its debt ere peace might come. He lived content,
Following the sinless one as best he might,
Putting his trust in Heaven. So he saw
The people's king fall as God's chosen kings
Had fallen before him; saw the prating men
Of Paris strive to govern; saw the Prince
Who aped the Emperor as the Emperor aped
The god-like chiefs of Rome, come mow them down,
Thinking to lure the tinsel empire back;
Saw him too vanish; saw the stormy cloud
Of war come cleanse his traces from the land;
Hoped a while that the white-flagged king
Might know his own at last; and, very old,
Saw senseless sin let prancing Boulanger

Turn hope to shameful sorrow; bowed his head,
Content that God's own work shall bide God's time.

They made him dean at eighty. Then at last
He did his sovereign service. Long ago,
A man of Bourges, Jacques Cœur, that loved the king,
Built for the king a mighty monument,
Wherein, if so it pleased him, he might lie
Resting his bones in peace. And though the king
Came never thither, but in St. Denis
Slept with his fellows till the reckoning day
When royal bones pell-mell were flung abroad
To rot forgotten—still the monument
Until that troublous time, there in the church,
Stood royal; and above it knelt the king,
Fat, blue-eyed, happy, robed in fleur-de-lys.
Then, when the royal fathers paid the debts
Of their lewd children, impious rabbles came,
Tore down the pile, and thrust the blue-eyed king
Into some cellar, where he lay forgot.
There old dean Felix found him; thence he bade
Men bear the image to the church again;
Therein, behind the altar, bade them place
The royal suppliant, where the painted glass
Sheds all its glory round him. When the king
Came to his own again, perchance to Bourges
His feet might stray. There in the solemn church
His father's form should greet him, kneeling down
In prayer for France; and with its great blue eyes
Look deep into his soul, speaking the truth
That even as France must kneel before the King,
So must the King, if he would hold his own,
Kneel before God.

And now at last was come
Good old dean Felix' time. One summer day,
He breathed his soul into the hands of God;
Lay for a while in state; then from his church
Passed gravely forth forever. All the trace
He left on earth of all the peace he dreamed,
And prayed and yearned for through these troubled years
That France is vexed with, kneels in carven stone
Behind Bourges altar. But his life hath earned
Such peace as France nor earth may ever know.
And so he sleeps, leaving his earthly watch
To fat King Louis, on his cushioned knees,
Safe in the cool cathedral.

THE DOCTOR'S RELATIVES.

By Karl Erickson.

Father mine is a silver birch-tree,
Mother mine is a summer cloud,
Brother mine is the rye so golden,
Sister mine is the sickle moon.
Spring and fall and summer weather,
I am lonely as the heather:
There I sing, and sing, and sing.
—TOPELIUS

HE was hunting through the Minnesota hills for some members of the Silverstar family, lost for years. Not that he was known by that luminous name, for deciding, while a penniless emigrant, not to shine with a tarnished aristocratic heritage, he merged himself into another Nelson—Axel Nelson—greatly to the disgust of his Silfverstjerna kin in Sweden.

He had seen but little of his countrymen in America, having been too busy to disport himself on questions of nationality. But here, among the Mississippi bluffs, he found a bit of peasant Sweden, and the doctor was delighted. Little did the settlers, eying the man with the silk umbrella, suspect the kindly, almost enthusiastic, feelings he felt, at every long-drawn greeting in the dear old tongue. The clean-scoured log-houses, the women's checked head-cloths, the hive-shaped piles of winter wood, the bang of the looms, well-nigh transported him.

At one place where the rail fences ran far up the hill-sides, where the stumps were grubbed out, where the tinkle of bells led many sheep, he introduced himself as a hungry Swede. The effect was magical, and long did he remember that dinner. How he feasted on the thin bread cakes dried on a pole among the rafters; how delicately flavored was that indescribable dish, *ost kaka*—a rennet custard served with cinnamon and cream.

At some such hospitable cabin he would, perhaps, discover his relatives. So he fancied.

But a mysterious surprise prevailed when he inquired for the Swensons—Johannes Swenson. Undoubtedly, his host reflected, the stranger held the mortgage.

Doctor Axel marvelled, as he took the indicated way, that so dilapidated, washed-out, cracked, thistle-grown road could be found in young Minnesota. It might have been an antediluvian trail, growing thistles ever since those first ones in Genesis. He seemed entering an enchanted region of weeds and haze. It was one of the rare Indian summer days that sometimes linger till late November, when all the Minnesota hills are ethereally blue and divinely mysterious.

Up another "coolie," and he gained a view of the great river, a view granted only by leafless fall. Through the bare swamp forests flashed the water, like a revelation. In among the vast reaches of yellow marsh grass coursed the devious channels, all a dazzling Minnesota blue. Forgotten, vanished, the dainty differences of green that tinted the August river; now it emblazons the Indian summer islands with a runic scroll text in blue and gold.

The house was in sight; a lamentable log-cabin in a small clearing where the primeval stumps were thick. The sod roof bore weeds, tall and many, that waved above the whitewashed door. A gay pile of pumpkins relieved one wall, and a dog of somewhat paler cast attacked the doctor's heels.

He knocked. Was Silfverstjerna blood here?

No response. Pushing open, he saw a stack of dry beans and a flail. Then

from a dark inner room hobbled a tiny, gray, decrepit woman swathed in coarse rags; on her face fear, in her hand a tattered catechism. On the tip of her wrinkled nose rested verdigris-rimmed spectacles, and stiff short hair emphasized her uncanny look.

"Who's there?" she whispered, waving the book. "Be it the land you're after? Deliver us from the wicked."

Her dialect betrayed signs of good Swedish, of the clear-cut Stockholm accent, but the doctor quaked as he reflected that he was related by the female line. Bravely, however, he announced himself as a Silfverstjerna.

"Silfverstjerna?" she screamed, flying at him. The Baron's son, my cousin's son?"

He was the cousin's grandson, but her emotion was nowise abated.

"Axelina! Ax-el-in-a!" she called. "Where's the young 'un? I might fall down this hill like last summer, when I rolled into the slough. *Axelina.* It was a witch shot," she hoarsely explained, clasping the talismanic book to her old superstitious breast. "A *witch*—shot."

The doctor found Axelina under a tree, dark and unresponsive as the hill behind her. Over her chemise was buttoned a dark-blue skirt, and the tangle of black hair fell over bare shoulders. The last scarlet sumach leaf was no redder than her cheeks, but utter lack of animation almost cancelled their brilliancy. Motionless she sat, watching a caterpillar crawl up her bare arm.

Virtually she was a pagan, a Minnesota pagan, a little distorted, perverted Lutheran, confirmed though she had been, drilled in churchly creed and code. Fireflies were her kin, water nixies she *had* spoken with. At this moment she was waiting to see the worm turn into an angel and carry her off beyond the purple line of the farthest Minnesota hill, by the last silver glimpse of the Mississippi, to give her clothes and folks like other girls.

A sullen courtesy and a silent stare returned the stranger's greeting as she finally stirred to the frantic summons to "Go an' fetch Johannes from the *fencin'.*"

Her uncle this was, of plebeian extraction.

As she ran off into the copse, the doctor followed across the clearing, where rye had grown among the black stumps. His namesake stopped on the steep brink of the creek, and he wondered if she got that wonderful color from the Polish countess who married into their ancestral family during the Thirty Years' war, or from this glorious, exhilarating Minnesota air.

She stopped and gave a shrill whistle. A flap and rustle in the water below responded, and straight up the cliff flew a solitary goose, alighting in evident delight at Axelina's feet. She cast on the fine interloper a silent, triumphant look gainsaying abject misery, petted her bird, and led into the untouched forest.

In a bush-hidden cave off the precipitous ravine, the unkempt, meagre Johannes was making whiskey. (That is, fencin'.)

His apparatus was ridiculously small, but his enjoyment of inverse proportions. These pans, screws, pails, and tin cups, were all he cared for in the entire universe, and he could have thrown Axelina over the bluff for bringing this man here. But the doctor, tingling with adventure, greeted him effusively, said he had come hundreds of miles to see him, and was his cousin—(revelling in the admission). Johannes subsided into a garrulous boon-companion, urging the doctor to remain with them indefinitely, and bestowed upon him an extravagant dose of Minnesota moonshine, scorched and burnt into the flavor of all the spices of Cathay.

Axelina was back at the creek, having decided that the Indian summer water was warm enough for a bath. On hot days, how they luxuriated in the water, girl and bird, chasing each other up and down stream. The goose would beat the water into milky effervescence while Axelina, from her cracked, rusty cup, poured the silver coolness down her arms. In pure luxury of existence she often lay asleep under the black haws, her arm thrown over the bank, where, through her fingers, the water ravelled out a lullaby.

Once she took a moonlight bath to see the trolls and elves against which her grandmother so vehemently prayed. And she was satisfied that white drape-

ries trailed through the dewy bushes; that the star down, down in the water sparkled on the brow of a spirit. She was enraptured to have seen it.

The doctor was snowed in for a month. Minnesota Novembers cannot be trusted, and for decades the witching Indian summer had not loitered so long or lovingly among these hills.

The first night he was awakened by fingers feeling over his face. Starting up, he saw the witch-like hag holding a candle high above her gray head, and heard her mutter "Baron S., Baron S." ere she screamed and fled at his voice. At four every frozen morning his vacation slumbers were attuned to Johannes's bean-flail. Johannes, in fact, seemed to have a peculiar disinclination to work at any other hour.

This enforced leisure was likely to be ruinous to a man of his moderate means, but the hill had turned white and slippery, awe-inspiring to contemplate. He was insulated on an impassable glacier, scarred and scarped by the howling storms and cutting sleet.

Axelina was a curious study; shy and sullen. It was remarkable that a child could be so apathetic to her own misery, so unresponsive to kindness. Yet he felt a magnetism in the girl: he called it pity.

But when, the roads being opened a few days before Christmas, he prepared to go, she revealed herself like the flash of a sword from the sheath. Clinging to his arm, she wildly entreated him to stay over Christmas. She fixed her eyes upon him, saying he should stay. He was amazed, confounded, but won over, to his own surprise.

So here he was, astonishing the settlement store by his purchases, and helping the poor child cook and clean, while Johannes provided a festive surplus of beans. The girl, in truth, had a knack, and a zealous one, for scrubbing, about the only thing her housekeeping conditions left scope for. She scoured the old boards out around the door, the benches, the table, the walls, with rush bundles of her own gathering, and it gave a sense of good living to the hovel. Had it not been for her, the weeds would undoubtedly have grown as tall on the hearth-stones as they did on the roof.

The day before Christmas, the doctor heard sobs in the bean shanty, and found Axelina unflinchingly plucking her dear beloved goose, which she herself had killed. Though aghast at this inferred compliment to his presence, he did not imagine how much it meant.

"O, Axelina, you ought not to have killed it."

Her tears streamed on the downy breast as she petted it, but her voice flashed out:

"I wouldn't leave it to *them*. You see," she explained, in a tone that carried conviction to the listener, "I'm goin' home with you."

He had planned to give her dresses and shoes, but she evidently went further.

"Why, child, I don't see——"

She was unmoved by his misgivings.

"I kin go, an' I be goin'. *Does* you think I kin live here a bit longer? Will you whip me if I goes? You doesn't need to take me, I'll just foller. If you does whip me, I'll foller any how."

He caught his breath. Was such fire in her heart? The dark eyes glowed, carmine spots came and went in her cheeks, but the curved mouth was inflexible. The miserable cabin seemed indeed too poor to cage her.

Rolling up her sleeve, she showed a long blue mark, saying, scornfully:

"Johannes hit me there. If you hit me like that, I'll foller anyhow."

She was more lovely and wonderful than the aurora borealis flashing its crimson banners in the winter nights.

Tears filled his heart and he drew the quivering girl to his side, impulsively kissing the red, red mouth.

"Poor little Axelina, I will take care of you."

She was his only Christmas present. The angel had come.

The great open fire gave semblance of cheer to Christmas Eve in the poor cabin, really very clean; and there was quite a supper, including the regulation rice mush plus cinnamon.

The doctor heaved birch-logs into the chimney and wondered how to announce Axelina's departure. She forestalled

him, however, by simply telling them she was going away. Johannes was calm, stupefied you might say, having waded the drifts to his cave, and imbibed a sling of good nature. But the frantic grandmother became a raving incarnation of wrath. She shrieked, waved her catechism, and cursed the child. The indignant doctor stepped sternly forward, but Axelina motioned him off. Fixing her luminous eyes on the old woman, she trilled out a quick strain like the call of a wild bird, and then, after a brief pause, sang.

The doctor stood entranced by her voice. It held the sweet sound of the Minnesota Junes, and the mournfulness of the whippoorwills. It rose and fell in minors of an old folk ballad, and gushed forth in the tender, passionate Swedish words.

The expression and pathos betrayed her imagination. And indeed, at the moment, the song was her real life. While she exorcised the demented woman, she herself grew almost unconscious of her surroundings in the rapture of singing. But when the song had quieted the poor old grandmother, Axelina, slender child, picked her up and carried her to bed with a last mournful refrain—in the hard, ragged bed, the one-time beauty who had danced with barons.

They were the offscouring of the settlement; the one house where was no thrift, no store of food, no wheel, no loom. Yet both Johannes and the old woman always went to church on Christmas morning.

The doctor could not sleep that night for carollings of the young Christmas voice, and he was very ready for Johannes's three o'clock summons. Service began at five, and four miles to go.

Dust was blown off the hymn-books. Johannes wildly tore the autumn snarls out of his hair with a ferocious, semi-toothless, Swedish brass comb. The old woman, wrapped and rolled in quilts, was packed into a blue box-sled which Dr. Axel gallantly drew down the steep, treacherous ice-hill, around formidable frozen curves, and through the dark, crackling, frozen forest. She, meantime, muttered and mumbled prayers and petitions against every evil she ever feared.

Over the long line of snowy Mississippi bluffs glittered a play of northern lights, yellow and pink. Down through the settlement lanterns twinkled and shone on every hill-path, near and far, converging to a focus at the little log church.

There the fur-coated men and sheepskin robed women found a red-hot stove to greet them. (For they did not import the old Swedish *régime* of freezing to death in church.)

Afar shone the little temple, for it was all illuminated by candles in the windows, candles on the pulpit, candles in the seat backs, candles in a festive, frivolous, straw-trimmed chandelier above the altar. A black tablet announced the hymns in polished brass numbers, and hours before sunrise, in the heart of the frozen Minnesota woods, a churchful of people rose to sing No. 55 in the Lutheran Psalter, Bishop Wallin's immortal hymn that every Christmas morning ascends in praise on both sides of the Atlantic:

Hail, hail, thou beauteous morning hour,
That by the prophet's holy power,
To mortal sight was given.

The doctor recalled it from childhood and sang, all the while conscious of a soprano over on the women's side that led the congregation like the motive of a Christmas symphony—Axelina's voice.

She wore a queer little muskrat cap with a fur tail bobbing down her neck, and, with hands clasped behind her, sang all the long stanzas by heart.

Instructed in the catechism and inscribed in the archives, she, nevertheless, held a cordial disrespect for church and clergyman—to be deprecated, but not wondered at. The season of confirmation had not been happy. Valfrid, with applause, had been awarded his place to lead the boys. Axelina stood unquestionably first of all, both boys and girls, in record. But there were rich farmers to consider, the pastor's daughter, respectability. So, although gentle Valfrid said he would not be confirmed, his proud mother and the diplomatic clergyman, won, and beggar woman Swenson's grandchild stood last in line in the flower-decked Pentecost church; had stood at the altar hard,

friendless, despising the prayers and the questions she faultlessly answered.

Now on Christmas morning, through tune and interlude, strophe and antistrophe, she fixed her eyes on the boy who played the *psalmodikon*—a primitive, one-stringed lute deservedly popular in its day and played on according to number books. (Alas, that the psalmodikon is heard no more, even in Minnesota!) The harper was a fine-looking boy, and the doctor recognized him as from the well-to-do farm—Valfrid. It was the joy of Valfrid's prosaic life to play in church, and the music in his heart was not to be measured by earthly harmony as he drew the solitary choral notes from the solitary string. No. 55 had required much practice, but he made no mistakes. A happy flush enlivened his delicate blonde face as he eagerly leaned over the instrument, and the gold of his wonderful hair gleamed in the light of the altar candles. He was a god compared with the buxom, green-robed angels painted above the pulpit, whose prototype was found among the heavier females of the congregation. They, meantime, venerated the production, as a genuine Hörberg.

Doctor Axel found the Scripture lessons in Johannes's cubical hymn-book embossed with leathern cherubim, and the solemn, slow responses sent him back long years. But the sermon was disturbed by the warm knowledge that a stout, home-made tallow dip in an augur-hole was blazing within half an inch of the nape of his neck. Also by the busy man in new, unpliable, sheet-iron homespun who creakingly clogged about snuffing the candles, and whose natural deliberation of motion could only be accelerated by actual contact with burning flame. Indeed, in past years hymn-books had taken fire, the fur on several old ladies' hoods been seriously damaged, and it was miraculous that, when the people rose to sing, there was not a general conflagration of coat-tails.

Before dawn the long service closed, and Axelina pressed up to the musician boy.

"Valfrid, I'm goin' away to-morrow."

"With him? For how long?"

"Forever," she asseverated with tears. She had not thought it would be so hard to leave him.

"No, it be-en't," he stoutly whispered, with a smile like a star. "You must come back. *Lyckligjul*, 'Lina." (Merry Christmas.) And he pressed into her slender brown hand a string of yellow glass beads.

That night Axelina flew up affrighted, lest precious time had fled, and shook the uncouth Johannes to go out and consult the stars. Shivering, he avowed that they indicated near morning. Sidereal time was not to be disputed, so the oxen started in the cold, scintillating moonlight. Down "coolies," ravines, and frozen creeks; no daylight. Slow miles squeaked past to the groan of the cart-wheels. The doctor and Axelina ran furlongs in the spectral woods. Fifteen miles; they reached stage station four hours too early. This archaic punctuality amused the doctor, but no freezing owl in the frozen forest was more solemn than Axelina as the signs of her zodiac changed. The repressed joy was so great as to be a burden, and, surcharged with the unknown, she walked as in the vision of a dream.

In the next four years Axelina gave no little trouble. For a long time it was only with Dr. Axel she was tractable and somewhat winning. Her sullen moods, ignorance, and imperious will very soon caused an estrangement between the doctor and Miss Lee, his affianced wife. She wanted no such relatives. The engagement was broken.

The doctor was too busy to brood morbidly. He hid in his heart an image of the Laura Lee he could have idolized, and worked on. Competition, disappointments tempering each success; ambition kept him at high pressure, kept him from seeing much of his ward.

Axelina improved, yet she was seventeen, the brightest girl in the seminary, and without one close friend. She felt the void. She saw girls kiss their fathers, and suffered agonies of longing for such an opportunity. She looked at her guardian's thoughtful face and wished she could run her fingers through his dark hair. Dreaming of nights that the old grandmother held her in her clutches, she often went to Dr. Axel's

door and sat by the threshold till morning. Every day she gave a passionate little caress to his slippers, and vowed to become as good as he was.

Every year a few letters were written from Valfrid, and she told the doctor he was soon coming for her. Her simplicity provoked only a smile. But one day she broke in on him at his desk. Vehement and trembling, she sobbed,

"Valfrid is sick, Valfrid. I must go at once."

"Axelina, child, be calm. Let me speak to you."

"Oh, I must go. When does the train leave?" she cried.

"Axelina," he said, a little sternly, for he felt need of fortifying himself against that power she had of accomplishing her desires, "I do not want you to go. I cannot go with you, and what could we do? Next summer we will go."

She threw herself on the floor, clasping his knees.

"You know," he gently went on, "you are expected to sing to-night. The little wild bird must sing. You are to do so well."

The caress in his voice appeased her, and she forced herself to be quiet. All afternoon she lay on her bed, with hands tightly clasped over her breast to repress the storm.

That evening her voice was truly beautiful, and Dr. Axel enjoyed her triumph. And he smiled as he thought of the morning's episode and of her power to control that temper. He doubted not it was the happiest hour of her life.

She marry Valfrid?

He had a vision that, could knights and ladies from the baronial hall of their ancestors be conjured up, they would not blush to own this little Silfverstjerna singing so sweetly, so roundly applauded.

Forced to reappear, Axelina stood a moment irresolute, lovely in her delicate pink dress. She saw only her guardian's fine face. A chill of hopelessness shook her, of misery, of the anguish of a warm, palpitating nature to have no answering heart to know it. She felt it was black ingratitude not to feel satisfied when he had done so much for her. In this supreme moment of her years of awakening, the faces before her became a blank expanse illuminated by Dr. Axel's smile. But he was so far away, always so far. All this in a few seconds, then, realizing he expected her to sing, she asserted herself as Axelina by bursting into a little Swedish ballad she had not thought of for years. He alone in that audience understood the words, and sat electrified at her audacity:

"To Eastern land will I journey,
My love, oh, my true love to see;
Over valley deep and mountain,
All under the green linden-tree.
Over valley deep and mountain,
All under the green linden-tree."

The complex emotions of her heart swelled naturally into the sad, subtile cadences, and the fine air charmed every ear. The delighted listeners took it as a well-planned surprise, congratulating the doctor. "So odd!" "Quite effective!"

II.

The next morning Axelina was gone; without a word.

Her few dollars took her half-way; then followed a week of walking, begging food, starving. She loosed a boat and rowed against the Mississippi current half a day between the majestic hills that stretched homeward.

Was it home?

Afraid of the night river, she landed at a dusky highway, sending the boat down stream with faith it would reach the owner. She came to the old road one mellow April twilight. All the valley was pervaded by the faint April perfumes suggesting flowers.

Walking on slowly, more kindly thoughts of the old life filled her mind than ever before. The poor, weak grandmother slept under the pasque flowers, by the side of Axelina's handsome, disappointed mother. Perhaps Johannes was better; perhaps he had awakened to some sense of manhood.

A gaunt figure reeled toward her and she tried to hide among the trees, but the man accosted her rudely.

"The lady would gimme someting? The fine lady—lady," he mumbled, with a leer.

It was Johannes. In the revulsion of her almost fantastic nature, she shook with abhorrence. Her spirit denied all affinity, even sympathy. He was never kind to anyone.

"Let me pass! I go to the next house."

"Lady not can the way."

She sprang to the open road, thinking he meant to murder her. Waving a long switch, she pointed over the well-known hill.

"You live over there, and if you don't let me pass and go right home, I'll whip you, and I'll go over the creek, break your whiskey jug, and lock the cave. Do you hear, Johannes Swenson?"

Cowed and appalled by his Nemesis, Johannes took hands off her, slinking aside utterly confounded. Involuntarily, he touched his ragged hat to her, as she quickly disappeared in the woods.

Soon she reached Valfrid's home. Breathless and weak, she watched the spring fires on all the hills, down in the Mississippi marshes, afar on the other shore. Like evil serpents they writhed up the dark, dim Wisconsin hills, as she recalled that Valfrid's folks hated her —the beggar-girl. After contact with the depraved Johannes, she experienced far less confidence in herself. Indignities of the old life oppressed her heart.

One window was light, but all was silent as the grave. As she knocked, the silver April moon, evanescent and white as the first April blood-root blossom, dropped its early crescent behind the familiar notch in a big black hill.

Valfrid's mother opened to her.

"May I see Valfrid?"

"Valfrid? Who is it?" scrutinized the tall lady in long cloak, who stood silent, a stranger, till Valfrid's sister Annie cried,

"Axelina!"

"O Annie, let me see him," she convulsively sobbed.

The weeping mother walked the floor in loud lamentation. Then they told Axelina that Valfrid was dead.

Dead? In all her impetuous journey she had not considered this possibility.

Across the yard they led her to the new house where he lay; his mother did, who had let no one touch her darling, her one son.

The delicate boy-face wore a smile, and the halo of yellow hair was lighted into camaieu golds and shades.

This was her true friend, who helped her when others scorned, who loved her. His plain, sweet life was ended; this lovely form was ready for the grewsome crypt. He could not hear her voice.

The frantic, exhausted girl knelt beside him. Rebellious thoughts surged unformulated through her being, terrifying, agitating in their variable indistinctness. Why could not her eager, passionate longing keep Death back? Why was anything stronger than her tempestuous, sacrificing heart?

She took the dainty chiselled face in her hands, and just then the candle's light flickered on the dumb psalmodikon leaning against his dead arm. The lute, the hand, but no music! With a moan she fell to the floor.

Nothing more she knew until, after long weeks, she saw the doctor one summer day by her bed. On the quilt lay the queer old harp which she had held and fingered through all the fever. Its one string was broken, and the simple melody of her child-life was also silent. But majestic chords of harmony were latent in her chastened heart.

Long days she lay weak and silent, watching Valfrid's mother and Annie work. All the kerchiefed women came one day to make cheese for the minister. She experienced a protest against life in the settlement, though never till now had she loved these people. Valfrid's mother had bowed her haughty spirit in her grief, and recognized the girl's nature as akin to her own.

Axelina's soul breathed peace. With profound thankfulness she waited to go out into the world; waited for strength to tell Dr. Axel how glad she was he had enabled her to do so. Just what she would do, she knew not.

The fever had been horrible. Many times she had seen Valfrid die. She too had died and been with him in the kingdom of the dead. In uncertainty they had floated through a universe of vapor. Again, fire serpents had coiled

about him in slow, torturing toils. She herself had burned, burned, burned. She had been tormented by hideous visions of a huge burning psalmodikon in which Valfrid was laid out for burial.

Awakening to reality, the world seemed a river of peace. The memory of the hallowed, quiet death-chamber and the smiling boy, was calm and beautiful, though mournful and sad.

One July afternoon the doctor brought her out on the hill in the edge of the wood.

It was July, luxurious July, when Mississippi breezes hurry up from the river to the high bluffs; when the even lengths of Wisconsin hills shine golden with ripe wheat. July, or *Carpasapa-wi*, as the Dakotahs said, the month when the choke-cherries are ripe. And over Axelina's head hung profuse racemes of the glistening, black-red fruit.

She was pale; no bloom but on the exquisite mouth. A white shawl in soft folds about her throat, made the doctor think of the black hair about her bare shoulders. She was very quiet, not a rebellious feeling in her. The long journey to the Gate of Mystery had stilled the stormy creature.

He closed his book, seeing the word *death* a few lines down, and stretched at full length on the slope below her.

This was his second vacation. At thirty-five he felt disappointed that life proved so realistic, so destructive of the dreams dreamed by the boy on the cliffs of the Baltic. He was not bitter, but enthusiasm had faded from his soul as surely though as slowly as the blue from a harebell. To-day, however, he felt a buoyancy long unknown. This child, this dear girl would live.

"Poor Axelina," and he glanced lovingly at her. She smiled in perfect peace.

Involuntarily, almost, he put his hand over her foot—she had dainty hands and feet—thinking reverently of the long miles she had walked in the impulse of her heart. Just so she had once vowed to follow him,

> "*Over valley deep and mountain;*
> *All under the green linden-tree.*"

Life was not all material. The spirit world touches us in life as well as death; how, otherwise, could he now be so near the impulsive faith of inexperience?

"Well, Axelina; are you ready to go home with me?"

"Yes," she simply answered, though this was the first word as to her future. She suspected no change as she looked afar down over the vast river-marshes.

But there was longing in his eyes as he questioningly searched her passive face. He was very handsome, with the background to his fine looks of a good, earnest man.

"Come to me, Axelina; sing me Swedish ballads. Can you love me well enough to be my wife?"

It was a delirious moment to her; words as startling as a line of lightning. The color surged to her face and throat, her pulses bounded too quickly. Him she had adored afar; reverenced his acts as those of a superior being. She knew that with him life would be bright, be pure and great. Love him? Have the right to?

Eagerly she leaned forward, looking into his waiting face, and he could hardly endure the brightness in the great black eyes as she uttered her first thought.

"Oh, I should love to be your wife."

We know not whither the path in our garden or the road past our house doth tend. Again they went the thistle-grown-trail from the Swedish settlement, and it led to happiness, such happiness as few bridal paths do find. He never felt that he gave as much as he received; and in the successful years she no oftener followed the reason of his disciplined mind than he the dictates of her loving impulse.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

One of the ingenious persons who make interesting paragraphs in the newspapers, put into a Boston paper, the other day, a tale of a well-to-do gentleman who had a son. For whom, when he came of age and had finished with the customary educational preliminaries, his father cast about for an occupation; and himself having no business except to nurse his income, he wrote to twenty-four friends whose industrial efforts had resulted successfully, asking each what he thought was a good business, or profession, for a youth to start in. The paragrapher's story is that each correspondent, in his reply, complained of his own calling, and advised the inquirer to try something else. Whereat the father was disconcerted, and at last account the son was still idle.

The story is reasonable enough to be true. It seems not to lie in the average man who knows what success in his particular line of activity has cost him, to believe easily in another person's ability to pay the necessary price, escape fatal misadventures, and be favored by the indispensable lucky chances. Moreover, the thing that he has done looks small to him when he recalls the continuousness of the effort that accomplished it. When he makes his estimate of results he usually counts in dollars and cents, and is apt to overlook what every sincere moralist is bound to regard as the most important result of all, the effect of his exertions upon himself. The effort which has made him "successful" in the more limited sense, has developed his strength and his manhood. That was, or should have been, the result that the inquiring Boston parent sought for his son. Recognizing that to nurse an income is an old-gentlemanly avocation, and hardly fit to bring out the latent qualities of youth, he wanted, doubtless, to put his youngster somewhere where burden-bearing would make him sturdy; but, like the rest of us, he wanted the sturdiness to be incident to the acquisition of satisfactory pecuniary gains.

Generally speaking, our American conception of profitable work is still something that makes direct cash returns. We are perfectly aware that character is valuable, and that hard work is almost indispensable to its growth, yet our impulse is to measure the value of labor in coin. Even when we don't need, or really care about, the money our work might bring, we are apt to persist, from mere force of habit, in measuring it primarily by this standard, and secondarily, if at all, by its results in ourselves. The truth is, as the experience of the Boston father illustrates, that there is scarcely any calling whose mere money returns will seem to its successful professors worth the pains they have cost. "I have had to work at this job," each of the Boston man's correspondents seems to have said; "I had no choice, for I had to make a living. But with your son it is different. He can afford to choose something else."

Every year the American colleges are turning loose increasing numbers of youth with the elements of education in them, whose circumstances are such that they may choose what they will do without much regard to the money returns of their labor. It is an interesting question whether the prospective results of their labors on themselves are to influence these young men in an increasing degree in their choice, or whether a taste for luxury, stimulated by the sight of the extremely rich (whom we have always and increasingly with us in these days), is going to make vast profits seem more than ever labor's most desirable return. Whatever the general tendency is, there are sure to be some candidates every year whose incentive to work is an honorable aversion to worthlessness. A particular field in which all good Americans hope to see such young men venture is politics, and especially municipal politics. If the American young man who loves his work for his work's sake, and need not get his bread by it, should elect to take a hand in the government of cities, the result might be comforting to that respectable body of citizens who are tired of being governed by men who are in that business primarily because they find it a source of income. Of course, when the man who loves his work for his work's sake comes into competition in municipal politics, as elsewhere, with the man who is working for his dinner, his coat must come off, metaphorically speaking, if he is to accomplish anything. That is the beauty of it. It would be hard work, harder than yacht-racing or even polo: less vainly amusing, and less cheaply glorious; and fitter, for those reasons, to satisfy the aspirations of an energetic and devoted spirit.

It is still, one dare believe, at least arguable whether the decline of interest in poetry, that there is so industrious an accounting for of late, has actually befallen. In volume of production, whatever the last four or five years may show, the last twenty-five surely compare not unfavorably with any previous twenty-five in the history of English literature. Whence one may infer the survival of a fair degree of interest among the producers at any rate. And as for the consumers, what reason is there to believe that the number of students of poetry among English readers was ever larger than at this very moment? Never before were there professors and courses of poetry in all the higher schools. Never before was there such a flow from the press of reissues of the old poetry, and of issues and reissues of new and old comment thereon. Mr. Gosse, indeed, detects in this particular activity of the press a premonition of disaster to the present prosperity of the old poets, and argues that, since whatever is made a task grows odious, the surest way of starting a poet to oblivion is to enwreathe him with notes and coffin him in a text-book. But it is clear that Mr. Gosse does not desire to be taken too seriously in this argument; and he, no doubt, would be the first to allow that, for the present, at least, the text-books do testify to the existence somewhere of a very earnest interest.

Granting the decline, however, to be past further question, is the explanation of it that finds most favor quite sufficient? This explanation imputes it primarily to the commercial, money-making, worldly disposition of the age. To make this account of the matter good, an age pre-eminent in poetry should show weakness in the commercial, money-making, worldly disposition. With all the fluctuations in literary judgments, we now constantly concede pre-eminence in poetry to the Elizabethan age. To Shakespeare, no doubt, is due the readiness of the acknowledgment; but it would still be merited had the Elizabethan age, remaining in all else the same, lacked Shakespeare. For while Shakespeare was as distinctly unapproachable then as since, never before or since was poetry so in the very air of the time. Everybody wrote verses, and everybody in a measure wrote them well. A charm seemed to be on even the poetaster, so that, strive as he might, he could not do his worst. A line or two of distinction would slip into his inventions, as if in very despite. Hence Lowell, seeking a passage to fitly characterize the inspiring speech and countenance of Emerson, could choose, out of his large store of remembered verse, two stanzas from one of the obscurest of the Elizabethan

poets, and from a poem that closes in this fashion :

> And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
> My teares discollor so mine inke.

Nor are these lines below the general level of the poem, although Lowell's quotations do not exhaust its beauties.

But this most poetical of ages was far from weak in the commercial, money-making, worldly disposition. Studied in such intimate chronicles as Holinshed's, it strikes one of our time less by its oddity than by its likeness in this and in many other attributes. The merchants are growing rapidly rich and using their accumulations to monopolize the land. The markets are subject to manipulations ; even the wheat "corner" has got evolved ; "and thereby we may see," sadly reflects the chronicler, "how each of us endeavoreth to fleece and eat up another." Tradesmen are grown eager, and their wares debased. The luxurious prefer foreign products to domestic. French cooks have stolen into the kitchen. Fashions in dress, through the vanity of wealth and the greed of tailors, change like the inconstant moon. There is, too, corruption in politics, the courtiers being "many of them the worst men when they come abroad that any man shall either hear or read of." And they who make report of these things do it in such sorrow that, had they been of our day, they must have been rated roundly by the newspapers for "calamity-howlers" and "pessimists."

It is worth while to note, too, that this the golden age of poetry resembled ours in being regarded by the poets themselves as peculiarly unfriendly to their art. In its earlier days, and at the opening of his career, Spenser complains that his

> poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
> Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.

This might be regarded as only an outburst of the discouragement that always attends the beginner, but Spenser repeats and enlarges his lament in after life. A little later Sir Philip Sidney finds "just cause to make a pittiful defence of poore poetry," since, "from almost the highest estimation of learning," it "is fallen to be the laughingstocke of children." And toward the close of the period Ben Jonson rages in life-long warfare against the depraved taste of the time, while Chapman in one passage regrets that the "barbarous worldling, grovelling after gain," uses Poesy with "rude hate," and in another flings defiance at the "wolf-faced worldlings" who, caring for "nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy," bray and bark against the muse.

In view of all this, I for one should say that poetry's present want of estimation, besides being very dimly demonstrated, is also very imperfectly accounted for.

THE Israelites who are being robbed and driven across the border in Russia have probably as rich a sacred literature of denunciation and vengeance from which to derive assurance of the fate of their oppressors as anywhere exists. It is easy to imagine them brooding with gloomy satisfaction over the solemn passages in which the Hebrew poets, more than two thousand years ago, pictured the wrath that should overtake those who dealt ill with the chosen people of the Lord. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins," was one of the "Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, King of Israel," to which the starving refugees within "the Pale" doubtless still attach the childlike and invincible faith of their strangely simple, and still more strangely subtile, race.

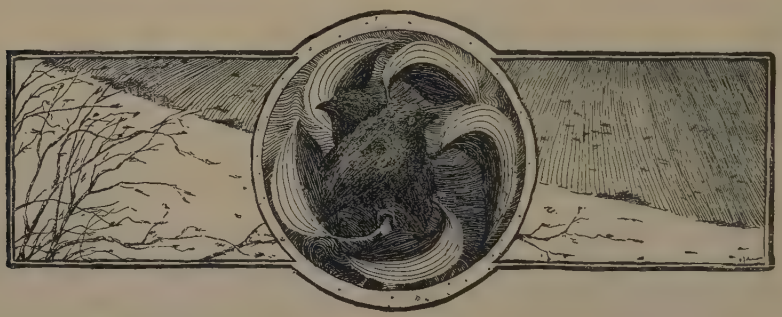
In the case of Russia the wisdom, if not the inspiration, of Solomon has been justified with a swiftness that may well seem to the believers the evidence of the anger of the Lord. For it cannot be questioned that the famine that is now scourging European Russia, and that is more extended and more terrible than any known in the modern history of the civilized world, has been greatly aggravated, and may be said to be, in considerable measure, actually caused by the cruel treatment of the Jews.

Over a very great portion of the grain-producing region of Russia the Jews, and they alone, have furnished the money for seed, for the culture, for the gathering, and the moving of the crops. The tillers of the soil in Russia, from the largest landed proprietor to the peasants of the smallest com-

munity, have for more than a generation been hopelessly in debt, and to an extent that has compelled them to mortgage, not merely their land, but the products of their lands, for at least a year ahead. And it is to the Jew that they have been forced to apply for the means to continue their occupation. With the first signs (in the winter of 1890–91) of the approaching general attack upon their race, the Jewish capitalists began not merely to limit their advances, but to take steps to collect their dues, and to put their property in such shape that it could be hidden and transported when the hour of flight or of exile approached.

Thus the area of tillage last year was distinctly diminished by the withdrawal of the means for securing seed and labor. By spring-time the policy of plunder and banishment for the Jews had been greatly developed, and its enforcement was rendered infinitely harsher by the unbridled hatred of the people for the race whom they believed their oppressors, and knew to be their creditors. By harvest-time the infatuated peasants and proprietors had almost wholly driven the Jews from their homes, and with them the means to harvest the crops.

It does not, of course, require a revelation to see the relation of cause and effect here. Political economy is not an inspired science. Its teachers rather boast that it is unmoral, and its critics denounce it as heartless. But in Russia its laws have worked swiftly, and with terrible justness, a result that was as certain, literally, as "the seed-time and the harvest." That result might easily have been foreseen by men not blinded by hatred; but, to cite Solomon again, "where there is no vision the people perish."



A PORTRAIT.

[From a pastel by William M. Chase.]

—See *American Illustration of To-day.*

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Hauling the Wool to Melbourne.

STATION LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

By Sidney Dickinson.

AUSTRALIA, the island-continent, resembles, to those who are acquainted with it, one of the atolls that lie in the tropic waters about it, being, in effect, a great ring of fertile soil surrounded by the barrenness of ocean, and enclosing, in its turn, a desolate sea of rock and sand. Dwellers upon the outer and inner circumferences of this circle look upon similar horizons. One is formed of water, the other of land, but both are equally flat and unbroken, both suggest infinite spaces, and both tire the eye with their aspect of unrelieved monotony. In this inhospitable land of interior Australia all the kindly influences of nature fail. The rain-clouds shun it or pass over it without meeting the hills that should arrest their course and pour them down in showers upon the yearning soil; rivers, wandering inland from their sources near the shore, sink into it without causing it to smile; its secrets are locked in perpetual drought, and its histories are written in the bones of men and beasts that, striving to penetrate its mysteries, only added thereto by the uncertainty of the fate that overtook them in its wilds.

Along the entire coast-line of Australia, and extending inland variously for a distance of from fifty to two hundred miles, is a belt of rich, arable land, which, although not unvisited locally by drought in certain seasons, rarely disappoints the growers of grain and

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fruit, and of all necessary things that spring from fertile soil. In these regions the grass grows rankly and the wheat waves thickly under genial skies; the valleys and hill-sides are rich in orchards and vineyards, and the slopes of the mountains are covered with a jungle of "scrub," out of which, like pillars in a cathedral, the boles of enormous eucalypts project themselves. Here dairies flourish, and apples, oranges, figs, and all other cheerful fruits ripen in the semi-torrid sun, and a thousand spouting presses pour forth juices which, by their superb bouquet, recall to travelled minds the floods from Burgundian wine-tubs, and choicest samples from the tuns of Bordeaux. No country exists of finer possibilities (nor, when its youth is considered, of more encouraging achievement) than this of the Australian littoral, which is already well developed from Brisbane round to Adelaide, and includes in its capabilities the growth of every food that is known to man.

Between this zone of Australia Felix and the haggard desert within lies another region, more irregular, more difficult of description, and less well defined. It is a country of vast spaces and expanding views, now extending in level and unbroken stretches for a hundred miles, and again presenting enormous belts of stunted timber, streaked by infrequent and capricious streams; here showing shallow lakes with barren shores, and there a cone whose even slope confirms the evidence already given by the volcanic nature of the soil. In these districts one misses both the richness of the coastal farms and the barrenness of the dead interior, yet catches suggestions of each. The soil is not adapted to vegetables and grain, yet the heavy growth of "bush," the occasional waterways and ponds, and the occurrence of nutritious grasses forbid its abandonment. Even at its best, however, it is not the place where an experienced American or British farmer would look for profit, and only after the autumn and winter rains is there a trace of green upon it. Early in the history of the colonies efforts were made to reclaim and cultivate it, but all ended in failure. The soil was obdurate, the droughts were frequent and protracted, and often

Driving the "Culls" to Market.

Making a Dam.

broke up in destructive floods; agriculture fought a losing fight for a time and then succumbed, and millions of acres in Australia's middle belt would have been abandoned to the desert had it not been that Providence saw fit, in ages agone, to give to humanity one animal—the sheep.

In every phase of Australian development one observes the influence of the Scotch. These people, the best of all British colonists, are found in all parts of the country, and in many towns, and conspicuously in Melbourne and Adelaide control affairs and give the prevalent tone to society. Observing the important part they have played in the history of the country, it is natural enough to find them credited with the inauguration of that industry which has had the chief influence in making the Australians, in proportion to their numbers, the richest people in the world.*

* The latest available statistics (1890) show that the average wealth of Victoria is £390 per head of population, and of New South Wales £360 per head. The United States is second only to Australia in average wealth, £240 per head.

The history of Australian wool-growing began in 1793, when Mr. John McArthur, of Sydney, landed at that port a herd of eight fine-woolled sheep from the Cape of Good Hope. The success which crowned his venture, in the shape of a rapid improvement in the quantity and quality of the wool that these sheep produced, was so great that Mr. McArthur, ten years later, sailed for Europe to secure some specimens of Spanish merinos, for which he believed the hot, dry climate of pastoral Australia was particularly adapted. The Spaniards, however, knew the value of their flocks, and had made the exportation of merinos a capital offence. Therefore the Australian Jason, disappointed in his quest for this fleece, which, if not itself golden, he believed would put much gold into his pocket, returned to England, where his enthusiastic accounts of Australia reached the interested ears of the farmer-king, George III. As McArthur's luck would have it, the king, some years before, had been presented

by his cousin of Spain with a pair of the finest of these merinos, and from the increase thereof he graciously gave to the Australian four splendid animals, with which he set sail rejoicing. These high bred sheep landed safely in Australia, and fully realized all the expectations of their owner; they improved the grade of wool, and so increased and multiplied that, at the end of 1890, their progeny had spread all over Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and numbered 101,267,084 individuals, representing, with the land upon which they pastured, at least £400,000,000.* Newfangled notions prevail but slowly in Australia, and it was not until about 1830 that Mr. McArthur's enterprise was generally imitated. Then, however, there was an important movement into the interior, and the wilds of New South Wales and Victoria were startled by the unaccustomed sight of wagon-trains "trekking" across the wastes in search of a new Canaan of sheep and wool. The early "squatter" came with a conquering air. Before him lay limitless regions, absolutely ownerless save of nomadic tribes of blacks, and as he ascended some gentle slope, and saw the vast expanse of plain and forest, stream and lake that stretched around him on every hand, he extended his arms like the discoverer of a new world and cried: "All that I see is mine." This act was his title-deed, and was not disputed until, years after, the state interfered to control, in some small measure, its ravished domain; he pitched his tents, like Abraham, amid his flocks and herds, and apportioning territories as large as many European principalities among his sons and daughters, lived in truly patriarchal fashion, and reaped the rewards of virtue and of an eye for the "main chance." It is scarcely necessary to say that the Scotch were conspicuous in this hegira, and that the list of squatters throughout Australia to-day reads like the bead-roll of a Highland clan.

A remarkable concurrence of fortunate events assisted the early squatters. The Government of the day supplied them with all the convict labor they desired in the guise of "assigned servants," and for twenty years they saw their flocks increase, and clipped and sent away their wool, with very little expense to themselves. When, about the year 1850, over-production reduced profits until fat sheep were sold at a shilling a head, and the business seemed on the verge of failure, the discovery of gold drew hundreds of thousands to Victoria and New South Wales to devour the surplus and restore confidence. When the ensuing increase again brought supply and demand into equilibrium, the American war broke out and advanced the price of wool, and later still, when the competition of the Argentine Republic began to be felt, the frozen-mutton industry arose, and again brought sheep quotations to the comparatively remunerative figure of seven and eight shillings per head, where they still remain. It is impossible to secure information as to the total wealth that has accrued to these lucky squatters through such exceptional circumstances, yet there are many individuals whose present annual income is from £10,000 to £100,000, and one pastoral king, who owns some thirty "stations" in Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales, recently informed me that his net profit in 1890 was £192,000.

Many of the Australian stations are of magnificent proportions. "Old Jimmy Tyson," as he is familiarly known, who is reputed to be the wealthiest man in Australia, and worth at least £2,000,000, pastures 70,000 head of cattle upon a single one of his properties, and owns stations, both in New South Wales and Queensland, each of which is larger than Bavaria. Mr. Alison, of New South Wales, in his two adjoining stations of Mergular and Canonbar, holds an area greater than Belgium, and in the same colony Mr. William Halliday's "Brookong" station (one of the finest in Australia) comprises 200,000 acres and carries 250,000 sheep. The three stations in the Riverina district of New South Wales, owned by Mr. Henry Ricketson, upon which most of the material and illustrations for this article were secured, carry over 200,000 sheep, but are small compared with some of his other properties, one

*The average annual increase of sheep in the last ten years, throughout Australasia, has been 3,500,000.

DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

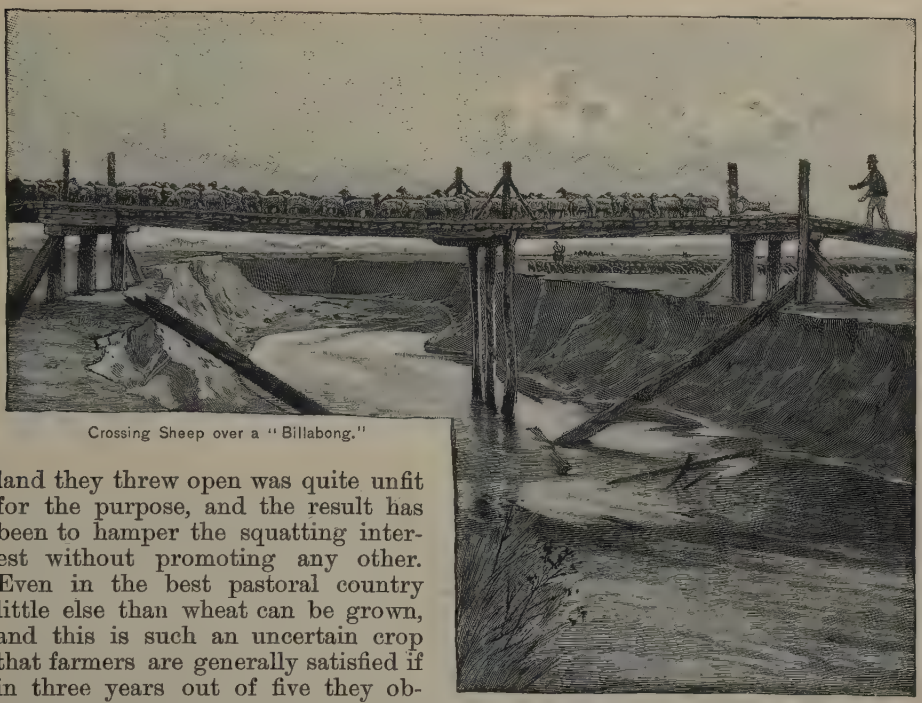
The Shearing

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

station in Queensland consisting of over 753,000 acres, or 1,177 square miles. The stations of Fairbairn & Sons, in southern Queensland, and of Elder, Smith & Co., in South Australia, carry over half a million sheep each, and assist very materially in swelling the enormous wool clip of Australia. Figures like the above might be quoted indefinitely, but it is enough to say that at present the pastoral lands of Australia include an area somewhat in excess of that of all the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, the two Virginias, Kentucky, and Tennessee combined.

The acquisition, practically without cost, of enormous station properties naturally attracted the attention of the various colonial governments, and after a spirited fight between interests already established on the soil and those that sought to assume possession of it, laws were passed restricting the holding of each individual, and throwing open a large part of the country to "selection." As the purpose of this article is descriptive, rather than statistical or historical, it is unnecessary to enumerate the provisions of the various laws that were passed upon this subject. It is enough to say that they were very frequently evaded, and that, although the amount of land which any one individual was allowed to retain was gradually restricted, and at last brought down to the present figure of 320 acres, the large station-owners managed to hold on to most of their possessions by the use of "dummies." By this device the squatter himself, all the members of his family, his servants, shepherds, boundary-riders, station-hands, and rabbiters each registered a section, the dummies duly handing their "selection" over to the original holder for a slight consideration. Here and there a crafty one, perceiving the strength of his position, refused to surrender his "selection," and set up for himself in the midst of his employer's acres, where he remained, as a thorn in the flesh to the latter, until induced to move by a substantial bribe. To the present day many directors of such a *coup* remain, forming the class known as "cockatoo farmers," who are regarded by the squatters as an intolerable nuisance—a distinction which they often seek to perpetuate by exercising their right of running roads to their domains through the surrounding properties, leaving gates open between various "paddocks" and thus mixing the sheep; pasturing their own small flocks upon the "runs" about them, and by a thousand petty annoyances forcing the sale of their holdings at three or four times their real value. In general the laws authorizing "selection" upon station properties were quite unjustifiable. They were passed in order to promote agricultural enterprise, but most of the

Changing Paddocks.



Crossing Sheep over a "Billabong."

land they threw open was quite unfit for the purpose, and the result has been to hamper the squatting interest without promoting any other. Even in the best pastoral country little else than wheat can be grown, and this is such an uncertain crop that farmers are generally satisfied if in three years out of five they obtain a remunerative harvest. A time may come when it will be necessary to extend the agricultural area in order to accommodate the increasing population. That time, however, is still far distant, nor can the greater portion of the land now given up to sheep ever be utilized for husbandry without extensive and costly irrigation.

Nothing can appear more unpromising to the unpractised eye, either for agriculture or any other useful purpose, than most of the pastoral land in Australia. It consists chiefly of endless plains of sunbaked red and yellow clay, sparsely carpeted with short, dry grass, which is in many places so scant that the sheep seemed pastured upon absolutely bare soil. The experienced squatter, however, has discovered that this sterile expanse produces a grass which, while it seems to wither, retains decided nutritive qualities. Although it can support but a limited number of sheep to the acre, it affords these few a rich and fattening diet.* By watching the "paddocks," as the various fields are called (some of these "paddocks" contain 12,000 acres), and changing the flocks from one to another as necessity may demand, he keeps them in excellent order; and although he has learned many bitter lessons from former years of drought, he generally manages to prosper in spite of apparently hostile conditions. He has been taught to place little dependence upon the yearly rainfall, and stores in "dams" (as he calls his reservoirs scooped out in the hard soil) the abundance of one season against the possible dearth of the next. When grass is plentiful and rank, he garners great quantities of it in stacks or ensilage pits, and endures a siege of two or three years of famine with untroubled mind. Losses he has in these

* The grazing value of Australian land varies greatly. Fair pastoral country will carry one sheep to the acre, and an average of one sheep to two, or even three acres is not to be despised. Even a ratio of one sheep to five acres is not unusual. In the Colac district of Victoria, which is one of the richest in the Colonies, the land will carry three or four sheep to the acre, but can here be worked to greater profit for agricultural purposes.

The value of stations is gauged by the number of sheep upon them. A fair average is about £3 per sheep, with land, buildings, implements, dams, and all other fixtures thrown in. The best properties of Victoria and New South Wales are valued at from £4 10s. to £7, and even £10, per acre for the land alone, and in case of sales on this basis the stock are either sold by auction, or taken by the purchaser of the land at a valuation.

The average income of station properties is from five per cent. to twelve per cent., according to season and the skill of the manager.

seasons, of course; but they are slight compared with the ruin which often threatened him in former times, and one good year at present more than atones for two bad ones. It is a matter of congratulation, however, when the seasons of ripening and of rain follow each other in due order. The average squatter is not an emotional person, but he is nevertheless accustomed to rejoice loudly when he hears the tumultuous downrushing of the autumn rain reverberating upon his roof of corrugated iron, promising rich pasturage for the lambing ewes and consequent strength to their offspring. It is astonishing to look forth over the expanse of these erstwhile barren plains and see how suddenly they revive at the touch of the showers. In a few hours the brown wastes of burnt earth are veiled in delicate green, and in a week the grass is ankle-deep, and the sheep, like the young woman observed by the elder Weller at the Ebenezer Junction tea-drinking, seem "swellin' wisibly before our wery eyes." The tenacity of the soil, which militates against the growth of crops, assists the grass by holding the water near the surface, where it can be drunk up by the thirsty roots; and so rankly does it grow that the ducks and geese leave the rivers, and the cranes and herons the fens, to feed upon its juicy substance as it lies half-sodden in shallow pools.

An Orphan.

The life and cultivation of the sheep represent the mainspring of station experience; the squatter's year begins and ends in the sign of the Ram. The twelvemonth which affords elsewhere four seasons, brings to pastoral Australia but two—those of shearing and lambing. Both are periods of feverish activity and arduous toil, while between them life is easy and even indolent. The shearing season, although lasting only two or three months in any one section, comprises in its complete round nearly nine months of the year. It is earliest in the hot districts of northern Queensland, where it begins in February—the August of the South's inverted year—and slowly spreads down over the country, carrying with it the enormous nomadic bands of shearers, through New South Wales and Victoria, where it ends during October. From Victoria many shearers pass over to Tasmania and New Zealand, where, the climate being cooler, shearing does not end until midsummer.*

The shearer is a distinct identity, a peculiar element in the ranks of Australian labor. He holds himself aloof from the ordinary workers, and looks upon his employment in the light of a profession. He is usually well to do, and owns his horse and equipment. He is often a small "selector," who takes a turn at shearing to help out his income; or the son of a prosperous farmer. He is also, as a rule,

* The wool clip in Australasia in 1890 amounted to 1,600,000 bales, of the aggregate value of about £25,000,000. About seventy per cent. of wool exported is greasy, and thirty per cent. scoured, and last year's prices were, on the average, 10½*d.* and 18*d.* respectively. These prices are well up to the average of the last twenty years. There is great variation in the weights of fleeces before and after scouring. There are records of clips weighing thirty pounds each before scouring, but nearly two-thirds of the weight disappeared when the wool was ready for manufacture; six-pound fleeces (scoured) are, however, very common.

The Boundary Rider's Orders.

frugal and temperate, and by careful investment of his money may even rise in time to become a station-owner himself. Many of the shearing fraternity, however, confess to a taste for pleasure, and when the season is over, and they have received their checks for £120 or £150 (for all payments for station work are made in checks, and not in cash), they settle down at some convenient "bush pub." until they have "knocked it down" (to use their own expressive vernacular) for the board and lodging and poisonous liquor which the establishment provides. When their money is exhausted they are turned out, and "humping bluey" (shouldering their blanket) and carrying a smoke-blackened "billy," or tin pail for making tea, they sally forth into the hot summer weather and make their way northward again to await the opening of another shearing season.* In this estate they swell the noble army of "swagmen" or "sundowners," who are chiefly the fearful human wrecks which the ebbing tide of mining enterprise has left stranded in Australia, and who have earned the title above quoted by their habit of turning up at sunset at the station gates to demand a night's lodging. Their demand is seldom refused; in fact every well-equipped station has its "travellers' hut" for the accommodation of these gentry. Nor are rations withheld. They are all provided with the regulation pound of mutton, and the pint of flour for the evening "damper"—an unleavened cake baked upon the coals, which would confuse the digestive powers of any other stomach than that of the ostrich or a swagman. The native hospitality of the squatters accounts in part for this treatment, but it is largely abetted by the rejected "sundowner's" habit of killing a few sheep as he passes through the paddocks, wringing the necks of

* Shearers make use of an ordinary jargon, in converse among themselves, of which the stranger can make little or nothing. The following sentence was repeated to the writer by a gentleman who overheard it in a conversation between two shearers in the "back blocks" of New South Wales: "I waltzed down to the shed, took down the tongs (shears), pulled out a blooming papillon (woolly sheep), and was going down the whipping side (right side) with both blades heavily loaded (with all expedition) when the boss came up and shot me dead (discharged me). I went back to the hut with a hop, skip, and a jump, collared my swag (seized my blankets), chucked the hide on the old crocodile (saddled the horse), went down river like a frog (with long jumps at full speed), and had clipped a hundred and forty by sundown the next afternoon."

DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

Night on the Plains

ENGRAVED BY SCHUSSLER.

stray geese, or "accidentally" dropping a lighted match under some hayrick or woolshed. Station-owners stand in wholesome awe of these vagrants, of whom it is not uncommon for a single station to quarter and feed as many as three or four thousand in a year. The unwritten law of station usage forbids them to remain for more than one night in any given place; having enjoyed shelter and the provisions above described, they must in the early morning resume their journey.

A station at shearing time is one of the busiest places in the world. Hundreds of men are actively engaged in the multitudinous exercises which the occasion demands. Some are driving in the flocks from paddocks that are often forty and fifty miles away. Others are washing the sheep, drafting the various kinds into appropriate pens, dipping those that give indications of disease, and tarring the cuts made by the shears; while the shouts of the herders and the shrill barking of the sheep-dogs add to the excitement. In the long shearing-shed, roofed with corrugated iron, and furnished on one side with pens packed with sheep awaiting the rape of their fleece, a score or two of men, bent half double, and each with a woolly animal between his knees, rapidly ply the gleaming shears. The warm and greasy coat falls around the shearer in unbroken masses; in a few minutes the sheep, a naked and grotesque parody of his former rounded self, is ejected through a small door in the side of the shed, and another, dragged forth by the hind leg and unavailingly kicking and struggling upon the slippery floor, is undergoing the same operation. The rapidity with which the most experienced shearers work is remarkable. A first-class hand will clip from 120 to 140 sheep in a day, and earn therefor the comfortable wage of 15 to 18 shillings. In many sheds the click of the shears has been exchanged for the whirr and rattle of the shearing machines, which, although no quicker than an experienced workman, give a cleaner cut, and, in skilled hands, do not wound the animals. As fast as the fleeces fall they are gathered up by boys and carried to the sorters, and thence to the presses, where they are condensed into bales, marked with the device and number of the station, and then loaded upon drays for conveyance to the nearest railway by straining "bullock teams." These picturesque trains of six or seven yoke of oxen are not owned by the squatters as a rule, but by professional teamsters, who follow the movements of the shearers, and truck the wool from the stations at a price agreed upon. Arrived at the great wool stores of Melbourne or Sydney, Brisbane or Adelaide, hydraulic presses squeeze three of the bales into the space that one occupied before, and they are then ready for their long voyage to London or Antwerp.

The shearers are quartered on the station, either in the huts which surround the homestead buildings, or in tents pitched hard by, wherefrom at night are heard to issue gay sounds of revelry, accompanied by the dulcet strains of an accordion, or of fiddle scraped with strenuous bow. The shearer's life, although a hard one, is free and healthy, and has its attractions.

The shearing fraternity, like every other body of laborers in Australia, is highly organized, and has a powerful "Union," with connections and ramifications all over the Colonies. So important has this body become of late that an opposing combination has been formed by the squatters, under the name of the Pastoralists' Union, to resist their exactions. A contest unparalleled in the history of the country has recently been going on between these organizations in Queensland. The bone of contention has been the principle of "freedom of contract," the pastoralists insisting that they should be allowed to hire anyone whom they chose, and the shearers demanding that only members of the Shearers' Union should be employed. There was no issue raised as to wages or hours of work, both sides being practically agreed upon these points. As the squatters refused to relinquish their rights in engaging whomsoever they wished, a general strike was ordered, every union shearer refused work just as the shearing season opened, and camps of armed Unionists were formed

upon the routes between the stations and the railways, in order to intercept any free laborers who might come to offer their services to the squatters. The country was also patrolled by mounted shearers armed with rifles and revolvers, and uttering sanguinary threats against the station-owners and all who should venture to assist them. Many woolsheds and fences were burned, and only the timely occurrence of rain prevented the use of the "fire-stick" upon the dry grass of the runs. The squatters sent to Melbourne and Sydney, and brought up steamer after steamer loaded with "free" labor, and called upon the Government to protect them. The Government responded by sending to the scene of action police, mounted troops, and Gatling-guns, and marched the laborers through howling hordes of Unionists to their destination. Many arrests for intimidation, followed by trials and imprisonment, kept the strikers within bounds, and after three months of obstruction on one side, and dogged persistency on the other, the shearing was completed. The expenses of the struggle to the Government, the squatters, and the Shearers' Union were enormous, aggregating, it is estimated, something over $1,000,000. The most serious aspect of the case is that, although defeated, the Unionists show every intention to renew the fight at the first opportunity, and, by striking at the leading industry of the Colonies, to involve an enormous class of landowners and agents, shipping, brokerage, and commercial firms in the labor war which has already hindered by twenty years Australia's full development.

The labor of shearing is lightened and brightened by the number who engage in it. The toils of the lambing season, however, fall entirely upon the permanent force of the station, which is never large, and in an unfavorable year this limited contingent has abundant work cut out for it. The visitor to Australian stations is, in fact, apt to be surprised at the small number of men engaged upon them. The invention of wire fencing permits the vast runs to be cut up into convenient sections at small expense, so that the numerous shepherds who were formerly indispensable are now no longer required. Indeed, the working force of the largest modern station may be limited to a manager, two boundary-riders, and three or four hands for general work. If the summer rains have been copious, and a rich carpet of new grass invites the pregnant ewes, there need be no apprehension of unfavorable results. But if the blazing skies of January and February have withheld their moisture, and March has come and gone without its expected showers, there is trouble ahead, and much vexation of spirit. The ewes, scantily fed upon the juiceless grasses, grow weak, and when their hour of trial comes fall in thousands and die of starvation; while their offspring, deprived of sustenance, sprinkle the plains with pitiful fluffy balls. When these conditions prevail the whole station must be constantly patrolled, the fallen ewes assisted to rise and gently led to the water-holes, and to the hay which is carted out by tons from the station-yard, while the motherless lambs are taken to the homestead to be nourished by hand. But in spite of all attention hundreds will die and all the flocks be much weakened. In former years a severe drought in lambing-time spelled ruin, and as many as 20,000 sheep often died on a single run; but nowadays the squatters are well armed against it and regard it with little apprehension.*

One frequent accompaniment of drought, however, the squatter still holds in mortal terror, and that is fire. Every dry season brings its story of acres blackened, homesteads ruined, and sheep destroyed, and no amount of foresight avails to avert the catastrophe. A fire on the vast Australian ranges is as terrible as the prairie fires of the American Northwest, and a thousand times more destructive. Driven by the fierce north wind that often bears down with hurricane force across the whole country, it passes on with the speed of an express train, leaping the rivers, climb-

* About one-third of the total number of sheep on a station are breeding-ewes, from which an annual increase of from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. is reckoned. It is considered a "bad year" when a fifty per cent. increase is secured. About one-fourth of the flocks are sold annually, in the shape of "culls" for the butchers or as "store sheep" to the small farmers, who fatten them for the market. Those that are poorest as woolgrowers are selected for such disposition.

ing the mountains, dissolving the forests, and burning to a cinder all the sheep and cattle in its path. To guard as far as possible against this calamity most stringent laws exist concerning the careless or criminal use of fire. Station hands in the dry season watch a lighted match as anxiously as if they stood upon a powder magazine, and on days when the north wind is abroad will even deny themselves their cherished smoke, lest a single spark falling upon the tinder-like grass should involve the whole region in flame. An equal danger, in stations which front the rivers, or the tortuous creeks that empty into them, is sometimes found in fire's opposing element, water. Although the local skies are like brass, and the earth under foot like ashes, heavy floods may be collecting in the upper stretches of the river. The sheep have perhaps for days and weeks been cropping the scanty pasturage that the drought has spared upon the edge of the stream, which now consists merely of a succession of water-holes between long stretches of sun-cracked mud. Then, in the middle of the night, perhaps, there comes the rush of clammy wind that forms the *avant courrier* of the storm, and when the morning dawns the river is "running a banker," the plains, as far as the eye can reach, are covered with a muddy sea, and down the tawny current the drowned sheep roll in thousands, entangled amid the wreck of fences and uprooted trunks of trees. Against such vicissitudes must the squatter strive lest he become too full of fatness and forget the weak estate of mortals.

The manager of a station must be a man who has had experience of these things and overcome them. In him is vested an absolute control of properties which their owner, immersed in other pursuits in Melbourne, Sydney, or even England, often leaves unreservedly in his hands for months and years together. His work is nominally light, but his responsibility is enormous. He must control every enterprise that is being carried out upon the often vast area under his supervision; attend to the station's equipment and accounts; forecast, as far as possible, the occurrence of wet or dry seasons, and be prepared for either; see that the sheep are sufficiently nourished but not overfed, and keep himself informed as to the exact condition of every flock upon the run. He must vigilantly watch for the appearance of foot-rot (scab is now unknown in Australia), a neglected case of which may result in contamination that will cost his principal thousands of pounds; he must fix the date of shearing, and make full preparations for the lambing season; select the sheep for the market; separate grade from grade, and attend promptly to the thousand and one details which changing conditions thrust constantly upon him.

The manager's lieutenants are the "boundary-riders," whose duty it is to patrol the estate and keep him informed upon every portion of it. These are young, active men, to whom fifty miles a day upon horseback is mere pastime; well educated often, not a few of them younger sons of patrician English families, all habituated to fatigue and hardship, and finding in the free, wild life of the plains a fascination from which they rarely break away. The nature of their duties may be partially understood from the following conversation. We had sat down to supper, the artist and the writer, with the station manager and two of his "boundary-riders." One was old in the business, the other was acquiring a knowledge of his duties through stern experience.

"Where have you been to-day?" asked the manager, addressing the latter.

"I have been along the river for ten miles, then crossed over to No. 4 paddock, came down by the woolshed, and around by So-and-So's selection to the house again."

"Ah! that's about thirty miles; you took your time about it. Did you find much water in the Seven-mile Bend?"

"Well, there was a decent bit of water there."

"There was, was there? And how high was it? Did it touch the roots of the old red gum, or was it only up to the burnt stump?"

"I didn't notice; it seemed a goodish height."

"You didn't notice? What did you go there for if not to notice?"

"I went there because I saw some

horses there, and wanted to see whose they were."

"And whose were they?"

"They were ours."

"All of them?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"So you don't know? Did you take any particular note of their brands? How were they marked and colored?"

"Well, all the brands I saw were our brands. One horse was white, and there were two black ones, one of them a mare, and four bays, one with the nigh hind foot white, and a docked tail."

"Well, I'll be hanged! And don't you know that that is one of old Mac-Taggart's horses? Been on the station three months, and only a matter of a couple of hundred horses on it, and you don't know their marks yet? The fence is down somewhere; did you find the break?"

"I didn't go to look; the fence was half a mile from where I was."

"You go and look to-morrow. The idea of a man supposed to be a boundary-rider and not knowing MacTaggart's horses! And how high is the grass in the paddock with the last batch of weaners?"

"Oh, it's a pretty good height."

"But how high—half an inch or an inch? I want to know how long it's going to last them this dry weather. And did you see any new rabbit burrows anywhere?"

"I don't recollect any."

"In other words, you didn't trouble to look. You'll have to keep your eyes open better than that if you expect to do anything on a station"—and so on for half an hour, with questions covering every paddock, gate, water-hole, and a dozen other details of locality, which the manager had as clearly before him as if he were looking upon an elaborate map of the property. The boundary-rider's course of education is arduous, but when it is completed he is like a carefully indexed book of ready reference, which his superior can open on the instant at any desired page.

The ordinary station hands fill the post of general executive, and with no distinctive duties outside the limits of the homestead are likely to be called upon at any time for all sorts of offices. There is always plenty of work for them, for, as most stations are remote from the centres of population, many necessary manufactures and repairs must be done on the premises. Blacksmithing, fence-building, the erection of sheds and outhouses, the digging and bricking up of cisterns, and the practice of a dozen other trades are constantly in operation. Besides these employments there is branding in its season, the breaking of colts to saddle and harness, and, in many localities, such commingling of work and sport as is found in curtailing the superabundance of rabbits and kangaroos. There is also land to be cleared, which is accomplished by "ring-barking" the trees, and leaving them to stand until the slow process of decay brings them to the earth, where they are either set on fire or allowed to rot into the soil upon which they fall. The growths of eucalyptus, iron-wood, wattle, and box, by their absorption of water starve out the grass, and their destruction is essential to the reclamation of the soil. There are few more ghastly sights in nature than an Australian ring-barked forest, whose twisted limbs of pallid white suggest the spectres of men who have died in pain. Besides the working force of stations above enumerated there is usually a Chinaman, who assiduously attends to the growth of vegetables, which are as essential here as on board ship to prevent outbreaks of scurvy—a disease by no means uncommon in the early days when mutton and "damper" constituted almost exclusively the station bill of fare. There is also a "black fellow" or two often loafing about the homestead — degraded, shiftless characters, the unworthy remnants of once powerful and dangerous tribes. Not infrequently they are the hereditary rulers of the district which the station now occupies—for tribal boundaries were well defined and carefully regarded by the natives—who willingly relinquished a birthright they had not the power to keep for a warm lodging, enough clothing for decency, and unlimited tobacco. "Him budgery (good) man!" he will often exclaim, with royal condescension, when he alludes to the present owner of his acres; "him alla same mate b'longa mine!" and receive his tribute of "'bacca" with

the air of one monarch accepting gifts from a less powerful cousin in the purple.

Participation in horse-breaking is often permitted to the visitor, if inclined for such entertainment. A heavy wagon is drawn out, equipped with a powerful brake, and the half-trained horses, with much kicking and squealing, and by dint of great skill and agility, are attached to the machine. The manager perches himself upon the lofty seat, reins firmly grasped and foot on brake, while three or four station-hands hold the vicious animals. The other participants in the excursion tumble in over the tail-board as best they can; the horses are released, and plunge, and spring sidewise, and try to climb into the vehicle. The lash sings in the air and cuts cruelly, and after much commotion and threatened capsizing, the team springs away at a zigzag gallop which may continue for a mile. The road lies through narrow gates, amid wastes of ring-marked timber, down one bank of a creek and up another, affording an exhilaration which even tobogganing or the switch-back railway cannot furnish. The driving, like the riding, on Australian stations is of a dare-devil sort, and an experience of either is not easily forgotten.

The station-owners, who have had the courage, foresight, and endurance to develop the enormous domain of pastoral Australia, form a distinct and characteristic class in the population of the Colonies. They are, almost without exception, men of strong physique and enormous vitality, as befits pioneers in a land which, while it has offered encouragement to enterprise, has set the price of success very high in drafts on pluck and energy. There are few romances more absorbing than the life-histories of Australian squatters, nor do the records of nations show greater mutations, conflicts, and revolutions. Battles with hostile tribes of cannibal blacks; storm, flood, and famine; financial stringency and bewildering success in swift alternation—no other race than that which sprang from the loins of England could have endured with equal complacency such enormous vicissitudes. This generation of pioneers is passing away in ripeness of years and the glow of great successes. Large families continue the line, but they are not like their founders. Their life has been easy where that of their progenitors was hard; they know the ways of cities, and have had experience of travel and foreign education, and in expanding their horizon have lost that singleness of aim and intensity of purpose which make the now vanishing squatter class such an interesting study. The increasing luxury of colonial life, and the inevitable division of the enormous estates over which the early settlers ruled like shepherd kings, will ultimately result in the extinction of a class which may fairly be termed the mainspring of Australia's wonderful development.

The homes which the better order of squatters have founded are as interesting as themselves. Their houses are invariably well-built and commodious structures, standing amid choice gardens, which are like oases in the arid expanse of plain that surrounds them; furnished comfortably, and at times luxuriously, containing libraries, and often equipped with many sorts of musical instruments, upon which the ladies of the station perform with skill. Some of these structures are built of stone, drawn by oxen from quarries fifty, and even a hundred, miles away, and represent an enormous outlay, in that every aid to their construction has been furnished by timber merchants and ironmongers from cities which might seem to residents in more settled countries almost to be on the other side of the world. Some few station-owners even possess picture-galleries of value, the most remarkable of which is that owned by Mr. F. W. Armytage, of "Wooloomanata," between Melbourne and Geelong, which includes representative works by Munkacsy, Sir Frederick Leighton, Gérôme, and many other modern artists of note in all the leading European schools, and cost its possessor some £25,000.

Most station residences have the appearance of a home and a caravansary combined. The quarters of the family are usually supplemented by a commodious structure divided into rooms for guests, who are in the habit of appearing at all times and seasons, either with or without special invitation. If you

are known to the proprietor you have but to express a desire to visit him, and are quite at liberty to come, and to bring your friends as well; the latch-string is always out, and "come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can" is on the lip and in the eye of your host, who is but pleased when he knows that your acceptance of his hospitality is to be protracted. The hospitality of English country-houses—the truest and finest in the world—maintains here. Your host, his family, and all that is his, are fully placed at your service. If you desire to ride or drive, there are horses, saddles, and "traps" in the stables, and the servants accept your orders as a matter of course. Are you fond of fishing, you are shown a room stored with tackle. Should you desire to shoot, here is a rack filled with well-oiled breach-loaders, and boxes of cartridges by the score. You go and come as you like—you do not even need to make yourself agreeable—your host entertains you (not you him) and is amply repaid if, on your departure, he receives the assurance that you have enjoyed yourself. Should you wear out your welcome, you never learn of it, and, indeed, your entertainers are glad enough to see faces from the outside world.

Rarely is such consideration and kindliness abused, although in my experience of station life I have heard of certain curious incidents. To one station, some years ago, came a visitor of modest means and frugal mind, who, on trial, decided that he could hardly find a more comfortable situation. His original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two; finally six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs, and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain. He smoked the tobacco of the master of the house, and drank his whiskey, but still his welcome did not grow cold. After about nine months, however, the host's manner became less warm, his whilom, cheerful conversation flagged, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, however, and lingered on for the space of a second year quite unabashed, even though sitting at meat three times a day, and smoking a solemn pipe in the evening, opposite a silent and glowering host. At the end of the second year he finally departed and went to visit somebody else, without ever having been told that he had stayed long enough, and would do well to leave. Such is Australian station hospitality.

The life enjoyed by dwellers on the stations is far more varied and interesting than the casual observer might suppose. It is a quiet existence in general, no doubt, but in the round of the year furnishes plenty of incident. There is always bustle and excitement during shearing-time, when the horde of workmen is about, and sheep are being "rounded up" on the runs, driven in, washed and shorn, and afterward "drafted" and marked ready for return to the ranges. Those that are kept back for sale are sometimes driven a distance of a thousand miles to market, being often met by the traveller over the plains in a confused and bleating army, marshalled by dogs, and followed on horseback by bronzed and stalwart youths, who carry on their saddle-bows the simple equipment for their four or five months' journey. Before returning to their paddocks all the sheep are counted, being for this purpose passed from pens through a narrow gate, whereat stand three men keeping tally. One has a stick on which he cuts a notch for every hundred sheep; the others check or confirm each other in the enumeration. Anyone who thinks this operation easy can convince himself of the contrary by trying it. The sheep, urged by the shepherds and barking dogs, come rushing down like a frothy Alpine torrent, as nearly solid a mass as individual bodies can appear. The tyro begins confidently—"One, two, five, eleven," then two turn about and run back, and three others jump over them. Where now be his calculations? He gets confused and forgets his last number, and whether twenty or three hundred sheep have passed while he was trying to collect himself he will never know. Meantime the experienced enumerators have been quietly and steadily at work, disdaining to

call out anything but the hundreds for the benefit of the man with the notched stick, and if, in ten or twenty thousand sheep, there is the discrepancy of a single animal between the two counters, one or other stands confessed inept in his employment.

Besides the pleasant excitement of work, there is much occasion for pure recreation. There are neighbors to visit and to receive in turn—some of them as near as forty miles, although this is considered a close propinquity indeed—with whom there is discussion of individual experiences, lawn-tennis out of doors, music and billiards within, a jovial dinner, and a stirrup-cup at parting. There are races, too, at the nearest township, where station-owners and boundary-riders meet within a radius of a hundred miles, and ride their horses and bet, and taste the sweets (dear to Australians, as to all other branches of the British race) of the grassy hippodrome. In the evening there is the race-ball, where all the saltatory capers perpetuated from traditions of English dancing rules of fifty years ago are seen combined with the latest modes from Melbourne and Sydney. It is a point of honor at these assemblies to dance until the light of morning gives pause to the revelry, whereupon there is riding home again over endless leagues by men and maidens, whom no exercise seems to tire. Then there are evening parties and "hops" at some central station, the excitements of cattle-branding, cricket matches by the men, and, in many localities, water-fowl shooting and kangaroo hunting — the pursuit last mentioned, on a swift horse, over a level plain, and behind a good pack of kangaroo dogs, being one of the most exhilarating experiences known to man.

From time to time the stations are honored by visits from the rabbit inspectors, whose duty it is to see that the pest of long-eared rodents is kept within proper limits. When the coming of these functionaries is expected there is great activity among the men and dogs of the station. Every homestead has its pack of rabbit-dogs—greyhounds, "collies," fox-terriers, curs, and mongrels of all degrees—whose one aim and interest in life is to kill as many rabbits as possible. Spades, pickaxes, ferrets, and materials for making a smoke in the burrows are brought out to dislodge the game; guns are in every hand, and the entire force of the station enters upon a crusade in which hundreds and thousands of the bunnies are slain. The plague of rabbits in Australia cannot be described without seeming exaggeration to those who have not had experience of it. Originally introduced in a colony of about a score of individuals by a squatter near Melbourne, who thought their familiar presence on his station would "remind him of home," they have kept the recollection of England so fresh in the minds of pastoralists as to tempt them to very treasonable language concerning her whenever rabbits are mentioned. The acclimatization of these animals in Victoria illustrates the mess that men are likely to make by meddling with the laws of Nature, who, as results show, evidently had very good reasons for not including rabbits in the list of native Australian fauna. The step has lost the man who took it no less than £50,000, as he himself has assured me, and he is by no means the greatest sufferer. I have heard of stations upon which the expenditures in rabbit bounties were £3,000 per month for a long period, while many properties have had to be abandoned altogether.

The figures of aggregate Government expenditures and individual losses on account of these apparently insignificant animals might well stagger belief if they did not appear in official statistics. Mr. Black, chief inspector, under the "Vermin Destruction Act," in the Victorian Lands Department, has furnished me, for the purposes of this article, besides the letters hereafter quoted, the following astonishing figures from his records:

Expenditures in Connection with the Destruction of Rabbits in Australia for Seven Years ending December 31, 1890.

Government of Victoria.....	£190,000
" " New South Wales..	820,000
" " South Australia....	250,000
Amount (approximately) expended by landowners, and loss through the destruction of crops and grass	2,700,000
Total	£3,960,000

To these figures may be added Government expenditure of £150,000 in Queensland, New Zealand, and Tasmania in the five years ending with 1888, and personal expenditures and losses in these colonies of at least £750,000 more during the same period, from which we may fairly conclude that the average annual cost to Australasia of the rabbit plague is £700,000, or $3,500,000.

The work which these enormous figures represent has a marked effect in reducing the number of rabbits in the better districts, although there is little reason to suppose that their extermination will ever be more than partial. Most of the larger runs show very few at present, and rabbit-proof fencing, which has been set around thousands of square miles, has done much to check further inroads. Until this invention began to be utilized it was not uncommon to find as many as 100 rabbiters employed on a single property, whose working average was from 300 to 400 rabbits per day. As they received five shillings a hundred from the station owner, and were also able to sell the skins at eight shillings a hundred, their profession was most lucrative. Seventy-five dollars a week was not an uncommon wage, and many an unfortunate squatter looked with envy upon his rabbiters, who were heaping up modest fortunes, while he himself was slowly being eaten out of house and home.

The professional rabbiter is not an agreeable companion. He is covered with the fluffy fur of his quarry until he bears much of the appearance of a mouldy cheese; his clothing is streaked with blood and dirt, and from his hair and beard, and, in fact, from his entire person, exhales a strong leporine odor. Not until he attains this consummation can he hope for the highest success in his profession, for the game on which he wars is gifted with keen sensibilities, and will avoid the trap or the fatal phosphorized grain that has been placed in its way by hands ordinarily clean.

The fecundity of the rabbit is amazing, and his invasion of remote districts swift and mysterious. Careful estimates show that, under favorable conditions, a pair of Australian rabbits will produce six litters a year, averaging five individuals each. As the offspring themselves begin breeding at the age of six months, it is shown that, at this rate, the original pair might be responsible in five years for a progeny of over 20,000,000! That the original score which were brought to the country have propagated after some such ratio, no one can doubt who has seen the enormous hordes that now devastate the land in certain districts. In all but the remoter sections, however, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbiter with a pack of dogs supervises stations where 100 were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst, and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they had frantically and vainly striven to climb, and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £25,000, offered by the New South Wales Government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction, and the knowledge of this fact has brought to the notice of the various Colonial governments some very original devices.

One of the most ingenious of these is proposed by an inventive citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., in the following letter (literally transcribed):

To the Government of Australia.

Gentlemen,

Having read in a News Papers that you have a great calamity with rabbits in your country, I hereby allow myself to give you following advice. Fence in one acre of Prairie land with a tight fence containing one gate, built up in the centre of this land an oven like for melting iron, with a Krater on the top; built around the oven a road up to the top build a good fire in it like to melt iron; chase about ten thousand rabbits inside of the fence, then shut the gate, drive them upon the road to the Krater, they very likely will fall in, and so they will be not only killed but the dead bodies also will be gone forever. If you build several of these ovens in different parts of your country I believe that you soon would get rid of your trouble with rabbits.

This advice sounds cruel, but after all it may be no more cruel as if they are chasted and shot.

Counting the "Weaners."

Another suggestion comes from India, in the course of which the writer says:

The method of killing rabbits is simple. Let squads of four or six men go out at eight or nine o'clock in dark nights where the rabbits are supposed to be, one man with a dark Police lantern and another with a bunch of fifty to a hundred iron rings 1½ inches diameter and ¼ inch thick to make a low gingling sound; all the rabbits about the place, on seeing the light and hearing the sound of the rings will gaily gather together, the party may then slaughter them at pleasure by using long sticks, or if many escape Air guns may be used, or use strong poison mixed with dough or any other food the rabbits prefer made into small balls and thrown among the rabbits as they assemble, and when the work is done the party may pick up the unused poison that other animals may not be poisoned.

Other communications suggest, respectively, inoculating a few animals with hydrophobia, and turning them loose to bite the others (by which plan Australia would soon become a pleasant country to live in, with rabid rabbits all over it); spreading highly electrified wires which shall kill the rabbits when they touch them; introducing coyotes from California (not likely to be approved by sheep-owners) and "bull-snakes" from Iowa (Australia being already overrun with serpents), and scores of other absurd or crack-brained inventions which could have been devised only after extraordinary misapprehension of the country and the dimensions of the plague. A clergyman's wife in Scotland recommends a preparation of her own concoction, because "the rabbits will rather die than eat it," although how this meets the needs of the case she unfortunately omits to mention.

Another great pest to the squatters is developing in the foxes, two of which were imported from Cumberland some years ago by a wealthy station-owner, who thought that they might breed, and give himself and friends an occasional day with the hounds. His modest desires were soon met in the development of a race of foxes far surpassing the English variety in strength and aggressiveness, which not only devour many sheep, but out of pure depravity worry and kill ten times as many as they can eat. When to these plagues is added the ruin of thousands of acres from the spread of the thistle, which a canny Scot brought from the Highlands to

keep alive in his breast the memories of Wallace and Bruce; the wellnigh resistless inroads of furze, and, in New Zealand, the blocking-up of rivers by English watercress, which in its new home grows a dozen feet in length, and

ground was covered with crawling millions, devouring every green thing, and giving to the country the appearance of being carpeted with scales. It has been discovered, however, that before they attain their winged state they can

Rabbiting.

has to be dredged out to keep navigation open, it may be understood that Colonials look with jaundiced eye upon suggestions of any further interference with Australian nature.

Not to be outdone by foreign importations, the country itself has shown in the humble locust a nuisance quite as potent as rabbit, fox, or thistle. This bane of all men who pasture sheep on grass has not been much in evidence until within the last few years, when the great destruction of indigenous birds by the gun and by poisoned grain strewn for rabbits has facilitated its increase. The devastation caused by these insects last year was enormous, and befell a district a thousand miles long and two hundred wide. For days they passed in clouds that darkened the earth with the gloomy hue of an eclipse, while the easily be destroyed, and energetic measures will be taken against them throughout all the inhabited districts of Australia whenever they make another appearance.

It might be thought that with all the elemental and living enemies against which the squatter has to contend his experience was a hard one and his hope of success precarious; but the riches which a single good year pours into his lap atone for many a season of drought or flood, devastation by storms or insect pests, bad markets or general commercial depression, and his experience may fairly be summed up in the words of "Rolf Boldrewood," the writer who of all has described Australian life most truly, as "that freest of all free lives, that pleasantest of all pleasant occupations, the calling of a squatter."

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH I TURN SMUGGLER, AND THE CAPTAIN CASUIST.

THE last night at Midway, I had little sleep; the next morning, after the sun was risen, and the clatter of departure had begun to reign on deck, I lay a long while dozing; and when at last I stepped from the companion, the schooner was already leaping through the pass into the open sea. Close on her board, the huge scroll of a breaker unfurled itself along the reef with a prodigious clamor; and behind I saw the wreck vomiting into the morning air a coil of smoke. The wreaths already blew out far to leeward; flames already glittered in the cabin skylight; and the sea-fowl were scattered in surprise as wide as the lagoon. As we drew further off, the conflagration of the *Flying Scud* flamed higher; and long after we had dropped all signs of Midway Island, the smoke still hung in the horizon like that of a distant steamer. With the fading out of that last vestige, the *Norah Creina* passed again into the empty world of cloud and water by which she had approached; and the next features that appeared, eleven days later, to break the line of sky, were the arid mountains of Oahu.

It has often since been a comfortable thought to me that we had thus destroyed the tell-tale remnants of the *Flying Scud;* and often a strange one that my last sight and reminiscence of that fatal ship should be a pillar of smoke on the horizon. To so many others besides myself the same appearance had played a part in the various stages of that business: luring some to what they little imagined, filling some with unimaginable terrors. But ours was the last smoke raised in the story; and with its dying away the secret of the *Flying Scud* became a private property.

It was by the first light of dawn that we saw, close on board, the metropolitan island of Hawaii. We held along the coast, as near as we could venture, with a fresh breeze and under an unclouded heaven; beholding, as we went, the arid mountain sides and scrubby cocoa-palms of that somewhat melancholy archipelago. About four of the afternoon we turned Waimanolo Point, the westerly headland of the great bight of Honolulu; showed ourselves for twenty minutes in full view; and then fell again to leeward, and put in the rest of daylight, plying under shortened sail under the lee of Waimanolo.

A little after dark we beat once more about the point, and crept cautiously toward the mouth of the Pearl Locks, where Jim and I had arranged I was to meet the smugglers. The night was happily obscure, the water smooth. We showed, according to instructions, no light on deck: only a red lantern dropped from either cathead to within a couple of feet of the water. A lookout was stationed on the bowsprit end, another in the crosstrees; and the whole

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"'I am afraid I am an American,' I said, apologetically."—Page 164.

ship's company crowded forward, scouting for enemies as friends. It was now the crucial moment of our enterprise; we were now risking liberty and credit; and that for a sum so small to a man in my bankrupt situation, that I could have laughed aloud in bitterness. But the piece had been arranged, and we must play it to the finish.

For some while, we saw nothing but the dark mountain outline of the island, the torches of native fishermen glittering here and there along the foreshore, and right in the midst, that cluster of brave lights with which the town of Honolulu advertises itself to the seaward. Presently a ruddy star appeared inshore of us, and seemed to draw near unsteadily. This was the anticipated signal; and we made haste to show the countersign, lowering a white light from the quarter, extinguishing the two others, and laying the schooner incontinently to. The star approached slowly; the sounds of oars and of men's speech came to us across the water; and then a voice hailed us.

"Is that Mr. Dodd?"

"Yes," I returned. "Is Jim Pinkerton there?"

"No, sir," replied the voice. "But there's one of his crowd here; name of Speedy."

"I'm here, Mr. Dodd," added Speedy himself. "I have letters for you."

"All right," I replied. "Come aboard, gentlemen, and let me see my mail."

A whaleboat accordingly ranged alongside, and three men boarded us: my old San Francisco friend, the stock-gambler Speedy, a little wizened person of the name of Sharpe, and a big, flourishing, dissipated-looking man called Fowler. The two last (I learned afterward) were frequent partners; Sharpe supplied the capital, and Fowler, who was quite a character in the islands and occupied a considerable station, brought activity, daring, and a private influence, highly necessary in the case. Both seemed to approach the business with a keen sense of romance; and I believe this was the chief attraction, at least with Fowler—for whom I early conceived a sentiment of liking. But in that first moment I had something else to think of than to judge my new acquaintances; and before Speedy had fished out the letters, the full extent of our misfortune was revealed.

"We've rather bad news for you, Mr. Dodd," said Fowler. "Your firm's gone up."

"Already!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it was thought rather a wonder Pinkerton held on as long as he did," was the reply. "The wreck deal was too big for your credit; you were doing a big business, no doubt, but you were doing it on precious little capital; and when the strain came, you were bound to go. Pinkerton's through all right: seven cents dividend; some remarks made, but nothing to hurt: the press let you down easy—I guess Jim had relations there. The only trouble is, that all this *Flying Scud* affair got in the papers with the rest; everybody's wide awake in Honolulu; and the sooner we get the stuff in and the dollars out, the better for all concerned."

"Gentlemen," said I, "you must excuse me. My friend, the captain here, will drink a glass of champagne with you to give you patience; but as for myself, I am unfit even for ordinary conversation till I have read these letters."

They demurred a little: and indeed the danger of delay seemed obvious; but the sight of my distress, which I was unable entirely to control, appealed strongly to their good-nature; and I was suffered at last to get by myself on deck, where, by the light of a lantern smuggled under shelter of the low rail, I read the following wretched correspondence.

"My dear Loudon," ran the first, "this will be handed you by your friend Speedy of the *Catamount*. His sterling character and loyal devotion to yourself pointed him out as the best man for our purposes in Honolulu—the parties on the spot being difficult to manipulate. A man called Billy Fowler (you must have heard of Billy) is the boss; he is in politics some, and squares the officers. I have hard times before me in the city, but I feel as bright as a dollar and as strong as John L. Sullivan. What with Mamie here, and my partner speeding over the seas, and the bonanza in the wreck, I feel like I could juggle with the

Pyramids of Egypt, same as conjurors do with aluminium balls. My earnest prayers follow you, Loudon, that you may feel the way I do—just inspired! My feet don't touch the ground; I kind of swim. Mamie is like Moses and Aaron that held up the other individual's arms. She carries me along like a horse and buggy. I am beating the record.

"Your true partner,

"J. PINKERTON."

Number two was in a different style:—

"My dearest Loudon, how am I to prepare you for this dire intelligence? O dear me, it will strike you to the earth. The Fiat has gone forth; our firm went bust at a quarter before twelve. It was a bill of Bradley's (for $200) that brought these vast operations to a close, and evolved liabilities of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand. O, the shame and pity of it! and you but three weeks gone! Loudon, don't blame your partner: if human hands and brains could have sufficed, I would have held the thing together. But it just slowly crumbled; Bradley was the last kick, but the blamed business just *melted*. I give the liabilities; it's supposed they're all in; for the cowards were waiting, and the claims were filed like taking tickets to hear Patti. I don't quite have the hang of the assets yet, our interests were so extended; but I am at it day and night, and I guess will make a creditable dividend. If the wreck pans out only half the way it ought, we'll turn the laugh still. I am as full of grit and work as ever, and just tower above our troubles. Mamie is a host in herself. Somehow I feel like it was only me that had got bust, and you and she soared clear of it. Hurry up. That's all you have to do.

"Yours ever,

"J. PINKERTON."

The third was yet more altered:—

"My poor Loudon," it began, "I labor far into the night getting our affairs in order; you could not believe their vastness and complexity. Douglas B. Longhurst said humorously that the receiver's work would be cut out for him. I cannot deny that some of them have a speculative look. God forbid a sensitive, refined spirit like yours should ever come face to face with a commissioner in Bankruptcy; these men get all the sweetness knocked right out of them. But I could bear up better if it weren't for press comments. Often and often, Loudon, I recall to mind your most legitimate critiques of the press system. They published an interview with me, not the least like what I said, and with *jeering* comments; it would make your blood boil, it was literally *inhumane;* I wouldn't have written it about a yellow dog that was in trouble like what I am. Mamie just winced, the first time she has turned a hair right through the whole catastrophe. How wonderfully true was what you said long ago in Paris, about touching on people's personal appearance! The fellow said—" And then these words had been scored through; and my distressed friend turned to another subject. "I cannot bear to dwell upon our assets. They simply don't show up. Even *Thirteen Star*, as sound a line as can be produced upon this coast, goes begging. The wreck has thrown a blight on all we ever touched. And where's the use? God never made a wreck big enough to fill our deficit. I am haunted by the thought that you may blame me; I know how I despised your remonstrances. O, Loudon, don't be hard on your miserable partner. The funny-dog business is what kills. I fear your stern rectitude of mind like the eye of God. I cannot think but what some of my books seem mixed up; otherwise, I don't seem to see my way as plain as I could wish to. Or else my brain is gone soft. Loudon, if there should be any unpleasantness, you can trust me to do the right thing and keep you clear. I've been telling them already, how you had no business grip and never saw the books. O, I trust I have done right in this! I knew it was a liberty; I know you may justly complain; but it was some things that were said. And mind you, all legitimate business! Not even your shrinking sensitiveness could find fault with the first look of one of them, if they had panned out right. And you

know, the *Flying Scud* was the biggest gamble of the crowd, and that was your own idea. Mamie says she never could bear to look you in the face, if that idea had been mine; she is *so* conscientious!

"Your broken-hearted

"JIM."

The last began without formality:—

"This is the end of me commercially. I give up; my nerve is gone. I suppose I ought to be glad; for we're through the court. I don't know as ever I knew how, and I'm sure I don't remember. If it pans out—the wreck, I mean—we'll go to Europe, and live on the interest of our money. No more work for me. I shake when people speak to me. I have gone on, hoping and hoping, and working and working, and the lead has pinched right out. I want to lie on my back in a garden, and read Shakespeare and E. P. Roe. Don't suppose it's cowardice, Loudon. I'm a sick man. Rest is what I must have. I've worked hard all my life; I never spared myself; every dollar I ever made, I've coined my brains for it. I've never done a mean thing; I've lived respectable, and given to the poor. Who has a better right to a holiday than I have? And I mean to have a year of it straight out; and if I don't, I shall lie right down here in my tracks, and die of worry and brain trouble. Don't mistake. That's so. If there are any pickings at all, *trust Speedy;* don't let the creditors get wind of what there is. I helped you when you were down; help me now. Don't deceive yourself; you've got to help me right now, or never. I am clerking, and *not fit to cypher.* Mamie's type-writing at the Phœnix Guano Exchange, down town. The light is right out of my life. I know you'll not like to do what I propose. Think only of this; that it's life or death for

"JIM PINKERTON.

"P.S. Our figure was seven per cent. Oh, what a fall was there! Well, well, it's past mending; I don't want to whine. But, Loudon, I do want to live. No more ambition; all I ask is life. I have so much to make it sweet to me! I am clerking, and *useless at that,* I know. I would have fired such a clerk inside of forty minutes, in *my* time. But my time's over. I can only cling on to you. Don't fail.

"JIM PINKERTON."

There was yet one more postscript, yet one more outburst of self-pity and pathetic adjuration; and a doctor's opinion, unpromising enough, was besides enclosed. I pass them both in silence. I think shame to have shown, at so great length, the half-baked virtues of my friend dissolving in the crucible of sickness and distress; and the effect upon my spirits can be judged already. I got to my feet, when I had done, drew a deep breath, and stared hard at Honolulu. One moment the world seemed at an end; the next, I was conscious of a rush of independent energy. On Jim I could rely no longer; I must now take hold myself. I must decide and act on my own better thoughts.

The word was easy to say; the thing, at the first blush, was undiscoverable. I was overwhelmed with miserable, womanish pity for my broken friend; his outcries grieved my spirit; I saw him then and now—then, so invincible; now, brought so low—and knew neither how to refuse, nor how to consent to his proposal. The remembrance of my father, who had fallen in the same field unstained, the image of his monument incongruously rising, a fear of the law, a chill air that seemed to blow upon my fancy from the doors of prisons, and the imaginary clank of fetters, recalled me to a different resolve. And then again, the wails of my sick partner intervened. So I stood hesitating, and yet with a strong sense of capacity behind: sure, if I could but choose my path, that I should walk in it with resolution.

Then I remembered that I had a friend on board, and stepped to the companion.

"Gentlemen," said I, "only a few moments more: but these, I regret to say, I must make more tedious still by removing your companion. It is indispensable that I should have a word or two with Captain Nares."

Both the smugglers were afoot at once, protesting. The business, they declared, must be despatched at once;

they had run risk enough, with a conscience; and they must either finish now, or go.

"The device is yours, gentlemen," said I, "and, I believe, the eagerness. I am not yet sure that I have anything in your way; even if I have, there are a hundred things to be considered; and I assure you it is not at all my habit to do business with a pistol to my head."

"That is all very proper, Mr. Dodd; there is no wish to coerce you, believe me," said Fowler; "only, please consider our position. It is really dangerous; we were not the only people to see your schooner off Waimanolo."

"Mr. Fowler," I replied, "I was not born yesterday. Will you allow me to express an opinion, in which I may be quite wrong, but to which I am entirely wedded? If the custom-house officers had been coming, they would have been here now. In other words, somebody is working the oracle, and (for a good guess) his name is Fowler."

Both men laughed loud and long; and being supplied with another bottle of Longhurst's champagne, suffered the captain and myself to leave them without further word.

I gave Nares the correspondence, and he skimmed it through.

"Now, captain," said I, "I want a fresh mind on this. What does it mean?"

"It's large enough text," replied the captain. "It means you're to stake your pile on Speedy, hand him over all you can, and hold your tongue. I almost wish you hadn't shown it me," he added, wearily. "What with the specie from the wreck and the opium money, it comes to a biggish deal."

"That's supposing that I do it?" said I.

"Exactly," said he, "supposing you do it."

"And there are pro's and con's to that," I observed.

"There's San Quentin, to start in with," said the captain; "and suppose you clear the penitentiary, there's the nasty taste in the mouth. The figure's big enough to make bad trouble, but it's not big enough to be picturesque; and I should guess a man always feels kind of small who has sold himself under six cyphers. That would be my way, at least; there's an excitement about a million that might carry me on; but the other way, I should feel kind of lonely when I woke in bed. Then there's Speedy. Do you know him well?"

"No, I do not," said I.

"Well, of course he can vamoose with the entire speculation, if he chooses," pursued the captain, "and if he don't I can't see but what you've got to support and bed and board with him to the end of time. I guess it would weary me. Then there's Mr. Pinkerton, of course. He's been a good friend to you, hasn't he? Stood by you, and all that? and pulled you through for all he was worth?"

"That he has," I cried; "I could never begin telling you my debt to him!"

"Well, and that's a consideration," said the captain. "As a matter of principle, I wouldn't look at this business at the money. 'Not good enough,' would be my word. But even principle goes under when it comes to friends—the right sort, I mean. This Pinkerton is frightened, and he seems sick; the medico don't seem to care a cent about his state of health; and you've got to figure how you would like it, if he came to die. Remember, the risk of this little swindle is all yours; it's no sort of risk to Mr. Pinkerton. Well, you've got to put it that way plainly, and see how you like the sound of it: my friend Pinkerton is in danger of the New Jerusalem, I am in danger of San Quentin; which risk do I propose to run?"

"That's an ugly way to put it," I objected, "and perhaps hardly fair. There's right and wrong to be considered."

"Don't know the parties," replied Nares; "and I'm coming to them, anyway. For it strikes me, when it came to smuggling opium, you walked right up?"

"So I did," I said; "sick I am to have to say it!"

"All the same," continued Nares, "you went into the opium-smuggling with your head down; and a good deal of fussing I've listened to, that you hadn't more of it to smuggle. Now,

maybe your partner's not quite fixed the same as you are; maybe he sees precious little difference between the one thing and the other."

"You could not say truer: he sees none, I do believe," cried I; "and though I see one, I could never tell you how."

"We never can," said the oracular Nares; "taste is all a matter of opinion. But the point is, how will your friend take it? You refuse a favor, and you take the high horse at the same time; you disappoint him, and you rap him over the knuckles. It won't do, Mr. Dodd; no friendship can stand that. You must be as good as your friend, or as bad as your friend, or start on a fresh deal without him."

"I don't see it!" said I. "You don't know Jim!"

"Well, you *will* see," said Nares. "And now, here's another point. This bit of money looks mighty big to Mr. Pinkerton; it may spell life or health to him; but among all your creditors, I don't see that it amounts to a hill of beans—I don't believe it'll pay their car-fares all round. And don't you think you'll ever get thanked. You were known to pay a long price for the chance of rummaging that wreck; you do the rummaging, you come home, and you hand over ten thousand—or twenty, if you like—a part of which you'll have to own up you made by smuggling; and, mind! you'll never get Billy Fowler to stick his name to a receipt. Now, just glance at the transaction from the outside, and see what a clear case it makes. Your ten thousand is a sop; and people will only wonder you were so damned impudent as to offer such a small one! Whichever way you take it, Mr. Dodd, the bottom's out of your character; so there's one thing less to be considered."

"I daresay you'll scarce believe me," said I, "but I feel that a positive relief."

"You must be made some way different from me, then," returned Nares. "And, talking about me, I might just mention how I stand. You'll have no trouble from me—you've trouble enough of your own; and I'm friend enough, when a friend's in need, to shut my eyes and go right where he tells me. All the same, I'm rather queerly fixed. My owners'll have to rank with the rest on their charter-party. Here am I, their representative! and I have to look over the ship's side while the bankrupt walks his assets ashore in Mr. Speedy's hat-box. It's a thing I wouldn't do for James G. Blaine; but I'll do it for you, Mr. Dodd, and only sorry I can't do more."

"Thank you, captain; my mind is made up," said I. "I'll go straight, *ruat cœlum!* I never understood that old tag before to-night."

"I hope it isn't my business that decides you?" asked the captain.

"I'll never deny it was an element," said I. "I hope, I hope I'm not cowardly; I hope I could steal for Jim myself; but when it comes to dragging in you and Speedy, and this one and the other, why, Jim has got to die, and there's an end. I'll try and work for him when I get to Frisco, I suppose; and I suppose I'll fail, and look on at his death, and kick myself: it can't be helped—I'll fight it on this line."

"I don't say as you're wrong," replied Nares, "and I'll be hanged if I know if you're right. It suits me anyway. And look here—hadn't you better just show our friends over the side?" he added; "no good of being at the risk and worry of smuggling for the benefit of creditors."

"I don't think of the creditors," said I. "But I've kept this pair so long—I haven't got the brass to fire them now."

Indeed, I believe that was my only reason for entering upon a transaction which was now outside my interest, but which (as it chanced) repaid me fifty-fold in entertainment. Fowler and Sharpe were both preternaturally sharp; they did me the honor in the beginning to attribute to myself their proper vices; and before we were done had grown to regard me with an esteem akin to worship. This proud position I attained by no more recondite arts, than telling the mere truth and unaffectedly displaying my indifference to the result. I have doubtless stated the essentials of all good diplomacy, which may be rather regarded, therefore, as a grace of state, than the effect of management. For to tell the truth is not in itself diplomatic, and to have no care for the result a

thing involuntary. When I mentioned, for instance, that I had but two hundred and forty pound of drug, my smugglers exchanged meaning glances, as who should say, "Here is a foeman worthy of our steel!" But when I carelessly proposed fifty-five dollars a pound, as an amendment to their offered twenty, and wound up with the remark: "The whole thing is a matter of moonshine to me, gentlemen. Take it or want it, and fill your glasses"—I had the indescribable gratification to see Sharpe nudge Fowler warningly, and Fowler choke down the jovial acceptance that stood ready on his lips, and lamely substitute a "no—no more wine, please, Mr. Dodd!" Nor was this all: for when the affair was settled at fifty dollars a pound—a shrewd stroke of business for my creditors—and our friends had got on board their whaleboat and shoved off, it appeared they were imperfectly acquainted with the conveyance of sound upon still water, and I had the joy to overhear the following testimonial.

"Deep man, that Dodd," said Sharpe.

And the bass-toned Fowler echoed, "Damned if I understand his game."

At which point—the captain and I turning to each other with an irrepressible crow of merriment—the confidences in the boat stopped short.

Thus we were left once more alone upon the *Nora Creina;* and the news of the night, and the lamentations of Pinkerton, and the thought of my own harsh decision, returned and besieged me in the dark. According to all the rubbish I had read, I should have been sustained by the warm consciousness of virtue. Alas, I had but the one feeling: that I had sacrificed my sick friend to the fear of prison-cells and stupid starers. And no moralist has yet advanced so far as to number cowardice amongst the things that are their own reward.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIGHT FROM THE MAN OF WAR.

In the early sunlight of the next day, we tossed close off the buoy and saw the city sparkle in its groves about the foot of the Punch-bowl, and the masts clustering thick in the small harbor. A good breeze, which had risen with the sea, carried us triumphantly through the intricacies of the passage; and we had soon brought up not far from the landing-stairs. I remember to have remarked an ugly horned reptile of a modern warship in the usual moorings across the port, but my mind was so profoundly plunged in melancholy that I paid no heed.

Indeed, I had little time at my disposal. Messieurs Sharpe and Fowler had left the night before in the persuasion that I was a liar of the first magnitude; the genial belief brought them aboard again with the earliest opportunity, proffering help to one who had proved how little he required it, and hospitality to so respectable a character. I had business to mind, I had some need both of assistance and diversion. I liked Fowler—I don't know why; and in short, I let them do with me as they desired. No creditor intervening, I spent the first half of the day inquiring into the conditions of the tea and silk market under the auspices of Sharpe; lunched with him in a private apartment at the Hawaiian Hotel—for Sharpe was a teetotaler in public; and about four in the afternoon was delivered into the hands of Fowler. This gentleman owned a bungalow on the Waikiki beach; and there in company with certain young bloods of Honolulu, I was entertained to a sea-bathe, indiscriminate cocktails, a dinner, a *hula-hula*, and (to round off the night), poker and assorted liquors. To lose money in the small hours to pale, intoxicated youth, has always appeared to me a pleasure overrated. In my then frame of mind, I confess I found it even delightful; put up my money (or rather my creditors'), and put down Fowler's champagne with equal avidity and success; and awoke the next morning to a mild headache and the rather agreeable lees of the last night's excitement. The young bloods, many of whom were still far from sober, had taken the kitchen into their own hands, *vice* the Chinaman deposed; and since each was engaged upon a dish of his own, and none had the least scruple in demolishing his neighbor's handiwork, I became early

convinced that many eggs would be broken and few omelets made. The discovery of a jug of milk and a crust of bread enabled me to stay my appetite; and since it was Sunday, when no business could be done, and the festivities were to be renewed that night in the abode of Fowler, it occurred to me to slip silently away and enjoy some air and solitude.

I turned seaward under the dead crater known as Diamond Head. My way was for some time under the shade of certain thickets of green, thorny trees, dotted with houses. Here I enjoyed some pictures of the native life: wide-eyed, naked children, mingled with pigs; a youth asleep under a tree; an old gentleman spelling through glasses his Hawaiian Bible; the somewhat embarrassing spectacle of a lady at her bath in a spring; and the glimpse of gaudy-colored gowns in the deep shade of the houses. Thence I found a road along the beach itself, wading in sand, opposed and buffeted by the whole weight of the Trade: on one hand, the glittering and sounding surf, and the bay lively with many sails; on the other, precipitous, arid gullies and sheer cliffs, mounting towards the crater and the blue sky. For all the companionship of skimming vessels, the place struck me with a sense of solitude. Then came in my head what I had been told the day before at dinner, of a cavern above, in the bowels of the volcano, a place only to be visited with the light of torches, a treasure-house of the bones of priests and warriors, and clamorous with the voice of an unseen river pouring seaward through the crannies of the mountain. At the thought, it was revealed to me suddenly, how the bungalows, and the Fowlers, and the bright, busy town and crowding ships, were all children of yesterday; and for centuries before, the obscure life of the natives, with its glories and ambitions, its joys and crimes and agonies, had rolled unseen, like the mountain river, in that sea-girt place. Not Chaldea appeared more ancient, nor the Pyramids of Egypt more abstruse; and I heard time measured by "the drums and tramplings" of immemorial conquests, and saw myself the creature of an hour. Over the bankruptcy of Pinkerton and Dodd of Montana Block, S. F., and the conscientious troubles of the junior partner, the spirit of eternity was seen to smile.

To this mood of philosophic sadness, my excesses of the night before no doubt contributed; for more things than virtue are at times their own reward: but I was greatly healed at least of my distresses. And while I was yet enjoying my abstracted humor, a turn of the beach brought me in view of the signal-station, with its watch-house and flag-staff, perched in the immediate margin of a cliff. The house was new and clean and bald, and stood naked to the Trades. The wind beat about it in loud squalls; the seaward windows rattled without mercy; the breach of the surf below contributed its increment of noise; and the fall of my foot in the narrow verandah passed unheard by those within.

They were two on whom I thus entered unexpectedly: the look-out man, with grizzled beard, keen seaman's eyes, and that brand on his countenance that comes of solitary living; and a visitor, an oldish oratorical fellow, in the smart tropical array of the British man-o'-war's man, perched on a table, and smoking a cigar. I was made pleasantly welcome, and was soon listening with amusement to the sea-lawyer.

"No, if I hadn't have been born an Englishman," was one of his sentiments, "damn me! I'd rather 'a been born a Frenchy! I'd like to see another nation fit to black their boots." Presently after, he developed his views on home politics with similar trenchancy. "I'd rather be a brute beast than what I'd be a liberal," he said. "Carrying banners and that! a pig's got more sense. Why, look at our chief engineer—they do say he carried a banner with his own 'ands: 'Hooroar for Gladstone!' I suppose, or 'Down with the Aristo-cracy!' What 'arm does the aristocracy do? Show me a country any good without one! Not the States; why, it's the 'ome of corruption! I knew a man—he was a good man, 'ome born—who was signal quartermaster in the *Wyandotte*. He told me he could never have got there, if he hadn't have 'run with the boys'—told it me as I'm telling you.

Now we're all British subjects here—" he was going on.

"I am afraid I am an American," I said, apologetically.

He seemed the least bit taken aback, but recovered himself; and with the ready tact of his betters, paid me the usual British compliment on the *riposte*. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Well, I give you my word of honor, I'd never have guessed it. Nobody could tell it on you," said he, as though it were some form of liquor.

I thanked him, as I always do, at this particular stage, with his compatriots: not so much perhaps for the compliment to myself and my poor country, as for the revelation (which is ever fresh to me) of Britannic self-sufficiency and taste. And he was so far softened by my gratitude, as to add a word of praise on the American method of lacing sails. "You're ahead of us in lacing sails," he said. "You can say that with a clear conscience."

"Thank you," I replied. "I shall certainly do so."

At this rate, we got along swimmingly; and when I rose to retrace my steps to the Fowlery, he at once started to his feet and offered me the welcome solace of his company for the return. I believe I discovered much alacrity at the idea; for the creature (who seemed to be unique, as to represent a type like that of the dodo) entertained me hugely. But when he had produced his hat, I found I was in the way of more than entertainment; for on the ribbon I could read the legend: "H. M. S. Tempest."

"I say," I began, when our adieus were paid, and we were scrambling down the path from the look-out, "it was your ship that picked up the men on board the *Flying Scud*, wasn't it?"

"You may say so," said he. "And a blessed good job for the Flying Scud's. It's a God-forsaken spot, that Midway Island."

"I've just come from there," said I. "It was I who bought the wreck."

"Beg your pardon, sir," cried the sailor: "gen'lem'n in the white schooner?"

"The same," said I.

My friend saluted, as though we were now, for the first time, formally introduced.

"Of course," I continued, "I am rather taken up with the whole story; and I wish you would tell me what you can of how the men were saved."

"It was like this," said he. "We had orders to call at Midway after castaways, and had our distance pretty nigh run down the day before. We steamed half-speed all night, looking to make it about noon; for old Tootles—beg your pardon, sir—the captain—was precious scared of the place at night. "Well, there's nasty, filthy currents round that Midway; *you* know, as has been there; and one on 'em must have set us down. Leastways, about six bells, when we had ought to been miles away, some one sees a sail, and lo and be'old, there was the spars of a full-rigged brig! We raised her pretty fast, and the island after her; and made out she was hard aground, kanted on her bilge, and had her ens'n flying, union down. It was breaking 'igh on the reef, and we laid well out, and sent a couple of boats. I didn't go in neither; only stood and looked on; but it seems they was all badly scared and muddled, and didn't know which end was uppermost. One on 'em kep' snivelling and wringing of his 'ands; he come on board all of a sop like a monthly nurse. That Trent, he come first, with his 'and in a bloody rag. I was near 'em as I am to you; and I could make out he was all to bits—'eard his breath rattle in his blooming lungs as he come down the ladder. Yes, they was a scared lot, small blame to 'em, *I* say! The next after Trent, come him as was mate."

"Goddedael!" I exclaimed.

"And a good name for him, too," chuckled the man-o'-war's man, who probably confounded the word with a familiar oath. "A good name, too; only it weren't his. He was a gen'lem'n born, sir, as had gone maskewerading. One of our officers knowed him at 'ome, reckonises him, steps up, 'olds out his 'and right off, and says he: 'Ullo, Norrie, old chappie!' he says. The other was coming up, as bold as look at it; didn't seem put out—that's where blood tells, sir! Well, no sooner does he 'ear his born name given him, than he turns as white as the Day of Judgment, stares at Mr. Sebright like he

was looking at a ghost, and then (I give you my word of honor) turned to, and doubled up in a dead faint. 'Take him down to my berth,' says Mr. Sebright. 'Tis poor old Norrie Carthew,' he says."

"And what — what sort of a gentleman was this Mr. Carthew?" I gasped.

"The ward-room steward told me he was come of the best blood in England," was my friend's reply: "Eton and 'Arrow bred;—and might have been a bar'net!"

"No, but to look at?" I corrected him.

"The same as you or me," was the uncompromising answer: "not much to look at. *I* didn't know he was a gen'lem'n; but then, I never see him cleaned up."

"How was that?" I cried. "O, yes, I remember: he was sick all the way to Frisco, was he not?"

"Sick, or sorry, or something," returned my informant. "My belief, he didn't hanker after showing up. He kep' close; the ward-room steward, what took his meals in, told me he ate nex' to nothing; and he was fetched ashore at Frisco on the quiet. Here was how it was. It seems his brother had took and died, him as had the estate. This one had gone in for his beer, by what I could make out; the old folks at 'ome had turned rusty; no one knew where he had gone to. Here he was, slaving in a merchant brig, shipwrecked on Midway, and packing up his duds for a long voyage in a open boat. He comes on board our ship, and by God, here he is a landed proprietor, and may be in Parliament to-morrow! It's no less than natural he should keep dark: so would you and me, in the same box."

"I daresay," said I. "But you saw more of the others?"

"To be sure," says he: "no 'arm in them from what I see. There was one 'Ardy there: colonial born he was, and had been through a power of money. There was no nonsense about 'Ardy; he had been up, and he had come down, and took it so. His 'eart was in the right place; and he was well informed, and knew French and Latin, I believe, like a native! I liked that 'Ardy; he was a good-looking boy, too."

"Did they say much about the wreck?" I asked.

"There wasn't much to say, I reckon," replied the man-o'-war's man. "It was all in the papers. 'Ardy used to yarn most about the coins he had gone through; he had lived with bookmakers, and jockeys, and prigs, and actors, and all that; a precious low lot!" added this judicious person. "But it's about here my horse is moored, and by your leave I'll be getting ahead."

"One moment," said I. "Is Mr. Sebright on board?"

"No, sir, he's ashore to-day," said the sailor. "I took up a bag for him to the 'otel."

With that we parted. Presently after my friend overtook and passed me on a hired steed which seemed to scorn its cavalier; and I was left in the dust of his passage, a prey to whirling thoughts. For I now stood, or seemed to stand, on the immediate threshold of these mysteries. I knew the name of the man Dickson—his name was Carthew; I knew where the money came from that opposed us at the sale—it was part of Carthew's inheritance; and in my gallery of illustrations to the history of the wreck, one more picture hung; perhaps the most dramatic of the series. It showed me the deck of a war-ship in that distant part of the great ocean, the officers and seamen looking curiously on; and a man of birth and education, who had been sailing under an alias on a trading brig, and was now rescued from desperate peril, felled like an ox by the bare sound of his own name. I could not fail to be reminded of my own experience at the Occidental telephone. The hero of three styles, Dickson, Goddedael, or Carthew, must be the owner of a lively—or a loaded—conscience, and the reflection recalled to me the photograph found on board the *Flying Scud;* just such a man, I reasoned, would be capable of just such starts and crises; and I inclined to think that Goddedael (as Carthew) was the mainspring of the mystery.

One thing was plain: as long as the *Tempest* was in reach, I must make the acquaintance of both Sebright and the doctor. To this end, I excused myself with Mr. Fowler, returned to Honolulu,

and passed the remainder of the day hanging vainly round the cool verandahs of the hotel. It was near nine o'clock at night before I was rewarded.

"That is the gentleman you were asking for," said the clerk.

I beheld a man in tweeds, of an incomparable languor of demeanor, and carrying a cane with genteel effect. From the name, I had looked to find a sort of Viking and young ruler of the battle and the tempest; and I was the more disappointed, and not a little alarmed, to come face to face with this impracticable type.

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Lieutenant Sebright," said I, stepping forward.

"Aw, yes," replied the hero; "but, aw! I dawn't knaw you, do I?" (He spoke for all the world like Lord Foppington in the old play—a proof of the perennial nature of man's affectations. But his limping dialect, I scorn to continue to reproduce.)

"It was with the intention of making myself known, that I have taken this step," said I, entirely unabashed (for impudence begets in me its like—perhaps my only martial attribute). "We have a common subject of interest, to me very lively; and I believe I may be in a position to be of some service to a friend of yours—to give him, at least, some very welcome information."

The last clause was a sop to my conscience: I could not pretend, even to myself, either the power or the will to serve Mr. Carthew; but I felt sure he would like to hear the *Flying Scud* was burned.

"I don't know—I—I don't understand you," stammered my victim. "I don't have any friends in Honolulu, don't you know?"

"The friend to whom I refer is English," I replied. "It is Mr. Carthew, whom you picked up at Midway. My firm has bought the wreck; I am just returned from breaking her up; and—to make my business quite clear to you—I have a communication it is necessary I should make; and have to trouble you for Mr. Carthew's address."

It will be seen how rapidly I had dropped all hope of interesting the frigid British bear. He, on his side, was plainly on thorns at my insistance; I judged he was suffering torments of alarm lest I should prove an undesirable acquaintance; diagnosed him for a shy, dull, vain, unamiable animal, without adequate defence—a sort of dishoused snail; and concluded, rightly enough, that he would consent to anything to bring our interview to a conclusion. A moment later, he had fled, leaving with me a sheet of paper, thus inscribed:—

Norris Carthew,
Stallbridge-le-Carthew,
Dorset.

I might have cried victory, the field of battle and some of the enemy's baggage remaining in my occupation. As a matter of fact, my moral sufferings during the engagement had rivalled those of Mr. Sebright; I was left incapable of fresh hostilities; I owned that the navy of old England was (for me) invincible as of yore; and giving up all thought of the doctor, inclined to salute her veteran flag, in the future, from a prudent distance. Such was my inclination, when I retired to rest; and my first experience the next morning strengthened it to certainty. For I had the pleasure of encountering my fair antagonist on his way on board; and he honored me with a recognition so disgustingly dry, that my impatience overflowed, and (recalling the tactics of Nelson) I neglected to perceive or to return it.

Judge of my astonishment, some half-hour later, to receive a note of invitation from the *Tempest*.

"Dear Sir," it began, "we are all naturally very much interested in the wreck of the *Flying Scud*, and as soon as I mentioned that I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, a very general wish was expressed that you would come and dine on board. It will give us all the greatest pleasure to see you to-night, or in case you should be otherwise engaged, to luncheon either to-morrow or to-day." A note of the hours followed, and the document wound up with the name of "J. Lascelles Sebright," under an undeniable statement that he was sincerely mine.

"No, Mr. Lascelles Sebright," I re-

flected, "you are not, but I begin to suspect that (like the lady in the song) you are another's. You have mentioned your adventure, my friend, you have been blown up; you have got your orders; this note has been dictated; and I am asked on board (in spite of your melancholy protests) not to meet the men, and not to talk about the *Flying Scud*, but to undergo the scrutiny of some one interested in Carthew: the doctor, for a wager. And for a second wager, all this springs from your facility in giving the address." I lost no time in answering the billet, electing for the earliest occasion; and at the appointed hour, a somewhat blackguard-looking boat's crew from the *Norah Creina* conveyed me under the guns of the *Tempest*.

The ward-room appeared pleased to see me; Sebright's brother officers, in contrast to himself, took a boyish interest in my cruise; and much was talked of the *Flying Scud;* of how she had been lost, of how I had found her, and of the weather, the anchorage, and the currents about Midway Island. Carthew was referred to more than once without embarrassment; the parallel case of a late Earl of Aberdeen, who died mate on board a Yankee schooner, was adduced. If they told me little of the man, it was because they had not much to tell, and only felt an interest in his recognition and pity for his prolonged ill-health. I could never think the subject was avoided; and it was clear that the officers, far from practising concealment, had nothing to conceal.

So far, then, all seemed natural, and yet the doctor troubled me. This was a tall, rugged, plain man, on the wrong side of fifty, already gray, and with a restless mouth and bushy eyebrows: he spoke seldom, but then with gaiety; and his great, quaking, silent laughter was infectious. I could make out that he was at once the quiz of the ward-room and perfectly respected; and I made sure that he observed me covertly. It is certain I returned the compliment. If Carthew had feigned sickness—and all seemed to point in that direction—here was the man who knew all—or certainly knew much. His strong, sterling face progressively and silently persuaded of his full knowledge. That was not the mouth, these were not the eyes of one who would act in ignorance, or could be led at random. Nor again was it the face of a man squeamish in the case of malefactors; there was even a touch of Brutus there, and something of the hanging judge. In short, he seemed the last character for the part assigned him in my theories; and wonder and curiosity contended in my mind.

Luncheon was over, and an adjournment to the smoking-room proposed, when (upon a sudden impulse) I turned my ships, and pleading indisposition, requested to consult the doctor.

"There is nothing the matter with my body, Dr. Urquart," said I, as soon as we were alone.

He hummed, his mouth worked, he regarded me steadily with his gray eyes, but resolutely held his peace.

"I want to talk to you about the *Flying Scud* and Mr. Carthew," I resumed. "Come: you must have expected this. I am sure you know all; you are shrewd, and must have a guess that I know much. How are we to stand to one another? and how am I to stand to Mr. Carthew?"

"I do not fully understand you," he replied, after a pause; and then, after another: "It is the spirit I refer to, Mr. Dodd."

"The spirit of my inquiries?" I asked.

He nodded.

"I think we are at cross-purposes," said I. "The spirit is precisely what I came in quest of. I bought the *Flying Scud* at a ruinous figure, run up by Mr. Carthew by an agent; and I am, in consequence, a bankrupt. But if I have found no fortune in the wreck, I have found unmistakable evidences of foul play. Conceive my position: I am ruined through this man, whom I never saw; I might very well desire revenge or compensation; and I think you will admit I have the means to extort either."

He made no sign in answer to this challenge.

"Can you not understand, then," I resumed, "the spirit in which I come to one who is surely in the secret, and ask him, honestly and plainly: How do I stand to Mr. Carthew?"

"I must ask you to be more explicit," said he.

"You do not help me much," I retorted. "But see if you can understand: my conscience is not very fine-spun; still, I have one. Now, there are degrees of foul play, to some of which I have no particular objection. I am sure with Mr. Carthew, I am not at all the person to forego an advantage; and I have much curiosity. But on the other hand, I have no taste for persecution; and I ask you to believe that I am not the man to make bad worse, or heap trouble on the unfortunate."

"Yes; I think I understand," said he. "Suppose I pass you my word that, whatever may have occurred, there were excuses—great excuses—I may say, very great?"

"It would have weight with me, doctor," I replied.

"I may go further," he pursued. "Suppose I had been there or you had been there: after a certain event had taken place, it's a grave question what we might have done—it's even a question what we could have done—ourselves. Or take me. I will be plain with you, and own that I am in possession of the facts. You have a shrewd guess how I have acted in that knowledge. May I ask you to judge from the character of my action, something of the nature of that knowledge, which I have no call, nor yet no title, to share with you?"

I cannot convey a sense of the rugged conviction and judicial emphasis of Dr. Urquart's speech: to those who did not hear him, it may appear as if he fed me on enigmas; to myself, who heard, I seemed to have received a lesson and a compliment.

"I thank you," I said. "I feel you have said as much as possible, and more than I had any right to ask. I take that as a mark of confidence, which I will try to deserve. I hope, sir, you will let me regard you as a friend."

He evaded my proffered friendship with a blunt proposal to rejoin the mess; and yet a moment later, contrived to alleviate the snub. For, as we entered the smoking-room, he laid his hand on my shoulder with a kind familiarity.

"I have just prescribed for Mr. Dodd," says he, "a glass of our Madeira."

I have never again met Dr. Urquart: but he wrote himself so clear upon my memory that I think I see him still. And indeed I had cause to remember the man for the sake of his communication. It was hard enough to make a theory fit the circumstances of the *Flying Scud;* but one in which the chief actor should stand the least excused, and might retain the esteem or at least the pity of a man like Dr. Urquart, failed me utterly. Here at least was the end of my discoveries; I learned no more, till I learned all; and my reader has the evidence complete. Is he more astute than I was? or, like me, does he give it up?

(To be continued.)

A MODEL WORKING-GIRLS' CLUB.

By Albert Shaw.

THE proportion of women whose daily lot is hard labor of some kind or other is not greater now than it has been in other periods. On the contrary, it is probably smaller. But at no former time has the wage-earning woman been so distinct a social and economic factor. Woman's work was formerly hedged in very closely by domestic conditions. Her life was a part of the life of some family, and as an unattached industrial unit she was practically non-existent. Newer conditions have obviously changed all this; and every city has its army of young working-women seeking an independent livelihood, just as it has its larger army of young men. It is no part of the purpose of this article to deplore the fact or to philosophize about the fact. Simply to perceive and admit a great social fact is often an important gain. The army of young working-men in great towns —young men wholly unattached and fighting the battle of life upon their individual resources—has not been very long recognized as a distinct social element, and one for which peculiar provision should be made. But its recognition has been more general, and there has been better provision made for it than for the other army of young working-women.

Yet the position of the young women is much the more difficult. The kinds of work open to women are not half so numerous as those that young men can enter. And women's wages average little more than half as much as their brothers'. The practical difficulties in the way of procuring employment are especially great for young women, and conventional obstacles lie everywhere in the way. Unhappily, the time has not yet come when the honest girl seeking honest employment is secure from insult. If any classes of women on earth have especial right to claim the protection of all men, they are those in our cities who work for their living; and there will come a time when no employer of labor will dare to offend an awakened public sentiment by misconduct toward members of those classes. The rights, the needs, the wants of working-girls call for agitation and for organized action. And in many ways the movement has begun.

It is not strange that the plan of working-girls' clubs, once fairly launched in our American cities, should have been so rapidly successful; for the times were fully ripe for such organizations. Their capacity for development and for usefulness is almost unlimited. There is no good reason why the working-girls' clubs should not, in time, provide in the most varied way for the young woman's legitimate requirements as to special and general culture, technical instruction, social enjoyment and pleasant material environment. It matters less by what precise means the thing is done, than that the results are somehow accomplished. It is conceivable that, the movement being once fairly begun and its methods evolved and prescribed, the working-girls of a given locality might secure palatial club quarters and all the accessories by their own unaided efforts. But, just as young men go to colleges which have been endowed for their benefit, and which derive only a small part of their support from the tuition fees, so it is easy to imagine that greater results for young women might accrue from institutions provided for them through the munificence of the wealthy, or through the

bounty of the State, than could in a long time result from their own unhelped co-operation.

Perhaps the most complete and practically successful working-girls' club that has yet been organized, is one that has been provided through the generosity of a good man and his devoted wife. It is in London, at the West End, in Langham Place, just beyond Regent Street, and adjoining the well-known Langham Hotel. It is commonly known as the "Girls' Poly," to distinguish it from an institution with which it is closely allied, the Young Men's Polytechnic Institute, which is universally known among young people in London as the "Poly." The more precise name of the club in question is the "Young Women's Institute." To get a suitable starting-point, however, it may be explained that the Young Men's "Poly" is the outcome of a lifetime of work for the young men of London by a wealthy and sagacious man of business, Mr. Quentin Hogg, whose high standing in the social and financial world has not prevented his giving himself, along with his money, to admirably-directed efforts for the welfare of young working-men. His Institute is the best all-round educational establishment in England. It is a young men's club, with social and entertainment rooms, a great gymnasium, the best swimming-bath in London, a fine boat-house on the Thames, the best recreation grounds for football and cricket and tennis in all England, and various other social diversions. But it also provides scores of classes, under competent instructors, where technical and scientific subjects, literary subjects, practical trades, all branches of the decorative and the fine arts, music, and many other things are taught. Not less than ten thousand young men every year have the benefit of some feature of this great establishment; and nearly all these young men are apprentices, clerks, or young working mechanics to whom the evening classes and the recreations that are procurable at the Polytechnic are almost their sole opportunities for education and pleasure. So much for the original "Poly." The young women's "Poly" grew subsequently out of Mrs. Quentin Hogg's desire to do something for the sisters and sweethearts of Mr. Hogg's young men. In many of the class-rooms of the "Poly" it had come to be the practice to admit young women students; but the club features of the establishment belonged exclusively to the young men. Mrs. Hogg frequently opened her home to the girls, and she regularly held a Sunday afternoon tea and Bible class for a hundred or more of them. At length the opportunity came to give effect to the plan she and her husband had been maturing. A building, only a few steps distant from the Polytechnic, which had been constructed and long used as a West End gentlemen's club, came into the market, and Mr. Hogg leased it. The building was remarkably well adapted for the purposes of such a girls' club as Mrs. Hogg desired to establish. It was furnished and fitted up at Mr. Hogg's expense, and was ready for opening in April, 1888.

The original accommodations were regarded as adequate for a membership of five hundred girls, and that number was fixed upon in advance as the limit. It was also decided to admit only those between the ages of sixteen and twenty five. The fact that there were eight hundred applications for membership upon the opening night, sufficiently indicated the actual need for such an institution. And further applications poured in continually. Mr. Hogg generously set about the task of altering and enlarging the premises, and he was soon able to provide for three hundred more, making a total of eight hundred. And still there were hundreds of eager girls whose names were listed, and who were waiting for vacancies. By the acquisition of adjacent house-room, and the remodelling of the whole, Mr. Hogg at length made it possible, at the opening of 1891, to accommodate more than twelve hundred members; and, if the place were twice as spacious there would, doubtless, be more than twice as many young women enthusiastic candidates for admission.

The fees for Institute membership are very small—eighteen pence per quarter, or five shillings ($1.25) per year. The establishment is open in all its parts for the benefit of the members, from

6.30 to 10.00 in the evenings. The membership fee gives free use of sitting-rooms, library, reading- and music-rooms, game-rooms, recreation-grounds, and numerous other advantages, and also entitles the fortunate young woman to admission at low tuition rates to an immense range of classes and entertainments.

The purely club features of the place are highly prized by the girls. It is no small thing for them to have a bright, cheerful establishment, that they regard as their own, where they may resort in the evenings, and in connection with which they have access to so much that is diverting and instructive. It is needless to emphasize the importance of such a privilege, to anyone who knows how the average young working men and women of our great cities are obliged to live. In the refreshment-rooms the member may procure her cup of tea and light lunch, at a cost decidedly less than elsewhere. And for a year or more past there has been served in the capacious dining-rooms an excellent and substantial dinner, in courses, at sixpence. For four-pence, a very good but less bountiful dinner may be had by the more economical young woman of business. These privileges are, of course, limited to members. The Institute dining-rooms are vastly more pleasant than the cheap restaurants or lunch-rooms to which the girls might otherwise be compelled to resort, and the food at the Institute is incomparably better in quality and cheaper in price. All the influences of the place are homelike, wholesome and improving. There seems to be a tacit understanding among the young women who meet in these agreeable quarters that they must be on their best behavior — must "live up to their blue china," so to speak. Their self-respect is enhanced, the range of their interests is wonderfully increased, their courage and ambition are quickened, and they are lifted above the power of temptations which some of them might not have withstood but for the welcome of this bright open door.

The large majority of the young women are employed in the various work-rooms and shops of the West End, and belong to the classes most in need of such an institution. The new applicants for membership, in 1890, were about nine hundred; and they listed themselves as belonging to the following occupations:

Dressmakers, mantlemakers, etc.	330
Milliners and assistants in milliner shops.	111
Fancy workers	38
Tailoresses and sewing-machine operators.	76
Clerks and book-keepers	90
Teachers	55
Shop assistants	53
Telegraph operators, etc.	31
Various trades	40
Servants and other occupations	33
At home, or occupation not stated	125

It may be assumed that the entire membership is made up, in somewhat similar proportions, of girls engaged in the callings mentioned in the above table. To hold them together and effectively to attract them, it is obvious that the Institute must be broad in the range of its appointments and advantages. That it does attract and quite firmly hold its members, nobody knows better than the four or five hundred applicants always waiting for vacancies which will bring them nearer to admission. While there is an age limit for new-comers, there is no retiring age; and it is, of course, a great advantage that there is always a large nucleus of experienced members who have learned to know the place and one another, and who give stability to a body that otherwise might be difficult to harmonize and assimilate. Mrs. Hogg had the advantage at the outset of having had much to do for years, in her weekly classes and teas, with hundreds of West End working-girls; and in the educational departments of the young men's Polytechnic there had long been a large contingent of young women. So that the Langham Place establishment was opened with a constituency that had in considerable part already come under the influence of the founders.

The "Girls' Poly" is not regarded as a charity place, but as an exceedingly live and enterprising organization and community, to which it is an honor for a self-respecting girl to belong. Nothing is given away; yet nothing is made unattainably expensive. Everything is of

the best, from the recreation-grounds to the technical instruction. The following somewhat incomplete memorandum, showing the number that entered the various classes in the opening weeks of the last autumn (1890) session, may be presented:

Art classes	109
Ambulance (nursing, aid to the injured, etc.)	98
Instrumental music classes	161
Vocal music classes	131
Elocution classes	115
French or German classes	110
Chemistry and other science classes	98
Dressmaking and millinery classes	86
Arithmetic and book-keeping classes	81
Cookery classes	72
Civil service (preliminary to examinations for clerkships, etc.)	61
Shorthand and type-writing classes	61
General elementary classes	35

These classes were, of course, very much enlarged as the season advanced. It should be borne in mind that in almost every instance the class work is undertaken for thoroughly practical, bread-and-butter purposes, and not in any lackadaisical or hap-hazard way. The girls who take dressmaking and millinery, for instance, are employed in West End shops, and are anxious to learn the most technical and difficult parts of their trades. They are taught in small class divisions, with great advantage. Scarcely any of the two hundred or more girls usually found in one or another of the many classes of the art department, are at work for other than immediately practical purposes. Drawing, designing, modelling, etc., are accomplishments for which there is demand in a very large number of shops and manufactories in the west of London; and it is in the lines of decorative and technical art that these girls are at work, under the most accomplished instructors.

One of the chief advantages of a large permanent organization such as this which Mr. Hogg maintains, is the readiness with which it can be made the centre of a great variety of co-operative interests affecting the membership in very many of the relations of life. Thus it becomes a bureau of information; and its prestige and rare facilities render it a powerful agency in procuring suitable employment for those of its members who, in its various class-rooms, have shown proficiency and merit. It also affords the young women an organized ability to redress injuries, and secures for them comparative freedom from any especially unjust treatment on the part of employers. The influence of Mr. Hogg and his friends is so great in the business world of London, that few employers of the labor of working-women would have the temerity to subject any members of the Young Women's Institute to improper treatment or undue hardship.

Moreover, the Institute in a hundred ways is a promoter of thrift. It becomes an exchange for information about lodgings, and all the practical problems of income and expenditure that concern working-girls, and thus enables them to secure the best that is available, for the least money. Its dining and lunch arrangements save many a sixpence for the girls. The very atmosphere of the place protects them, to some extent, from that spendthrift recklessness which is always a temptation to working-girls, who find little in their surroundings that encourages them to attempt to be saving and frugal. Further than this, in connection with the larger neighboring establishment, the Institute maintains a savings bank in which higher interest is paid upon deposits than in any other safe and reputable savings institution in London. Many of the girls—several hundreds of them, it would probably be safe to assume—have opened bank accounts and are learning to consider with some system the care and use of money. For their various holiday journeys and excursions, to which reference will be made hereafter, the girls deposit the money in small weekly instalments, beginning many months or even a whole year in advance; so that the exercise of a little prudent forethought, under the kindly stimulus and encouragement of the Institute, will have enabled them, when summer comes around, to take a glorious outing by the sea-shore, in Switzerland, in Scotland, or elsewhere.

In addition to all these advantages, there should be mentioned the whole series of admirable organizations within the Institute, carefully managed under the eyes of the patrons of the place,

Polytechnic Young Women's Institute, London.

which furnish co-operative accident insurance, and which especially provide for sick funds, medical relief, and for visiting and nursing in case of illness. So obvious are the uses and merits of such societies, that it would seem quite needless to expatiate upon them. While in health and vigor, the young working-woman may seem to prosper, independent of any help or assistance from others. But if illness comes she will too often find herself in a situation most pitiful and distressing. The young women of this great club in Langham Place are protected from all these dangers by their small regular contributions to adequate funds, out of which are provided weekly remuneration for loss of time through illness; the best medical attendance London can afford, free of cost; proper nursing and attention, with hospital facilities if needed; and—not the least important item—the regular and friendly visits of fellow-members who are organized into visiting committees and flower committees, and who see that none of their twelve hundred fellow-members are left without friendly sympathy when prostrated by illness.

It is sometimes rather vaguely and captiously objected to the distinct organization of young working-women into clubs and mutual benefit associations, that such a movement is adverse to domestic life, and that it does not tend to promote the family basis of our civilization. No objection could be more absurdly ill-founded. If one should set out with the sole purpose of devising a project by which to fit the thousands of young London working-girls to become worthy English wives and mothers, it would not be easy to invent a scheme more admirably adapted to this end than such a club as the Langham Place Young Women's Institute. It encourages all that is best in true womanhood, teaches thrift and self-help, makes much of instruction in cookery, sewing, and household arts, and above all develops the intellectual and æsthetic tastes, and supplies the innocent and wholesome pleasures which give the young women

a stock of interests in common with the thousands of self-respecting, intelligent young men who are to be found thronging such establishments as the Young Men's Polytechnic Institute. The two allied establishments maintain no formal matrimonial bureau; yet they are undoubtedly the means of bringing together into honorable and happy unions great numbers of young men and women.

The accompanying illustrations, which show the young women of the Institute engaged in various amusements, speak almost sufficiently for themselves. It should be remarked, however, that the recreation-grounds maintained for the Young Women's Institute at Paddington, a short omnibus ride from the Institute, are the only similar grounds exclusively for women in all London, and deserve to be counted among the finest in the whole of England. They comprise a number of acres where—on the Saturday half-holidays and in the long evenings of summer, when daylight in that high latitude continues until after 9 o'clock—the young women play tennis, golf, and various other games, according to the season. They maintain within the Institute their own clubs and organizations for games and athletics, and arrange their contests and special field days to suit themselves. A large gymnasium, in another building close to the Institute, has been opened for the young women, and it is a popular feature of the club. It is in charge of an accomplished army officer, and is in high favor among the young women, both for recreation and for health and physical development. Some of the exhibitions given by the young women of the gymnasium classes have attracted wide attention, and have been repeated in large London halls before enthusiastic companies of ladies. The swimming bath of the Young Men's Polytechnic, which is the largest and finest in London, is also through the summer season set apart, two evenings in the week, for the young women, and is used as a swimming-school. Throughout the entire year, of course, various indoor games and amusements are permitted in rooms of the club especially set apart for such purposes. All these wholesome and pleasant features of the Institute are at the service of the members without additional charge; or if in some cases a small fee is required, it is so trifling as to be little more than nominal.

The Gymnasium—Calisthenic Exercise.

There is no large hall or audience room in the girls' club, but the young women are admitted to great numbers

of lectures by the ablest men in England, to attractive concerts, and to various popular entertainments held in the large

in preparing articles for the fair held at Christmas. Such work for the better equipment of the club, on the part of

Institute Girls at Golf.

amphitheatre of the Young Men's Polytechnic Institute; and they attend in great numbers and with unflagging enthusiasm. Obviously, but for their intimate connection with such a centre of "light and leading" as the Institute, not many of them would have had either the disposition, the opportunity, or the means to attend such lectures and entertainments. The young women themselves participate frequently in simple musical affairs in the parlors of their own Institute, and have abundant opportunity for the study of instrumental music and singing, and for choral practice.

The library of the Girls' Institute, which has now a thousand or more volumes, has been bought with money which the girls themselves have secured as the result of an annual bazaar or two, at which articles of their own handiwork have been sold; and one of the pleasantest sights in the whole Institute was a so-called "working party" busily engaged

the young women, develops *esprit de corps*, and naturally increases the feelings of attachment to the place as a home.

Enough has been said to show how, about such an establishment as a centre, there can easily be rallied a great variety of mutual co-operative agencies for the protection, education, entertainment, and moral and social culture of working-girls. It would seem sufficiently obvious that, for the highest success of such an institution, there should be a stability and a continuity which would be necessarily lacking if the club were purely the creation of the young women who are its members, and if its affairs and management were altogether at their disposition. A simple co-operative organization, without backing or patronage of any kind, could not so well maintain savings banks, insurance societies, sick funds, and other agencies which require permanence and financial credit. There would seem to be desir-

The Cooking Class.

able therefore, 1, the support and active administration of some philanthropist of large means; 2, the supervision and control of an influential society or committee; 3, the support of the municipality or State; or, 4, the basis of an ample endowment in the hands of intelligent trustees. For purposes of initiation and development, it would probably be best that some one individual of ample means, or several people closely associated together, should control through their early years such establishments as this one which Mr. and Mrs. Hogg have so successfully organized. But for permanent safety and success, an endowment ought to be secured under control of a suitable board of managers. Mr. Hogg has already arranged for the perpetuation of his admirable Institutes by securing, partly from private benefactors, and partly from the large funds available for such purposes in the hands of the Public Charity Commissioners, a sufficient endowment to make it certain that in the case of his death, or of his financial inability to further continue the large annual payments he has hitherto made so cheerfully, there shall be no failure or diminution of the work.

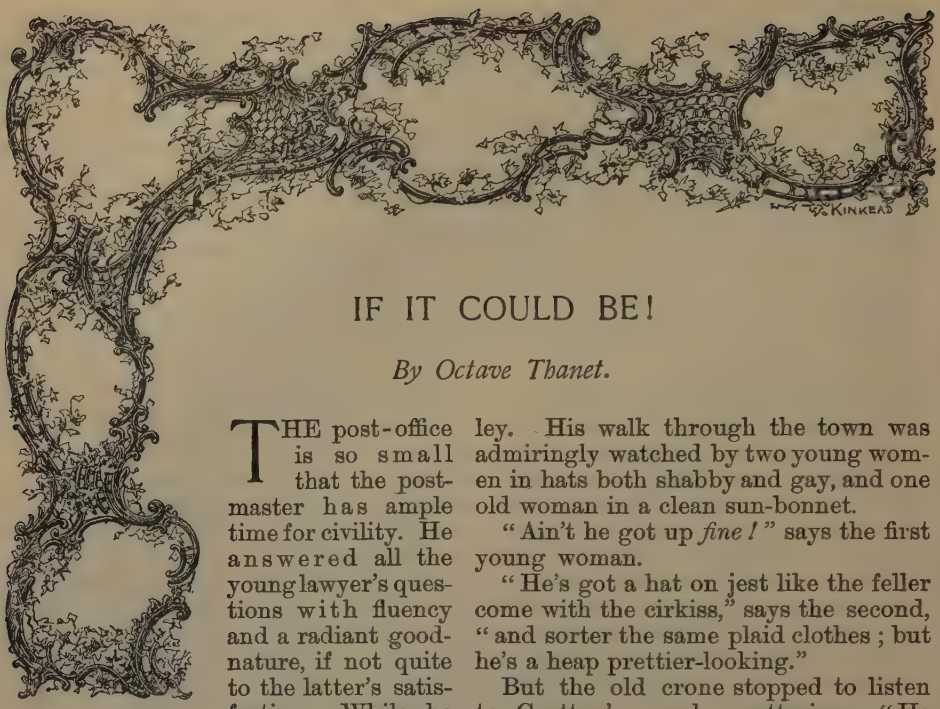
It would be a mistake to underrate, as an element in the success of such an establishment, the pervasive influence of the personality of the founders. Mrs. Hogg's noble character, and the constant presence, and practical skill and tact, of such assistants as Mrs. Robert Mitchell and Mrs. J. E. K. Studd, have accomplished for this Institute what no merely perfunctory salaried management could, in so short a time, have achieved by any possibility. The religious influence which these ladies exert over the young women of the Institute, while not obtrusive, is doubtless to be regarded as one of the vital elements in the moral success of the undertaking.

Perhaps nothing so well illustrates the many advantages that co-operation through some such agency may bring

to young people, as the various summer excursions that have been provided. These excursions were several years ago begun and have since been continued under the management of Mr. Robert Mitchell, the accomplished and efficient secretary of the Young Men's Polytechnic. They have developed in a most astonishing way. They attracted wide attention through the months of the Paris Exposition, when Mr. Mitchell secured extensive quarters in Paris, and took over in instalments some thousands of young people from the Institutes, giving them a week's sojourn and exceptionally good facilities for transportation and sight-seeing, at a total expense for each excursionist of a very small sum. For this excursion young people were obliged to enter their names some months in advance, and to deposit their money in regular weekly instalments. This creation of anticipatory interest in the great fair was used by the Institute to promote much intelligent reading and inquiry; so that the Polytechnic excursionists, both young men and young women, probably obtained better and more intelligent results from their visits to Paris than almost any other class of pilgrims who attended the last Exposition.

In the summer of 1890, great numbers of young women as well as young men were taken to Scotland for holidays of from one week to two weeks duration, with the most gratifying results, and at ridiculously small expense. Many hundreds also were given outings lasting from a few days to a few weeks, at places specially arranged for on the English sea-coast. Smaller parties were also taken walking tours through Switzerland. In the summer of 1891 a large number of working-girls were conducted upon attractive walking tours in Switzerland, the Scotch excursions were repeated, the movement to the sea-side was larger than ever, and—more ambitious than anything else—a great number of young people were taken for a month's excursion along the coasts and fiords of Norway, a steamer having been specially chartered for that purpose. This steamer made three voyages, and was able to accommodate several hundreds upon each trip, the round voyage lasting a month. In the previous summer, it should also be said, a limited number of excursionists were taken by Mr. Mitchell on a voyage to the island of Madeira, the excursion proving a complete success. And various other minor projects of travel and recreation have been successfully carried out this year.

All of these ventures have been managed with such consummate business skill by Mr. Hogg and Mr. Mitchell that while the cost to the young people participating in them has been perhaps not more than one-third what those trips or excursions would cost others who went upon their own individual resources, there has been in no case any deficit to be met by the Institute; but, on the contrary, there has been in every case some slight substantial profit. It would be impossible to over-estimate the enormous benefit that thousands of young men and young women connected with the Institute have received, physically and intellectually, from participation in these excursions. It may interest Americans to know that for some time past the Institute's savings bank books have been opened for the special deposits of young men and women who propose to visit America to attend the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893; and when the time comes we shall undoubtedly have the pleasure of welcoming to our shores several hundreds of these young people who wear the badges of the Regent Street and Langham Place Institutes.



IF IT COULD BE!

By Octave Thanet.

THE post-office is so small that the postmaster has ample time for civility. He answered all the young lawyer's questions with fluency and a radiant good-nature, if not quite to the latter's satisfaction. While he spoke he leaned his soiled shirt-sleeves over the counter and stirred the dead flies in a saucer with his little finger.

"Yes, sir, Lester Ridge was a right stirring little town. Growing right straight along. Big mill, Colonel Lester's, and the Colonel was a good man. Seen the church he gave to the town? Gave a hall, too. He had done a heap for the county; very pleasant gentleman, too. No, sir; the hotel wasn't up to the town. Kept by a Yankee from Missouri—didn't Gratton [Gratton was the questioner] call 'em Yankees when they came from Missouri? No, sir, he would *not* call Gratton a Yankee if he did come from Boston! The difference? Well, *sir!* that was easy; nice folks from the North were Northerners, mean ones were Yankees. Understand? Oh, yes, sir, he could direct him to Colonel Lester's; no trouble to find the house, just back of them big water-oaks on the yon side the creek; handsome mansion, painted white, big gallery, and a mighty pretty flower-gyarden."

Gratton had a letter of introduction to Colonel Lester, and he went in search of that personage without further parley. His walk through the town was admiringly watched by two young women in hats both shabby and gay, and one old woman in a clean sun-bonnet.

"Ain't he got up *fine!*" says the first young woman.

"He's got a hat on jest like the feller come with the cirkiss," says the second, "and sorter the same plaid clothes; but he's a heap prettier-looking."

But the old crone stopped to listen to Gratton's cough, muttering: "He hadn't orter go without rubbers, if mud ain't but shoe-mouth deep; he didn't cotch that cold yistiddy!"

Unconscious Gratton was pulling his fair mustache, absorbed in his own thoughts. "Odd state of affairs"—thus his soliloquy ran—"if this Major Roper were killed in the morning, his son will be only an Arkansas rustic; if a few hours later, he will be an English baronet. I daresay he could marry Belle Winslow—if he wanted her!"

The Lester mansion was not difficult to find, being the one house of importance in the village. Gratton liked its appearance, set back in its ample, old-fashioned gardens, with its trig crowd of out-buildings and its lavish and patriarchal air. "A kind of frontier manor-house," he mused; "no doubt Colonel Lester is the great man of the county. Well, in an Italian climate such as Burley says Arkansas has nine months of the twelve, with a decent house which oughtn't to be hard to get, next door to a lumber mill; directly on a railway so one could get one's groceries from Pierce, just the same as if in Boston, have a capital wine-cellar

and a nice, damp atmosphere for cigars —by Jove, a fellow might find a worse hermitage!"

He recalled a certain interview with his doctor, to which, indeed, his memory was wont to hark back with a nagging persistence; recalled, and, for the first time, did not either sigh or scowl.

"Stagnant, of course, no society at all; but why should *I* grumble at a lack of society!" said Gratton, who considered himself an ill-used and heart-broken man, because of the mercenary perfidy of one society young woman. "Why, my modest pile would cut a great figure here; I could become a grand seignior, like Colonel Lester, I dare say—if I am man enough!"

He laughed at his own fantasy, and was laughing when he pulled the white bell-knob on the green gumwood door of the mansion. There was a rim of light around the three sides of the door, but it was newly painted. A responsive gleam of good-humor shone on the glossy black features of the negro man who answered Gratton's ring. He wore the clean white jacket and apron of the old South, and, with much civility, ushered Gratton into a spacious and high-ceilinged room, hung in a white and gilt satin paper, such as our grandmothers admired. There glimmered, also, a dim shine of rosewood and mahogany, the like of which the New Englander remembered in the dark and sacred parlors of his childhood. The time-battered gilt frames and dusky canvasses of the family portraits showed all the dingier for their background. Gratton walked from one face to another, his critical man-of-the-world's smile gradually mellowing. One ancestor having a ruffled shirt and a severe dignity, him, for no better reason, he placed as a judge. The gentleman of the porcupine hair and short-waisted regimentals must be an officer who had fought in the Mexican War. The dark young man whose long, uncurling locks were parted on the left temple, was a Confederate captain—witness his fresher splendor of gold and gray. Beneath the frame (which was brighter than the others) hung a sword and faded sash. The young captain's countenance was of the most wooden cast in the world.

"Painted from a photograph," thought Gratton, who presently picked out the very photograph from a medley of those "cartes" familiar to everyone during the days of the war. The small cards were affixed, with infinite neatness and painstaking, to a gilded board, and framed in a square of sycamore balls and twigs. There were maidens in expansive frocks of white muslin, and matrons in wide-sleeved silken gowns, with bows of velvet on their hair and embroidered collars over their shoulders; there were elderly men and young men, alike in Confederate gray, with bell-shaped trousers and wrinkling sleeves. Long ago the paper had lost its sheen, and the tints were faded like the tints of a rusted blade. The spectator had the dreary sensation of one viewing a graveyard on a dull day.

"Ah, the poor South!" said Gratton. Then he uttered an exclamation. Above this diminutive and piteous assemblage was a distinctly modern picture. Who could be the original of that beautiful girl bending a vivid loveliness out of the shadows? Here was no faded image of the past; life, humor, love, sparkled in the adorable brown eyes; it was a living creature that smiled at the young man.

"The fellow knew how to paint," cried Gratton; "but what a model he had! She is prettier than Belle. By Jove, she is!"

This was his supreme praise. Belle was the destroyer of his peace of mind. He stood for a long while before the portrait. He was really a good critic and he experienced a genuine delight. To think of such masterly drawing, such broad handling drifting into the wilderness!

"My uncle will see you immediately, sir," a sweet voice said. The Southern accent on a gentlewoman's tongue is charming; but there were richer vibrations in this voice than Gratton often heard from his countrywomen.

He whisked about to bow to the lady of the picture. "My uncle begs you will take some refreshment," said she; "you must have had a warm walk."

Not waiting his reply, she smiled and vanished; while, like a transformation scene, in her place stood the negro, grinning behind a dazzle of silver, glass, and

ice, and two yellow straws sticking out of a greenery of mint.

After his julep Gratton was in a mood to greet the master of such a wine-cellar cordially. He had heard queer stories about James Lester, who, in truth, had borne his full part in the turbulent life of the frontier, holding the scales for justice and civilization, to be sure, but not always in a stainless hand. "A man of honor and true as steel," so the senior partner of the firm had described him to Gratton, "but not exactly a Sunday-school superintendent, you know. But, as they say down there, he is a man to tie to. I had the good fortune to serve him once; and I'm sure he will help you if he can."

Gratton made it a rule not to draw pictures in advance of his eyes; he was the less surprised, when the renowned fire-eater entered the room, to see a tall, elderly man, dressed in a summer costume that included a silk shirt and white flannel—a handsome man of a winning gentleness of manner and cleanliness of aspect from his silver curls and smoothly shaven face to his daintily kept hands.

"I am heartily glad to see you, sir," said he; "it isn't often that we all have the pleasure of welcoming our Northern friends in June."

His voice was modulated into that unconscious and caressing softness which makes any voice agreeable. He smiled in speaking, and his smile was full of good-will.

"Delightful old boy!" thought Gratton. He explained that he came on business, and business may not pick its season.

"So my friend Mr. Burley informs me," said Lester, comfortably disposing his long legs in front of him and tapping his knees with his fingers. No one to look at him would suppose that those white, square-tipped fingers had once griped the life out of a man's throat. But Gratton recalled one story.

"This is about the case," said he, smiling back again. "We have an English client who has employed us to conduct his American investments. He bought land in Arkansas among other things. While we were looking up the title, we discovered something that may or may not be of importance to him. Our client, Sir Jasper Roper, inherited his title and a moderate sum of money from an uncle. Sir Jasper's father was the youngest of three brothers."

"Roper, did you say?" exclaimed the Colonel. He looked suddenly interested, almost excited.

"Yes, Roper. As I was saying, there were three brothers—Oswald, Herbert, and Edgar. Edgar was Sir Jasper's father. He died first. Then Herbert left home and was supposed to have been killed during the war in the United States. News of his death came to England immediately after Sir Oswald's death. Now, Sir Oswald and Herbert had quarrelled, how or why I do not know, but Sir Oswald believed and owned himself in the wrong, and left all his small estate to Herbert Roper."

"Yes, sir." It was preposterous, but the Colonel had the air of a man that hears a familiar story correctly repeated.

"Well, the death of Herbert Roper before Oswald, you see, gave the estate and title to Jasper, son of the youngest brother. Now comes the discovery. We found, in hunting up the title of some pine lands on the Arkansas River, that the former owner of these lands had been Herbert Roper. There he was, on the deed, Herbert Reginald Sackville—all his names in full—and Clara Virginia, his wife; and the date of the transfer was two months later than the date of his supposed death. You see the point, Colonel."

"Certainly, sir. Your client would not inherit if Major Roper was alive after Sir Oswald died and left any heir."

"You put it very clearly. But I notice you give Major Roper his title; did you know him?"

"In a way, yes, sir. But go on, please."

"We communicated at once with Sir Jasper, who instructed us to get at all the facts. We found the man who bought from Herbert Roper, and ascertained that Mrs. Roper died shortly after the transfer. We also found that Major Roper died or was killed on June 25, 18—."

"Twenty-one years ago to-day," said the Colonel. And he sighed.

"We found his tombstone, or, rather, his monument, which is kept in extraor-

dinary good order. It is in a little town in Garland County. On the stone was an inscription to the effect that he was accidentally killed—'killed by mistake' the words are—and that the stone was erected to him and to his wife by their only child, Willy Sackville Roper. Our informant about the land, told us further that you had known Roper and could tell us about him. He seemed in some way shy about going into particulars. So here I am. Can you tell me, in the first place, if this William Sackville Roper is alive?"

"Very much alive," answered the Colonel, with a faint smile; "you saw her just now."

Gratton's eyes began to sparkle. "Is it possible this Willy is a girl and not a boy?"

"There are heaps and heaps of Southern girl Willies and Tommies, don't you know, Mr. Gratton? Yes, sir, that was Willy Roper."

"She called you uncle."

"I adopted her when her father died."

"Then you will know all about the circumstances and the time of her father's death, I fancy."

The Colonel moved his chair, thus screening his face behind a high old-fashioned banner worked in Berlin wools.

"Yes, sir, I will tell you how Herbert Roper met his death. He did not deserve it. It was a murder, a cruel, foul murder, sir! He was one of the noblest, straightest fellows that ever lived; but those were wild times, sir, and he didn't understand the country, so he allowed himself to be swindled into buying the horse of a horse-thief and murderer who kept the whole county afire, you may say. Bertie was mistaken for the villain he was not, and—he was murdered."

"Hanged?"

"No, sir, the leader of the Regulators was so powerfully impressed by his manner and his few words—not any craven pleading, mind you; just such manly, affecting words as would come naturally from a brave man who had a little motherless baby at home and must think of her. He was so touched, as I said, that though he was a dunderheaded fool, and believed in their idiotic evidence, and let them kill him, he did say, 'Horse-thief or no horse-thief, murderer or no murderer, here's a brave man and he shall have a soldier's death and be shot!' He *was* shot."

The speaker's voice had a dull, monotonous firmness.

Gratton wondered, but all his wits were on the chase. "Do you know at what hour this happened?"

"It was five minutes past five in the afternoon."

"Can you help me to prove that? It is for your adopted daughter's benefit, you understand. There is no scheme to suppress the evidence. The title would be something to my client, but he is an honorable man and insisted on the rights of his unknown cousin. The title, fortunately, will not be taken, Miss Roper being Miss Roper, and the fortune is a small matter to a man of Sir Jasper's wealth — he gets it from his mother, it is not in question—fifty thousand dollars, ten thousand odd pounds, cannot be much to him; but it is a great deal to him to obtain exact evidence of his uncle's death."

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel, making no comment on the sum. "Well, I expect I can prove the time for you. I am sure of it, because he gave me the direction how to find his home and his daughter, written on a leaf of a note-book I had about me."

"Pardon me. You have that memorandum?"

"Yes, sir. He gave it to me, and as I put it into my vest-pocket my watch somehow fell out onto the damp ground. I picked it up — after — after we had fired, and it had stopped at five minutes past five. Yes, sir, five minutes past five on one of the prettiest evenings I ever did see."

Gratton, feeling dizzy, said, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume: "Then you were present on the occasion of Major Roper's death?"

"I was the leader of the Regulators."

For the first time since he had been out of knickerbockers Charley Gratton was mentally knocked endwise and had not a word to say. He nodded.

The Colonel surveyed his unconcealable amazement with a smile that held nothing bitter or cynical, but much melancholy.

"I dare say you wonder," he said, "that I should have adopted his child. I had no option. Her mother was dead; they two were in a strange country, with no one to care for the little thing except an old negro nurse. And he trusted me."

"I am sure from the single glance that I had that you have been repaid——"

"She has been the sunshine of my life," said the old Regulator, simply. Then, quite in the manner of any fond parent, he called Charley's attention to the portrait. "Mr. Burley recommended the artist, sir. I am right well satisfied myself; but her aunt Mally will insist the way she holds her head doesn't favor her. Sister Mally used to paint herself, and of course she knows better than I. She painted this"—he waved his hand in the direction of the portrait of the captain—"a splendid young fellow, sir, of the greatest promise, killed at Helena. He was to have married my sister. She painted it from a photograph and memory. It is a speaking likeness — speaking. Observe the eyes; she's got the color exactly. I hope you will see my sister; of course you will let us send for your bag."

The Colonel would take no excuse, and finally Charley did agree to come back to dine with them at what seemed to him the unaccountable dinner hour of half-past two. Meanwhile the Colonel had apparently recovered his spirits, chatted and laughed, and promised, without a shadow of embarrassment, to draw up an affidavit for Gratton, and to find the watch and memorandum against his next coming. Miss Lester came in—a tall, slender, smiling gentlewoman, the feminine copy of her brother. She attended Gratton to the very door of the mansion, in the frank hospitality of the Southwest. At the door an incident occurred to prod Charley's nerve of wonder. He stood at Miss Lester's elbow, just over the door-sill; back in the hall the Colonel was fumbling at the hat-rack for a particular hat. A light shape flitted out of the dusk to stand beside him. Gratton only heard a single sentence. She said: "Did you see papa this morning?" The Colonel's answer was muffled in a laugh, and then his footsteps echoed on the uncarpeted floor as he stepped briskly up to the guest.

"Well, I should very much like to know *who* is 'papa!'" thought the young man.

He strolled about the village in a good humor, not marred by his sense of the grotesque morality of the Colonel's part in the drama. Sir Jasper, he knew, would be well content to purchase security of title with fifty thousand dollars. He should do a good day's work. For the first time in months his dreams did not drift back to certain favorite passages of bitterness. He forgot himself in a half-humorous but vivid interest in these strangers. What a situation! A beloved daughter who tenderly loves the murderer of her father. Yet had not Lester made the wisest and best atonement in his power, rearing his victim's child thus carefully? Might not the father himself, if he could view the matter at all, view it in that light?

Meditation of this sort kept Gratton so busy that time did not hang heavily on his hands, and he strolled through the gum-trees toward the Lester place in a frame of unusual charity toward the Southwest. The hour was not yet two o'clock. The shadows of the luxuriant foliage were beginning to sharpen and deepen on the sunlit ground. The brilliant water-oak leaves were varnished by a recent rain. A murmur of softest cadence was breathed from the willows, a winding line of which seemed to define a hidden stream. Idly enough Gratton took his course toward the noise, which directly changed into the punctured babble of water lapping the roots of trees, and he caught the glitter of waves through the delicate shrubbery. Before him a rivulet wound between its guarded banks — a beamy, splashing, jewelled creature that slipped into an opalescent glory of mist.

But it was not the brook that held Gratton's eyes, it was the figure of a man, of Lester. The Southerner sat in an easy attitude, one knee lifted and clasped by both hands. He was talking to some person out of sight. Gratton could hear the full, kindly tones of his voice. Once or twice he laughed. As Gratton drew nearer he rose and held

out his hand. He moved it up and down, making the gesture of shaking hands. But there was no one visible, no hand on the other side.

Gratton stepped out of his covert. No one, far or near—only the Colonel proceeding sedately back to the house. He showed no emotion when he perceived Gratton in his path; on his part, however, Gratton did not know which way to look. Was this affable old gentleman mad? He hazarded a passive kind of smile.

"Did you see me?" said the Colonel, coolly. "Yes, I see you did."

"I have barely come myself," said Gratton. "I ought to apologize for trespassing, but I wasn't aware that this was your grounds until just now——"

"Not the least consequence, sir; our friends cayn't trespass on us, you know. Besides, I am glad you did see me. I want to talk with you. There is a plumb half-hour before dinner-time. Will you sit?"

Gratton took a seat on the dry log to which he motioned, thinking, "If he is a lunatic he seems harmless."

The Colonel opened the conversation. "I expect you reckon that I am a little off color in my wits; but you shall judge of that for yourself. Anyway and anyhow, I have promised Roper to tell you the whole story—if you don't mind."

"You will interest me, on the contrary."

Lester braced himself against the trunk of a willow-oak. He did not look at Gratton as he spoke. His voice was slow and deliberate.

"After we shot Bertie I went in search of his little girl. I had considerable of a hard time to find her. He had bought a cabin off in the big gum-woods on Cache—nobody within a mile of them—and there he was fixing to raft timber, poor fellow. He would have made money of it, too; don't mistake me, sir. Bertie was of the stuff that succeeds. But you know what had happened, and there was the poor little trick playing on the floor in front of the fire with a queer sort of doll he had carved out of wood for her himself. I declare, sir, it staggered me to see her. Directly she saw me she held out her little arms and began, 'Papa! papa!' I dare say she called every man she saw papa, being only a year old, you know, and just beginning to prattle; but it was like a pump at my heart. I could feel the blood jumping out of my veins. That was the beginning of my bad time. Oh, that *was* a bad time! And it got worse when I discovered that Roper had told the whole cussed truth, and how that devil, Cris Medlark, had roped him in."

"Was that his name—Medlark?" said Gratton, who remembered the name in connection with a grisly story that Burley often told about the Southwest. "What became of him?"

"Him! Oh, I killed him," said the Colonel, carelessly. "That was the first thing made me feel a little chirked up."

"Didn't you track him down until he jumped into the river to escape you? And then didn't you jump after, and stun him with a blow of your fist, and fetch him to shore, and then tie him to your horse, and finally hang him?"

Lester smiled. "Somehow you have got it point-blank straight. Yes, sir, hanged him to the same tree under which Bertie was shot. You see I hadn't time rightly to get the boys together; all I could rake up at such short notice was Shorty Mosely's widow and her sister, and a fellow they had at the house picking cotton. But we gave him a fair trial, though I expect the widow had a *little* leaning against him on account of his killing up her husband once. But we made out. Widow, she lent us her clothes-line, and her mules and wagon, and the cotton-picker drove the mules off. It was done tolerably regular, after all."

"Very regular, under the circumstances. But afterward?"

To Gratton's surprise the look of almost innocent gentleness that was the charm of Lester's face returned, a smile deepened the lines about his mouth and softened his luminous brown eyes.

"Ayfterward! Well, sir, here is the marvellous pyart of it all; and I reckon I cayn't make it clear to you. Imagine me getting more and more petted on that baby, and my poor sister setting her heart on the little comforting, loving thing, too, and yet me the plum while studying how on earth the case was going to present itself to her—to

Willy—that is, when she should discover that I had murdered her father. And here was I playing a blind calf on her, as we say in my country — inveigling her into loving the man that had killed her father. I give you my word, sir, I used to sit and study and study until my head was like an empty ball with streaks of fire chasing each other through it. At last I went to the place where we killed Bertie, and I stood there in the rain, for it was falling weather—December—and cold enough to chill a man's heart. You see folks told all kinds of stories—how Roper was a ha'nt * and used to projick round under the trees. Maybe, maybe not. Never mind, I was in a mental condition, sir, to grasp at any straw. And I was impelled, by an influence past my guessing, to make the effort. I came at twelve o'clock at night, when, if ever there would be a chance, that the ha'nts, as we call them, would be out. I stood under the tree, on the very little hurd where Bertie stood, facing the sun and the brake. The cypress-trees and the tupello-gums all stood in the water that night like they stood that day. It was the dark of the moon, but the stars were winking and blinking at me out of the black water. God forgive me, it was into that same water we threw his body. Oh, yes, sir, I know; we took it out, and I had him laid alongside his wife, and I put up the monument; but at first I tell you, it was ugly, ugly! Never mind; there I stood, and I cried out, for I was in torment, sir, in torment! 'Mr. Roper,' I cried, 'if you *can* come back, for God's sake do. I'm here, Colonel Jim Lester. I beg your pardon.' So I went on to tell him the whole story. You see, Mr. Gratton, the thing that had cut me up worst of the whole was the way, just before I stepped back to give the word, he said, 'I am asking a good deal from you, but I haven't a friend in this strange country, and I am sure when you find that you have killed an innocent man you will be glad you helped him to die easier. Thank you, and good-by;' and with that he held out his hand. Oh, Lord!" Lester stopped in a kind of groan, his hands twisted the dead branch he was stripping so fiercely that it snapped; he flung the pieces aside. "Well," said he, bitterly, "I could no more mend what I had done then I can mend that stick. And what with Aunt Viney's stories of him, and my growing so to love his child, I had got to love that fellow like my own kin. Yes, sir. I had a craving I cayn't make you understand to have him forgive me. I told him so. 'I ain't afraid,' said I. 'Come in any shape that's most convenient to *you*, sir; only just come and let me make you understand, and tell me what to do about Willy, and forgive me!'"

He drew a long, deep breath.

"And did anything happen?" said Gratton.

"I stood there ankle-deep in the ooze, and the owls hooted, and the dead limbs crackled in the wind like bones. You wonder, possibly, but I was so disappointed—for I did hope to see something—that I choked up and began to cry. Then—I cayn't explain it, I didn't see him, I didn't hear him, I couldn't reach out and touch him, but I was aware he was there! Do you reckon, sir, that we may have senses apart from what we name senses, now, like sight and touch and smell and those? Do you ever dream such a thing may be? I *knew* Bertie Roper was there! He didn't speak in any words that my ears could hear, yet he did converse with me and forgive me. He didn't come to my eyes; he came to my soul. I talked out loud to him, just as I would to you; looked like it was more natural, somehow. And when he came to go I offered him my hand. Well, I know he took it."

It was not Gratton's way to argue, therefore he let none of the questions escape that clamored behind his lips. He expressed no doubts. Gently as he might have threaded his path through a reluctant witness's evasions, he fell into the mental gait of his companion. "I have heard of such things, yet not precisely such things," said he; "they interest me amazingly. A man with a hole in one lung"—he smiled—"has a sort of right to be interested, don't you know? I wish you would tell me more. Did you ever—I am at loss for the right word—well, *meet* Major Roper again?"

* Ghost.

"Oh, of course, sir. Why, it has been the friendship of my life. He comes often. He told me a week ago that you would be here. He has told me a great deal about himself. He is a wonderful man, sir. I never do anything without consulting him."

"Has he ever told you anything about his own present surroundings?"

The Colonel smilingly shook his head. "Nothing that I can tell," said he.

"Does—I trust you will forgive me if I ask more than I have a right—does Miss Roper know?"

"Why, certainly. I told her as soon as she could understand. If I hadn't told her she might hear it, and she would not have known how it is all forgiven and made up, and her father and I are dear friends. Now it is exactly as if I had served Bertie a mean trick, and been sorry for it, and done my best to make up, and been forgiven. She thinks no more of it than that. Often she and I sit together on the bank here, and he will come and we talk. She cannot perceive him, but I tell her what he says. We have a great deal of pleasure."

"Yes," said Gratton.

A bird pressed upward from the underbrush, trilling a sweet, keen melody; lovely shadows were wavering in the flashing darkness that mirrored the willows. Gratton seemed to look far down into a mystical other world, a world neither of land nor waves.

"If it could be!" he sighed.

"Come," said the Colonel, "sister and Willy are waiting for us."

ILLUSIONS OF MEMORY.

By William H. Burnham.

I.

A FEW years ago the Supreme Court of the United States was confronted with a chaotic mass of seven thousand printed pages of testimony in the case of the Bell Telephone Company *vs.* The People's Telephone Company.* The main point at issue was whether Daniel Drawbaugh had an electric telephone in his shop prior to 1876, the year of Bell's patent. Six hundred witnesses were examined. Two or three hundred persons — most of them admitted to be honest—testified for the defence to the hearing of speech through Drawbaugh's telephone before the date mentioned, or in confirmation of collateral points. It was argued by the defence that an entire community could not be mistaken in regard to such a remarkable event as the hearing of the human voice at a distance over a telegraph wire. So strong seemed the evidence that three judges of the Supreme Court—Justices Field, Bradley, and Harlan—were convinced that, prior to Bell's invention, Drawbaugh had succeeded in transmitting articulate speech, first by the variable resistance process, then by electrical induction. In their opinion, they said: "In regard to the instrument in which the principle of variable resistance was used, more than seventy witnesses were examined, who either testified to having seen it or heard it, or established such facts and circumstances in relation to it as to put its existence and date beyond a question. With regard to the instrument in which electrical induction was employed to produce the requisite undulations, some forty or fifty witnesses were produced, many of whom saw it and heard speech through it, and others either saw it, or heard it talked about in such a manner as to fix the time when it was in existence. On the question of time and result, there is such a cloud of witnesses in both cases, that it seems almost impossible not to give credence to them."

The evidence and presumption against

*See U. S. Reports, vol. 126, and an article on Daniel Drawbaugh, by H. C. Merwin, Atlantic Monthly, September, 1888.

Drawbaugh were so strong, however, that the majority of the Supreme Court decided that his "great cloud of witnesses" were mistaken; and a verdict was rendered for the Bell Company.

Whether this decision of the Court was right or wrong, the case is psychologically interesting; for the testimony furnishes notable evidence of the fallibility of human memory. A large part of the witnesses' errors, it is true, may have been due to carelessness in observation. But many others appear to have been mnemonic illusions of the ordinary kind that occur in daily life. Familiar though everybody is with such errors of memory, the most common forms of mnemonic illusion may be mentioned as an introduction to the general subject of paramnesia,* or false memory. The Drawbaugh case furnishes typical illustrations.

First, and probably most common, were errors in localization. A collateral controversy in the case, concerning the purchase of an hydraulic ram, for example, well illustrated the weakness of memory in respect to dates. An important witness, whose testimony was obtained under circumstances that proved his honesty beyond a doubt, testified that he heard speech through Drawbaugh's telephone in 1874. He was positive about the date, for he never visited the inventor's shop but once; and the purpose of that visit was to order an hydraulic ram. This ram, he testified, was ordered in 1874, and placed on his farm the following year. Thereupon the Bell Company brought evidence to show that the ram was not put in until 1878. Seventy-five witnesses were examined upon this collateral point, one side rebutting the testimony of the other, until the whole matter seems to have been left in hopeless confusion, and to this day the point remains unsettled. A similar controversy arose in regard to the carrying away of a bridge by a freshet; and throughout the case it was difficult positively to establish any date of prime importance without the aid of documentary evidence.

* The word paramnesia, formed after the analogy of paranoia, paraphasia, and the like, is used as a general term to denote illusions and hallucinations of memory.

Again, the testimony illustrated the way the imagination fills the gaps in ordinary recollection. The counsel for the Bell Company complained of Drawbaugh's witnesses, because in the four years of taking testimony, "witnesses who remembered nothing in the first year swore the most glibly for him in the last."† Of course, an effort at recollection enables one to fill many lacunæ in a remembered series; but, in such filling-in of details, imagination works with memory, and often does the larger part of the task.

Some features of the Drawbaugh case illustrate also the way emotion and prejudice play a part in recollection. "All the inhabitants," it is said, "took sides, and Dan's suit with the Bell Company was debated nightly at every store and tavern within twenty miles of Eberly's Mills." This gossip continued until, as Mr. Storrow said in his argument for the Bell Company, "the most ignorant were ashamed not to remember, and vied with each other in their stories."

Illustrations might easily be multiplied, but the foregoing incidents are sufficient to suggest the ordinary mnemonic illusions—errors in localization in time, errors from the insertion of imagined details in half-remembered series of events, distortions of memory due to interest and prejudice.

If now we analyze an ordinary act of recollection, we may be able to see how such illusions of memory arise. Psychologists are wont to say that there are three steps in any complete act of memory, viz., reproduction of a mental image, recognition of it as belonging to one's own past, and localization in that past. But we seldom remember an isolated impression. We recall ideas in a series. And the remembrance of a se-

† Such a development of memory is not unique. The following more remarkable case is cited by Frances Power Cobbe: "The late Recorder of Birmingham was at one time counsel in a case called on at three separate intervals of three months. The shorthand notes taken by the reporters of the testimony of the witnesses at each of the trials were, of course, examined and compared with the final evidence, whereupon the curious phenomenon was presented of a regular ascending scale of certitude, and particularly in proportion as the event ought to have receded from the memory of the witnesses. On the first trial, the testimony was brief and general. On the second, it had grown longer and much more elaborate. On the third, it had become enriched with a multitude of previously unknown details and clear statements regarding matters which at first had been unremarked, or, at least, unstated."—Galaxy, vol. i., pp. 153, 154.

ries is a far more complex affair. The processes mentioned are abridged or overlap. The interesting members of a series are recalled and intensified by attention and colored by emotion. The uninteresting features are left in the background, or give place to more agreeable images of fancy. And, finally, a process of inference is continually going on. In fact, a large part of the psychology of sense perception, studied so much in recent years, applies almost equally well to recollection. This is not strange; for modern psychology teaches that when an impression is remembered the same physical mechanism, in a large part at least, is set at work that was involved in the original sensation. The physical correlative of a revived impression consists in the repetition of neural processes similar to those that functioned in producing the original impression. A comparison of the mind's activity in case of the *presented* images of sense and of the *re-presented* images of memory may assist us.

Practical utility, as Helmholtz has shown,* determines to what sensations we attend and what we ignore. We notice, for example, a bright object in our field of vision, but ignore which eye we see it with; and we attend to its primary image upon the retina of the eye, but seldom see its after-image; for, unless we have studied psychology, visual after-images and the curiosities of binocular vision have no practical importance or interest for us. The same economic habit of ignoring superfluous sensations may be illustrated more familiarly. "We do not notice the ticking of the clock, the noise of the city streets, or the roaring of the brook near the house; and even the din of the foundry or factory will not mingle with the thoughts of its workers, if they have been there long enough. When we first put on spectacles, especially if they be of certain curvatures, the bright reflections they give of the windows, etc., mixing with the field of view, are very disturbing. In a few days we ignore them altogether." † It is the same with the other senses. The man with sane nerves always ignores the unimportant in his surroundings.

So, too, we remember for a purpose. Of the re-presented images we attend to those that concern our own interest at the moment of recollection, and ignore the rest. Not merely when we acquire the group of concrete perceptions that make up our knowledge of an event, do we attend to the interesting features and ignore the rest; but from the first repetition details that might be remembered drop out, because, apart from their original setting as elements of external reality, they have no importance for us. To-day, for a given purpose we remember certain members of a series; to-morrow, for another purpose we recall quite a different set. But, since our interests are tolerably constant, the habit of ignoring certain classes of ideas in recollection is soon formed; and, since ability to remember depends largely upon repetition, we find one person good at one kind of memory, another at something else, owing to habits of recalling only certain classes of ideas. Each of us specializes in certain directions. A case of so-called weak memory is generally a case of unusual specialization. Linnæus, for example, is said to have been unable to learn a foreign language; but he kept in mind without difficulty his extended botanical nomenclature. Men of genius, like Montaigne, who was proverbial for a weak memory, cannot remember names, dates, places, and the like, simply because they form habits of remembering other things that interest them more. The law for remembrance is, then, similar to that for perception. *What impressions we remember depends upon our past habits of remembering as determined by utility and interest.*

It has been a favorite task with psychologists to show how prejudice and interest bear a part in our perception of any object. Our whole past, and especially the ideas and emotions of the present moment, determine how we perceive, or to use the technical term, *apperceive* any object. But the same prejudices and interests determine how we remember. We apperceive the past through the atmosphere of the present. Thus, if we are sad, we give the memory-

* Handbuch d. Physiol. Optik., p. 431 ff.; also Sensations of Tone, second English Edition, p. 62 ff.
† James: Psychology, vol. i., p. 455.

picture rather a gloomy background. If we are gay, we brighten it with lighter colors. If some interest is at stake or passion sways us, we add to the picture as we should not do at other times. It is more or less vivid as our minds are fresh or weary; and the ideas remembered have significance according to the relations they bear to our present thought. In a word, just as we bring all our past experience to the perception of any object or event, and apperceive it from the standpoint of our past and through our present, so in memory the present state of consciousness, which is the product of an ever-growing past and an ever-changing environment, always bears its part in determining what the *remembrance* shall be. Hence our recollections of an event are never exactly alike from day to day, and each time we recall anything, we remember not so much the original event as our latest remembrance of it. At best our recollection is but a sort of composite photograph of our original impression and of the *re-presented* images in consciousness at the different times we have recalled it. Thus the liar may come to believe an oft-repeated yarn; for his composite of the story differs little from a composite of oft-repeated recollections of an actual event.

Again, as imagination enters into sense-perception, causing the savage to see the nymphs of the forest and to hear voices in the wind, making the civilized man sometimes read falsely and blunder in his experiments, and abridging for us all the tardy process of sensation by enabling us to catch with our senses a few features of an object while it fills in the rest according to former experience; so, in remembering, we recall a few fragments of a series; the imagination fills the gaps. Sully, who has shown the analogy between the various classes of optical illusions and the common forms of mnemonic error, says of false memories based upon true fragmentary recollections: "This class of mnemonic illusions approaches illusions of perception. When the imagination supplies the interpretation at the very time, and the mind reads this into the perceived object, the error is one of perception. When the addition is made afterward, on reflecting upon the perception, the error is one of memory. The fallacies of testimony which depend on an adulteration of pure observation with inference and conjecture, as, for example, the inaccurate and wild statements of people respecting their experiences of mesmerism and spiritualism, are probably much oftener illusions of memory than of perception."*

In still another point recollection resembles sense perception. Both involve a process of inference. The researches of modern psychologists, notably those of Helmholtz, have shown how largely inference enters into perceptions of sight and hearing. From the muscular innervation in accommodating the eyes to an object we infer its position; from the vividness of the visual image we infer its distance, and from the apparent distance we infer its size. The moon, for example, looks larger when near the horizon than at the zenith, because in the former position we infer by comparison with intervening objects that it is farther away and hence larger. The common visual illusions that everyone has noticed are for the most part due to errors of judgment concerning true sensory data, and in fact the very woof of our perceptive life is made up of a simple form of inference. Likewise, in recollection we remember parts of a series of events, we infer others. Even the filling in of imagined details already mentioned is largely a matter of inference. Long experience has made us experts in this, and usually our inferred reminiscences agree substantially with facts; but it is plain that an error may easily arise. As illusions occur in sense-perception under unusual conditions, because we interpret our sensations according to past experience, so, when part of a series is remembered and we fill it out in its habitual form, we are likely to be wrong if anything has turned us from the monotonous sameness of our usual routine.

An illustration sent me by a former pupil may make my meaning clearer. He writes in substance as follows of a mnemonic illusion in his own experience: While spending the summer on a

* See Illusions of Memory, Cornhill Magazine, April, 1880.

ranch in Colorado, I rode one day to the post office at S. to purchase some paper and stamps. While on the ranch I never carried any money with me whatever, but on starting for S. I tied a silver dollar in the corner of my handkerchief. While the package was being wrapped up I untied the handkerchief and took out the dollar ; and, after talking a while with the postmaster, mounted my horse to return to the ranch. After riding some distance I found to my surprise a coin in my pocket. The only dollar I had brought with me was the dollar which I *distinctly remembered* having given to the postmaster, who had put it in the *middle compartment* of the drawer from which he took the stamps ; my memory with regard to having paid the man was so clear that the presence of the dollar was a mystery. But about a week later, having occasion to go again to S., the postmaster convinced me that I had not paid him ; and my ride homeward that day was occupied by thoughts of my marvellous memory with regard to things which never happened."

This pseudo-reminiscence, so commonplace that many readers can match it from personal experience, is instructive. Here evidently was a series of truly remembered events upon which the illusion was based. My correspondent probably remembered taking out his handkerchief and untying the money ; and inferred the rest, filling out the series in its usual form. The only remarkable feature was the vividness and detail of the pseudo-reminiscence. Similar processes of inference are continually abridging the work of recollection. But our usual activity is so regular and methodical that such inferences based upon past experience are seldom wrong.

Much of what has already been said applies to the process of localization in the past. Theoretically, as Ribot and Taine have shown, we localize an event by a retrogression, starting with the present moment and running over intervening experiences. But practically, we abridge this process by reference to certain important and impressive events that stand as mnemonic milestones in our past. Like Drawbaugh's witnesses, we localize an event by placing it before or since we were married, before or since the purchase of the hydraulic ram, before or since the journey to Kansas, and so on. If the first impression was vivid and the remembered event unique, we roughly approximate an accurate localization of it. But if similar events occurred before and after our mnemonic milestone, it is easy to forget one and misplace the other. Or if some circumstance turned us from our habitual routine, false inference is likely to take the place of reminiscence, and we localize a series of events according to the habitual sequence of similar series. In short, forgetfulness of the larger part of our past experiences, together with the work of imagination and inference, make errors in localization most common mnemonic illusions.

If the foregoing analysis of the process of recollection be correct, we should expect that, of persons with equally good natural tenacity and power of attention, those would most frequently be the victims of mnemonic error who have strong prejudices and weak judgment. This is precisely what experience teaches us. We distrust the memory of the prejudiced witness; and even so slight an interest as the desire to tell a good story often enables imagination to beguile the memory. To the prejudiced person imagination suggests details that fit so nicely in a remembered series, and harmonize so admirably with his apperceptive mood, that he does not dream of distrusting them. Again, children, the aged, and the insane are the ones most subject to mnemonic illusions.

The simpler illusions of memory, that have just been described, are instructive because they show how largely the psychology of perception applies to recollection. The more remarkable forms of paramnesia remain to be considered.

II.

A VERY common and very tantalizing form of paramnesia is the so-called "double memory," or the perplexing feeling in new surroundings of having been in the same situation before. In a typical case a new scene flashes upon one as a photographic copy of a former experience. There is a feeling that one

knows what will happen next, and a vague anxiety, due probably to the vain attempt to localize the apparently familiar impressions in the past.

For a single illustration, take the following case, which has come fresh to my hand, and is in many respects typical: "At times," writes a young lady, "I have done things which it seemed to me I had done before, and in exactly the same order, although this could not have been so. One case in particular I remember now. My father was away from home, and we expected him at a certain time. Everything, or nearly everything, I did that evening until my father came home, it seemed to me I had done at some previous time. After any one thing, I half knew what was coming next. I thought at first it might have been a dream; but then again it seemed to me it could not be. I remember one time even mentioning to the persons around me that it seemed as though I had gone through all that had just happened at some former time."

In most such cases, as Ribot has said, "this illusion is easily explained. The new impression evokes from the past similar impressions, which, though indistinct, confused, evanescent, still suffice to give to the new state of consciousness the appearance of being a repetition. There is a ground of resemblance quickly perceived between the two states of consciousness which leads us to identify them. It is an error, but only a partial one, for there is in reality in our past something that resembles a prior experience of this present impression." The illusion is due to forgetfulness. We remember the resemblance of the past experience to the present, but have forgotten the points of opposition and contrast. There is here also a process of inference; and the illusion illustrates what Coleridge calls "the great law of the imagination, that likeness in part tends to become likeness of the whole."

Some have noticed a sentiment of pre-existence as characteristic of this experience; and, as St. Augustine hinted, it may have played an important rôle in developing the belief in metempsychosis. Anthropologists, noting this illusion among savages, have suggested the same hypothesis. Wordsworth's eloquent lines concerning the child's memory will occur to everybody; but not he nor even Plato was the first to notice "those shadowy recollections" that

> have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal Silence.

Pythagoras taught the transmigration of souls; and he, as the old legend runs, while in the temple of Juno at Argos, recognized the shield that he wore when he was Euphorbus and fought with Menelaus in the Trojan War. Those who love to see the ancient beliefs reappear in modern scientific hypotheses, may compare with the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence Sully's suggestion, based upon the modern doctrine of heredity, that children may have pre-natal recollections of ancestral experiences.

In pathological cases this form of paramnesia is more marked and sometimes assumes a chronic form. Some thirty years ago, two cases were described by the German psychologist Neumann; and since that time a number have been reported. The case usually cited as one of the most perfect instances, was observed by Dr. Pick, a German alienist. The patient gave the following account of his illusions:

"The first clear experiences of a double life I had in the autumn of 1868, at St. Petersburg. But these occurred only occasionally; for example, on visiting places of amusement, or at great festivals, and when meeting persons, the accompanying circumstances seemed so familiar to me that I firmly believed that I had already been in the same place and had met the same persons under just the same circumstances, at the same season of the year, in the same weather, the men standing in the same places, in just the same manner, and even precisely the same conversation occurring. . . . After 1870 almost every piece of work that I attempted in my business seemed familiar to me, as if I had already done the same in former years, in the same order, and under exactly the same circumstances; not only this, but even every chance meeting with anyone, and, in general,

everything that occurred around me, brought this feeling. It came to me sometimes at the moment of perceiving a thing, or after some minutes or hours, frequently not until the next day."

In such pathological cases the explanation by ordinary forgetfulness will hardly suffice. Many hypotheses * have been invented to account for this strange experience. Neumann called it a sort of mental mirage; Anjel thought it due to the divorce from fatigue of processes of sensation and perception that usually overlap; another psychologist has suggested that in certain conditions of excitement strange scenes appear familiar from an unwonted ease of apperception. Others have thought that the two hemispheres of the brain sometimes act asyncronously, so that when the tardy one wakes up, the dim impressions of the other seem like memories to the normal consciousness of both. Sully, Buccola, and others maintain that dreams are sometimes remembered and localized in our waking life. A satisfactory explanation of the extreme cases has not been given. It is, however, tolerably clear that the conditions that favor this illusion are fatigue, excitement, and nervous disease. Anjel tells of a lawyer who, in the strain of a difficult lawsuit, was seized with this form of paramnesia; and he noticed the same in his own experience as the result of fatigue. After spending hours in the Venetian art galleries, he suddenly felt that the paintings around him were familiar, although he had never seen them before. Hughlings Jackson also has noticed this illusion as a premonition of epileptic attacks.

III.

A THIRD form of false memory has been observed. It may be called *suggested paramnesia;* for the pseudo-reminiscences are suggested by present impressions.

The best cases thus far reported were observed by Dr. Kraepelin. One of his patients, a young servant girl, was the victim of erotomania; and when anything unusual happened—a change of physician, removal from one hospital to another, and the like—she would suddenly remember, as she thought, that her lover had foretold the event. Another patient had pseudo-reminiscences on occasion of almost every striking new impression. He thought that the comic papers contained references to him, and even remembered the page on which a passage stood. Never finding what he remembered on turning to the papers, he got the idea that the editions in question had been withdrawn, and that others had been substituted. Upon entering the asylum he declared that some weeks before he had heard an account of all his companions, and that he had read in the newspaper about the management of the asylum, even in its minutest details. He had given no heed to these reports at the time, he said. Not until he saw the people concerned and the places referred to, did it occur to him that he had been told about them already, or that he had read of them. Then he remembered all about it. For example, he said that he remembered reading in the *Fliegende Blätter* a detailed account of the furniture of the dining-room at the asylum. After a time his false memory took a peculiar turn. Opinions that he read in the newspapers seemed verbatim reports of what he had previously expressed in conversation. The *Fliegende Blätter* stole his jokes; and, finally, it occurred to him that many of his thoughts had been previously communicated to him.

In both these cases it is to be noted that the predictions or pseudo-reminiscences did not occur to the patients until they saw the things concerned, or until the events occurred.

Observations made by Bernheim and others show that similar pseudo-reminiscences may be suggested in the hypnotic sleep. The experimenter, for example, says to a subject: "You remember that we went to Potsdam yesterday and took a drive on the Havel?" The suggestion takes effect, and the gentleman at once begins to relate his experiences in Potsdam.† Such retro-

* For a fuller account of the different theories, as well as for further illustrations of the different kinds of paramnesia, see an article by the author in the American Journal of Psychology, vol. ii., No. 3.

† See Moll, Hypnotism, second edition, Contemporary Science Series, p. 130.

active hallucinations, as they have been called, may be transferred by suggestion to waking life, and the errors of memory made to persist for weeks. Also in the dreams of ordinary sleep such errors of memory are not uncommon. In dreams, as in hypnosis, suggestion seems to be the great law of mental activity. If a distant place is suggested we do not dimly imagine it as in waking life, but at once fill it out with all the warmth and concreteness of present reality, *i.e.*, the scene shifts and we are there. If there is any suggestion of familiarity in the dream-events, immediately we feel at home and are well acquainted with the imagined scenes. If it would harmonize with our present to have done something in the past, forthwith we remember having done it. Any attempt at explaining the psychology of dreams must necessarily be unsatisfactory; but the analogy with the mental activity in the hypnotic trance is striking. The chief difference between the two seems to be that in one case the suggestion is made by another, while in dreams it is auto-suggestion.

From many cases of suggested paramnesia in dreams that have been reported to me, a few illustrations may be cited. One case in my own experience is worthy of mention because of its simplicity. I dreamed of receiving a postal card, and at once remembered writing a letter to which the card was an answer. Upon awaking I knew that I had never written such a letter. Here was a pseudo-reminiscence suggested by a present impression, with apparently no basis whatever in fact. A friend describes a recent dream as follows: "I saw Dr. C., and he inquired about the institution of learning with which I am connected. 'Everything is about as usual,' I replied. 'Oh, yes,' was Dr. C.'s answer, 'I am on the inside.' Whereupon it slowly percolated through my mind that Dr. C. was a trustee of the institution. He has, however, never held such a position." A more remarkable instance is reported by Professor Royce, in the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research.

"My friend, C. W. B.," writes his correspondent, "visited us recently, and spoke with Mrs. A. and me repeatedly about his several trips to Europe, describing especially his experiences in Spain during his last trip. A few nights later, I dreamed of looking over with him a lot of large photographs of scenes in Scotland, which he took when we were in Scotland together; many of the photographs showing me very plainly in various attitudes with different groups of people. Now, Mr. B. and I were never in Europe together, and I was never in Scotland in my life. Yet, as each photograph was shown I felt all the keen delight of recognition of well-remembered scenes, and frequently exclaimed, 'How well I remember that!' or 'Don't you remember the day we were there?' etc. I can still remember the features of several of the pictures, parks, grounds, etc., as they appeared in these photographs, and my keen interest in seeing them again, and my memory of many incidents and particulars of our being at these places together at some former time. I then dreamed, with the well-known inconsistency of a dream, that in the case of one place Mrs. A. had been with me, and I turned and asked her if she did not remember the day we were there, and what the old lady in charge of the place had said to us." *

The question naturally arises: Do such suggested pseudo-reminiscences that may be induced in hypnosis, and are frequent in dreams and in some cases of insanity, ever occur in normal life? It seems probable that they do. The germs of pathological mental activities are frequently found in normal individuals; and Bernheim maintains that for all the phenomena of hypnosis there are analogous occurrences in waking life. He shows, moreover, that in certain people delusions of memory may be induced by suggestion without their being hypnotized. Fictions confidently affirmed to them they are unable to distinguish from facts in their own experience. It is probable also that, in rare cases, pseudo-reminiscences may spring up spontaneously by auto-suggestion. Professor Royce has endeavored to show that some so-called cases of thought-

* Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, vol. i., No. 4, p. 567.

transference and the like may be explained in this way. What occurred so frequently in Kraepelin's patients, may, he thinks, occur sporadically among the sane. Under exciting circumstances certain persons may have pseudo-reminiscences when a thing occurs, and believe that it was prefigured in a recent dream or the like, when in reality the supposed presentiment succeeds its own fulfilment. Fanciful as this hypothesis at first may seem, Professor Royce has shown that in some cases it offers a very plausible explanation.

The importance, from a legal standpoint, of the study of paramnesia must already be apparent. None know better than members of the bar the weakness of human memory. Hence a lawyer is proverbially a poor witness. His testimony is always "to the best of my knowledge," "if I remember rightly," and the like. He knows that even the stimulus of judicial oaths cannot insure correct recollection, and that the most honest witness is liable to such illusions as have been described. A pseudo-reminiscence that would seriously falsify one's testimony may grow up spontaneously. A friend, himself a psychologist, has reported to me a case in point. His recollection was very vivid, he writes, of seeing a programme-pamphlet of an approaching musical festival. He recalled comparing it with the programme of the previous year, and his recollection extended even to details. He found afterward, however, that he was mistaken, and that the programme had not been published; yet he adds: "I would have taken oath without the least hesitation to my having seen the pamphlet within the last few days." Such incidents are, I believe, not unknown in the records of the law courts. Again, witnesses are sometimes coached by lawyers until they think they remember what really has been suggested to them. The retroactive hypnotic suggestions already described emphasize this point. Bernheim has made people believe that they were witnesses of thefts that were purely imaginary; and he cites the following recent case of judicial error due to the false testimony of an honest witness.

Three Spaniards robbed and murdered a farmer named Pradiés. The farmer's wife came to his rescue and she also was killed by one of the assassins, after she had inflicted a sword-wound upon him. Two of the murderers were arrested, while the one who murdered the wife escaped. Pradiés lived for a few days, and was able to give his testimony. He clearly described his wife's murderer as blonde, and marked with the small-pox: moreover, he must carry a sword-wound inflicted by his victim. But at the trial one Borras, a cousin of the arrested assassins, was accused, although his description did not at all correspond to that given by Pradiés. The rumor that pointed to Borras as the third Spaniard originated in the gossip of the women of the neighborhood, some of whom surrounded the sick man's bed, and continually repeated their story that Borras was the murderer. Finally, the conviction entered the head of Pradiés; and from that moment he did not cease to say that Borras had killed his wife. He was confronted with Borras, but insisted upon his statement. The unfortunate victim of this false testimony was condemned, but his sentence was commuted to labor for life; and after a few years the real murderer was found, and Borras was pardoned.*

This case is the more remarkable, because the true memory-image of a man blonde and marked with the small-pox seems to have been effaced by the suggested picture of a very different person. The poor farmer's mind may have been affected by his physical and mental suffering; but the physicians testified that it was clear until his death.

With children it is especially easy to manufacture testimony. "Children," as Perez has said, "accept unhesitatingly as true all the ideas which pass through their brains, and especially those which gain confirmation and precision from the words or looks of grown-up persons." The extent to which this weakness of childhood may be utilized for criminal purposes was shown by the testimony of Moritz Scharf against his own father in the famous Tisza-Eszlar case, a few years ago. † A French writer, M. Motet, reports also from his own ob-

* See the Revue de l'Hypnotisme, July 1, 1890.
† See Revue des Deux Mondes, August 1, 1883.

servation four cases of the false testimony of children ; and he cites others.* Nothing, as he says, is more effective than a child's story of the details of a crime of which he pretends to have been a witness or a victim. The child's naïveté and apparent accuracy make his testimony most impressive. Yet children with abnormally developed imaginations probably often fail to distinguish what has actually happened from what has been imagined or suggested by others.

The fallibility of memory makes it imperative that care be taken to obtain what Montaigne calls "a paper memory." If, as Leibnitz is said to have done, we make notes of important events, and never use them, the mere writing strengthens the impression and adds a motor memory to the sensory. The man of science takes notes on the spot. But accounts of remarkable phenomena observed by the untrained are usually of little scientific value ; for, even if they observe correctly, they are apt to trust too implicitly in mere memory. With increased knowledge of the ordinary defects of observation and of memory, and of the possibility of manufacturing testimony by ordinary suggestion as well as by hypnotic hallucination, less weight than formerly is likely to be given even to cumulative testimony unsupported by documentary evidence. However good one's memory, written records are indispensable for legal and scientific purposes.

IV.

The indictment against memory is serious ; but even the errors of memory are of such a nature that they scarcely lessen its trustworthiness on ordinary occasions. As Sully has said : "The fact that the stereoscope deceives us every time we look into it, by forcing us to see a solid object when we know there are only two flat photographs, does not lessen our belief in the general certainty of visual perception. . . . Similarly, it is possible to find out that memory is a very blundering witness in many cases, and yet to feel sure that she can be perfectly well depended on to speak the truth about things with which she may be assumed to be thoroughly familiar."

It should be noted also that apparent cases of paramnesia frequently are not such at all. Many supposed errors of memory are really defects in original observation. It is not memory but attention which is deficient. And again, many mnemonic mysteries are explained, to speak plainly, by the ability to lie combined with the desire to appear omniscient. The illustration given by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris" is typical. When the old witch asserted that the tail of a cart backed against the window of her cell had broken the grating, an archer who stood by replied, "'Tis true enough ; I was present." The novelist rightly adds : "There are always people about who have seen everything."

Nevertheless genuine mnemonic illusions of the kinds described are probably much more common than most people suppose. While suggested paramnesia may be rare, a multitude of examples of the simpler forms might be given.

In view of the defects of memory that have been described, a few pedagogical suggestions are obvious.

In the first place, if a trustworthy memory is desired, the prime condition is health. Not only are the more serious forms of paramnesia pathological ; but even forgetfulness, when unusual, indicates disease. Indeed memory forms a most delicate gauge of one's physical well-being. The power of *committing to memory* varies notably with fluctuations of one's physical condition ; and, as everybody knows, recollection is rendered difficult by fatigue, and is usually easier in the morning than at night. The physiological cause seems to be that retention is conditioned by processes of nutrition, while recollection depends largely upon the circulation, as is shown not only by many cases of amnesia due to defective circulation, but also by the hypermnesias of fever and other diseases, where there is an increased rapidity of the cerebral circulation.

In the second place, the trustworthi-

* Les faux témoignages des enfants devant la justice. Paris, 1887.

ness of memory depends upon attention. "The true art of memory," as Johnson said, "is the art of attention." But not merely by strengthening the first impression does attention aid memory. The ability to recall any event depends largely upon the power of attention at the moment of attempted recollection. This appears not only from introspection, but hypnotic experiments and the like seem to indicate it. In the hypnotic sleep, when the power of attention is intensified, memory is exalted. And in experiments in "crystal vision," where the experimenter gazes at some reflecting surface — a bowl of water, mirror, crystal, or the like — after the fashion of the old necromancers, the attention is fixed by the device, and forgotten scenes may sometimes be recalled. A lady who recently has contributed an interesting paper on this subject,* and who is herself a successful crystal-gazer, gives the following account of one of her experiments: "I had carelessly destroyed a letter without preserving the address of my correspondent. I knew the county, and searching in a map, recognized the name of the town, one unfamiliar to me, but which I was sure I should know when I saw it. But I had no clue to the name of house or street, till at last it struck me to test the value of the crystal as a means of recalling forgotten knowledge. A very short inspection supplied me with 'H. House' in gray letters on a white ground, and having nothing better to suggest from any other source, I risked posting my letter to the address so strangely supplied. A day or two brought me an answer, headed 'H. House' in gray letters on a white ground." The kernel of truth hidden under the superstitions connected with this ancient practice of divination, seems to be this: The crystal aids persons of unusual visualizing powers † to fix their attention and thus to revive latent memories. Probably any device that aids attention is likely to assist recollection.

Whatever may be said in regard to training the memory, it must be remembered that memory is not, as used to be supposed, an independent faculty of the mind that in some mysterious way may be directly strengthened by exercise, as the blacksmith strengthens his arm; but that memory as retentive is due to the plasticity of nerve-substance, and to the property of nerve-centres by which they retain in growth their functional modifications; and that recollection depends upon physiological conditions such as the cerebral circulation and the proper functioning of nerve-cells; moreover, that a complete act of recollection is a complex process involving comparison, inference, and the like. Hence whatever in general is conducive to vigorous health, and whatever tends to habits of clear and orderly thinking—such conditions will aid recollection. And whatever is detrimental to the normal functioning of the nerve-cells—fatigue, intense emotion, or the like—and whatever blinds the judgment, will hinder recollection. Much good advice in regard to so-called memory training may be found in some of the books about memory; but the most important aids to recollection are the conditions that favor normal mental activity in general. In short, all psychological beatitudes are on the head of him who has good health, sane emotions, and trained power of attention. But no amount of study, nor all the prescriptions of mnemonic doctors, from Simonides to Loisette (except so far as they train attention) can atone for anæmia of body or lack of the power of attention.

* Proceedings of the (English) Society for Psychical Research, June, 1888.

† This term is used by Galton and others to denote the power that many people possess of picturing a scene in memory with a vividness comparable to that of the original.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF TO-DAY.

By William A. Coffin.

SECOND PAPER.

The group of painter-illustrators in the United States is a large one, and includes some of the best-known of all our artists. Some of them are constant workers in drawing for reproduction, while others contribute irregularly, but often enough to have become noted in this branch of art. Every reader of the magazines is familiar with the charming drawings by Robert Blum. Whether it be in the delineation of scenes in America or Spain, Italy or Japan, he brings to his work the same picturesqueness of composition, the same grace and vigor of line, and the same aptness for seizing characteristic points in figure and environment. His style, from a cleverness that savored somewhat in his earliest work of the methods of the Spanish draughtsmen, has become distinctly personal, and has gained in *naïveté*. With abundant technical facility in the use of the pen, he unites sufficient knowledge of form to make his drawing always firm and solid. He uses pure white and black freely when it is needed, and is extremely skilful in the management of light and dark masses. In his wash-drawings delicacy in the relation of values and suggestion of color are to be noted, and in all of his work truth and character are rendered with remarkable fidelity. The combination of serious qualities with *verve* and lightness is a rare one, but Mr. Blum possesses it in a marked degree, and it explains much of the charm that is found in his work. It is always attractive and striking, but never flippant, facile but not careless, and, above all, unmistakably individual.

There is no more accomplished draughtsman among American artists than H. Siddons Mowbray, whose pictures of Oriental subjects, drawn chiefly from the "Arabian Nights," have given him a high reputation as a painter. He learned to draw in Paris under Bonnat's instruction, and for a time gave his attention to historical compositions. He is firmly grounded in academical study, but his work betrays no trace of ultra-conventional methods. Particularly in the delineation of female types, such as the young women clad in embroidered stuffs, who idle their time away resting upon soft couches in the interiors of the Orient, the elegance and simplicity of his style are apparent, and when he has to do with more robust themes his work is strong and virile. Like Mr. Cox and Mr. Low, he has treated the nude figure in some of his designs, and no one invests it with more charm or depicts it with more certain knowledge. Not the least of his qualities as an illustrator, is his talent for composition, and he has expressed many a graceful fancy in the way of decorative designs, in which beauty of line in single figures, and happy disposition of the groups, make the ensemble complete and harmonious. He makes his drawings ordinarily in oil-color, and uses the pen but little. The subtileness of his modelling oftentimes makes faithful reproduction of his work rather a difficult matter, but though something is lost in this respect, the graceful lines of his figures and the effective contrast of light and dark in his compositions remain, and the charm which

Browning's House in Venice—Rezzonico Palace.
(From a painting by Robert Blum.)

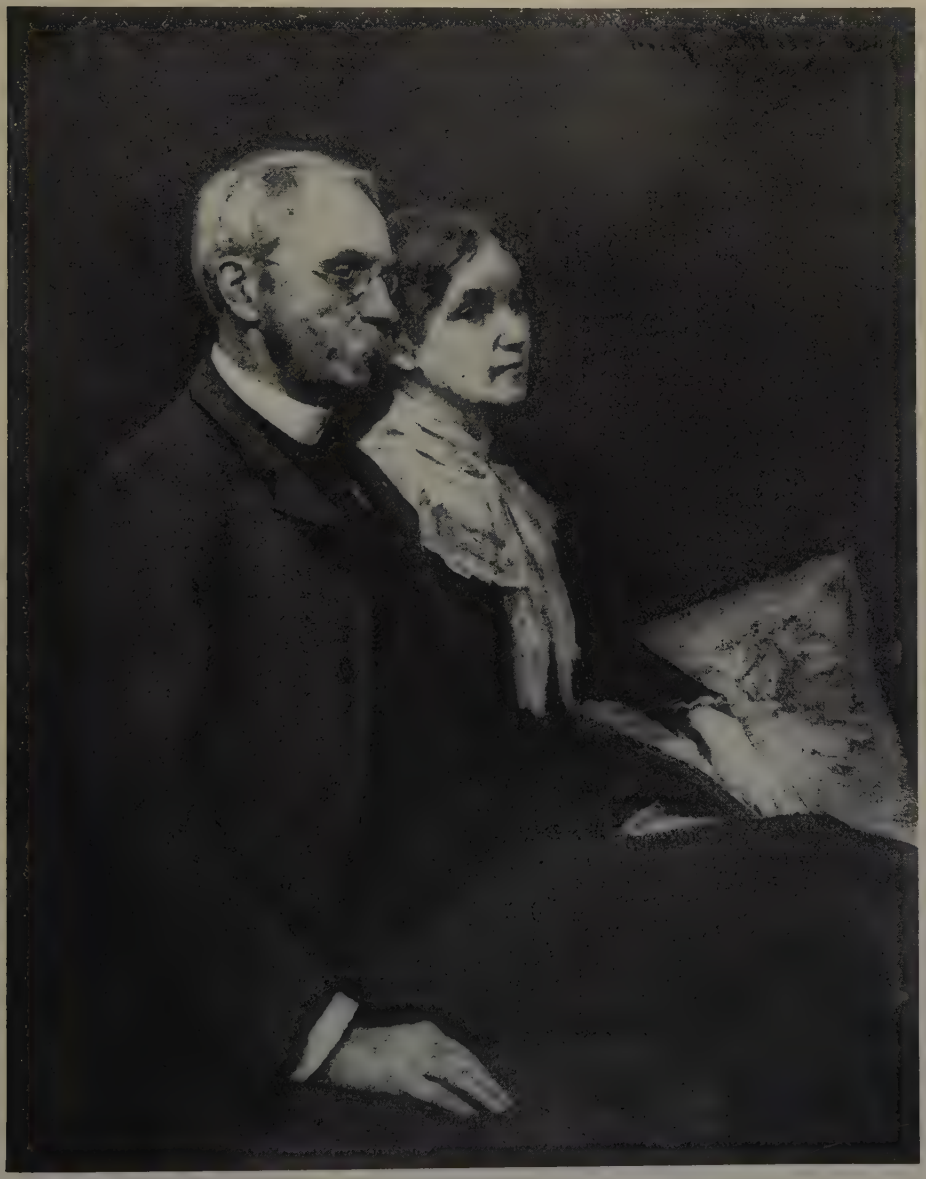
Youth and Crabbed Age.

(From an unpublished drawing by H. Siddons Mowbray.)

proceeds from simple arrangement is one of the most salient features of his designs.

Irving R. Wiles is one of the cleverest of our water-color painters, and his skill in handling this medium makes his drawing for reproduction among the purest in method of any to be found. It may be said here, in passing, that it is perfectly legitimate for an artist in making a drawing to be engraved or "processed," to use any sort of means he may choose to arrive at his object. Body-color and washes, pencil and ink and chalk, may all be used in the same drawing, and there is no fault to find provided the result is good. Such a mixture of mediums would certainly give a tricky look to a picture, and would lay it open to criticism on that account, but a drawing for reproduction is made primarily to be effective when printed, and it matters little how that end is gained. Yet, even in the reproduction there is an inherent charm in a drawing that has been made in the simplest fashion, and in Mr. Wiles's work this is a prominent characteristic. He is amazingly clever in the use of transparent washes and works most simply and directly, modelling apparently *au premier coup* and rarely retouching. He is most at home in the delineation of American interiors and pretty young women, whose ribbons and flounces, gauzy veils and laces, he indicates with as much character as he puts in the expression of their faces. His pictures of outdoor life in city and country also he invests with an air of truth, and where he has to deal with landscape he applies his broad and simple treatment with pleasing and just effect. Not unlike Mr. Wiles in his methods is Herbert Denman, who has done a considerable quantity of excellent work in the illustration of modern city life, and whose drawings are marked by much truth of observation and frank treatment, attaining his effects principally by the careful study of values, and eliminating detail as far as it may be consistently done without approaching vagueness; and there are many points of resemblance in the work of these artists with that of Willard L. Metcalf (see drawing on page 156) and Francis C. Jones, both of whom show clever draughtsmanship in figure-subjects and tender feeling in the treatment of landscape. Excellent work in landscape, signed by the well-known artist, H. Bolton Jones, and by J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, and other painters, appears from time to time in the pages of the magazines; and the somewhat impressionistic pictures of meadow, brook, and sky, by J. H. Twachtman, are familiar to the readers of SCRIBNER'S. Mr. Twachtman is especially successful in making a beautiful page with the simplest of motives, a few wild flowers growing in the foreground of a meadow and the sky above being quite as much as he demands in the way of a subject;

but these are given with exquisite refinement and subtile skill. Color is suggested oftentimes in his black and white drawings, and they are always eminently decorative. The painters who nowadays occasionally work in the field of illustration are so numerous, that one runs the risk of making invidious distinctions in selecting certain ones for notice, but there are a few not yet mentioned whose work has been sufficient in quantity to warrant their being included in a review of American illustrators, and others who, if they have not produced very much, have given us a few drawings that are of such excellence as



Two Portraits.
(From a painting by Irving R. Wiles.)

to compel attention. As a painter, William M. Chase (see Frontispiece) finds on every side something that appeals to his artistic sense, and his pictures cover a wide range from the nude to still-life. In his pictures of scenes in Central Park and the pretty squares in Brooklyn, with their broad walks and benches under the trees, he has dealt with subjects that are closely allied to illustration, and nothing could be more truthful in the rendering of the accent of locality and character of the people. Some of these pictures have been printed in a leading periodical by a photographic process, and they are to New York much what the pictures of the boulevards and avenues by De Nittis are to Paris. Mr. Chase, as an illustrator, has made studies of Spanish types and places among other things, and has signed a few portrait drawings. He is a masterly technician, and makes the most of a simple subject through the interest he gives to his work by the way he does it.

Sun in the Willows.

(From an unpublished drawing by H. Bolton Jones.)

A sober painter, with a care for detail that reminds us in his pictures of the great Dutchmen, we find more summary treatment in the drawings that Francis D. Millet has made of life in the Balkans and other places where his travels have led him, but they are always good in character, and possess that look of having been made under the influence of direct impressions from the actual scenes they represent, that is so important a factor in the illustration of life and manners. These drawings are

ENGRAVED BY ROBERT HOSKIN.

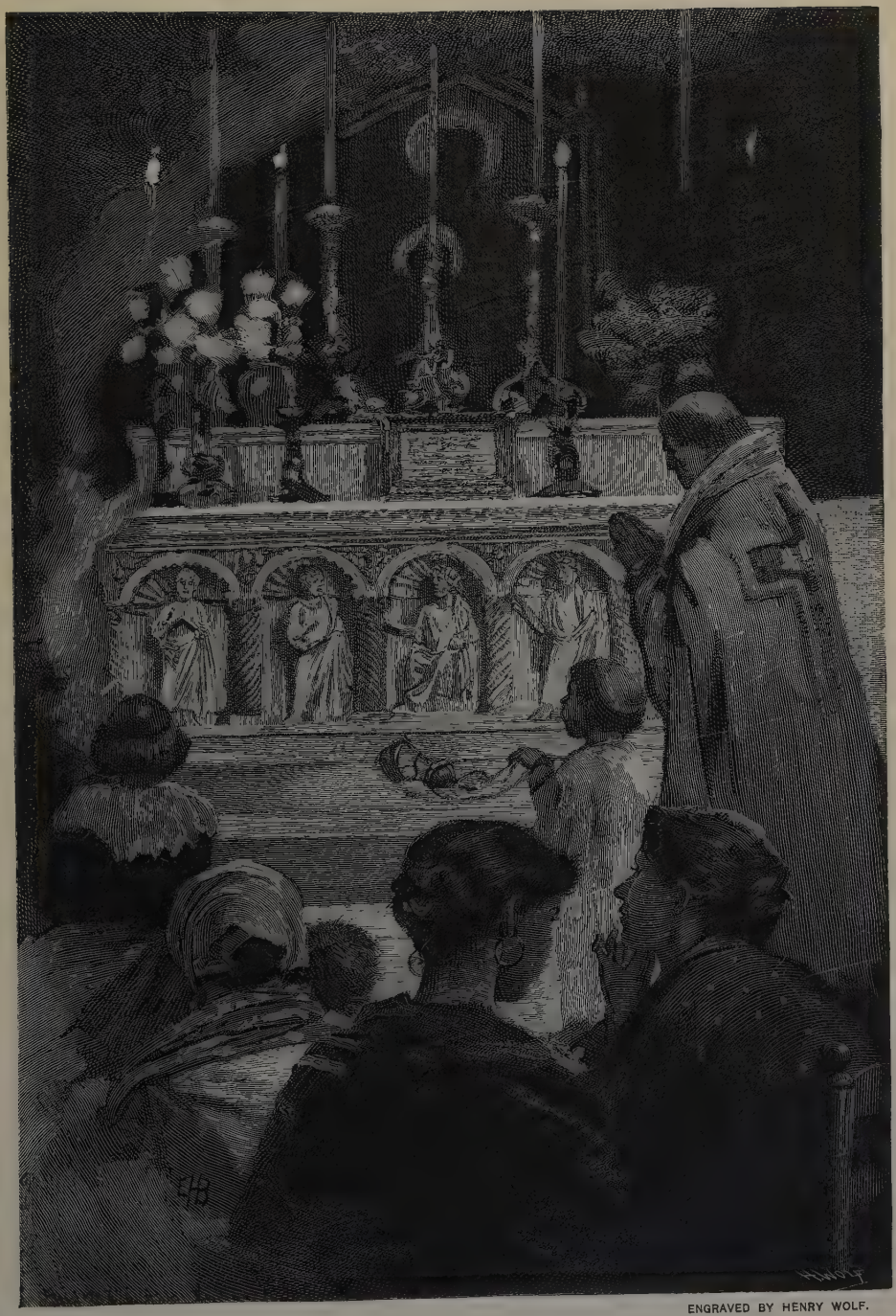
A Passing Storm.
(From an unpublished drawing by Bruce Crane.)

in crayon in most cases, and are distinctly *croquis* in the best sense, and in that they are direct notes made on the spot, have an interest that cannot be infused into work made from photographs. But we have not many artists who write and illustrate their own articles, putting down their impressions in word and line as they receive them. Something of the same sort, however, has been done by Edwin H. Blashfield, who, in a series of articles written by himself and Mrs. Blashfield, on subjects treating of mediæval times, has shown not only technical qualities of a high order, but also true erudition in archæology; John La Farge, in his papers, "An Artist's Letters from Japan," is a delightful artist-author; and Messrs. Pyle, Zogbaum, Gibson, Pennell, Shelton, and others are among the illustrators who are also authors, but of these we shall speak later on. Alfred Kappes is a painter of genre, particularly of negro life, who contributes drawings of much character to current illustration, and by Carlton T. Chapman there have been seen of late some very good pictures of the sea and ships, in which subjects that were without much material for inspiration have been treated in an interesting way. Gilbert Gaul, whose pictures of skirmishes and camp-life are often seen at the Academy and other exhibitions, is a painter who has done work of excellent quality in the same line of subjects for illustration, and more recently appears as the author of a series of drawings depicting pioneer life in California, that are among the best things of the kind we have to show. In two or three of them, where a large number of figures are introduced, the composition and arrangement are admirable, and while the general effect is broad and complete, detail is given with scrupulous exactness. Good work in figures, and occasionally in landscape, comes from the brush of J. Alden Weir, and Frederick Dielman is a productive illustrator whose subjects are found mainly in scenes from American life. Some important creative illustration has been done by Walter Shirlaw in his designs accompanying Goldsmith's "The Hermit," and the same artist appears also as a delineator of every-day types of character in various scenes of city life. Mr. Shirlaw, whose art education was obtained at Munich, is one of the American painters who have treated the nude figure in illustration, and he shows in his work a strong feeling for the decorative side of design.

In Holiday Dress.

(From a drawing by F. D. Millet to illustrate "Modern Greece," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

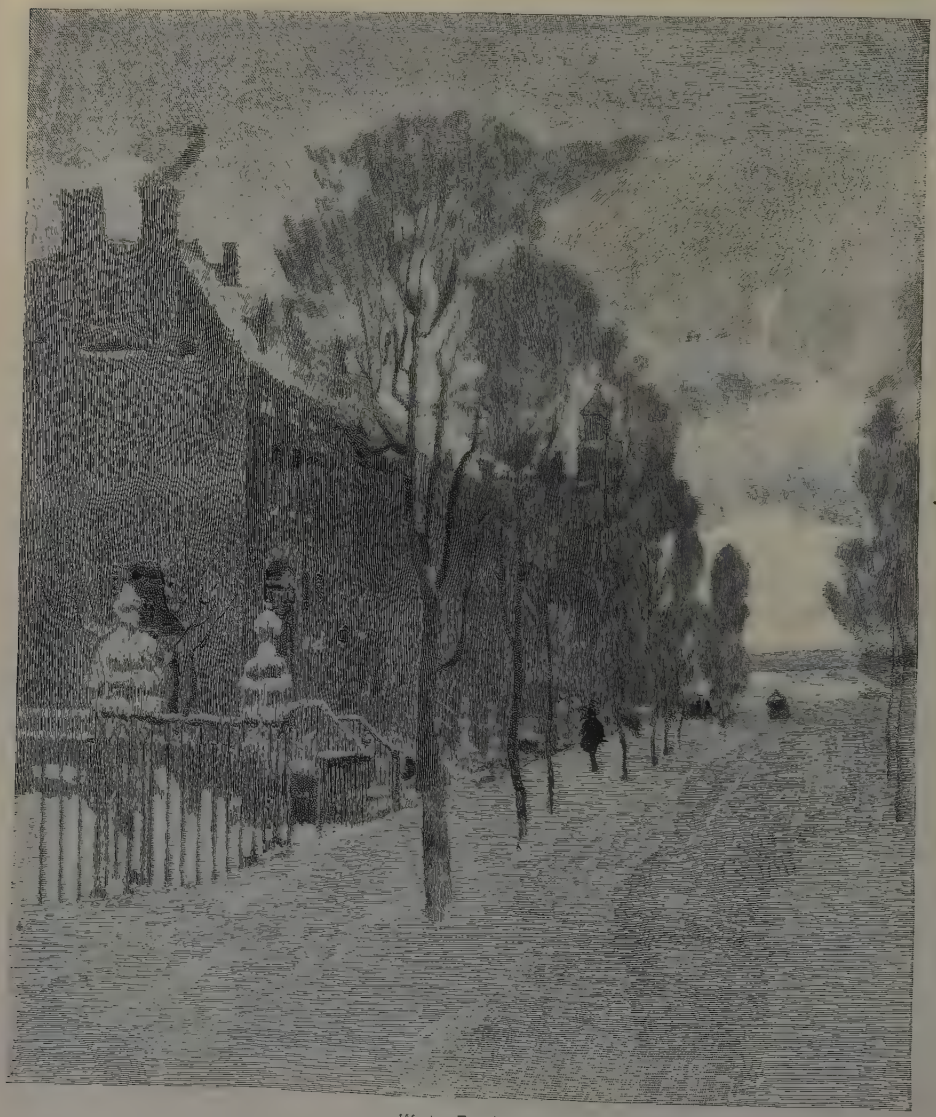
One of the ablest of the younger painters, whose methods have



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

Altar Front, of Fifth Century, in San Francesco, Ravenna.
(From an unpublished drawing by Edwin H. Blashfield.)

caused them to be grouped under the general denomination of Impressionists, is William S. Allen, who, among other things, has signed a series of spirited drawings illustrating an article on surf-bathing, that shows him to be a very skilful draughtsman with the pen, and one who depends upon the simplest means in technical expression. In the use of water-color he appears as a truthful observer of values, and his drawings in this medium are remarkable for luminousness and atmospheric quality. Theodore Robinson, who is also among those who have imbibed the principles of Claude Monet in his landscapes and pictures of outdoor life, and whose artistic temperament is one of delicate sensibility, is a somewhat irregular contributor to the magazines; but notably in some pictures of the little village of Barbizon, where Millet, Rousseau, and other great men of the Fontainebleau group lived and worked,



Winter Evening.
(From a drawing by J. H. Twachtman, published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

A Sardine Booth.

(From a drawing by Theodore Robinson, to illustrate "The Pardon of Ste. Anne D'Auray," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

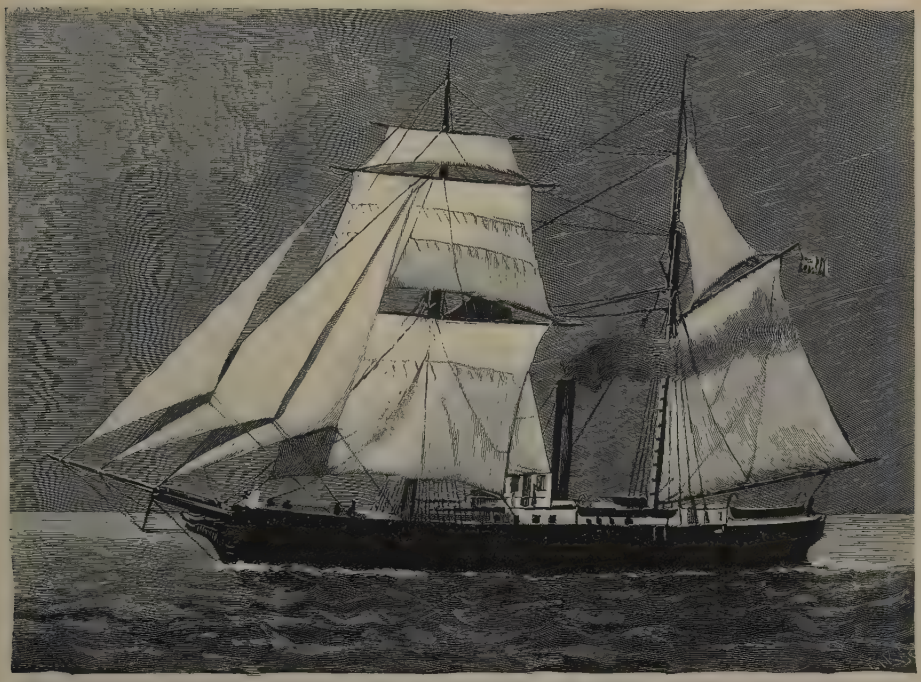
he gives evidence of the possession of a refined artistic sense, and of the qualities most valuable in drawing for reproduction—simplicity and directness of expression.

Portraits are so often engraved for illustrative purposes, from photographs or paintings, or from nature, that there are not many drawings in this branch of illustration to point to in current work. Some excellent heads in pencil and in charcoal have appeared by J. Carroll Beckwith, who is an accomplished draughtsman, and whose modelling with the point is especially clever; by John W. Alexander, who has made a number of portrait studies from life; and by Wyatt Eaton, whose black and white work possesses much of the distinction that marks his portraits in color (see the drawing by Mr. Eaton on page 206). Of course, it must not be forgotten that the illustrated periodicals frequently contain character sketches that in one sense belong in the portrait class of illustrations, but the place for their consideration is not in this part of our review, which is meant to include only the work of the painter-illustrators as distinguished from that of the large body of artists whom we are accustomed to regard as illustrators pure and simple.

ASLEEP UPON THE GRASS.

By Eliza Woodworth.

Upon the warm and fragrant grass I lay;
Above me towered the whispering maple-tree
(Whose voice, when storms march past, is like the sea),
And round me was the throng of Summer-Day:
Thin gnats, and dusk ephemera, at play;
Tossed yellow butterfly and banded bee;
The large-eyed robins came and looked at me,
Then briskly hopped, content, about the brae.
Wee, swinging spiders slid down mist-threads, nigh;
Grim, hurried ants across my palm would pass,
The shortest way, and lady-bugs, unshy;
Beetles came close, with backs like hammered brass,
For fear had left the elves that walk or fly—
They said, She is asleep upon the grass.



The Revenue Cutter Levi Woodbury.
(After a photograph by Augustine H. Folsom.)

THE REVENUE-CUTTER SERVICE:

ITS WORK IN THE RELIEF OF VESSELS IN DISTRESS.

By Lieutenant Percy W. Thompson, U. S. R. M.

PROBABLY many of your readers have seen in the newspapers, in the latter part of November of each year, the announcement that certain revenue-cutters had been ordered by the President to cruise along our dangerous and rock-bound coast in search of and to aid distressed vessels. But how the cutters render aid, how far off shore they go, how often they go into port, and even what size and class of vessel a revenue-cutter is, are questions very few persons living in inland towns could answer.

By an act of Congress of December 22, 1837, the President is authorized to cause any suitable number of public vessels adapted to the purpose to cruise upon the coast in the severe portion of the season, "and to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances may require." After the passage of the act a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and three brigs of the navy were ordered on that service with right of the cutters. The naval vessels proved to be too large for the coast service and were withdrawn. From this time the protection of commerce in this regard devolved upon the revenue-cutters, which have been employed under the act during every winter up to the present time, with such satisfactory results as to earn for the service generally a deserved popularity, especially with all persons connected with the maritime interests of the country.

The latter part of November, each year, the commanding officers of certain revenue-cutters receive from the Secre-

tary of the Treasury what are termed "winter-cruising orders." These orders are issued by the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Chief of the Revenue Marine Division. They direct the commander of the cutter to make preparations to cruise for the relief of distressed vessels; to take on board such provisions, fuel, and water as can be conveniently stowed, and in case the marine underwriters desire to place clothing, provisions, or other supplies on board for shipwrecked crews, to take charge of them agreeably to their instructions. Thus prepared the cutter is ordered to cruise over her designated district from December 1st to March 31st, "keeping generally as close to the land as the safety of the vessel will permit, exercising due diligence and discretion in the search for distressed vessels." The cutter generally cruises near the land in order to lessen the chances of passing unseen a vessel ashore in need of help. The cutter is ordered "not to go into port oftener than compelled by stress of weather, want of supplies, or other necessity." She is ordered, in all cases requiring aid or relief, to afford such assistance as may be needed. The cost of supplies furnished to distressed vessels, the cost of fuel expended in rendering any assistance, and the estimated damage done to hawsers in towing, are paid by the owners of the assisted vessels to the Collector of Customs at the cutter's head-quarters. A full and circumstantial report of each case of assistance rendered is filled out on blanks furnished for the purpose, and transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury from the first port of arrival. The navigating officer of each cutter is required to prepare a chart of the vessel's cruising district, on which chart he lays down tracks representing all the runs made during the winter's cruising. This chart is forwarded to the Treasury Department and filed.

Of the thirty-five vessels of the Revenue Marine now in commission, only eight are designated by the President as winter-cruising vessels. These are the Levi Woodbury, with head-quarters at Eastport, Me., and cruising from the St. Croix River to Cape Elizabeth, Me.; the Alexander J. Dallas, with head-quarters at Portland, Me., and cruising from South-West Harbor, Me., to Cape Ann, Mass.; the Albert Gallatin, with head-quarters at Boston, Mass., and cruising from Portsmouth, N. H., to Wood's Hole, Mass.; the Samuel Dexter, with head-quarters at Newport, R. I., and cruising from Wood's Hole to Whitestone, L. I.; the U. S. Grant, with head-quarters at New York, and cruising from New London, Conn., to Delaware Breakwater, keeping outside of Long Island; the Alexander Hamilton, with head-quarters at Norfolk, Va., and cruising from Delaware Breakwater to Cape Hatteras; the William H. Crawford, with head-quarters at Baltimore, and cruising in Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; the Schuyler Colfax, with head-quarters at Wilmington, N. C., and cruising from Body Island, N. C., to Georgetown, S. C. It will be seen that in some cases the cruising district of one cutter overlaps that of another, so that portions of the coast are patrolled by two cutters.

All the winter-cruising cutters, except the Colfax and Crawford, are steam-propellers. The two latter are side-wheel steamers. In respect to size the Dallas is the smallest, being only 179 net tons measurement; the Dexter comes next with 188 tons, the Gallatin is 212, the Hamilton 223, the Grant 262, the Crawford 265, the Woodbury 330, and the Colfax 369 tons. All of these vessels are slow, not one of them being able to steam more than ten or twelve knots at full speed, and most of them not over nine or ten knots.

All of the above-mentioned fleet carry more or less sail, sufficient in the case of all, except the Crawford and Colfax, to handle them safely in all kinds of weather, in the event of their machinery becoming disabled. The sister ship to the smallest of the fleet made the voyage from New York to San Francisco, a distance of nearly 16,000 miles, in perfect safety, most of the way, of course, under sail. The Grant is bark-rigged, the Woodbury, Gallatin, and Hamilton are topsail schooners, and the Dexter, Dallas, Colfax, and Crawford are fore-and-aft schooners, carrying fore- and main-sails, jib, and fore- and main-staysails.

The Grant, Gallatin, Hamilton, and Colfax are iron vessels, the rest wooden.

Each cutter carries four boats and enough life-preservers for one boat's crew. None of the cutters mentioned in this article is provided with a steam-launch.

Each cutter carries a supply of rifles or muskets, revolvers and cutlasses, besides a small battery of from one to four guns, generally composed of 20-pound or 24-pound Dahlgren howitzers. Several of the vessels are now supplied with 3-inch breech-loading rifled guns in place of the Dahlgren howitzers.

Eight officers and a crew of from thirty to thirty-five men is the usual complement for each vessel. The crews are composed largely of foreigners—usually Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. Men of these nationalities are found to be excellent sailors, obedient, amenable to discipline, trustworthy, and peculiarly capable of withstanding the cold and hardships to which they are necessarily subjected. The crews are divided into various rates, according to the duties that are to be performed, each vessel carrying 1 boatswain, 1 carpenter, 1 master-at-arms, 2 quartermasters, 2 coxswains, from 10 to 14 seamen, 1 cabin steward, 1 wardroom steward, 1 ship's cook, 2 first-class boys, 2 second-class boys, 4 firemen, and 2 coal-passers.

During November the cutters prepare for the arduous work of winter cruising. The battery is run in, trained fore and aft, and securely lashed, or stowed away in the hold. One of the light boats is put ashore, to make room for a surf-boat, with air-tight compartments, specially adapted to work in high seas and for landing in the surf. The yards and light spars are sent down and stowed ashore until spring. Sometimes stump topmasts and jib-booms are rigged in place of the long ones, thus reducing the tendency to roll and pitch, and enabling the vessel to steam to windward with less resistance. Enough sail, however, is always retained to handle the vessel without steam. A fresh supply of towing-hawsers, heaving-lines, ropes, oars, boat-gear, etc., is procured. Masts, sails, rigging, boats, steering-gear, ground-tackle, pumps, and, in fact, all parts of the vessel are carefully examined and repaired, or renewed if necessary. The chief engineer and his assistants thoroughly inspect all portions of the machinery and make them, as far as human foresight can, capable of sustaining the severe strain to which they are soon to be put. Supplies of coal, water, provisions, and ship chandlery are taken on board. A heavy iron ice-breaker is never forgotten if the winter is likely to be severe. The ice-breaker is made of $\frac{3}{4}$-inch iron, and is V-shaped. It extends about eighteen inches below the water-line, and the same distance above it, and fits over the cutwater, to which it is secured by five heavy chains. Three years ago one of the New England cutters was obliged to work in such heavy ice, while assisting vessels, that her ice-breaker was twice rendered entirely useless; the second time it was twisted and worn so badly that a new one had to be procured. In addition to the damage to her ice-breaker, the same vessel had nearly all the copper near the water-line stripped off, her gripe torn off, the forward planks near the water-line worn entirely through, and her propeller so badly bent and twisted that a new one was necessary.

On December 1st the cutter sails on her long cruise. Her captain is in the pilot-house. The officer of the deck, having laid aside his handsome uniform until spring, buttons his great-coat closely about him, dons his fur cap and gloves, takes the weather side of the bridge with marine glass in hand, and begins his vigilant lookout. A quartermaster on the lee side of the bridge, also with a good marine glass, assists in the search. From now until April 1st, whenever the cutter is cruising, at least two, and frequently four, pairs of glasses are almost constantly sweeping the horizon on the lookout for vessels in distress. Many a poor mariner with his sails blown away, ground-tackle gone, leaking badly, heavily iced up, food-lockers empty, or perhaps out of his reckoning, sights the revenue-cutter in the distance bearing down upon him, and experiences feelings which a landsman cannot properly appreciate.

In addition to feeding the hungry, saving the imperilled, and guiding the

lost, it is also the cutter's duty to suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling, enforce the neutrality laws and the quarantine regulations, protect merchant vessels from piratical attacks, protect wrecked property, and guard the timber reserves of the United States against depradations. The constant and frequent inspection of the vast fleet of merchant vessels that trades along our coast forms a very important duty of the service, and one which, if not performed, would be followed by a very general neglect of the customs and navigation laws. Even with the rigid and constant inspections, from one to two thousand violations are detected each year, and reported to the proper authorities. It is not alone in the examination of the ship's documents, and the ascertaining that she has no smuggled articles on board, that she is engaged in the trade for which she is licensed, that her marine documents are in force, that her regularly authorized captain is in command, etc., that the importance of the boarding duty is most strikingly shown. Of the twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand vessels that are every year boarded and thoroughly examined by officers of the revenue-cutter service, many are found to have side-lights, anchor-bights, or fog signals of an efficiency far below what is deemed safe by the Government. These faults are corrected, and thus one of the greatest dangers of the sea, collision, is mitigated to a great degree. The benefits of the increased safety thus effected are shared, not only by the seafaring man, but also by that immense portion of the travelling public that selects our coastwise steamers as a means of conveyance from place to place. The constant patrolling of the coast enables the cutters promptly to discover and report to the proper authorities the absence or imperfection of buoys, spindles, light-ships, and other aids to navigation.

Although all the cutters perform useful and meritorious work, the two stationed on the Maine coast have greater opportunities for rendering assistance than all the rest combined. Of the five hundred and twenty-six distressed vessels assisted by the entire service during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, over four hundred were assisted by the Maine cutters. The large number of shoals, reefs, rocks, and islands lying off this coast, combine with the very strong tides, high winds, fog, vapor, and ice, to render navigation along it as dangerous as on any other in the world.

The fleet of merchant vessels that passes along the coast of Maine is immense, and in addition there is one of the largest fishing fleets in the world. These latter vessels are obliged to get their fish to market as soon as possible after they are caught, and hence they arrive on the coast from the fishing banks in all kinds of weather. In summer they have dense fogs to contend with; in winter, vapor, thick snowstorms, ice, high winds, and rough seas. Frequently they become so iced up that they are unmanageable. Many of the reefs, rocks, and islands are out of the track of the coastwise steamers, are never visited by tugs, and cannot be seen from the few life-saving stations on the mainland. But for the cutters, many of the poor fellows wrecked on these isolated reefs would perish miserably from cold, exposure, and hunger.

Vessel masters on this coast usually select the inside passages and channels among the islands, in order to avoid the high seas and winds which they would have to encounter off the coast. Vessels are frequently caught in these passages and frozen in; they are also frequently frozen up in the harbors. The cutters keep these passages and harbors open as long as possible. They cut out vessels that are frozen in, and warn vessels that are discovered approaching closed passages and harbors.

Assistance is rendered, as far as possible, in accordance with the needs of the distressed vessel. Vessels ashore are hauled afloat, and towed to a safe harbor; those frozen in are cut out and towed to open water; those in need of water, provisions, or medicine are supplied; those out of their reckoning get necessary sailing directions; the disabled ones are towed to a safe harbor where repairs can be made, and those that are short-handed by reason of illness or death are supplied with enough

officers and men to work them into port. In rendering assistance cutters are positively prohibited from interfering with private enterprise.

Life on a revenue-cutter during winter cruising is one of hardship and danger. It is a life of constant exposure to all kinds of weather, and is so trying that only men of strong and robust constitutions can safely undergo it. Even in these not infrequently are sown the seeds of disease.

One of the greatest dangers the revenue officer is called upon to encounter is boat duty. This he has to perform in all sorts of weather. Fog, snow-storm, cold, high wind, or rough sea, is seldom considered a sufficient reason for neglecting to board a vessel bound in from a foreign port. Such a vessel has usually to be boarded while under way—a very difficult and dangerous undertaking, requiring the exercise of experienced judgment, prompt decision, great coolness, and considerable pluck. While on board the vessel, examining her papers, certifying to her manifest, etc., she has probably carried the boarding officer at least two or three miles from his vessel, and he may have to make the best of his way back to her in the teeth of a strong head-wind, high sea, driving snow-storm, and with, perhaps, the added difficulty, if not danger, of approaching night. When rowing in the teeth of a high wind it is no unusual thing for the boat's crew to become so exhausted that no headway can be made. In such a case the boat rows directly to leeward of the cutter, from which a life-buoy attached to a long line is thrown. It is quickly swept to leeward, picked up by the boat, the line made fast to the bow, and the boat hauled alongside. Sometimes he finds it impossible to return to the cutter, and he is obliged to seek shelter on some friendly vessel.

Managing a boat in the surf is perhaps as difficult and dangerous a duty as revenue officers are called upon to perform. Much of the supplies for the houses of refuge on the east coast of Florida are taken to them by revenue-cutters. All these supplies have to be landed through the surf on as exposed and dangerous a beach as any in the world. That no lives have yet been sacrificed, and no property lost in this work, speaks volumes for the skill of revenue officers as surf-men.

Running a line to a vessel ashore or in distress requires skill and courage of a no mean order. True it is that but few revenue officers have lost their lives in the discharge of this duty, but it is equally true that an officer must indeed be young in the service who has not several times stood face to face with death.

SOME TYPICAL RESCUES BY THE REVENUE-CUTTERS.

By Samuel A. Wood.

Not less hardy than the rough-and-ready surfmen of the Life-saving Service who patrol our coast day and night are the officers and crews of the cruising cutters, who look so fine in sunny ports, and it is the purpose of this article to recall a few of their adventures and heroic deeds. Many acts of heroism are frequently performed in the routine of duty, and the world hears nothing of them. Not a few of these officers are the descendants of sturdy captains of old American clippers that made the "gridiron" a bit of bunting frequently seen and honored in ports of the Old World long ago. They have a strong hereditary love for the life they have chosen, and a coolness in time of danger characteristic of their illustrious progenitors. Such an officer was Second Lieutenant John U. Rhodes, of the cutter Dexter. His father was the skipper of the famous California packet Golden Fleece, and aboard of her, when a mere boy, he began his career as a sea-rover. His matchless courage in the disaster to the steamship City of Columbus, of the Savannah Line, off Gay Head, the westernmost cape of Martha's Vineyard, on January 14, 1884, won him the plaudits

of a continent and promotion in his profession. No brighter instance of the valor and seamanship of the Revenue Marine officers may be found than that exhibited by the men of the Dexter at this memorable wreck.

The City of Columbus left Boston for Savannah, on Thursday, January 17, 1884, with eighty-two passengers and a crew of forty-five persons; she was a stanch iron vessel of nearly two thousand tons, and was commanded by Captain S. E. Wright, who had made innumerable passages through the treacherous waters of Vineyard Sound, and was familiar with their every reef and shoal. Many of the steamship's passengers were invalids, going south to escape the rigors of a northern winter, and win back lost health. The night was cold, and here and there in the quiet sky stars were visible. A gale was whistling out of the west, lashing up a high head-sea. When the vessel was within half an hour's sail of the promontory of Gay Head, and less than an hour from the open ocean, Captain Wright went below, leaving Quartermaster Roderick McDonald and Second Mate Edward Harding in charge of the pilot-house. The course of the steamship was southwest by south. Less than a minute before she struck the man on lookout forward rushed into the pilot-house and exclaimed tremulously that the Devil's Bridge buoy was close on the port bow. Devil's Bridge is a double ledge of submerged rocks abreast of Gay Head light. The outer ledge is an eighth of a mile from the mainland, and on either side is very deep water. It has been the scene of many wrecks, the most recent of which was that of the United States war-vessel Galena. When the two men in the pilot-house of the City of Columbus realized the proximity of the terrible reef, they were for a moment nearly unnerved. The lookout had barely told the danger before the keel of the steamship grated on the ledge. The second mate ordered the quartermaster to put the wheel to port. The order came too late. Again the vessel's keel thumped on the reef. The force of the impact was so slight at first that only a few of the passengers were awakened. Captain Wright felt the gentle jar, and supposing he had run down some small sailing craft, he sprang from his bed and ran to the pilot-house, repeating the order of the second mate, "Hard aport!" the moment he saw what had happened. It was about three o'clock in the morning. The captain saw the Gay Head light on the port bow through the land haze. He believed at first that he was not so fast on the reef that he could not work off. He signalled the engineer to back at full speed and threw the wheel over to starboard. The effort was unavailing. Then he ordered the men forward to hoist the jib, hoping to cant the vessel's head to starboard into deeper water. She swung off a few points and then swerved back again. While these attempts were being made to release her from the deadly grip of the reef, not a dozen of the passengers knew what had happened, and few of the crew realized their danger. As a last resort Captain Wright determined to try to pass over the obstruction, and he gave the engineer the signal to go ahead. The steamship only pounded more on the reef. By this time all the passengers had been awakened. The purser and his assistant had gone around knocking on their state-room doors, ordering them to get up, saying that the vessel was ashore. Supplementing the verbal warnings, the passengers heard the roar of the wild sea on the reef, and throwing whatever outer garments were nearest around them, they hurried into the saloon. Many were congregated there with grave faces, mutely looking questions that they feared to ask, when the captain, who had abandoned the pilot-house, came down among them and told them what all captains of sinking ships tell their passengers, that they would be saved, but that they had better put on life-preservers anyhow. He calmed the fears of many, but he was hardly through talking when a cataract of freezing water poured down the companionway among them and created a panic. They crowded up the stairs and rushed out on deck. At this instant a towering sea roared athwart the ship, and every woman and child, and half of the men aboard her, were swept away. Before the giant wave struck her, about

forty men had climbed into the rigging. Living on deck was impossible afterward. There was a great gash in the ship's port side, and sea after sea broke across her. Two boats were launched and dashed to pieces against her iron sides. The benumbed men in the rigging watched the Gay Head light, gleaming like an evil eye, until it was lost in the whiteness of the coming day. Now and then a body floated out of the cabin and was borne away on the foamy waves. Their hearts beat high with hope for a little time just after daylight, when they saw a steamer three miles away, bound to the westward. She was the Glaucus. Her captain did not notice that there were men in the rigging of the wreck, and he kept on his course. Hope in the hearts of some of the men vanished with the Glaucus, and they let go their hold on the ratlines and dropped into the sea. A boat was seen coming out from Gay Head Point at half-past ten o'clock. It was manned by the Indian life-savers. They dared not approach near, as their boat would have been smashed by the floating wreckage or against the wreck itself. They shouted to the men in the rigging to jump. Six of them accepted the invitation and were picked up by the Indians. The boat returned to the wreck and saved others in the same way.

The Dexter was laboring to the eastward through the heavy seas while the brave Indians were working at the wreck. She came within sight of the high land of Gay Head soon after dawn. It was Lieutenant Rhodes's watch. He saw through his glass the dim outlines of a vessel's masts, slanting, as if she were ashore. He reported his discovery to Captain Gabrielson, and the Dexter was headed in the direction of Gay Head under all steam. As she drew nearer to the wreck, a score of men were discerned clinging to the rigging above water. All hands were called, and preparations were made for launching the boats. The Dexter steamed to windward of the wreck, and the cutter was swung out on the davits and lowered into the turbulent water, with Lieutenant Rhodes in command. It flew to leeward on a tall wave toward the wreck. The boat's crew pulled carefully, and when just under the lee of the rigging to which some of the survivors were clinging, the lieutenant ordered them to jump, assuring them that they would be saved. Thirteen men trusted their lives to him. Everyone was picked up. Two men remained dangling in the rigging, apparently unconscious. The plucky lieutenant determined to save them, if they had enough vitality left to stand transferrence to the cutter. It would have been courting death to have gone near enough in the cutter to take the exhausted men in the rigging off. There was only one other way to help them. Lieutenant Rhodes adopted that. He fastened a line around his waist and boldly plunged into the riot of frigid waters. A piece of wreckage struck him, and the men in the cutter, fearful for his life, dragged him back on board. He was undismayed by the accident, and went overboard again. This time he reached the wreck, got the men from the rigging and brought them with him to the cutter. They died after being put aboard the Dexter. After the launching of the cutter, the Dexter steamed to leeward of the wreck and anchored, in order to pick the cutter up. Her anchor-chain was tough and her holding-ground good, or she would have been unequal to the task of facing the heavy seas, into which she dipped her prow at frequent intervals. Lieutenant Kennedy had gone out in the Dexter's gig with a volunteer crew to assist his daring brother-officer. He could not get near the wreck because of the lightness of his boat, but he saved men who had drifted to leeward of the cutter, and picked up several bodies.

The gallantry of the Dexter's officers and crew received ample recognition. The Legislature of Connecticut, Lieutenant Rhodes's native State, thanked him; the Humane Society of Massachusetts gave him its gold medal, and the President of the United States ordered him to be advanced twenty-one numbers in his grade. Captain Gabrielson also received a medal from the Humane Society, and certificates were awarded to the other officers. Each of the crew received a money reward. Congress recognized the rescue in joint resolutions,

and the Secretary of the Treasury made it the theme of a congratulatory circular, which was read at muster on every vessel in the service.

Many of the rescues accomplished by the cutters have been in conjunction with the men of the Life Saving Service. Probably the most thrilling event of this nature was the succor of the crew of the three-masted schooner Ada Barker, from an isolated rock near Outer Green Island, on January 13, 1891, by the men of the cutter Woodbury, commanded by Captain A. A. Fengar. The rock is called the Junk of Pork, and is one of the most dangerous on the Maine coast. It rises precipitously to a height of nearly fifty feet from the surface of the sea, and is encompassed with countless bowlders and jagged reefs. The Woodbury steamed out of Portland on January 12th on her mission of deliverance. A southeasterly gale, which whipped up lofty beam seas, compelled her to proceed slowly. She rolled bulwarks under now and then, and the seas washed across her decks. A cannon got adrift, but it was secured before it had a chance to do any damage. The Junk of Pork was one of the first objects of anxious observation by the officer on watch. It was hidden much of the time in a smother of foam and spray from the seas that broke in frosty shreds against its vertical sides, and swirled in chalky masses around its base. The officer thought he saw dark forms in a state of frantic activity on the flat top of the rock. A glass was levelled at the forms and they were made out distinctly to belong to six men. Two of them were flourishing shirts on sticks, and the others were waving their arms. The cutter was headed for the rock, and her men saw, in an interval when it was not enveloped in spray, the shapeless outlines of a wreck far up against its windward side. The cutter's whistle screeched encouragement to the men on the rock, and she cruised around until night, hoping the sea would abate enough to permit her to drift in a line to the rock and pull one or more of the shipwrecked men through the breakers. But the sea still raged at dark, and the officers held a consultation in the pilot-house and decided to steam back to Portland, procure dories, and make an effort to land on the rock at dawn of the next day. The Woodbury's boats, Captain Fengar said in his report of the rescue, could not have lived for a moment in the terrific breakers. It was an hour before daybreak when the shivering castaways heard the welcome blasts of the cutter's whistle. On her way out she had conveyed the tidings of the wreck to the Cape Elizabeth Life-saving Station. She lay by the rock until daylight, sending up at short intervals vapory toots of encouragement to the six anxious sailors. While her men were preparing to launch the dories and the white cutter, the life-boat from Cape Elizabeth, with her crew of yellow-jacketed men encircled with life-belts, hove in sight. Now, the cutter men looked upon the castaways as "particularly their own meat" (as one of the young officers expressed it), and they determined to make a strenuous effort to get to the rock first, even if they did have only ordinary open boats. The two cutters were dropped in a twinkling, and made a dash for the breakers. Captain Fengar made a little speech to the crew of the first cutter, which followed the buoyant dories. He said: "Now, boys, we want you to get those men. You must not fail. God bless you!" Lieutenant Howland, an old whaler, had charge of the cutter. Two seamen, who were originally assigned to her were relieved, much to their disgust, to make room for Third Lieutenant J. H. Scott and Cadet Van Cott, who entreated Captain Fengar to let them go and pull at an oar. It was a splendid race for the peerless prize of human lives between the Woodbury's boats and the life-boat. The crew of the life-boat were tired from the exertion of an eight-mile row through a choppy sea, and they were not able to cope with the fresh oarsmen of the Woodbury. The dory manned by Seamen Haskell and Gross was the first to reach the rock. It brought off one man and carried him safely to the Woodbury. The race between the white cutter and the life-boat was still on. The broad, belted backs of the life-savers bent like hickory bows under the stentorian encouragement of their captain, who stood in the

stern-sheets vibrating his body to the swing of the oars. The men in the cutter pulled lustily, resolved not to let their chance of winning glory be snatched from them at the very moment when it seemed to be within their grasp. Their boat plunged into the breakers ahead of the life-boat and cleared a submerged reef on the crest of a comber. But she would have been swamped if Lieutenant Scott had not leaped into the freezing surf and held her against the return of the undertow. He disappeared for a moment. Then he came up again, half frozen, but dauntless, with his hands on the cutter's bow. The next roller landed her on a strip of rock. The life-savers hesitated on the verge of the breakers. They were deliberating whether they should shoot a line to the rock or risk landing. The intrepid action of the cutter's crew decided them, and they headed for the rock. The stem of their boat was stove on a bowlder, and she became unmanageable. She was extricated from her peril by the men of the cutter, who dragged her up on the rock. The five rescued sailors were bundled into her and taken to the Woodbury. They had been on the rock for forty hours, without shelter or food. The schooner had her sails blown away in a gale on January 11th, and had struck on the outer reef that night. Her bottom dropped out of her almost at the moment of impact. Her crew escaped from her by climbing up the foremast, which fell against the rock.

The wreck of the wooden passenger steamship Metis, off Watch Hill, in Long Island Sound, on August 30, 1872, gave the officers and crew of the cutter Moccasin an opportunity to display their courage and seamanship. The Metis was bound from New York to Providence, with one hundred and four passengers and a crew of fifty-two persons. She left New York on the afternoon of August 29th. A summer gale from the southeast, permeated with a driving rain, had churned the waters into a fury that would have been regarded dangerous even by deep-water navigators. The little, lime-laden schooner Nettie Cushing was making her way down the Sound under shortened sail, bound for New York. The two vessels met off Watch Hill. A mist had succeeded the rain, and the men on neither craft saw the other until collision was inevitable. The bowsprit of the schooner rammed a hole in the steamer's port side, a few feet forward of the line of the pilot-house. The vibration of the ship was so slight that not more than a dozen passengers were awakened. Captain Charles L. Burton, the Metis's commander, was not aware of the extent of her injury, as the men sent into the hold reported that she was not hurt below the water-line. The schooner, without bowsprit and headgear, vanished astern in the darkness. The Metis was stopped for a moment, and her officers made an effort to find out the fate of the schooner. They concluded that she had gone down, and the Metis went on her course. Half an hour later the chief engineer reported that the vessel was making water rapidly, and that it would be a question of only a few minutes before the fires would be extinguished. The stewards were ordered to wake the passengers. This was done by smashing in the stateroom windows. Nearly all hands had time to partially dress and get life-preservers. The women and children crowded in the cabin. The steamer was headed for the beach, but when she was within five miles of it she gave a lurch and went down, bow first, carrying thirty or forty people into the vortex. Three life-boats were launched. One was smashed against the steamer's side. The others floated away, filled, as frequently happens on such occasions, largely with men. About fifty persons were on the hurricane-deck, which became detached from the hull as the steamer sank, and drifted off.

The Moccasin was at Stonington, a few miles away. She received news of the tragedy from Watch Hill, where hundreds of summer residents had gathered, watching through glasses, and with the naked eye, the struggles of the shipwrecked ones. A northeast gale had succeeded the rain-laden southeaster, creating a high cross-sea, which broke over the Moccasin's bows as she plunged toward the scene of the wreck. The hazardous work of lowering the

boats was accomplished without accident by the cutter's skilful and nervy men. No vestige of the steamer's hull was visible, but the water was strewn with her top hamper. The upper deck had broken to pieces, and clinging to them were half a hundred persons, more dead than alive. The Moccasin's two boats picked up twenty-six who were alive, or in such a condition that they could be resuscitated. They also recovered fourteen bodies.

On a bitter day in January, 1889, the lookouts on the cutter Dallas, which was cruising along the Maine coast, saw protruding above the land vapor of Outer Green Island the topmasts of a vessel. It was thought at first on the cutter that the craft to which the masts belonged was under way. One of the officers made a more careful examination of the masts, and noted that they were leaning toward the wind. But for this discovery the unseen and luckless stranger might have been passed. The Dallas was steered toward the island. Gradually, as she approached, the hull of the vessel materialized from the mist. She was a large Gloucester fishing schooner, the Melissa D. Robbins. Her crew of eighteen men were seen gathered on the shore of the desolate isle, deliriously waving their arms and shouting for help. The surf-boat was lowered and the fishermen were rescued. They told the story of the wreck to their saviors. Their vessel was returning from a protracted cruise with a fine catch, bound for Portland. The skipper lost his bearings in a dense snowstorm, during a howling gale, and came to grief on the rocky shore of Outer Green Island. Her sails were blown away the instant she struck, and within a few minutes her stern- and rudder-posts were pounded out of her. The high surf dashed in snowy masses across her decks. It seemed as if she would soon go to pieces, and the crew got some of the dories ready to launch. Several of them were crushed alongside, and the crew gave up hope of leaving the schooner. The gale moderated and the tide went down at dawn, and they saw the shore within easy reach. They made it without difficulty, but were little better off than they were on the schooner. All their provisions had been ruined, and as there was no shelter on the island, and the mainland was many miles away, their chance of being saved seemed somewhat gloomy. The day succeeding their rescue by the Dallas was one of the severest of the winter, and they would have perished but for the timely appearance of the cutter.

In February, 1890, the Dallas sighted the British schooner Glen, ashore on one of the Duck Islands, small, desolate and remote from the Maine coast. She had been there a day, but was in no immediate danger of going to pieces. The Dallas bore down on her, took off her captain, and, at his request, left the crew on the island to save what they could of the cargo. The captain intended to return to the wreck the next day. A violent gale, accompanied by snow, arose during the night and continued for twenty-four hours. While the storm was raging, attempting to rescue the Glen's crew was out of the question, as the cutter could not live in the great seas combed up by the gale. The snow ceased falling on the morning of the second day, and, although the sea was still high and the wind fiercely blowing, the Dallas determined to make an effort to reach the shipwrecked men on the dreary, storm-beaten island. She bounded up and down the green declivities, whose wind-torn summits fell on her decks and dashed in spray against her spars and rigging, making her look like the mere spectre of herself. She signalled to the poor fellows gathered on the beach that they would be saved as early as possible. There was no boat aboard the cutter fit to send ashore through the tremendous surf, and she steamed to Cranberry Island and brought back the surf-boat and the crew of the life-saving station. The shipwrecked men were found huddled under an old sail. Some of them were so much exhausted that they were unable to move, and were carried to the surf-boat, from which they were hoisted over the side of the cutter. Those who were able to walk were landed at South West Harbor. The others were taken to the Marine Hospital at Portland.

The perilous work of the cruising cutters is ably supplemented by that of the little harbor propellers of the Revenue Service. This is especially true of the trio of vessels stationed at New York, the Manhattan, the Washington, and the Chandler. The Manhattan is assigned to what is designated anchorage duty; that is, she keeps the channels of the East and North Rivers and the Bay clear of vessels, compelling them to anchor within the limit of the anchorage grounds laid down by the Government. Many collisions are thus prevented. She tows becalmed sailing craft out of the fairway, and makes steamers get out unassisted if they have steam up. Incidentally she does whatever life-saving may come in her way on her daily inside cruising. She has more than once gone to the relief of crews endangered by collisions in the Bay and rivers.

A notable incident in the history of the cutter Chandler (until recently commanded by Captain H. D. Smith) occurred in the Lower Bay, on March 14, 1891. The Italian bark Umberto Primo, while making port two days before, went ashore in a thick fog on the Dry Romer, a dangerous shoal a few miles northeast of Sandy Hook, where many sturdier craft have met misfortune. A wrecking steamer went down and vainly essayed to haul the bark off. As the weather was mild, the captain and crew decided to stay aboard until the agents of the vessel sent down more help. A strong northwest wind arose on the evening of March 13th, and before dawn of the following day it had developed into a fair-weather gale, stirring the seas into such a ferment that no boat from any of the wrecking tugs that hovered around could have been kept afloat for an instant in them. At noon the bark had pounded a hole in her starboard side, and the waves were leaping across her decks. Her crew were gathered on the poop under a sail that partly protected them from the showers of chilling spray that constantly covered the vessel. They made supplicating gestures to the men on the wrecking tugs, which could not go near enough to the shoal to take the Italians off. The life-savers of Sandy Hook saw the plight of the bark's crew, and they telegraphed to the city for the cruising cutter Grant to come down and tow them out to the wreck in their surf-boats, as they could not row there from shore through wind-swept seas. The Grant was not in port, and Captain H. D. Smith, of the Chandler, which is no larger than an ordinary tug, was asked if he would take out the life-boats. He said he would. The Chandler was preparing to lay up for the night at the Battery. Although Chief Engineer Hedden had banked his fires, he had steam up in an hour, and down through the ragged seas the buoyant Chandler plunged toward Sandy Hook, with pilot John Bradley, a veteran of the service, at the wheel. Captain Smith passed the wreck on his way and signalled to the hapless sailors that he would bring them help. Seldom has so small a vessel entered into what is practically the open ocean in such a gale. Captain Smith put in toward the Hook, and, learning that the life-boats were around the point, he had the cutter headed that way. She had a tough battle with the seas, which sometimes leaped over her bows and crashed against her pilot-house. It is doubtful whether she would ever have been able to round the point. Fortunately she was not required to do so. The ocean-tug Dalzell had anticipated her, and came out with both the surf-boats in tow. The Chandler accompanied the Dalzell to the wreck and helped to tow the boats to windward. The tide was unusually strong, and this made the work of the life-savers particularly hazardous. Twice the boats were nearly overwhelmed. They reached the bark at last, took off the sailors and put them on the Dalzell, and then boarded the Chandler, which landed them at Sandy Hook.

When the ferryboat Westfield blew up in her slip at the foot of Whitehall Street, the men of the Chandler and the Washington saved twenty passengers who were blown into the water.

While in charge of her pilot, John McMath, at a great fire on the North River front, about twenty years ago, the Chandler pulled three ships and several smaller sailing vessels into the stream and saved them from destruction.

The cutters that cruise in the waters of the polar zone have the hardest experience of any of the Revenue Marine fleet. They are stationed at San Francisco. They pierce the ice-clogged Arctic and the Behring Sea searching for castaways from wrecked whalers, and pursuing violators of the revenue laws and the laws against seal poaching. They tow whalers caught on lee shores to good offings, supply them with medicine, and give the sick and injured medical attention. The Corwin, on her return from her cruise in 1884, brought to San Francisco ninety-eight shipwrecked sailors.

Lieutenant John E. Lutz, who had been detailed in a whaleboat with two men by Captain Healy, of the Corwin, to look out for illegal sealers on Otter Island, distinguished himself by capturing the German schooner Adele and running her to San Francisco, a distance of 2,300 miles, in twenty-six days. Lieutenant Lutz seized the Adele at one o'clock on the morning of September 1st. He discovered her at anchor off St. Paul Island and boarded her. Gustave Isaacson, her skipper, admitted that she was there for the purpose of sealing. Lieutenant Lutz took possession of all the arms aboard and waited for the men who were ashore killing seals to return. They refused to get the Adele under way or to have anything to do with sailing her. They were ordered to step aside, and while the Lieutenant covered them with his repeating rifle, his own men worked the Adele into harbor. The Adele's crew consisted of five white men and eighteen Japanese, and her papers showed that she measured "fifty British tons," and that she was built in Shanghai in 1877. Lieutenant Lutz detained five of the crew on board after the seizure and sent the rest ashore. He then used his prize, manned by a crew of natives, to chase a sealing schooner reported to be in the neighborhood. He gives the story of this chase in his report to Captain M. A. Healy, of the Corwin. He says that the stranger "finally hove to when nine or ten miles off shore and waited for me. It was dusk when I drew near her, and her people could not distinguish the revenue flag until I was within one hundred yards of her. I then observed that the vessel's name had been painted out. She immediately filled away and made all sail. My hail was answered by her people, who refused to give the schooner's name, and no attention was paid to the order to heave-to until boarded. I caused two shots to be fired across her bow and two into the upper part of her rigging, hailing her people after every shot and repeating the order for them to heave-to. Muttered imprecations were the only reply until after the fourth shot, when they fired into us. I then directed my men to aim lower, so as to rake the decks of the other vessel. I stopped the fire at intervals to see if she would heave-to. She fired five or six shots into us, which we returned with fifty or sixty rounds. We suffered no damage, and they probably received little or no injury, as they were all under cover. Darkness had set in, the wind freshened, and I finally abandoned the chase. I saw no hope of being able to take the vessel with my small force, or at least of doing it without endangering the one already captured."

The Adele was unfit to go to sea in. Her timbers were rotten and her rudder was merely hanging by the pintles. Lieutenant Lutz made an effort to run her to Ounalaska, but he was prevented by gales and fogs, and he then decided to risk the voyage to San Francisco. He feared to trust the deck to any of the Japanese, and, as his two white sailors were inexperienced, he was compelled to be up night and day. He kept on his rubber boots during the whole of the perilous trip, and never had a chance to change his wet clothes. The Adele was in such bad condition that her head could not be put to the sea in rough weather, and the Lieutenant was compelled to run her before every heavy gale. Her chronometer was useless, as the record of its error and rate had been destroyed by Captain Isaacson. After delivering his prize to the proper authorities in San Francisco, Lieutenant Lutz broke down and was dangerously ill for a long time.

An old Indian deerman came aboard the bark Hunter, off Cape Behring, on June 8, 1887, with a piece of cedar

board on which was carved a rude inscription, which Captain M. A. Healy, of the cutter Bear, then cruising in the Arctic, interpreted to be a message from the only survivor of the American whaling bark Napoleon, lost in Behring Sea in 1885. The Bear found the seaman, J. B. Vincent, and brought him back to civilization. The natives who had taken care of him were rewarded by the captain with all the stores he could spare from the cutter.

The following unromantic, but impressive, record, compiled under the direction of Captain L. G. Shepard, Chief of the Revenue Marine Service, shows the work of the cruising cutters for the decade ended June 30, 1890:

Year ending June 30th.	Vessels assisted—hauled off, towed into port, etc.			Number of persons actually saved from drowning.
	Number.	Value of vessels with their cargoes.	Number of persons on board whose lives were imperilled.	
1881	148	$2,766,882	1,297	141
1882	147	2,254,716	1,383	111
1883	224	4,885,175	2,497	60
1884	246	7,015,572	3,310	63
1885	274	5,568,043	2,542	60
1886	313	6,738,569	2,888	154
1887	207	4,969,450	3,106	42
1888	526	7,328,793	4,041	60
1889	122	2,541,227	1,021	26
1890	80	2,318,585	811	43
Totals	2,284	$46,387,012	22,896	760

SO IT IS TRUE.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

HERE'S a friend who says that sorrow
Comes to-day or comes to-morrow,
  Here's a longface who is moaning!
Tell him death is far away!
Let dull age go weep and pray:
  Heed not grief, the ghost there, groaning,
Who would cloud the jocund day!

Ah, they say that anguish found them,
Men cut down with battle round them—
  (Hear the boys there, gayly singing!)
In some region far away!
What care we who laugh to-day?
  Bring no tears, whate'er you're bringing:
Honor to the jocund day!

What's that sound that cools our laughter?
What's that form that follows after?
  Funeral music sadly sounded—
One more man is turned to clay. . . .
Let dull age go weep and pray!
  Youth by death was ne'er confounded.
Long shall shine our jocund day!

Oh, my dear one, to my weeping
Marble silence sternly keeping,
  Lying there in breathless blindness—
Death is never far away. . . .
Even youth can weep and pray!
  Lips that loved have lost their kindness;
Dead are they, this bitter day!

WASHINGTON ALLSTON AS A PAINTER.

UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES OF HENRY GREENOUGH.

THE glimpses given of Washington Allston through the passages from his correspondence published in the last number of this Magazine are supplemented by the following elaborate letter concerning the technical methods of Allston's painting, and his views as to the many difficult problems of his art, written by Henry Greenough in answer to the request of R. H. Dana, Sr., as a contribution to his proposed biography of Allston. Much as it deals with the detail of the painter's processes, it will have an interest for others than the student of technique.

In the early stages of my acquaintance with Mr. Allston it was my good fortune to hear him describe his mode of preparing his palette for painting flesh. This led to a conversation on color, in the course of which he explained very minutely his system of coloring. As it was a subject on which he always dwelt with pleasure, and frequently recurred to, I have heard him describe his process some five or six times, very nearly in the same words; but as he often went into explanatory remarks suggested by questions interrupting him, I will endeavor to give the result of these several conversations, using as nearly as possible his phraseology, although the exact order of his remarks may not be preserved.

"My present system," said he, "is one which I have practised for the last fifteen years, and I may say that I am perfectly satisfied with it, because I know it is capable of producing far greater results than my lifetime will ever enable me to attain. I sometimes vary or modify my process according to my subject, but my general practice is on the same principle.

"If, for instance, I have a head to paint, I suppose it to be first accurately drawn in outline and dead-colored with black, white, and Indian red. This dead color I paint solidly, with a good body of color, and in a broad manner, that is, with no hard lines or attention to detail in form or color. The object of the dead color is to give the general effect of light and shade, and the masses, which should be made out accurately; so that in the next stage I shall not be obliged to think whether the eyebrows, for instance, are to be lowered or raised, but having arranged these points, my whole attention shall be given to the coloring and modelling of the head.

"For the next painting I prepare my palette thus: At the top I put a good lump of white; next to it some yellow (say yellow ochre, raw sienna, or Naples yellow, according to the complexion I am to paint). Then red (vermilion is the best, but I always put by it some Indian red and lake to strengthen the lowest tints if required), lastly, ultramarine blue, and by the side of it a little black. My palette, you perceive, now has white, black, and the three primitive colors.

"By admixture of white with yellow I form three tints of yellow in regular graduation from dark to light, and the same with the red and blue. These I call my virgin tints, and they form a regular scale of four different tints, from the lightest down to the crude color. Lastly, I take a little pure yellow, pure red, and pure blue, and mix them to a neutral hue, which comes as near to olive as any of the tertiaries. This is for the shadows. I used formerly to make two olives, one light and one darker, but that is unnecessary; a little Indian red, or vermilion and lake, deepened by black, serves to strengthen the shadows, if necessary, and comes in play to mark the deep shadow of the nostrils, the eyelids, and parting of the lips.

"I now take my canvas, on which I have dead-colored my head, and with a

large brush, say as big as my thumb, but one which will come to a point, I lay in the shadows with olive, not thin, but with a good, firm body. With this olive I paint over the shaded side of the face; the shadows at the roots of the hair, or where the hair joins the flesh, under the eyebrows, nose, and lips. The half-tints which join the shadows, such as the lower part of the lighted side of the face, and in general wherever the shadow becomes less positive, I go over with olive more lightly.

"I then take another brush, such as I used for the olive (for I always keep one brush for the olive and another for the lighter tints), and taking on the end of it a little of the lowest of my three tints, that is, the lowest tint of yellow and white, red and white, and blue and white, I mix them on my palette with my brush only, not grinding them together with my knife, but, by a few turns of my brush, mingling them in a light and delicate manner. This broken tint I apply to such parts as join the shadows. In the same manner I proceed with the middle tints, taking a little of each and gently mingling them I paint over all the portions of the face which remain uncovered, with the exception of the highest lights. These I paint over with the three lightest tints, neutralized in the same manner as the others were. My head is now covered, and each of the three colors enters into the composition of the whole. In every part there is a blue, red, and yellow, as there is in flesh, even in the highest light.

"I should have remarked that, although I use each of the three colors in every part, I still endeavor to keep the character of the flesh. I keep the shadows neutral and the mass of light warm, *i.e.*, with a predominance of reds and yellow rather than blue. This part of the process will occupy me, say half an hour. I have now not only the effect of light and shade, but the character of flesh, and the parts more accurately made out. It only remains to perfect the local colors and model up the detail. I find, for instance, that my picture has less red in the cheeks than the model has; I dip my brush into one of the virgin tints of red and break it in; if it is too light I try the next lower, and so on. The forehead may not have enough yellow; I break some in until I have corrected the deficiency in general. Wherever I find my picture wanting any color (on comparing it with my models) I touch in that color. It is really wonderful how any color thus broken in will be in perfect harmony, owing to the neutrality of the *impasto*, that is, owing to its being touched into a body of color composed of three colors. It seems like magic, the effect is so strong and so true to nature. When I say that I paint my shadows in flat with olive, you must not suppose that I leave them so; I endeavor to make my shadows as varied in color as my lights and half-tints. To be sure, shadows are generally neutral in color, but if you look at the shaded side of the cheek, for instance, you will perceive red in some parts. You should break in red, then either pure vermilion or one of the lower tints. In fact I modify the whole of my shadows by breaking in pure color—blue, red, or yellow—just as my eyes tell me that either of these colors is wanting.

"The only object of the first coat of olive is to lower the tone and neutralize the color of the tints which I afterward break in. And here I would remark that unless the shadows are painted solidly you can never make a brilliantly colored head. It is a very common error that the shadows should be painted thin in order to get transparency. You may get a certain degree of transparency by doing so, but then the whole will want force.

"Rubens's method of painting flesh, as described in Field's work on color, was faulty in this respect, as also in having streaks of separate colors, which always remind me of a prize-fighter, who has been bruised black and blue. The fact is, sir, Rubens was a liar, a splendid liar, I grant you, and I would rather lie like Rubens than to tell the truth in the poor, tame manner in which some painters do. His pictures are like the sophistical reasonings of a liar, to whom you have only to grant his premises and he will thereon erect a gorgeous fabric, but deny these premises and it all falls to the ground. There is a traditionary saying of Rubens that

white is the poison of shadow in painting. This is nearer the truth in glazing than in the *impasto* or body-color painting. The *impasto* cannot be true to nature without the tints are modified by admixture of white. I often touch into my last glazing even with pure color. In this case it becomes necessary to use tints very low in tone, sometimes even the crude vermilion, ochre, or blue. Sir William Beechey once remarked to Gainsborough that he had that day made a great discovery. 'It is one,' said he, 'which I find enables me to produce great effects, and in your hands would, I think, work wonders.' 'What is it?' asked Gainsborough. 'Painting into glazing, sir,' said Sir William. 'That is no news to me,' said Gainsborough, 'but I thought I was the only man in England who knew the secret.'

'This is a digression, however. I was speaking before of painting in body colors. It is very important in covering the head, as I have already said, when you mix the three tints to do it lightly with your brush only. The modern Italians mix their pearl tints with the palette-knife, which is death to all brilliancy of color. It makes mud of the tints at once. They no longer sparkle to the eye, but become flat as stale beer. By mingling them lightly with the brush you make a neutral tint of ten times the force of one ground up with the knife, and if you were to take a magnifying-glass and examine the tint you will find small particles of pure color which give great brilliancy. You must have observed the difference in lustre between silks woven from different-colored threads and those dyed with a compound hue. A purple silk woven of two sets of threads, one blue and the other red, cannot be matched by any plain silk-dyed purple. The first has a luminous appearance like the human complexion. This luminousness is the grand characteristic of flesh. It is what Titian calls the "luce di dentro," or internal light. When I first heard that expression of Titian's it opened to me a world of light. It is common with painters to talk of the transparency of flesh; it is not transparent, but luminous. When I was in Paris, a student, Hazlitt (author of 'Conversations with Northcote') was there painting a copy from Titian. We were examining the texture of the color, and he remarked upon the singularly varied character of the tints. 'It looks,' said he, 'as if Titian had twiddled his colors.' I don't know whether this expression strikes you as it did me. To me it is very expressive, and first gave me the idea of catching up each of the three colors and merely twiddling them together instead of grinding them with the knife.

"I always endeavor to finish my *impasto* in one day. With ordinary diligence and success this may be easily done."

A friend who was present here expressed great surprise at the idea of a head being painted in one day, so as to be ready for glazing the next; meaning, of course, a highly studied head and not a mere sketch. Mr. Allston replied:

"Oh, yes, even a portrait (supposing it to have been already drawn and dead-colored previously) might be painted in one day, that is, the face alone, the hair could be painted separately as well as the dress, background, and accessories. At all events, if I were a portrait-painter I would make the experiment. I would devote great attention to making a careful and correct outline and dead-color, but afterward, instead of taking several short sittings, I would complete the *impasto* in one long sitting, and glaze afterward. If on a review of my work I find any part incorrect, or which does not satisfy me, I go over the shadows and the half-tints, in such parts as I wish to repaint, with a thin glaze of olive, very slightly, and touch into it. There is no difficulty in matching the lights, but it is very difficult to paint over your shadows and half-tints, unless you prepare an olive glazing to touch into.

"When my head is ready for glazing I give it a general glazing a day or two previous to finishing it. I mix asphaltum, Indian red, and ultramarine to a neutral tint, and with this I just tinge some megilp—the least in the world—just enough to discolor my megilp a little; this serves to lower the tone of my picture a mere shade and give harmony to the colors. I add to

the megilp some japan gold-size, which serves to make it dry firm and enables me to work it over the next day, wiping out or painting over as I please. When this is dry I prepare some megilp with asphaltum, Indian red, and blue of a deeper tint, as before, only I put little or no japan in, as I wish to prevent its drying too soon. The neutral tint mixed as I have described is what I call 'Titian's dirt.' With this I go over the face, strong in the shadows and lighter in the half-tints; with a dry brush or rag I wipe off the glazing or weaken it as I wish, and in this way model up the general form and detail. This part of the process is very much like water-color painting, only that water-colors dry several times during the process, but here the paint is left moist. If any part seems weak in color I paint in pure color, either red, blue, or yellow, as the case may be.

"The effect of glazing is to deepen the tone. You may paint a bit of canvas over with a solid body of ivory black, which one would suppose is as black as paint can represent; but let it dry and then, by repeated glazings of asphaltum and Prussian blue over a portion of it, you will deepen the tone as much as to make your first coat of black look like slate-color by the side of it. The variety of hues producible by glazing is infinite, and yet the modern Italians, and, in my time, the French, were utterly ignorant of it. When I was in Rome a German professor of painting asked me what colors I used. My colors, he said, looked like what the old masters used. I told him that I used the ordinary colors, sold by the color-men there, but that the effects he spoke of were produced by *vellatura* (glazing). Happening to have by me an old palette on which some colors had become dry, I took some megilp, asphaltum, and lake, and passed over some dry vermilion and showed him how much it deepened the tone; then with asphaltum and blue I glazed over some yellow and produced a beautiful green, and so with several other colors, which seemed to astonish him like a trick in jugglery. 'Ah, ha!' said he, 'I have often heard of *vellatura*, but never knew what it meant before.' I don't relate this anecdote as redounding to my credit at all, as I did not invent the system, but brought it with me from England.

"The French, I am told, have already greatly improved in color of late years. When I was in Paris they knew nothing of glazing. I was making a study from a picture of Rubens, one of the Luxembourg collection, and was preparing my picture as I supposed the original to have been prepared, that is, instead of painting up my effect at once, I had painted certain portions different in actual color, to be modified afterward by glazing. I was somewhat annoyed in the course of my work by observing that the French artists were deriving great amusement from my picture at my expense. They frequently watched my progress and tittered together in groups. Some of them went to Vanderlyn (who was then in Paris) and told him there was a countryman of his in the gallery whom they pitied very much; I was in a sad mess, they said, and evidently didn't know what I would be at.

"It happened, however, that one morning when I had commenced my preparation for glazing, and had commenced glazing a part of my picture, a Roman cardinal and his suite were passing through the gallery. You are aware that among the Italian clergy are many men who, having great learning and taste, devote much of their attention to the study of the fine arts, and become, in fact, much better judges of art than the present artists; not studying the art professionally, they do not, like the artists, become blinded by prejudices in favor of this or that system, but judge by the effects. As this cardinal was passing by me he stopped and examined my work with evident interest. He asked me of what country I was, where I had studied, etc., and ended with a compliment. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'vous vous entendez; je vous en fais mes compliments.' ('I see, sir, you understand what you are about; accept my congratulations.') I don't hesitate to repeat this compliment, because I considered it as paid to the English school of color, where I had learned this process, and when some of the Frenchmen afterward made me the *amende honorable* for their previous rudeness, I disclaimed

the merit of the compliment for the same reasons."

Mr. Allston one evening commenced a conversation on the subject of backgrounds, by remarking that he had been exceedingly amused that day by an anecdote of a young painter, who, understanding literally Sir Joshua Reynolds's precept, that the painter should on the background disperse all the treasures of his palette, actually compounded with his palette-knife all the odd tints which happened to remain on his palette, and having plastered on this muddy compound, really fancied that it gave a harmony to his picture! "All that Sir Joshua meant," said he, "was that the colors of the head or figure should be somewhere repeated, otherwise it would be a spot in the picture. Sir Joshua was the last man to grind his colors together. A background should be painted, however, with a solid body, whether in a portrait or landscape. If the background of a portrait, for instance, instead of being painted solidly, be washed or glazed up strongly, it will come forward too much, and the head will appear embedded into it; a thin pellicle of glazing, just enough to give harmony, is sufficient. I had an opportunity of testing the truth of what I say on a large scale. I was painting my large picture of the 'Angel Delivering St. Peter from Prison.' My figures were all drawn and dead colored; I had made out the lines of the architecture and washed in the background with umber: this gave me my effect of light and shade, and served to prevent any uncovered canvas from disturbing my eye while painting my figures. I then finished my figures, and Mr. Leslie happening to see the picture in that stage, I remarked to him, that, according to Mr. West's theory, I ought not to touch my background again. Mr. West had at that time a theory (which I think he must have adopted late in life, as his early practice does not savor of it at all, that *if you once lose the ground of your canvas in the background, it is not within the reach of art to supply the loss.*' 'Now,' said I to Leslie, 'I think I can prove to you that this is an error; I will paint over this background a new one which will make it as flimsy as a gauze veil.' Accordingly I prepared my palette with a variety of tints mixed with white and painted over a small portion, say about half a yard. I then retired a short distance to observe the effect. To my great dismay, I found it looked weak and chalky to the last degree. I had used, as I thought, very strong color, and yet, by the side of the glazed portions even vermilion and white looked like slate color. A new thought struck me. I became convinced that my principle was right, but my palette was in this case wrong. I swept it clean of the tints I had prepared; I took off a pint of paint, and then took a bladder of pure yellow ochre and emptied it upon my palette; for my red I ground two whole papers of pure vermilion, and so with all the colors I wanted, with the exception of ultramarine; to give body to that I added a little white; this was the only color I used with any white. I then went to work again, and with these pure colors—blue, red, and yellow—I painted away fearlessly and found the result just as I had anticipated. I found that with this strong color I could match my glazed background perfectly; it was already made out, in lines, form, and chiaro-oscuro, and all I had to do was to match as I went on. The prison-walls were illuminated by a supernatural light, and the focus of it was on the walls behind the angel. I there used almost pure yellow ochre, and in order to make the lights upon the nail-heads of the door, I was obliged to use *pure Naples yellow and vermilion.* When I had done about half of it, I compared the two portions, the old with the new; why, sir, the stones of the wall in the glazed portion looked as if you could blow them down with your breath. I completed the whole of the background in that day, and never had occasion to retouch it, except to give it one general wash of thin asphaltum glazing. Sir George Beaumont, in a letter to me, speaking of the background of the picture, said, 'the background is perfect,' and *I think I may say to you that it was as perfect as anything I ever painted or ever shall paint.*"

This last remark was made in so modest a manner that I felt that the en-

FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Study for Belshazzar's Feast.

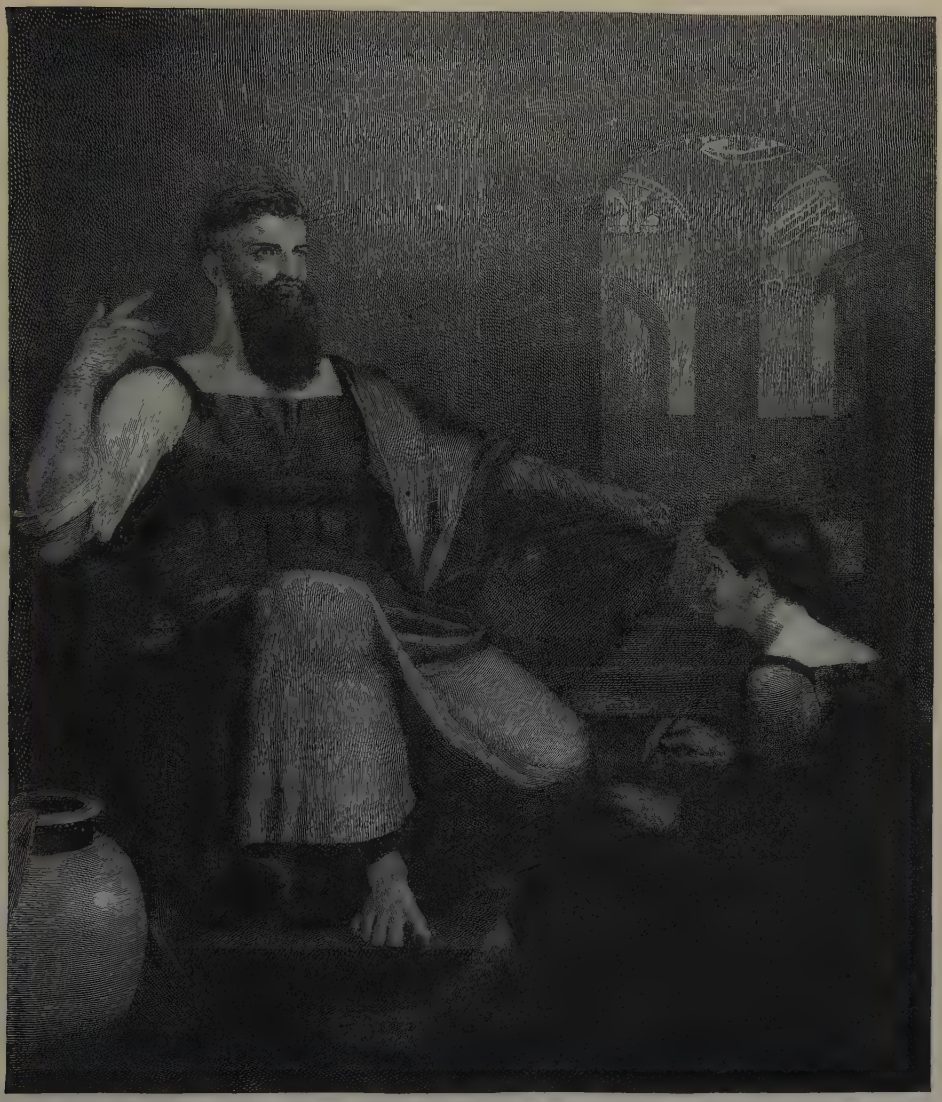
ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

St. Peter and the Angel.

thusiasm of his manner was all for the art, and that there was no *personal feeling* in it. It was like the enthusiasm of a chemist in describing a beautiful result of some darling experiment. Mr. Allston then paused a moment and added, "It was a happy accident, sir." As if desirous of disclaiming all glory *for himself*.

I was one evening present at a conversation between Mr. Allston and a young artist, in the course of which he made several remarks which strike me as worthy of preservation in connection with his art. After some compliments and an assurance (which must have been in the highest degree encouraging, coming from such a source) that he was in the right road, Mr. Allston continued: "I have frequently been told by friends of yours, sir, that they were *afraid* you were running after the old masters. Now if that frightens them, I *would*



FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Jeremiah and Baruch the Scribe.

make every hair on their heads stand on end! for you may depend upon it that you cannot go to better instructors for your art. From them you will learn the language of your art, and (will learn) to see nature as they saw it. You will understand, of course, that I am not recommending you to *imitate*, but to *study*, them. By studying their works you will imbibe their spirit insensibly; otherwise you will as insensibly fall into the manner of your contemporaries. The *old* masters are *our* masters, and there is hardly an excellence in our art which they have not individually developed. With regard to preparatory studies, I should warmly recommend your devoting a portion of every day to drawing; for this reason, that if an artist does not acquire a correct design *while young*, he never will. Sir Joshua Reynolds always felt conscious that his

FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

Dido and Anna.

powers were very much limited and his works incorrect for want of the *early habit* of drawing. A painter may be blest with every gift of nature, but unless he has acquired the art of design he can never *express himself*. If you would not be tormented by a consciousness of having noble and beautiful conceptions to which you cannot give birth, you must give much of your time to drawing. For this purpose I should recommend a course of study *somewhat different from what is generally pursued.* I would devote my attention principally to outline. It is perhaps well enough to learn how to make a finished drawing, but when you have once done that, your time had better be spent in making drawings of the figure in highly studied outline only. My own practice is to make a finished outline always before touching the brush to canvas. I draw the outlines of such figures as I intend to drape, making out the figure as nicely as if it were to be painted naked. I take a large, rough piece of common chalk, which makes a broad mark, and then with my finger or a bit of bread I can rub out a portion and thus get a *little more* or *little less* much better than by using a fine point. When I have arranged the contour of my figure or head I trace the final outline with umber. I would recommend your studying your outline as highly as if it were not to be disturbed, but when you paint use your *brush as freely as if you had no outline to go by.* This is the only way to avoid the hardness of effect which is apt to arise from a close study of the outline. I frequently paint my figures over the outline and let my background encroach upon the contour of the figure again several times in the course of the painting.

"The process of shading with chalks or pencils is, more strictly speaking, painting, but it is painting with the very worst of materials. I know of no better exercise in drawing than the study of Flaxman's 'Illustrations;' and I would make it a rule to copy two or three figures from them every day. This, of course, I recommend as an initiatory study. After you have acquired a readiness of giving the air and spirit of the figure, preserving the proportions, you will then have recourse to nature and the antique with great advantage. The drawings of the old masters, which are now preserved with so much care, are almost all studies in outline and pen sketches. I cannot see how the modern deviation from this practice can be attended with any good. I would adopt for my motto that of Tintoret, 'The design of Michael Angelo, with the coloring of Titian.' But I would modify it by substituting the design of Raphael for Michael Angelo's, for Michael Angelo's style of drawing was mannered, peculiar to his individual nature and intellect, while Raphael's was truer to nature and more suitable to form a school of drawing.

"Be industrious and trust to your own genius; *listen to the voice within you,* and sooner or later she will make herself understood, not only to you, but she will enable you to translate her language to the world, and this it is which forms *the only real merit of any work of art.* An artist must give the impress of his own mind to his works or they will never interest, however academically correct they may be. If you work in this spirit you will often find yourself working for months and months without effecting your purpose, and at last some accident or chance touch will produce an effect which something within you will immediately recognize as true."

AN ADVENTURE IN PHILANTHROPY.

By Edwin C. Martin.

RAWN by the sound of high and angry voices, intermingled with a woman's sobs and children's screams, twenty or thirty people had gathered before a small, unpainted house that stood in one corner of a damp, grassless, littered door-yard. The time and the locality emphasized the harshness of the voices. Other houses thereabouts were small, but no other door-yard lacked its bit of well-kept lawn and its fresh, smiling flower-beds. The street was wide and clean, and bordered by lines of pleasant trees. And just now there was that soothing clearness and tranquillity in the air that marks the early twilight of a cool, bright midsummer day. It was the hour when families gather on the verandahs, or under the door-yard trees, and the men smoke their pipes and cigars, and all yield themselves to the soft evening breeze, that it may blow the day's anxieties out of their minds and the day's weariness out of their bodies. At an hour when the hum and murmur of its full activity pervaded the town, the noise of a family quarrel might have passed, even in this always rather quiet neighborhood, without much notice. But now it rang out with startling effect, and set people running from all directions, under such a force of alarm that they were sensible of great relief when they learned what it all was, though they then agreed that, while not as bad as they had feared, it was bad enough.

For five or ten minutes, however, they did not learn much. They stood clustered about the gate, none quite willing to enter, and gasped conjectures into each other's ears as the tide of jangling and sobbing within rose and fell. Amidst the hubbub few words were distinguishable. The name "Tony," pronounced by the woman's voice, came out clear from the confused jabber again and again, and a sharp grunt that sounded like "hout-ye," in a man's voice, occasionally rose above the general din. One moment the talk seemed to be in German, the next in English. At its fiercer outbursts, the women of the crowd, who were much the larger part of it, grew urgent with the men to rush in. But before any of them could be quite persuaded, a young girl came running out, in great excitement and crying noisily, though tearlessly. Through her slatternly gown appeared traces of a trim, lithe figure; and her face, though now creased and twisted by her sobbings and none too clean, showed marks of beauty. Nor was proof of pride of person wholly wanting: her hair was beautifully crimped.

"What is it, Louisa?" asked the women, crowding about her eagerly as she came through the gate.

"He's peatin' her agin," cried the girl.

"Beating? Who?"

"Papa. He's peatin' mamma. He struck Elijah too—right on he's head—and Gussie. He ought-a get arrested, the old devil. He's goin' t' kill 'um. Why don't somepody go in and took 'im off. If there was a p'liceman here, he'd took 'im quick enough. He wanted to kill me too. I wasn't doin' nothin' neider. I never said one vord to 'im; but he shouldn't peat mamma that way, 'cause it wasn't ride." This the girl uttered wildly, distractedly, as if scarcely knowing what she said.

Again the women grew emphatic that some of the men ought to go in. But they were men in whom the habit of meddling in their neighbors' affairs only out of their neighbors' presence was deeply rooted, and to whom, moreover, an occasion for forcible interposition was so unwonted as to rather overawe them. They were beginning now to be embarrassed, however, by a sense that something ought to be done, though they did not quite know what. Greatly relieved were they, therefore, when a moment later a sturdy figure in blue uniform pushed in among them, and,

making a path for himself through the crowd more lustily than to the crowd itself seemed at all needful, passed through the gate and entered the house. Their thanks were due for this relief to one of their fellows, who, when the women first grew urgent, had had the forethought to slip away and summon an officer.

For a moment after the officer's entrance the turbulence in the house seemed to increase. Then it suddenly subsided, and when voices were heard at all they were pitched lower. All eyes fastened on the door, in expectation of seeing the culprit dragged forth. But, for what seemed a long time, though it was only a few minutes, nothing happened. Then the officer came out and beckoned to the men at the gate for help. But scarcely had he done this when there followed him out a tall, broad-shouldered fellow in the blue cotton blouse of a laborer, who cried, "I ko, I ko. I vant no droubles. I have tun nudings; but I ko. Dot's pooty bad, Sophy, ven you vill have me dook by the bolice and make me shame pefore my childers." And he touched the corner of either eye with the joint of his big, hard forefinger.

At this a woman, with the round wondering eyes, now a little teary, and the white, chubby chin and cheeks of a good-natured baby, appeared in the doorway and answered, in a soft, plaintive voice, "It's you, Tony, makes all the droubles. The childers and me tries our pest to please you, and then you try to hurt us."

She followed to the gate as her husband went away with the officer, and there dropped out of the house after her, shyly, one by one, a line of ragged, unwashed children. The first was a boy of ten or twelve years, tall and lank. The others, five in all and all girls, were much smaller than he, but not much different in size from each other. Two were deformed, and all, the boy as well as the girls, looked pallid and unhealthy.

The mother at once drew a sympathetic group about her that easily persuaded her to a full recital of her troubles. She spoke in the same soft, plaintive voice in which she had spoken to her husband. There was neither resentment nor anger in it; and there were no signs of either, or even of fear or anxiety, in her face. The face was a little sad, but it was as unruffled as a tub of old rain-water. "I don't know," said she, "what makes 'im be this way with us. The childers and me always tries not to plague 'im, 'cause we know how he is. It's on Louisa he begins first. Seems like he had a special dislikin' to 'er. But she don't never do nothin' to 'im."

"No, I don't never do nothin' to 'im," interposed Louisa, whose excitement continued unabated. "He come home from he's work, and I was sittin' on the door-step, and he says was supper ready and why diddin I wash Susie's face. And I diddin say a vord, on'y yust stayed sittin' there, and seems like he kep gittin' vorse and vorse."

"And he wouldn't eat he's supper, 'cause he said I never cooked 'im anything he could eat, and he threw a plate on the floor, and then he hit Elijah right on he's head, and Helena too he hit."

"It vas Gussie, he hit," corrected Louisa.

"Was it Gussie? One of 'um he hit. And when I said to 'im, 'Tony, you don't do ride to peat the childers,' he said he vas der fader and he would yust give me some too. And he did. It hurts me yet where he struck me—with his doubled-up fist—right on the shoulder here—and on the back. I tried to get 'im to stop, but he vouldn't."

"He's always that way when he gets trinkin'," interposed the girl again, "and nothin' a bodies can do pleases 'im."

"He's been drinking, then?"

"He must a-been," said Sophy, taking the answer on herself, "'cause he never act that way if he diddin be. When he's hisself he knows well enough Louisa and me does alls we can to make 'im and the childers comfortable. I says to 'im, 'Tony,' I says, 'if you give me the money, I go out and buy alls that's on the market for your supper,' but at that he only storms worse'n ever. And that's the way it always was. If I ask 'im for any money he's always mad, and he wants to know where's my money, and says I give it to Louisa to

buy her some things with, when I don't give Louisa none; on'y a twenty-five cents last week to buy her some collars, when she diddin have a one, but they was all wore out."

Except the young girl Louisa, none of the children showed any concern at the family disruption. The others, as their mother talked on, and they lost the little timidity they had at first felt before so many strangers, slipped through the crowd off into the street; and the boy diverted himself by throwing stones at a passing cat, while the little girls sat down at the side of the roadway and built hillocks and embankments out of the gravel and sand.

When they had heard all that Sophy had to tell, the crowd scattered and returned to the now especially gracious composure of their own homes. They departed at one in the opinion that the fellow Tony was an unqualified brute, and that Sophy and her children merited all aid and sympathy. A like opinion prevailed at the police court the next morning, when Tony was arraigned for drunkenness and wife-beating. In flat contradiction to both Sophy's and Louisa's testimony, Tony stoutly denied these charges. He had taken some "peer" through the day, at the brewery where he worked; but that he did every day—a man couldn't "vork midout a leedle peer." "Naw, zir," he was not "trunk; no more trunk als dese minute." Nor did he strike his wife. Any hand he might have laid on her, was not the hand of violence. She didn't do "ride" by him, and sometimes he "got made pooty mad." But he wouldn't strike her; no, he would strike only a man. In the midst of these denials Sophy broke the regularity of the proceedings by whining out, "Tony, you know you did strike me—and Gussie too, and Elijah; well enough you know it." But Tony, without deigning to look at her, contradicted by a savage shake of the head. The doom was against him, however. He was sentenced to jail for the utmost term allowed under the statute; and the court reporters lamented, in their several journals, that the term could not have been longer, and reaffirmed that familiar regret of theirs at the departure of the whipping-post.

II.

Having seen the lawful partner of her joys and the unlawful author, as she believed, of all her woes, carried off for sixty days, or some such period, to the secure lodgement of the jail, Sophy repaired to the house of a Mrs. Wellington, where she was under appointment to do a little floor-scouring, a little window-polishing and other like offices. Mrs. Wellington had chanced not to witness any part of the rupture of the peace of her neighborhood the night before; but she was already in possession of three full accounts of that event—each, it is true, more or less at odds with the others in every essential particular save the unspeakable brutality of Tony. And, as she was one of those rare persons whose curiosity in the affairs of their neighbors is not insatiable, she had contemplated Sophy's coming with heavy forebodings; for Sophy was no stranger to her, and had already proved herself, in the province of her domestic misadventures, the most confiding person Mrs. Wellington had ever encountered.

"'Tain't my fault, Miss Wellington," said Sophy, in her childlike, plaintive voice, "and it 'taint the childers' faults neider. It's yust Tony's meanness, that's all it 'tis. I don't know what makes 'im be so mean. But that's the way it bees all the times ever since we first got married together."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wellington, half rebukefully, "it's a great pity you married him." Having made an altogether happy marriage herself, she could not but hold it as a kind of offence in another to have made an unfortunate one.

"Peoples said as I'd wisht I hadn't, 'cause he trinkt; and I told 'im I diddin want to marry 'im; but he kep' plaguin' me so, and promisin' everything, and then I said I would if he diddin trink no more. And that's how it vas, Miss Wellington. And at first he was good to me, and we diddin have no troubles. Then—I don't know what made 'im—he changed. We was livin' at Grindstown then. It's on'y for him Susie and Annie's crooked like they is; he beated 'um so. And it hurted me weeks and weeks where he beated me. And then I

told 'im I couldn't live with him no more, and I comed back here where my peoples beed."

"So, then, you once separated from Tony?" said Mrs. Wellington, this being a fact to Sophy's credit that she had not heard before.

"Yes, we was separated, and I said I never took 'im back. But he followed me and said I should took 'im back. I says to 'im, 'Tony, it's no use,' I says. 'When I took you back, you wont do what's ride by me and the childers. It will be yust like it was before.' But he kep' beggin' and beggin', and sometimes he cried and said he was so lonesome after me and the childers; and it wasn't easy for me with all them six childers so little—Retie she diddin been borned then—to get on all myself. I worked so hard as ever I could, Miss Wellington; and yet it would come sometimes, no matter how hard I worked, as we wouldn't have nutting to eat, on'y some bread, or somethings somebody had give me where I was workin.' And I was afraid some days I was goin' to die, I'd be so sick; and then I diddin know what 'ud happen to the childers, 'cause fader I knowed he couldn't took 'um, he had enough. And then I says to 'im—he kep' beggin' me so hard—I says to 'im, 'Tony, then I took you back.' And that's how it was. He had good work at the brewery then, and the childers was his yust like they was mine, and so I took 'im back. But it's no use to took 'im back no more, and if he comes beggin' me this time, I won't listen to 'im, 'cause I know it won't be no use."

Mrs. Wellington heartily approved of the resolution in which Sophy's speech concluded. "No," said she, "you ought not to take him back. It is folly to try to live with such a man. He ought to be made, though, to help you take care of the children."

"He won't help none. That other time I says to 'im he shall give me some of the money for the childers what he gets for his work. 'Taint ride,' I says, 'I shall have 'um to took care of all my own self'—six of 'um they was then. But he wouldn't give me a five zents even. He says when I took 'im back he give me some, but not else."

When Wellington came home from business at evening, he found his wife full of the subject of Sophy's troubles—disagreeably full of it, he thought, until, disregarding clear signs of indifference and impatience upon his part, she had forced his attention: then he got full of it too. In the general way, neither he nor she was much addicted to philanthropy. Their own affairs exacted so much of their time that they did not need it as a diversion, and they had various reasons for excusing themselves from it as a duty. One of these was the manifest futility of much of it. Still they were neither of them much prone to self-deception, and they sometimes questioned to each other whether society would not be the worse for it, if everybody did as they. This made them perhaps the prompter to extend such help as they could in a case of distress that came directly under their notice. Wellington usually had a dime ready for any red-nosed beggar who applied to him, though he was sure the fellow would spend it for drink. And Mrs. Wellington never refused at least a bit of bread to any tramp who called at her door, though she knew she was encouraging idleness. Then, they had their charges among the needy of the neighborhood, whom they sought out when they had any work that these could do, and on whom they bestowed their remnants and superfluities. The chief of such charges, for a year past, had been Sophy.

Naturally, people who were so well regulated in their own, had pronounced views as to what was rational in the conduct of others; and heretofore Sophy's confessions had left Mrs. Wellington in rather more discontent than sympathy with her. Especially exhausting to Mrs. Wellington's patience had been her persistence in living with such a man as Tony. But now sympathy was in full sway. Since Tony was to be cast utterly off, it would be a pleasure, Mrs. Wellington said, to help Sophy all she could. And Wellington said, "Yes, that's right. If she'll cut loose from that scoundrel, she ought to be helped. She can take care of my office, if she wants to. The woman who is doing it now is a good woman, a widow, and

does the work well; but she has a lot of other offices to do, and I am under no obligations to her."

"Then I'll tell Sophy. I know she'll be glad to do it. And I'll speak to Mrs. Yardley and Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Thompson. They have all taken an interest in her and have felt just as we did, that she ought to get away from Tony; and now that she's going to, I'm sure they will do all they can for her. Seven children are a good many; but if she will, she can get on. Louisa must take a place and earn something too."

"And the boy, Elijah," said Wellington, "he's big enough to be at work."

A feeling of great comfort sprang up in their hearts when they had got Sophy's affairs all so nicely arranged for her. Wellington put the books and papers that he had gathered to spend the evening over, completely aside, and did not look into one of them. He just sat there talking to his wife until an hour beyond their usual bedtime; and Mrs. Wellington did not know when she had seen him so bright and witty. And they were still light-hearted next morning; and Wellington went off to business trying his best, though not very successfully, to hum the tune of a song that he used to sing with some distinction in small companies ten years before; and Mrs. Wellington, as soon as the more pressing of her household tasks were disposed of, set off to see Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, and Mrs. Thompson.

III.

For a month their enterprise seemed to Sophy's patrons to be prospering to perfection. Sophy had all the work she could do, and, as she never went home from any of their houses without some gift of food and clothing, it was clear that for these at least she was not wanting. There had been a little failure in the matter of places for Louisa and Elijah. Sophy had objected that, with her and Louisa both from home, there would be no one "to mind the childers," and that Elijah, unless his work were particularly light, would not dare undertake it, "'cause the doctor says he got the hastings consumptions on 'im." So, as no place had yet offered for either, this part of the plan was not pressed.

After the first month, however, the aspect of things grew less flattering. Sophy's appointments began to be kept not quite so promptly as formerly, and the excuses she offered for her tardiness were not always sufficient. Coming one day to Mrs. Wellington's an hour or two after her time, she said, "Louisa she had to go up town, and I could not come, Miss Wellington, till she comed back, on account the childers." This might have passed but that, later in the day, she said, "Louisa she tell me I shall ask you, Miss Wellington, did you have some liddle vlower or schmall piece of laze like, that you might not want to use no more your own self, so she could make her her hat with it;" and then added, ingenuously, "she went up town already this morning and got her her hat, and some ribbons too she got, and she's goin' to make it herself. I don't know if she can make it herself, but she's goin' to try."

Another day she left her work before it was done, "'cause," as she said, "Louisa she's got to go out somewheres, and she ast me wouldn't I come home early."

"But couldn't Louisa wait and go after supper?" asked Mrs. Wellington, reluctant to have the work left unfinished.

"Oh, she's goin' after supper," returned Sophy. "But if I wait till I'm all drough and then go home and get supper, that makes it so late, Miss Wellington, and a young girl like Louisa, I don't like to have her out so late."

"But doesn't Louisa get the supper, when you are away at work? She ought to."

"Sometimes when I be comin' away I says to 'er, 'Louisa, you shall make the supper ready agin I be comin' back.' But she won't do it. She says if she minds the childers then she can't be gettin' supper too. I minded 'em many times and got supper too my own self; but Louisa is—I don't know what she is; it seems of she couldn't do so well by her own self as she ought-a. Often I says to her, 'Louisa,' I says, 'I can't

be doin' for you this ways always. If somethings would happen to me,' I says, 'then what would you do? You know well enough papa wouldn't help you none.'"

Occasionally Sophy defended with the plea of sickness, and at first this not only shielded her perfectly from blame, but even won her testimonies of special commiseration. Finally, however, on a day when she was reported "so sick she couldn't hold her head," Mrs. Yardley, coming by chance within sight of her house, saw her hanging over the gate and gossiping comfortably with some neighbors.

The care of Wellington's office showed the same relaxing hand that appeared in Sophy's other tasks, and, in desperation at the litter that was banking up about him under Sophy's scant dustings and sweepings, he declared that he was going to pay her to stay away altogether. But Mrs. Wellington, having a large frugality in the expenditure of small sums, said that this would be sheer folly. Of course, if Wellington could not put up with Sophy, he must dismiss her; but, if he dismissed her, he should not go on paying her. And, as Wellington had not the heart to cast her off entirely, he kept on with her.

Thus the close of the second month found the hopes of what one may call the Sophy Aid Association greatly drooped. The members still held to their resolution to do all they reasonably could for Sophy, but the fire of sympathy in them had burned down into a very moderate flame. To further subdue it, the fact now developed that Sophy was holding communications with Tony. The first hint of this came from Sophy herself, when she said one day to Mrs. Wellington, "Tony he's begun agin plaguin' me to be took back, yust like he always does."

How near the rage of utter despair this disclosure must have brought Mrs. Wellington was shown by the energy (almost fierceness) with which she said, "You don't mean to tell me that you have been to see that dreadful man?"

The look of wonder in Sophy's big, baby eyes changed to one of alarm, and she made haste to answer, "Oh, no, I ain't been to see 'im, Miss Wellington; I ain't been near 'im. He wanted me to come, but I wouldn't. He sent one of the mens from the jail to ast me to come —two or three times he sent 'im. But I says to 'im, 'If Tony wants to see me,' I says, 'he'll yust have to want to. I got no call to see 'im; I seed 'im too much already.'"

"That was right, Sophy; exactly right," said Mrs. Wellington, much relieved; and she added, "They must be very careless at the jail to let him annoy you so."

"He's talked 'um over to he's side. That's Tony. If a bodies don't know 'im how he does, he makes 'um think it's all me's and the childers' faults. When he's out I don't know how it will be. It's two weeks yet I think they got 'im in for. Then he'll come beggin' round, I shouldn't wonder, worse 'an ever."

"Well, Sophy, there's but one way to do; you must settle it with him right at the start. Try not to see him at all; but if you must see him, tell him at once, and tell him in a way that will make him know you mean it, that you are done with him forever."

"Yes'm, it's no use his comin' back no more. It's hard for me doin' for my own self this ways, and all the childers on me; and if he got he's place back on the brewery agin, that would be a great help, on'y for 'im bein' mean to us agin. But what you say, Miss Wellington, that's all I can do."

A few weeks later Mrs. Yardley received a shock several degrees sharper than Mrs. Wellington's. She saw at Sophy's door a man who, she was almost certain, must be Tony. She at once communicated with Mrs. Johns, but, not being perfectly certain, she pledged Mrs. Johns to secrecy and to aid in further observations. The next day Mrs. Johns saw Tony there unmistakably, and then she and Mrs. Yardley went to confer with Mrs. Thompson.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Thompson, "he has been about the house every day for a week. Mr. Thompson has seen him as he passed in his way to the factory." But Mrs. Thompson did not know whether he was living there; he might merely have chanced to be there when Mr. Thompson passed.

They went together to advise with Mrs. Wellington. Mrs. Wellington could not quite believe that Sophy and Tony were actually living together. She had seen Sophy but yesterday, and Sophy had not said even that Tony was free. She was to come again to-morrow, and Mrs. Wellington would find out. And find out she did.

"No, Miss Wellington," said Sophy, "I ain't took 'im back. I told 'im it was no good for 'im to talk so nice and cry and say he was so lonesome after the childers, 'cause I wouldn't took 'im back no more; and he could yust go whereever he wanted. But he yust forced hisself back, and then I diddin say another vord to 'im, 'cause I saw he was bound to have his own way no matter what I said. He's goin' to get his place back, dough, on the brewery — next week, I shouldn't wonder, he'll get it."

IV.

Casting hungrily about for one small good that might come of the folly of Sophy's reunion with Tony, her baffled patrons said to themselves that at least she would now have leisure to bring her household into a little order and air of comfort. But Sophy disclosed no sense of this advantage. The little girls still rolled in the gutters, their heads unbonneted, their hair uncombed and falling in clammy strings down their backs and about their faces, and their frocks rent and greasy; and when Mrs. Wellington, wondering at the continuance of their sorry aspect, asked what had become of all the stuffs and garments that had been given Sophy, to be made up for them, Sophy explained that she "diddin never got no time yet to sew."

At length, hope found not even chaff to feed on, and Mrs. Wellington and her associates must now have resigned Sophy righteously and rigidly to her fate, but for a fresh misfortune, to the production of which clearly she herself had not contributed. Tony lost his place. And in his adversity Sophy discovered a loyalty to him that won her still further grace. "Tony diddin mean to do nothings wrong that time, Miss Wellington," said she, "I'm sure he diddin. It was the foreman's own fault. He had no ride to blame 'im for what he diddin done. And Tony he's got some pride and he knowed he always doned he's vork ride; and the foreman he knowed he always doned it ride too. And then to come scoldin' at 'im, when he knowed he was quick-like anyways. And Tony diddin knock 'im down ride off already. He says to 'im as it wasn't 'im he should blame; but he diddin mind, and then Tony he was made so mad that he doned it before he knowed. That wasn't ride to knock 'im down, and I says to 'im, 'Tony, that wasn't ride for you.' But Tony he says the foreman had no business to done what he doned. And that's how he got turned away, And I'm afraid, Miss Wellington, now he don't got no vork he gets trinkin'. He ain't trinkt none yet, and he says he won't trink none neider. But I know he get very discourage when he don't got no vork."

If Tony had not already stood as low in the esteem of Sophy's benefactors as possible, the occasion of his dismissal would have wrought him a decided reduction. As it was, it simply confirmed opinion against him. For Sophy's sake, however, it was agreed that the little that could be done for him, must be. For one thing, Wellington bought his winter's stock of coal before he was quite ready, and gave Tony the job of carrying it from the street to the bins in the cellar.

Tony achieved this task in a manner that raised a small commotion in the Wellington household. On coming home one evening, Wellington was informed by his wife that Tony was just finishing. Wellington refused to believe her. In the time he had been at work, Wellington declared, Tony could not have got in five tons of coal, much less ten. But on going into the cellar to see for himself, he was moved to exclaim, "Why, Tony, you work like a steam-engine."

Tony grinned like a flattered bashful boy. "Oh, I dun knaw. Dot vas lide vork, Meeser Vell'n'ton. It vas blay along mit liftin' dose kegs on der prewery. Dot's pooty heavy, Meeser Vell-'n-'ton, dose pig kegs vull mit peer. Dose leedle kegs, dey don't make so much—

no, dey're lide ; a schild could leeft dem, I dink, almost. Bud dem pig vellers—dot makes a veller schwed sometimes. Yez, you got pooty schtrong by vork like dot, I dink, Meeser Vell'n'ton."

For all his long acquaintance with Tony at second-hand, this was Wellington's first sight of the man. He found his prefigurements of him quite mistaken. He had expected a countenance reddened by too deep devotion to the cup, and that he saw. He had expected too a body betokening great strength, and that he saw. But the body he had preconceived was such as we associate with what we are wont to describe as the strength of an ox, a body, by the way, that does the ox injustice. Tony's was not of this sort. It had no grossness, and yet it made no secret of its power. It was, indeed, nearly perfect in its proportions ; and, for the body of a laborer, it was remarkably straight and erect. But what most moved Wellington's admiration was the fellow's eye. The brewery and its temptations had as yet left that untarnished. It was a large, purplish-blue eye, wonderfully alert and sparkling under its long black lashes.

Wellington was pleased, too, at the neatness of his work. When all else was done, he set the cellar in as perfect order as if he had been the most careful of housewives. So patiently did he bore out the dust in all the corners with his broom, that Wellington grew tired for him, and said, "Oh, Tony, you give yourself too much pains."

"Naw, your vibe she like to have it all nize, I knaw dot. Und I like mine own zelf to have it all nize doo. Dings effry-vich-vay, I not like dot, naw, naw. Now I got some dime, I vix up my yord. Yez-zir, Meeser Vell'n'ton, you not knaw dot yord nex' dime. I dell Louisa und Elijah, ven I pin zo busy, dey shall vix it up, but dey don'd. Childers dey not like to vork much. But I vas a great vellers always to have dings need. Yez-zir."

When he had finished, Wellington put into his hand double the sum he would usually expect to pay for such a service ; and, much to his surprise, Tony cried, "Naw, Meeser Vell'n'ton, dot's doo much. It is vort not more als halb dot, Meeser Vell'n'ton. I not vant so much."

But Wellington insisted and hinted that he might want his help again ; and then Tony yielded, saying, "Vell, you gif me some more vork to do, den dot makes it ride. But dese vat I done now dot's so leedle, und you und your vibe you been so gind to my Sophy, I charge you not one zent, but you knaw how it vas dot I ain't now got no blace no more, und only for dese vat you gif me in my hand now I ain't got no moneys neider. I like to vork for you some more, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Yez-zir, I like such a mans like you ; and your vibe she vas a nize lady, a gind lady. Sophy she got no zuch a goot vriend als her. Vell, Meeser Vell'n'ton, goot-pye."

"I must say," said Wellington on rejoining his wife, "I don't believe that fellow Tony is as black as he is painted."

"And that's the belief I came to this afternoon," returned Mrs. Wellington, laughing. "Knowing he was Tony, at first I was half afraid of him ; but as I watched him passing the window with his loads, and never stopping to rest or to loiter, I became interested in it ; and, finally, I went out and talked to him a little. There is something almost attractive about him."

"Yes, decidedly. No doubt he's an ugly fellow when he is angry. At any rate, I had rather not fall into his hands then. How that foreman at the brewery must have gone down before him!" And the two now fairly shook with pleasure at thought of the unlucky incident that but a few days before had shocked them unspeakably. Certainly Tony was a magician, whatever else he might be.

The next day Wellington went running about town, inquiring wherever he thought it at all worth while, to find Tony a situation. He found none ; but, luckily, before the resolution not to drink had worn quite through its last strand, Tony found one for himself. Then, a little later, his offence at the brewery was forgiven him, and he returned to service there.

About this time Sophy forfeited the little favor that had been renewed to

her, by bringing forth another treasure, to, as Wellington impatiently phrased it, "disfigure the landscape and clog the gutters." This misdemeanor of Sophy's was perhaps more severely reprobated by Mrs. Wellington than by either Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, or Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Wellington being herself childless. Her relations with Sophy were at once reduced to a strictly business basis.

V.

When Sophy and Tony again fell into conflict (and, of course, fall into conflict again they must: that was in the very nature of the elements, like the conflicts between water and wind), the Wellingtons first learned of it through the newspapers; for Sophy and Tony had now removed into another quarter of the town.

"It had to come, I suppose; and now that they are into it, they should be left to get out as best they can." So said Mrs. Wellington, and Wellington perfectly agreed with her. And having thus assured themselves that wisdom and duty dictated a policy of scrupulous non-interference, Wellington said that he believed he would go down to Sophy's and see what could be done. They must be got together again if possible, that was certain. And herein Mrs. Wellington perfectly agreed with him.

"I ain't seed 'im no more since gesterday, Mr. Wellington," said Sophy, when Wellington had been let in and given a chair. "About ten o'clock, I think it was, gesterday morning that he been here. No, he diddin come in. He said I should let 'im in, but I told 'im he should yust go off, 'cause if he diddin I must got the police."

"But don't you think you ought to get together and straighten out your differences?" asked Wellington.

"Took 'im back agin, you mean? No, I couldn't, Mr. Wellington, I couldn't took 'im back no more. I'd been avraid to took 'im back, Mr. Wellington, after he acted the way he done."

"And you don't know where he is now?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Wellington. He was goin' to Chicago, he said; but he diddin gone yet, like he said he was. Annie, she saw 'im this afternoon at Steifel's saloon. He stopped her when he happened to saw her passin,' and he give her a five zents and told her she should never forget papa, and tell mamma and Louisa that we never see 'im no more. And Annie she comed home all cryin'. If he bees trinkin' agin, and that's what he's doin,' you'll find 'im there, at Mr. Steifel's. If he don't be there, then I don't know where you find 'im, Mr. Wellington. But I couldn't took 'im back no more, Mr. Wellington."

Wellington had entered the house with only the vaguest, loosest plan in mind, and he came out with no plan at all. The night was dark and muggy; there were no pavements in that part of the town, and the street-lamps were few and dim; and, as he went picking his way and, for all his care, sousing into a pool of water here and a bit of mire there, he pronounced himself little better than a fool for having left home, and resolved to get back there as soon as possible. But in the way he came upon Steifel's saloon, sending forth odors that declared felicity at least in its name; and he concluded to look in. Tony was there, in the very act of finishing off a glass of beer; and, apparently, he was little, if any, the worse for his potations.

"Yez, Meeser Vell'n'ton, dot's a pooty pad schrabe we been in," said he, as in compliance with Wellington's desire for a little private talk with him, they came forth and set off down a quiet street. "My vibe she shut the door of my own house in my vace, ven I vant to got some dings dot's my own. Dey ton't been her dings at all. I call dot pooty pad, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Yez-zir."

"But, Tony, are you sure you have always done exactly right yourself?"

"I been a goot man, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Yez-zir, I been a goot man. No besser man in dese town. I vork. Meeser Schneebad he tell you. He got no man in he's prewery vat done he's vork als me. Four o'clock I'm up, Messer Vell'n'ton, effry morgen. But my Sophy, she not up, naw; nor Louisa. I must get my breakfast my own zelf—effry morgen, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I must."

He paused as if for some comment from Wellington, but Wellington deemed it imprudent for a peace-maker to offer one just there.

"I say nutting, Meeser Vell'n'ton, not so much as a vord. I go off by my vork, und 'um schleepin.' Und ven I come home von my vork to get my dinner und to get my zupper, how is it? Sophy she says I gif her moneys, und den I have vat's petter. I gif her moneys; effry veek I gif her some, Meeser Vell'n'ton, ten, twelve, vifteen tollars sometimes. Und she have some moneys too; she vorks. Yez-zir, I been a goot man, Meeser Vell'n'ton."

"But it's no more than a man's duty to take care of his family," suggested Wellington.

"I dook care of 'um. Effry veek, I tell you, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I gif moneys—ten, twelve, vifteen tollars, I gif. Dot ton't been ride, to gif all I made. I keep some dings, 'cause I dink sometimes I like to bought me a house of my own. Oh, I got zome moneys; Meeser Schneebad he keep 'um for me. I ain't strapped. Sophy, she ton't know dot. I nefer dell I got some moneys; I make dot a zecret from her. I can go vay; und I get vork too. On Chicago, on St. Louis, on Zinzinnati, all dose blaces I get vork. Dose prewers they knaw me, I'm a goot man. Yez-zir, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I'm a goot man. Und I go vay, dot's vat I do. I go on Chicago; I go to-morrow."

"Oh, no, you don't want to go away," protested Wellington. "You must stay here and help take care of your children. You know Sophy can't take care of them alone."

"Yez, der childers; dot makes me veel pooty pad, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Den's ven I got mad sometimes, ven I come home und I zee nopody ton't took no care of 'um, und der house is—vell, you knaw, Meeser Vell'n'ton. I like to have somedings need around, und de childers to be zo dey ton't look zo. Louisa's all the droubles. Dot ton't been ride for a young girl to run der streets und been zittin' up zo late effry nide; und, ven I say she shall stay home und done some vork, she ton't mind me vat I say; und Sophy she says I'm mean to Louisa, und she shall do vat she likes. Und dot makes a man pooty mad. I been her fader, und if she been my schild und I been her fader, den it's ride I tell her vat she shall do. Und Elijah, he's pig now, und he not vork none neider, 'cause he got de hastings consumptions on 'im. De consumptions! De laziness, dot's vat he got on 'im, all von Sophy. She yust spoil 'im. Naw, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I go vay; I ton't try no more."

"No, don't say that yet," urged Wellington; "let's have a talk with Sophy."

"No, I go on Chicago. I get vork dere quick 'nough. I got some vriends dere. I gone to-day, o'ny for my moneys mit Meeser Schneebad; he vas avay."

"Well, we'll go and see Sophy anyhow."

"She not zee us, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Gesterday she shut der toor in my vace und say she not vant to zee me nefer. No, dot's no use, Meeser Vell'n'ton."

Little by little, however, he yielded to Wellington's persuasions. And Sophy did not refuse them entrance. But nothing came of the interview, and Wellington retired from it disgusted with all the parties to it, with himself not least. The next day Tony disappeared from town. To which of the cities that stood ready to welcome a man of his merits he went, nobody knew, and probably nobody cared.

For all her obstinacy in completing the separation, Sophy met the ensuing responsibilities with very little spirit, and Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, and Mrs. Thompson found her a heavier, more hopeless charge than ever before. In a week or two she was on the point of being ejected from her house for not paying the rent, and no sooner had she been rescued from this danger than she hung on the brink of another as desperate. She was still able, however, to indulge herself in a luxury of quite a rare sort. "Next week, I think it is," she said one day to Mrs. Wellington, "I get my divorce."

"Your divorce?" exclaimed Mrs. Wellington, in wonder.

"Yes, I get one on the court. The neighbors they say it's the on'y ways to keep Tony from troublin' me agin, and they tell me I should see a lawyer about

it. And I went and see a lawyer, lawyer Suter it was, and he says it's the on'y ways too. And then I says he should get me one, 'cause I was afraid of Tony."

Altogether, it was perhaps as welcome a piece of news as she had ever received, when one day word came to Mrs. Wellington that Sophy's sisters in Grindstown had written that, if she would remove there, they would find work for her and do all they could to aid her. Even the fact that Sophy lacked all means of accomplishing the removal did not lessen Mrs. Wellington's sense of relief. "They can be got there somehow," she said resolutely, and hastened to confer with Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, and Mrs. Thompson.

On a hint dropped to the township trustee, that it would be a clear gain for the poor-fund during the coming winter, that officer agreed to pay all the railroad fares. This, the most important difficulty, thus happily surmounted, the ladies next applied themselves to bringing the family's apparel into a reasonable decency for the journey. Mrs. Yardley made over an old bonnet of Sophy's with some ribbon from an old one of her own. Mrs. Johns regenerated an old gown. Other renewings and patchings and piecings were achieved with the wonted skill and economy of women in such works. And, so happy was the sum of those labors, that any of her old friends must have looked twice to recognize Sophy in the woman who, at last, stood in the station with a perfectly clean baby in her arms and, as the train approached, cried out, "Now, you mind you don't drop nothing, Elijah, and be keerful from the cars. And, Helena, you be keerful too; took Susie's and Retie's hand. Took her hand, Susie and Retie, took Helena's hand. Gussie and Annie, yous stay by mamma; catch holt to my dress."

Louisa was not of the company. She had declined to go, alleging as her reason for staying behind the prospect of "a place to live out." Mrs. Yardley discovered, though, or at least was persuaded that she discovered, that what held Louisa back was a lover, from whom she was loath to part.

As the train moved away Mrs. Johns said, with the sigh of one who fears his happiness is too great to last, "Now, if they'll only stay!"

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if they didn't?" said Mrs. Thompson.

"But they'll not," said Mrs. Wellington and Mrs. Yardley, almost in concert.

Five or six months later Wellington's attention was attracted by something familiar in the neat figure and untidy dress of a young girl a little ahead of him in the street. At the next corner the girl turned, and they met face to face. "Why, Louisa, is it you?" said Wellington, more in conclusion to his own reflections than in address to her. "Your mother and the children are still at Grindstown, are they?"

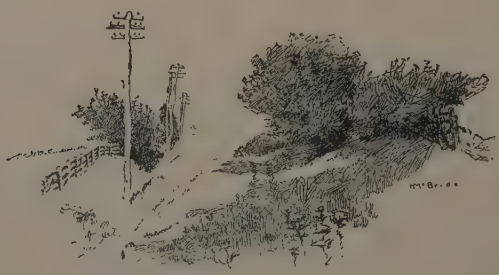
"Yes, still there," answered Louisa.

"And your father, what of him?"

"Oh, he's yust the same like he always was; mean as ever."

"But he is not with them?"

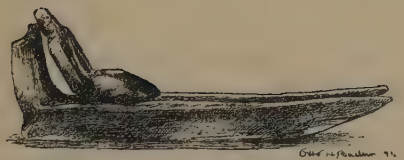
"Oh, yes, he is with 'um—this good whiles."



Harpoon and Line.

THE ARCTIC HIGHLANDER.

By Benjamin Sharp, Ph.D.



Toy Sled and Figure of Carved Ivory, slightly reduced in size.

IN 1813, Sir John Ross discovered an isolated race of human beings numbering about two hundred souls, living on the inhospitable shores of North Greenland. To this community he gave the romantic name of "Arctic Highlanders," a name which unfortunately is misleading; for they are a littoral people and *cannot* inhabit the arctic highland, as it is an everlasting ice-cap, and moreover they *will* not even visit it, for this inland ice is to them a region of terror; a land where abide their demons and evil spirits.

At the present day they number, as near as can be estimated, about the same as when the knowledge of them came to the civilized world; nor have they increased their territory, but live on the narrow strip of mountainous coast, which is left bare during the summer months, by the retreat of the winter snows. They could not be more cut off from other human beings, did they live on some small oceanic island. Practically they do live on an island, for they are surrounded by water; by great expanses of solid water; for they never pass the ice barrier of the great Humboldt Glacier, with its sea face of sixty miles; they never ascend to the summer foot of the "ice-blink," some two thousand feet above sea-level; nor attempt to wander south over the vast ice-floes of Melville Bay, one hundred miles in extent. At 79° north latitude, near the southern edge of the Humboldt Glacier, is a collection of huts known as *Etah*, their most northern settlement, while at Cape York, in latitude 75° 55′ N., probably their largest encampment, is their southern limit, and which, as near as we could determine by the sign language, they call *Pitanito*.* Their country may be said to be about one hundred and eighty-five miles long and from three to five miles in breadth.

Living on this strip of land, upon which grows not an edible plant, they subsist entirely upon flesh and blubber obtained from the sea by their own exertions and eaten raw; their wants are few; their means of gratifying these wants, fewer. It is said the only vegetal food ever obtained by these people is the half-digested moss taken from the stomach of the reindeer—a great delicacy—at least to those "eaters of raw flesh," these *Eskimatsik*, as their western brothers are termed by the Red Indians of America. From this we have our word Eskimo.

Whence came they? It is held by some that they are the remnants of preglacial man, having retreated with the great ice cap which covered the northern hemisphere as far south as middle Pennsylvania and New Jersey; until now, the Arctic Highlanders remaining close to the perpetual ice are the most northern inhabitants of our globe. Their short stature, their high cheek-bones, and their almond-shaped eyes, certainly suggest a Mongolian origin, and it is probable that they are a race which has come from North America to their present abode. That they came from some wooded country is

* Pronounced, *Pee-tän ee-to.*

shown by a word in their vocabulary, *sigssik*—the squirrel, pre-eminently a forest animal, and one which has never existed in Greenland; and furthermore, their traditions tell of their being driven out of a fair land by red men, *tunuit* (singular, *tunek*), a word still used by mothers to frighten children into good behavior.

Government they seem not to have, the oldest man of the family at most ruling that family. Of the customs, as marriage and religion, little or nothing is known, but we hope that the investigations of Lieutenant R. E. Peary, who is now among these people, will throw much light upon this interesting chapter of their story.*

A few days after leaving Lieutenant Peary in his winter quarters at McCormick Bay, we were skirting the high wild shores of Cape York. A dense veil of fog shrouded the mountain-tops, and reaching nearly to the water, gave us but glimpses of the black rugged coast. Here and there a glacier front rose as an ice-wall from the sea, or a strip of snow in some gorge lay unmelted on account of its protected position. All at once came through the fog a faint cry of "Ky-mo, ky-mo!"

"There are the Yaks; ky-mo, ky-mo!" answered the lookout on the forecastle head. Presently we could see three conical skin tents perched upon the side of a bleak mountain spur. About a dozen small creatures were running about, some waved their arms, while others skipped over the huge bowlders to get to the shore, from which ran a great ice-floe to the south and east. Before we had made fast, a *kayak* had been launched, paddled alongside, and hoisted with its inmate on board.

He was a fine-looking fellow, this "Yak," as the whalemen call these Arctic Highlanders, in contra-distinction to the "Huskle" of southern Greenland. His copper-colored face peered through the hood of his *timiak*, his bright eyes twinkled through the long straight black hair, which fell from his forehead to about the level of his nose. His jacket, if the seal-skin coat and hood combined could be so designated, reached but little below his waist, but low enough to cover the tops of his knee-breeches, or *koslik*, made of the skin of the polar bear. His feet, encased in high moccasins or *kamik*, the only part of his attire from which the hair had been removed, were remarkably small, as were his delicately-shaped hands.

He gazed about the vessel as if he were afflicted with "stiff neck." This peculiarity was observable in all those who came aboard, and it is no doubt caused by the constant wearing of the stiff hood of the *timiak*, which does not allow a free movement of the head, so that when one wishes to look at something at his side, the body is turned at the waist, while little or no movement is made at the neck.

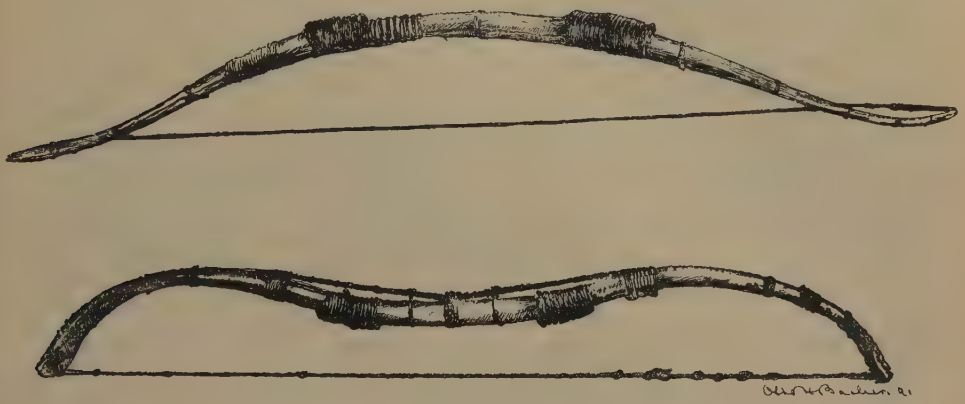
But little time had elapsed after the arrival of the *kayaker*, before the decks were crowded with men, women, and children from the village we had first seen on the mountain side, as well as from another about three-quarters of a mile to the eastward. They came running over the ice, in a peculiar waddling fashion, their arms swinging at their sides, the palm forward and the thumbs stuck outward; their mittens scarcely covered their small hands, so that their brown wrists were left quite bare. Many of the younger women had on their backs papooses, and their little heads and bright eyes peered curiously out from the side of the mother's hood. The mothers seemed very affectionate to their children, talking and cooing to them now and again, and when the children were restless, they would dance or jump them, by working their shoulders up and down. Offer a little piece of cracker, or bit of candy, and a little brown hand would be thrust out from the mother's neck, seize the present, and be instantly withdrawn. The children who are carried in this manner are naked, lying against the bare back of the mother, and are kept from slipping down the back by a thong of walrus hide, ingeniously secured outside of the *timiak* below the child and fastened in front by a toggle of ivory. When the mother wished to take a child out of its little nest on her back, she threw back her hood, and stooping for-

* The results of these investigations will appear after his return in the pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

ward so that her head was brought on a level with her knees, shook or hunched her back until the child had been slipped far enough out for her to grasp it by the arms; then still keeping her position, she would drag it forth.

Even the little children would catch up a piece of blubber, stick one end of it into the mouth and saw away at it with a dull knife until the morsel was severed, which was then swallowed whole.

The Little Auks, which fly about these



Bows Strung and Unstrung.

The larger children wandered about the decks, examining everything, peering into boxes and barrels, and peeping into the cabin sky-lights, without a word or at most only a whisper to their companions. When spoken to, they would make a very solemn, half-frightened face, but the merry twinkle in their coal-black eyes showed they thoroughly enjoyed this great event of their lives. They clambered into the deck-house, where they saw pieces of black stone put into the stove, and opening wide their eyes in amazement, when they saw it take fire and burn, they cried "Ee, ee!" and called their parents, who appeared as much astonished as the children at this novel sight.

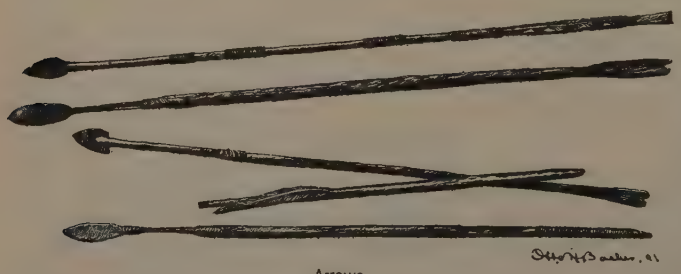
The natives had evidently come to stay, as some of them brought their lunch in the shape of narwhal heads, which they dragged over the ice to the ship by the long spiral ivory horns. These horns were speedily hacked out of the skull and traded for a steel knife or two. When they lunched, a piece of blubber was cut from the narwhal's head and one end of it put into the mouth; it was then sliced off, the knife passing close to the lips, and so very near the nose, that we expected to see it disappear every time the operation was repeated.

shores in countless thousands, the rustle of their wings, as they flew over the ship, resembling the moan of the wind in a pine forest, form also a part of the food of the Arctic Highlander. With a net made of woven sinews, and stretched upon a thin piece of bone or barrel-hoop, obtained from some passing whaler, and set upon a long pole, the native lies concealed in some spot over which the flocks of these birds fly. With a quick upward sweep and twist of the net the bird is caught. Lying on deck was a landing net, which was used for collecting specimens; one of the men seeing it, picked it up and, standing at the break of the poop, commenced to go through the motions of catching imaginary Little Auks; another, standing in the waist and noticing the frantic gyrations of his brother, immediately supplied the deficiency with lumps of coal. It was surprising with what accuracy these lumps were caught. Some Little Auks, which had been brought on board, were taken by the children and skinned. A few bites from their sharp teeth served to separate the skin about the neck; then holding the head in the mouth, the skin was separated with the fingers from the neck and shoulders of the bird, and turned back and pulled

down to the legs, as neatly as if the skin were a glove. The pelvis was then bitten off from the body. The skin, which was covered with a thick layer of yellow fat, was rubbed by the aboriginal taxidermist over his face until it shone again. This face washing was performed, to our surprise as well as to our amusement, by every child who skinned a bird; a habit taught them, no doubt, with as much care as our mothers taught us to use soap and water. The oil serves as a protection for the skin against the cold, and its use, together with the large quantities taken as food, makes the skin of the natives remarkably soft and smooth all over the body.

At Saunder's Island, on a low spit of ground which ran from the foot of the lofty perpendicular cliffs, there is another settlement of these strange people; but this at the time of our visit was deserted. In a cache, about eight feet long, four feet wide, and four high, made of large stones, and ingeniously covered with flat ones, hung fifty or more skins of the Guillemot or Murre, drying. They had been captured from the cliff above, where there existed a great "loomery," the ledges of the crimson and gray strata being literally alive with them. In another similar cache hung the drying bodies of the birds, the clear cold air preventing decay.

The skins of these birds, as well as those of the Little Auk, are sewed together and made into underclothing,



Arrows.

which is worn with the feathers next the skin.

The "*tupik*," or skin tents, and the name would suggest a relationship to the word "*teepee*" or wigwam of our Western Indians, were placed at Cape York, as well as at Ittiblu (Netlik), about fifty or seventy-five feet above the level of the sea, or rather ice, for at Cape York and to the eastward in Melville Bay an extensive "land floe" fringes the coast. In the summer time it is riven with cracks and spotted with pools of water, around which detours must be made in order to reach the shore. Following a couple of natives, a party started from the vessel to visit one of the villages; occasionally so wide a crack would bar our progress, that we must ferry ourselves across on small pieces of ice, or the more agile would take a running jump, and would *generally* make it. Reaching the land, we had a long walk over great bowlders and loose stones, slippery with black lichen; over a strip of snow, which lay unmelted across our path, with here and there a crimson patch of the so-called "red snow;"* and fording a torrent, dashing over rocks from the melting snows above, we came to a more level spot on the mountain side.

Here three miserable conical skin tents stood. They were about eight feet high, the peak sloping over so as to make one side nearly perpendicular; in this side was the door, covered with a piece of seal-skin. The tents, supported by wooden poles or ivory norwhal horns, were held down firmly to the ground by a circle of large stones, and all looked out upon the south; out over the ice-covered sea, to the black water beyond, where here and there a great "island of ice" loomed indistinctly out of the light fog. About the huts lay the carcasses of several narwhals and walruses, from which the men were cutting the ivory, or slicing the blubber in great masses. On the ice below, several sleds and three or four seals, recently captured were being dragged ashore. Harpoons with lanyards of walrus hide, leaned against the tents; these were gladly bartered for a knife, or a couple of steel needles. The handles were formed of

* The red snow is a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*), closely allied to the green one, forming patches on shaded rocks, or the northern sides of tree-trunks in our forests.

wood, upon the end of which was securely lashed a square piece of ivory, slightly hollowed at the free end and a seal is harpooned, the head of the instrument is driven into the body, and left there, as the handle is withdrawn;

Cape York, Greenland.

a movable piece of ivory, about eight inches long, made from a walrus tusk, was secured to this by a couple of turns of raw hide, and kept from slipping by a projection which fitted into the hollow of the fixed piece. This ingenious contrivance was devised to prevent the handle of wood, so valuable to these people, from being broken, should the animal harpooned give a sudden wrench. On this point of ivory is set a smaller detachable piece of ivory about three inches long, into one end of which an iron or steel point is set and riveted. Through a hole in its middle the harpoon line is made fast. On the other end of this line, which is about twenty feet long, is fastened a float made of a whole seal skin, which can be blown up when about to be used. The principle is exactly the same as that used by the sword fishermen of our coasts; the float corresponding to the keg, the harpoon head to the "toggle," and the handle to the long iron-shod pole. When the wounded animal darting away, drags off the line together with the seal-skin float, which it cannot pull under water; with this as a guide, the hunter is always able to follow the game, which, when the opportunity offers, is despatched with a lance. In walrus hunting the float is dispensed with, the end of the line is made fast to the handle of the harpoon, which is shod with iron; this, when the animal is speared is struck into the ice. Then comes a simple question of brute strength; a question of which of the two has the greater endurance. A struggle of this kind lasts at times five or six hours, and in the vast majority of cases ends in the death of the walrus.

A bird (or fish) spear, with its forked barbed point sticking in the lacings of the tupik, was secured for a couple of needles, or a large fish-hook, the use of which they seemed to understand, making with the crooked finger the motion of catching fish.

The most interesting implements seen about the tupiks were the bows and arrows. The former, made of bone, consisted of three long pieces lashed together with rawhide, over two small pieces of bone, one on each side of the joints. Three or four strips of walrus hide were stretched on the outside of the curve in order to strengthen the bow, which was strung with a piece of hide. The wooden shafts of the arrows were tipped with iron, one or two only did we find with ivory, while only a small proportion of them were feathered ; the feathers were tied to the end of the shaft and lay flat with it, not projecting from the shaft as is seen on those arrows made by natives of higher civilization. The iron tips were sometimes set and riveted into a piece of bone, or the iron was pounded down to a narrow point and this lashed to the shaft.

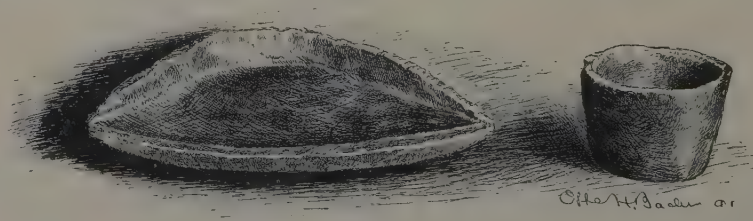
The discovery of the bow and arrow among these North Greenland tribes is interesting, as other explorers make no mention of their possessing such weapons. With these bows the Arctic Highlander kills the reindeer, the horns of which were found at every settlement we visited ; and where the natives themselves were seen, the pelts formed their beds.

Human Figures of Carved Ivory, actual size.

The walrus, seal, bear, and norwhal are killed with the harpoon or spear.

Ivory Toy for the Game of Ajegaŭng.

The only other animals obtained by these people, besides the reindeer, are the Arctic fox and Arctic hare. The fox is taken in an ingenious trap, and many of these were observed at favorable spots along the coast. An oblong box, about two and a half feet long, a foot high, and one broad, is made of rocks and covered with large pieces of the flat sandstone which is found in large quantities all about the shores. One end of the trap when set is open ; opposite this open end a stone, chipped so as to form a hook, projects into the interior and closes this end of the trap. The door, a flat piece of stone sliding perpendicularly over the opening, is fastened to a thong of hide, which passes over the roof of the trap, and enters the interior through a space left between the stones : it is held at the hook by the bait consisting of a piece of blubber. The fox entering



Lamp and Toy Cup of Soapstone, reduced about one-third.

A "Bull-roarer."

Toys of the Children of the Arctic Highlanders.
Dogs and bear of carved ivory, slightly reduced.

the trap seizes the blubber and dragging the thong from the hook, releases the door which slides down behind him, and is held in place by two large stones fixed outside the trap.

The insides of the tents were in a horrible condition: the earth, which formed the floor, was not much better than a swamp, a mixture of mud, water, and oil. At one side a large flat, triangular piece of stone, hollowed slightly on top, held a piece of blubber; and the oil trying from it burned near the edge of the dish with a dim, smoky flame. At the back of the hut, upon a raised platform of stone, were piled reindeer and seal skins, upon which the natives slept. Screwing up our courage we entered a tupik, where a woman and three children lay huddled upon the skins at the back. We presented a small china doll in gaudy silk attire, to the little girl of the family, who seized it with the cry of surprise, "Ee ee." The mother, as interested as her daughter, felt the silk of the dress and looked up inquiringly with wonder and surprise. A brightly painted rubber ball was given to the boy, and his satisfaction was complete when he found that by squeezing it, it whistled. They also had *their* playthings, carved from ivory: miniature bears, with long necks and small heads; dogs with pointed ears and tails curling over their backs; seals with well-marked whiskers; and little sleds about two inches long, with human figures carved to fit them. We picked up from among the rubbish at the side of the tent, a piece of ivory, in each end of which was drilled a large hole, and attached to its middle by a thong was an ivory pin. Wondering what this could be, we asked, by means of the sign language, for what it was used. The woman laughed, took the pin in her hand, and with an upward throw tossed the other piece into the air, which she caught in one of the holes on the pin;

Snow Knives and Lance-head, about one-eighth actual size.

she made several other attempts before she succeeded in catching it again. The principle was the same as that of the cup and ball, so familiar to us.

We found but little difficulty in com-

Igloos, or Winter-dwelling of the Arctic Highlander.

municating with these people by means of signs. We were anxious to find the breeding places of the Little Auk, and showing them an egg of this bird, which we had obtained in southern Greenland, they immediately recognized it, and taking it in their hands, made the motion of breaking it open and said "Peep, peep," by which we understood that we were too late, as the birds had all hatched.

The igloos, or winter stone huts, were not far from the summer tupiks. They were built upon the hill-side, a portion of which is dug out to form the interior. The domed roofs were made of large pieces of flat sandstone, carefully arranged and held in place by pieces of bone. These protruded somewhat into the hut, and were utilized as hooks upon which hung harpoon lines, pouches of seal and bird skin, skin drinking-cups, bone-drills, etc. At the back of the hut was a platform raised about a foot from the floor. Opposite this, which served as the bed, was the opening of a tunnel six or eight feet long through which the family must crawl to enter their abode; and here the dogs find shelter during the storms of winter. The tunnel slopes down from the floor, so that water from the melting snows of spring may not run into the house. Over the inner entrance of the tunnel, about four feet square, is another opening of about the same dimensions, which allows light to enter the dwelling. This hole is closed in winter by having stretched over it the stomach of the walrus, scraped thin and soaked in oil. At Herbert Island, several of the igloos were double, that is, two igloos were built close together, each with a separate tunnel, but the dividing, inside, partition was left incomplete.

About the igloos grew masses of rank grass, and bunches of bright yellow poppies; jaw-bones of the seal and walrus, reindeer horns, and other bones were scattered about in great confusion. Near the beach at Ittiblu (Netlik), at Barden Bay, a large erratic bowlder

stood, and as it was covered with soot it served no doubt as the "try works" of the village.

We returned to the ship on sledges, the whole population following. A crowd from a third encampment, about a mile to the eastward and consisting of eight tupiks, joined us with their sleds, at which the dogs were violently pulling. A sled was on the ice not far from the shore, about which a man was running backward and forward, crying out, in guttural tones, "Uk-uk-uk," and wildly waving his arms. Presently a team of dogs came bounding over the rocks, tied together with their single rawhide trace. They were soon made fast to the sled and we started for the ship at a gallop, followed by the population of the two villages. When the party came to a crack in the ice too wide to step across, a sled was stopped, put across the space, and with this as a bridge, all were soon on the other side, running ahead to the next crack. The sleds drove on, the dogs pulling as hard as they could; no attempt was made to stop them by calling, and no reins were used. The method of stopping the sled was as novel as it was effective, and recalled a method used by a retired Nantucket whaler, who always carried an anchor in his ox-cart, and stopped the team by casting anchor. Lashed to the high handles of the sled was a walrus harpoon, with its iron spike projecting six or eight inches from the wooden handle. This was driven firmly into the ice in front of the sled; the dogs pulled on the traces until they realized that further progress was impossible, when they lay quietly down upon the ice. Arriving at the ship, the dogs were cast off from the sled; two deep holes, about six inches apart, were cut in the ice and connected at the bottom, the traces were passed into one hole and out at the other, and made fast, thus effectually tethering the animals.

Our stay came to an end; the natives were told to leave the vessel, "Sar pook, sar pook" (we now go home), and they reluctantly left us. As the last man got upon the rail, he drew from his mitten a curious plaything, which he evidently regarded as a great prize. It was an oddly fashioned flat piece of ivory, pierced in the middle with two holes, through which ran a deer sinew. Holding one end of the sinew in each hand, he twirled the ivory round pulling and slacking alternately, which made the toy spin rapidly in the air. How many of us have done the same with a blacking-box lid! He held it up for the highest bidder, and soon disappeared over the side with a pocket knife in his possession.

The ice anchors were taken on board and the "Oomiakschuwa," the "great boat with the fishes tail," moved from their sight into the fog. "Sar pook, sar pook," we cried as they faded from view, and as an echo, came back to us "Sar pook, sar pook."

THE COMPLETE DUTCH KITCHEN-MAID.

A PICTURE OF HOLLAND A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.

By Cornelia J. Chadwick.

I HAVE in my possession an old Dutch Cookery Book of the date 1752, revealing quaint glimpses of the manners and customs of that day. The frontispiece is a picture of the kitchen; the fire, which a maid is feeding with a piece of peat, is in the background—on a hearth-stone with a kettle hanging over it from a crane; two birds are roasting in front of the fire, but the legs and wings are not trussed, as they would be nowadays. Three women are busy in the kitchen, but the drawing is not sufficiently careful to show which is the mistress. The table is evidently of dark oak with folding legs, of the kind so much prized for a drawing-room today. The title-page is very comprehensive, and sets forth that this is:

"THE COMPLETE

DUTCH KITCHEN-MAID.

Showing

How one can prepare all sorts of dishes, confections and desserts
without great expense or labor
so that they shall be wholesome and tasteful
for Roman Catholics on Fish days and during
fasts.
How one may preserve everything against
the Winter.
What one must do at killing
time. How Mol and
fresh Bier can be kept
through the Summer.
Besides
an infallible method of determining if the
meat is sound during the cattle disease.
How one shall set the table when one
entertains friends, with some
plates of tables set out.
As well as
some home remedies against colds & intermittent fever, to cure without
fail, to strengthen the sight, etc., some
food & drinks for invalids
all described by
a noble lady
who has lately moved to the Hague.
The third Edition
corrected of a great many mistakes in printing.
Printed after her own manuscript.
Published T'Amsterdam
by Steven van Esweldt
in the Beursteg by the Dam 1752
with privileges."

On turning the page, there are four lines which state that none of this edition is genuine unless signed by the publisher, and then follows in faded brown ink the proud S. V. Esveldt, with a flourish at the end. Evidently editions were small and time plenty in that publishing house of Amsterdam.

This is the what and where of the book, and next comes the why. It seems a pity to the Editor, as she sets forth in the Introduction which follows, that all the lore of this noble lady should not be for the world at large. "She was one of the best blood of Holland and married to a great Statesman, and was noted as one of the best housekeepers of our Fatherland; her two sons to-day hold high places, and her daughters are married to their equals in birth and position. Knowing how important it was to make her daughters into good house-wives and give them good kitchen-maids, she to this end wrote this celebrated work, which contains such things as her Excellency had learned from her own experience. Several noble ladies hearing of it, asked for a copy, which her Excellency through magnanimity could not refuse; but she could not bring herself to let the original leave her hands, so that few besides her daughters possessed a copy, which made everyone desirous to have one." (Evidently it takes more than one hundred and forty years to change human nature.) "The original Her Excellency left to one of her daughters-in-law, who, dying shortly after Her Excellency, left it to a friend of mine, who has put it into my hands. In order to satisfy the wish of so many ladies, I have concluded to give it to the Press with the permission of those nearest concerned.

"The greatest change which has been made from the manuscript consists in the improving of the spelling and disposition of the recipes. They were in a terrible disorder; so my friend has divided them into eight chapters under A, B, C, etc., and under each heading the recipes that belong there, so that one can see the contents from a very short index. The correcting of the spelling was also very necessary. But one must not think that one belittles Her Excellency thereby, because one knows well that ladies of birth very seldom attempted to learn how to spell. I should have put Her Excellency's distinguished name on the Title page if it had been permitted.

"As to the necessity of this work, I will say there are many Dutch cookery books; but they deal with dishes made in France, Italy, and Germany, and therefore very different from those of Holland, which are more wholesome, tasty, and less expensive. It is true that some things have penetrated to us, but they are very few.

"To whom should I dedicate this work rather than to you, Mothers and Daughters, who put your hands to the preparation of the food? So now you will be able thoroughly to understand everything, so that you can give orders, and they will hence have more weight and make more impression. Not the least of the advantages will be economy and variety. And you, industrious Kitchen-Maid, who will be led to perfection by this book, your health and eyesight have been provided for; if you follow its rules for ease, exactness, and economy, you will not only be beloved and receive good wages, but if you marry, you will yourself become a good housekeeper, and in your old age be able to live off of what this book has saved you, while others, having lost their eyesight, sink into poverty.

"Skilful ladies, honored and lovely maidens, thorough housekeepers and industrious kitchen-maids, use this work to your instruction and the good of the Household, and regard this dedication as a token that I truly am

Your humble but
unknown Servant
and Friend."

Not to come too hastily to the practical part of the book, there is next printed a three-page poem describing the difference between a well-ordered and a disorderly household.

The index, although praised as being very short, is to modern ideas very full of words, every heading ending with "how one shall cook it," "how one shall make it," etc. The first chapter is about the killing and cutting up of beef and pork and the making of sausages. Among these has crept in a sau-

sage "made of Partridge, to be eaten fresh," which sounds quite attractive.

"Take partridge or chicken meat, free from all skin or bone, four times as much lard, flavor to taste." (The pork sausage is flavored with two ounces nutmeg, two ounces cloves, two ounces black pepper.) "Stir some milk through it and put it in cases. Lay them in milk for a short time and fry them on buttered paper. This is a tasty dish." "If they are not to be put in cases, bread-crumbs and yolks of egg added will enable you to roll them in the shape of sausages and fry in the same manner:—is very good and appetizing." Thus every recipe ends with a good word for itself, a gentle blast of its own trumpet.

The rule for Oly-koeks, dear to the heart of every child of Dutch descent, departs somewhat from the time-honored custom of putting the raisins in the centre of each cake—but I will let the book speak for itself.

"Take 2 pds of wheat flour, 1 pd of raisins which have been carefully stoned, ½ pd of currants, 6 eggs, ½ pd candied lemon-peel, 1¼ pd of orange chips. The two latter can be omitted if desired. Take about 1 pt. milk & a beerglass of fresh yeast in which you have stirred a spoonful of sugar. Mix all well together & let it rise. Shape the dough into cakes with two pewter spoons & throw them into boiling oil & let them brown. This is good."

But I must not forget that I have male as well as feminine readers, and that they will not find recipes entertaining reading, although there are very few who do not appreciate the finished result. The noble lady is very particular about detail, the very water is sometimes "pump water" and sometimes "rain water." In one recipe she even wants you to take half of each. It would strike a modern mind that, with the three or four kinds of spice used almost invariably, it would be rather difficult for the housekeeper to determine if the cook had been exact as to the proportion of "pump water." On page 135 there are a few general rules about setting a table. First. The middle dish must always be the largest. Second. All others, of which there must, if possible, be two to match each other on opposite sides of the table, placed diagonally, are smaller. Some of the viands must be put on pewter dishes and some on porcelain, but the principle reiterated is, that "Fish must stand over against fish," "fine roast over against fine roast," etc. In summer everything is to be decorated with flowers and leaves, but in winter with sugar, gilding, and silvering; but the dishes on fast days must not be decorated. The place of honor in the dining-room is under the mirror, or the farthest from the door. In winter the nearest to the fire. When you entertain guests, the rank is counted by the women and not the men, except at family dinners, such as engagement dinners, birthday feasts or marriages, then you follow the rank of affinity. On the first day of the engagement, the bride's relatives take precedence, on the second day those of the groom.

For dinner at mid-day you may serve anything; at supper, however, you must not have anything hot excepting potatoes or chestnuts or asparagus, which must *always* be hot. After this follow some *menus*. A few of them are simple enough, but how even thirty-five people ever recovered if they ate all the things named in the last table, which I here copy, remains a mystery. The various letters and figures refer to a diagram, which shows where the dishes are to be placed on the table.

A, venison, a,b, salt ham, A,B, large cold roast, c,d, large pies; e,f,g,h, four dishes of small roasts such as chickens and doves; i,k,l,m, large pasties; n,o, oysters or lobsters; a,b, little dishes with pickles; a,b,c,d, fruit dishes with salad; e,f, two fruit dishes with anchovies; g,h, two fruit dishes with caviar; i,k,l,m, four fruit dishes with chestnuts, and c,d, sauce for venison on dishes; e,f, two little dishes with mustard and cinnamon and sugar; n,o,p,q,r,s, six fruit dishes with large fruit; t,v, crême brulé; w,x, whipped cream; y,z, aa, bb, four dishes with citron and "amberlade," etc.; cc,dd,ee,ff, four fruit dishes with small cakes; 1,2,3,4, little dishes with ball radishes; 5,6,7,8, little dishes with long radishes; 9,10,11,12, dishes with ox-tongue; 13,14, dishes with chopped smoked beef; 15,16,17,18,19,20,21,22, little dishes with small fruit, in winter

with raisins, almonds, figs, prunes, and prunelles, etc.; 23–30, dishes with butter; 31–42, dishes with all sorts of jelly; 43–46, dishes with cut and grated cheese; gg,hh, two fruit dishes with little tarts, and 12 or more sweets to fill the gaps. After this substantial outburst of hospitality the first part of the Cook Book ends, with the advice to give things in their season,—and in order to know what is seasonable you must have the Almanac. "Then if everything goes off well, you will have the highest pleasure of a host, that your guests thank you for your kindness with pleased faces."

Attached to the book I have been describing is an appendix, from the preface of which we can judge of the sensation which it first created. The poor Editor has evidently been attacked primarily on the subject of the title. "The Complete Kitchen-Maid," indeed! and did she not know that many ladies of quality had other manuscript recipes and remedies which are not mentioned in the book? So the good lady says she decided to get possession as far as possible of these manuscripts, and add an appendix as large as the original. She also discovered that many young men knew nothing about carving, and often dimmed their otherwise brilliant qualities by being awkward at this task. Then a great many more remedies have been suggested; but they do not belong properly to a cook-book, so she has added those but sparingly, but she must say they are often very useful to the housekeeper. She now thinks it can certainly be called complete; and with some rather elaborate reasons, founded on the inconsistency and venom of fault-finders, she proudly proclaims this fact. So she again sends out her little book with the new and old parts bound together, and my copy was at once bought by Johanna Deminger, for her name is in it with the date 1752 and a fine flourish under it. In this practical age we have dispensed with the flourish, but then it was necessary to make the signature valid, as is still the case in Spain. For this second part there are two corners turned down,—which I fancy done by the fair Johanna. One points to a recipe for preserving the complexion and removing all blemishes, the other to an elixir by which one can live healthily many years. I fancy her turning to the first while she was still young and dainty-looking, and to the second as she grew in wisdom, but began to fade. This second part of the book has supplementary receipts in every department that the first had. Among the remedies we soar as high as to read: "Remedy of the Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, which instantly removes a pain (*pijn in de maag*).

"Take three drachms of Gum of Tacamahaca and three drachms balsam of Peru, mix them well together with brandy. Put this upon the fire until the brandy has evaporated, spread it on a piece of chamois leather and lay it on the body. It is excellent."

I had hoped to find some such extraordinary remedies as Mrs. Delaney mentions in her letters, when she recommends that her nephew should try a live spider enclosed in a quill and tied around his neck; but there are none but such as the preface says are well known and have really cured people. More attention is given in this part of the work to etiquette and rules. Those which govern the actions of the host and carver are quite detailed. The Editor first reads all men, old and young, a little lecture upon the awkwardness of their situation when they are in society, if, on being asked to carve, they are obliged to reply they do not know how, or carve in an unskilful manner. Even worse, she exclaims, is it when the host has to confess his inability and ask one of the guests to do it for him. To carve well one must give attention to the following rules:

"1. The carver must before all be careful that his hands are well washed and the nails are cut short and are clean. Although one seldom or never touches the food with the hand, still cleanliness is necessary in this instance.

"2. In case the carver has no sharp knife or fork, it is permissible to ask for the same, as otherwise he cannot accomplish his task as it beseems him to do.

"3. He must ask for a clean tableboard to be placed at his left side, so

that he can lay the knife, fork, and spoon on it between times.

"4. If one should soil his hands in carving, he must on no account ask for a half-soiled cloth to wipe them on, as if he were too dainty to use the clean one. This would be no compliment, but a reflection on the cleanliness of the hostess. Besides, with a dirty cloth he would soil his hands more, which would not be agreeable to the other guests.

"5. The carver must stand and carve, because it cannot be done so well sitting; and also to show zeal in helping his friends.

"6. The carver must be bare-headed, but if it is too cold, or his bodily condition will not admit of this, then he must make a short apology. Before beginning to carve he must bow to the company, and then proceed without more ado.

"7. If the company is large, then the gentlemen among the guests should offer to help carve, as otherwise the host would become a slave and find no time to urge his guests to eat.

"8. If anyone is asked to carve he must do so at once and not say that he cannot, because that would be the same as acknowledging that he had had no good bringing-up.

"9. When all the guests are served, then the carver may help himself with what is left on the dish, having given all the best pieces to others without saving the best for himself. He can then sit down quietly and eat.

"10. If a guest asks for more he must at once rise to help him. He must ask of the man or maid who is serving, a clean table-board, knife, fork, and spoon: if he has been using those that he first carved with, for himself, he cannot afterward use these for the other guests."

The directions for cutting are apparently the same as nowadays. She makes one sage remark which is worth repeating, "As to what are the best pieces, it is well to ask each guest, because to each what he likes is the best piece."

The next set of directions relate to the folding of napkins. The Editor opens her instructions with the remark, that whereas it is always customary to give brides and grooms napkins that are folded like cocks, hens, peacocks, etc., such is not the case for the other guests; and then follow various simple modes of folding them.

Just before the book ends we get another look into the past, as our Unknown Friend lays down the rules which govern the drinking of toasts. The heading is:

"Addition which has only come to hand after the book was printed as far as this:—

Customs
regarding
the ceremonial
as to the drinking of healths.

As to rank in placing your guests at table, that has been treated of in the first half; but ere we close this book we give the rule about drinking healths as it is among the Burgers, so that no mistakes may be made.

"1. Offer your friends before going to table a glass of red wine, as that is good for the digestion and is a pleasant way of welcoming them.

"2. With the first glass the host must wish his guests an appetizing meal. His friends must answer with a glass and wish the same to each other also.

"3. If the company consists of only ten or twelve people, one can drink their health in turn, but it is useless to do it all at once, as all may not have such thirst at the same time. When you wish to drink, ask for a glass of wine of the man or maid who is serving.

"4. If the company is large and there are perhaps thirty at table, it would be useless to drink everyone's health separately, as one would then take more wine than one cares to drink. If you please you may include two, four, or six in one salutation of your glass, beginning with those furthest off and then continuing, first on the right hand and then on the left.

"5. The dispute still exists as to the propriety of kissing the lady who sits next you as you drink her health, or thanking her with a kiss when she drinks yours. Still more unmannerly is it to leave your chair to kiss the young ladies who sit at a distance from you. It is not proper to kiss a lady without washing your lips, and besides it creates confusion at table.

"6. It is not well to insist upon any-

one's finishing his glass each time, as that would do away with the freedom of your guests, but it is quite proper to ask the lady next you if you may fill her glass from time to time.

"7. With the last glass you must thank your host for a pleasant meal, and hope that your fellow-guests have enjoyed their entertainment. But you must not leave the table before you have thanked God for what you have received. You must not fold your napkin, that is the work of the servants."

The book ends with an account of an ingenious machine for stuffing sausages, which is highly recommended. And here I bid good-by to my dear old friend, feeling that if I could remember all she has to teach me I could indeed become the complete Dutch Kitchen-Maid, and the model housekeeper she would wish one to be.

COMFORT OF THE FIELDS.

By Archibald Lampman.

What would'st thou have for easement after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
And care sits at thine elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To roam in idleness and sober mirth
Through summer airs and summer lands, and drain
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
To wander by the day with wilful feet,
Through fielded valleys wide with yellowing wheat,
Along gray roads that run between deep woods
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes of pine,
Where the long daylight dreams, unpierced, unstirred,
And only the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forest brooks that froth and shine
In bowldered crannies, buried in the hills;
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine,
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

In upland pastures, sown wth gold, and sweet
With the keen perfume of the ripening grass,
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass,
Spread thick as stars with shining marguerite;
To haunt old fences overgrown with briar,
Muffled in vines, and hawthorns, and wild cherries,
Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched elder-berries,
And pied blossoms to the heart's desire,
Gray mullein towering into yellow bloom,
Pink-tasselled milkweed, breathing dense perfume,
And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To hear at eve the bleating of far flocks,
The mud-hen's whistle from the marsh at morn;
To skirt with deafened ears and brain o'erborne
Some foam-filled rapid charging down its rocks
With iron roar of waters; far away
Across wide-reeded meres, pensive with noon,
To hear the querulous outcry of the loon;
To lie among deep rocks, and watch all day
On liquid heights the snowy clouds melt by;
Or hear from wood-capped mountain brows the jay
Pierce the bright morning with his jibing cry.

To feast on summer sounds; the jolted wains,
The thrasher humming from the farm near by,
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
To watch as through a mist of light and dreams
The far-off hay-fields, where the dusty teams
Drive round and round the lessening squares of hay,
And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low,
With drowsy cadence half a summer's day,
The clatter of the reapers come and go.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan,
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine;
Drink, and be filled, and ye shall understand!

THE COMMONEST POSSIBLE STORY.

By Bliss Perry.

PHILANDER ATKINSON, bachelor of law and writer of light verse, sat one murky August evening in his hall-bedroom, with the gas turned low, wondering whether the night would be too hot for sleep. At a quarter before ten a loitering messenger-boy brought him a line from his friend Darnel: *Come around at once. Just back. The very greatest news.* Thereupon Atkinson discarded his smoking-jacket, reluctantly exchanged his slippers for shoes, and took the car down to Twelfth Street, remembering meanwhile that Darnel's brief vacation from the Broadway Bank expired that day, and speculating as to the nature of the great news which the clerk had brought back from Vermont. The lawyer was a Vermonter too, and it was this fact, as well as a common literary ambition, that had drawn the young fellows together at first, long before Philander, on the strength of having two triolets paid for, had moved up to Thirty-first Street. Philander Atkinson liked Darnel, admired his feverish energy and his pluck, envied his acquaintance with books. He had always persisted in thinking that Darnel's stories would sell, if only some magazine would print one for a starter; and he had patiently listened to most of these stories, and to some of them several times over. Yet Darnel had never had any luck; had never had even his deserts; and the sincerity of his congratulations whenever Atkinson's verses saw the light always caused Philander to feel a trifle awkward. He knew that the indefatigable clerk had two or three manuscripts "out" — out in the mails —when the vacation began, and as he turned in at Darnel's boarding-house he had almost persuaded himself that *The Æon* had accepted "Laki," his friend's Egyptian story. It was a long climb up to Darnel's room, and the writer of light verse mounted deliberately, being fat with overmuch sitting in his office chair. On the third floor the air was heavy with orange-flowers and Bonsilene roses, and a caterer was carrying away ice-boxes. A whimsical rhyme came into Philander's head, and he made a mental note of it. Just then Darnel appeared, leaning over the balustrade of the fourth-floor landing, his coat off, his collar visibly the worse for the railway journey, and an eager smile upon his thin, homely face.

"Hullo, D.," said Philander. "Here I am. Been having a wedding here?" he added in a low voice, as he grasped Darnel's hand.

"I believe so. I'm just back. Come in, Phil. You got my message?"

"Why else should I be here, old fellow? Is it 'Laki,' sure?"

Without answering, Darnel led the way into his tiny room. His trunk lay

upon the floor, half-unpacked, the folding-bed was down, for the better accommodation of some of the trunk's contents, and the desk in the corner, under the single jet of gas, was covered with piles of finely torn paper. Darnel's manner, usually nervous and somewhat conscious, betrayed a certain exhilaration, but he was under perfect self-control.

"'Laki?'" he said, seating himself in his revolving chair and whirling around to the desk, while Atkinson threw himself upon the bed, "'Laki?' Oh, I had forgotten. It's probably here." He pulled over the mail accumulated during his absence. "Yes." He tore open the big envelope. "'The editor of *The Æon* regrets to say,' etc.;" and he tossed the printed slip, with the manuscript, into his waste-basket, with a laugh.

Atkinson's heart sank. Poor Darnel; it was not a cheerful welcome home. But Darnel was busied with his letters.

"And here are the others," he went on. "I thank the Lord none of them were accepted."

"What!" exclaimed Philander, turning upon his elbow.

Darnel looked at him with a puzzling smile.

"That's why I sent for you," said he. "Phil, all that I've been writing here for three years is stuff, and I've only just found it out. I can do something different now."

Atkinson stared. Darnel had rarely talked about his own work, and then in a scarcely suppressed fever of excitement and anxiety. Many a time had Atkinson noticed his big, hollow eyes turn darker, and his sallow face grow ashy, even in reading over with a shaking voice some of that same "stuff."

"I have learned the great secret," Darnel added, quietly.

"You have Aladdin's ring?" said Atkinson. "Or are you in love?"

"Both," replied Darnel. "It is the same thing."

Philander flung himself back upon the pillow, with a little laugh. "Go ahead, D."

"I have found her, and myself. Let me turn down the gas a little; I see it hurts your eyes. I belong in the world now; I am in the heart of it—I said to myself coming down the river this afternoon—in the heart of the world." He lingered over the words. "Phil," he exclaimed, suddenly, "all the time I was trying to write I was really trying to lift myself by the boot-straps. I was laboring to imagine things and people, and to get them on paper. It was all wrong. Do you remember that French poem you read me last winter, about the idol and the Eastern princess—how she lay on her couch sleeping—the night was hot—with the bronze idol gazing at her with its porphyry eyes, while her brown bosom rose and sank in her sleep, and the porphyry eyes kept staring at her — staring — but they never saw? Well, I believe my eyes have been like that. In 'Laki,' now, you know I wanted to describe the exact color of the stone in the quarry, and asked the Egyptologist up at the Museum to tell me what it was? He laughed at me. Very well. It was a dull-red stone, with bright-red streaks across it; I saw the same thing in Troy this afternoon, when a hod-carrier fell five stories and they picked him up from a pile of bricks."

"You're getting rather realistic," muttered Philander. Darnel was not looking at him, and went on unheeding.

"I have but to tell what I see. I have stopped imagining; my head has ached —Phil, you don't know how it has ached—trying to imagine things. I am past that now; if you only shut your eyes and look, it is all easy. Take that old Edda story that I tried to work up, about the fellow who fought all day long against his bride's father, and when night came the bride stole out and raised all the dead men on both sides, by magic, so that the next day, and every day, the battle raged on as before. I used to plan about the magic she used, and tried to invent a charm. Why, all she did was to pass over the battle-field at night, where the dead lay twisted in the frost, and while the wolves snarled around her and the spray from the fiord wet her cheek, she stooped to touch the dead men's wrists; and they loosed their grip upon broken sword and split linden shield, their breath came again, soft and low like a baby's, and so they slept till the red dawn."

"Look here," said Atkinson, sitting

up very straight, "you've been reading 'The Finest Story in the World,' and it has turned your head."

"Oh, the London clerk who was conscious of pre-existences, and forgot them all when he fell in love? I could have told Rudyard Kipling better than that myself." Darnel gave an impatient whirl to the revolving chair.

"You mean you think you can," replied Atkinson, sharply.

"As you like." He spoke dreamily, and Atkinson dropped back on the pillow again, watching his friend as narrowly as the dim light would allow. Hard work and unearthly hours had told on Darnel; he certainly seemed light-headed.

"Sickening heat — black frost — " he was murmuring; "marching, stealing, fighting, toiling—joy, pain—the life of the race—is a man to grow unconscious of these things in the moment that he really enters the life of the race, that he feels himself a part of it? What do you think, Phil?"

"I think," was the slow reply, "that whatever has happened to you in Vermont has shaken you up pretty well, old fellow. They say that when someone asked Rachel how she could play *Phèdre* so devilishly well, she just opened her black Jewish eyes and said, 'I have seen her.' And I think, in the mood you're in now, you can see as far back as Rachel or anybody else. It's like being opium-drunk; if you could keep so, and put on paper what you see, you could beat Kipling and all the rest of them. But you can't keep drunk, and you can't write prose or verse on love-delirium. It's been tried."

"Suppose Rachel had said, 'I *am Phèdre?*'"

Atkinson lifted his stout shoulders, laughing uneasily. "So much the worse. I should say, the less pre-existence of that sort the better. You might as well tell me the whole story, D. What is her name?"

"In a moment. She loves me, Phil. She is waiting for me in her little house among the hills. I left her only this morning, and soon I shall go back and leave New York forever. I can write the story up there—the story I have dreamed of writing—for I shall always have the secret of it. I have but to shut my eyes and tell what I see; and it is because she loves me. All the life of all the past—I can call that 'A Story of the Road.' Then there will be the future to write of—the men and women that are to come; for we shall have children, Phil, and in them——"

"You're making rapid progress," ejaculated Philander.

"——I shall know the story of the future. Even now I know it; I do not simply foresee it, I see it. Why not 'A Story of the Goal!' For I belong to it—do you not understand? Yet, after all, what is that compared with the present? It shall be 'A Story of the March!' Look there!"

He threw his eyes up to the ceiling, which was brightened for an instant by the headlight of an elevated train as it rushed past.

"Do you know what that engineer was really thinking of as he went by? That would be story enough. Or what was in the heart of the bride to-night, down on the third landing—you smelled the orange-flowers as you came up? To feel that your heart is in them, and theirs in you——"

But Philander Atkinson was not listening to the lover's rhapsody. He was thinking of a certain summer when he, too, had had strange fancies in his head; when his thoughts played backward and forward with swift certainty; when he had grown suddenly conscious of great desires and deep affinities, and for a space of some three months he had dreamed of being something more than a mere verse-maker, a master of the file. Then—whether it was that she grew tired of him, or they both realized that some dull mistake had been made—it was all over. There was still in his drawer a package of manuscript he had written that summer: in blank verse, none too noble a form for the high thoughts which then filled him; in a queer new rhythm, too, the secret of whose beat he had caught at and then lost, for the lines read harshly to him now. He looked these things over occasionally, as a sort of awful example of himself to himself; though he had gone so far as to borrow some of their imagery, not without a certain shame, to

adorn his light verse. His card-house had fallen, but some of the colored pasteboard was pretty enough to be used again. Curiously, he found that he could cut pasteboard into more ingenious shapes than ever since his brief experience in piling it; fancy served him better after imagination left him; his triolets were admirably turned, and his luck with the magazines began. Altogether it had been an odd experience; half those crazy ideas of Darnel had been his two years before, but he was quite over them—yes, quite—and now it was D.'s turn. He listened again to something that Darnel was murmuring.

"And she is an ordinary woman, one would say; a common woman. That is the mystery and the glory of it. I do not know that she is even beautiful. There must be thousands of women like her; I can see it plainly enough, that there must be thousands of women in the world like *her*." There was a reverent hush in his voice.

Atkinson choked back an exclamation. Was D.'s head really turned? "A common woman"—"not know whether she is beautiful?" A face rose before him, unlike any face in all the world: eyes with the blue of Ascutney, when you look at it through ten miles of autumn haze; hair brown as the chestnut leaf in late October; mouth——

Philander trembled slightly, and rising to his feet, stood looking down at Darnel, haggardly. It was quite over, that experience of two summers before, but while it lasted he had at least never dreamed that there were thousands of women in the world like *her*.

"Sit down, Phil, I am almost through. A woman like other women, and the story, when I write it, a common story. It will be the commonest possible story; common as a rose, common as a child. I am going back to Vermont, where I was born, and where I have been born anew. There will be plenty of time for the story—years, and years, and years. I have only to close my eyes some day, and she will write down all I tell her, and I shall call the story hers and mine."

But Atkinson still stood, his hands in his pockets, his heavy figure stooping, the lines hardening in his face, while he watched the rapt gaze of Darnel, and drearily reflected how strange it was that a woman should open all the gates of the wonder-world to one man's imagination, and that some other woman should close those secret gates, quietly, inexorably, upon that man's friend.

"Wait," said Darnel. "Must you go back to your triolets? Let me show you her picture first." He turned the gas up to its fullest height, and held out a photograph.

It was the same woman!

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The comforts of life, at the rate they are increasing, bid fair to bury us soon, as Tarpeia was buried under the shields of her friends the Sabines. Mr. Hamerton, in speaking of the increase of comfort in England, groans at the "trying strain of expense to which our extremely high standard of living subjects all except the rich." It makes each individual of us very costly to keep, and constantly tempts people to concentrate on the maintenance of fewer individuals means that would in simpler times be divided among many. "My grandfather," said a modern, the other day, "left $200,000. He was considered a rich man in those days, but, dear me, he supported four or five families—all his needy relations and all my grandmother's." Think of an income of $10,000 a year being equal to such a strain, and providing suitably for a rich man's large family in the bargain! It wouldn't go so far now, and yet most of the reasonable necessaries of life cost less to-day than they did two generations ago. The difference is that we need so very many comforts that were not invented in our grandfather's time.

There is a hospital, in a city large enough to keep a large hospital busy, that is in straits for money. Its income from contributions last year was larger by nearly a third than its income ten years ago, but its expenses were nearly double its income. There were some satisfactory reasons for the discrepancy—the city had grown, the number of patients had increased, extraordinary repairs had been made—but at the bottom a very large expenditure seemed to be due to the struggle of the managers to keep the institution up to modern standards. The patients are better cared for than they used to be; the nurses are better taught and more skilful; "conveniences" have been greatly multiplied; the heating and cooking and laundry work is all done in the best manner with the most approved apparatus; the plumbing is as safe as sanitary engineering can make it; the appliances for antiseptic surgery are fit for a fight for life; there are detached buildings for contagious diseases, and an out-patient department, and the whole concern is administered with wisdom and economy. There is only one distressing circumstance about this excellent charity, and that is that its expenses exceed its income, and yet its managers have not been extravagant. They have only done what the enlightened experience of the day has considered to be necessary. If the hospital has to shut down and the patients must be turned out, at least the receiver will find a well-appointed institution of which the managers have no reason to be ashamed.

The trouble seems to be with very many of us, in contemporary private life as well as in institutions, that the enlightened experience of the day invents more necessaries than we can get the money to pay for. Our opulent friends are constantly demonstrating to us by example how indispensably convenient the modern necessaries are,

and we keep having them until we either exceed our incomes, or miss the higher concerns of life in the effort to maintain a complete outfit of its creature comforts.

And the saddest part of it all is that it is in such great measure an American development. We Americans keep inventing new necessaries, and the people of the effete monarchies gradually adopt such of them as they can afford. When we go abroad we growl about the inconveniences of European life—the absence of gas in bedrooms, the scarcity and sluggishness of elevators, the primitive nature of the plumbing, and a long list of other things without which life seems to press unreasonably upon our endurance. Nevertheless, if the *res angustæ domi* get straiter than usual we are always liable to send our families across the water to spend a season in the practice of economy in some land where it costs less to live.

Of course it all belongs to Progress, and no one is quite willing to have it stop, but it does a comfortable sufferer good to get his head out of his conveniences sometimes and complain.

"Why is it," asks a recent English writer, "that we cannot laugh?" And as if to show that there is good reason for him, at least, to ask the question, he proceeds with gravity to consider whether it is due to the "innate sadness and dulness of democracy." "It is said," he remarks, "that one may travel from one side of the United States to the other, and never in all that weary journey hear the sound of laughter." He confesses that he knows not if this be really true, but if it is, he has "heard no more serious indictment of a democratic people." It might occur to any one but this writer himself that the inability to laugh is in his case due to a serious, a very serious lack of a sense of humor. But apparently he regards his nation as in quite as bad a way, for he asserts that in his land, or, at any rate, in London, an "audience at a comic play" is "a melancholy sight—here and there a spasmodic effort toward laughter dies away in a sardonic grin, but never an honest, open-mouthed roar of laughter in all the house."

Now if there is any considerable number of educated Englishmen who have not yet visited the United States, and who are inclined to think with this critic that a cloud of gloom has settled on England as the result of the progress of the spirit of democracy, I am quite sure that a journey across the Continent, or even a week's sojourn in New York, would disabuse them, so far as our own experience with democracy could influence them. Had it been their privilege to assist at a play in which the late Mr. Florence, of delightful memory, appeared, say, as *Sir Lucius*, and Mrs. Drew as *Mrs. Malaprop*, they would have heard "open-mouthed, honest laughter" that would have compelled them to join in it. And almost any night I could guide them to places of real amusement where the performance is not, perhaps, of high artistic merriment, but where the laughter is not only "honest and open-mouthed," but an indubitable "roar." Nor would it be improbable that they would hear the same cheering noise in the street, or in the public conveyances, particularly if they fell in with some of these joyous play-goers on the way home. And for that matter, unless the English people have changed within a few years, I am convinced that there is laughter to be heard in London streets and play-houses, save by those who, "having ears, hear not."

It is possible that the explanation of the critic's disheartening statement of the condition of the English mind and diaphragm arises from a too sweeping application of the little word "we." It may be that he has mistaken the group, or "remnant," to which he belongs for the people of England. There is, as we know, a considerable class in that land to whom the progress of democracy is very depressing, and not without reason, and even good reason. But to gauge correctly the temper and mood of the people one must take into account the possibility that there are great numbers who laugh now who were not used to laugh, and had scant cause for it, and in whom the change may be fairly credited to that much dreaded, much overrated—for good and for evil—spirit of democracy. In the first third of this century, before the extension of the suffrage began, and just before their own grim philosopher described the English people as "mostly fools," laughter, if we may judge from the diaries of the times, was not a distinguishing English habit. I

am persuaded that, taking the nation together, it is more rather than less so now, even though "we" cannot laugh.

In a world where it is very desirable to be entertained, and not always easy to find entertainment, there is a great deal to be got out of a discreet consideration of the mysteries of life. They give one something to theorize about in odd moments, and to have theories about them gives one an interest in whole series and classes of facts which seem to fit in with such theories or to upset them. If the facts won't fit the theory, then there is the theory to change; and to have one's theory driven into a new shape is the next best thing to having it justified.

There was a little tale in the newspaper the other day about Mr. Edison, that he held up his finger and bent it, and asked, "What does that?" Failing to get a satisfactory reply, he said he was trying to find out what is the force that pulls the strings that makes animate creatures move. That is one of the great mysteries—the mystery of motion. It is that, we are told, that Mr. Keely, the motor-man, has been brooding over for several decades past. Mr. Keely's experience has not been such as to encourage any poor man to theorize on this subject for a living; nevertheless, it is a great subject for a mind to dwell upon in its leisure moments. Sir Isaac was thinking about it when the apple fell and gave him an idea that was of value to him, and has been useful ever since. There is always this advantage about having one's mind run on something in particular, that even if it does not bring down what it is aimed at, it is more likely to hit something else that is worth while than if it was wandering aimlessly. As witness the usefulness of the alchemists to the science of chemistry. Even if Mr. Edison's mind fails to grasp the force that crooks his finger, it is very possible that he may puzzle out some minor problem that is worth while. Indeed, it is reported already that he has a fascinating theory that attributes an individual will to every atom, and declares that matter is sentient.

Another mystery, of captivating qualities, is that which shrouds the relation of the body to the spirit. It was the mystery whose partial solution led Dr. Henry Jekyll to make the disastrous acquaintance of Edward Hyde. Describing his speculations on the duality of man and sundry chemical investigations that supplemented them, Dr. Jekyll writes: "A side-light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. . . . I not only recognized my natural body for the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug," etc.

One division of this mystery embraces the subject of cures. Once get on the track of it, and every newspaper story about faith-cure, or any of the varieties of mental healing, becomes a thing to be weighed, and if it seems to have substance, to be held in mind for consideration and future use. All kinds of "miracles" bear on this mystery. Hypnotism and hypnotic cures are intimately mixed up with it. Telepathy has to do with it; apparitions, presentiments, and clairvoyance are more or less allied to it. Even spiritualism is interesting to the investigator who has faith enough in the stories of materializations to consider them seriously. It is a mystery that is a constant practical puzzle in everyday life, and it has been much in mind during the five or six weeks preceding this writing, in connection with a pretty constant wrangling in the newspapers over the question whether Dr. Keeley cures drunkenness by infusing purposes into the spiritual parts of his patients, or by letting drugs into their bodies. By the time this writing becomes reading that question may be settled or obsolete, but at present "the profession" says that if Dr. Keeley cures anything it is the mind.

If existence is a little poky, and if you live in a quiet place and cannot afford to own horses enough to completely occupy your leisure, or if you are restless ashore and too poor to have a yacht, or if you are the husband of one wife, or the wife of one husband, and think it immoral to flirt, it may pay you to attach yourself to one of the great mysteries of human existence. Do it not necessarily in the expectation of solv-

ing your problem, but for the sake of pure cogitation It is a natural resource of a human being, for to puzzle over the mysteries of life leads to a reaching out after the great Centre and Solution of all the mysteries, and to the establishment of relations in which, vague and slender as they are, the mind of man finds rest.

In my admiration for certain qualities in Browning's poetry I yield to no Browning Society that exists, and certainly not to that Browning society, with a small s, which has just feebly gone out of existence over there in London. At the same time I am not so blind as not to see a rock ahead on which Browning's ship of fame is likely to come to grief. When, in the process of years, our present guileless modes of expression become obsolete—when our clearest writers shall have become to posterity as difficult as Gower and Chaucer are to us, what, I should like to know, will happen to Robert Browning? How will Posterity treat those voluminous poetical works which are in so great part enigmatical, if not wholly unintelligible, to the majority of his own cotemporaries? When one contemplates the possibility of even the thinnest layer of obscurity being added to, let us say, Sordello, one has creepy apprehensions touching the security of Browning's future. If *we* sometimes find his utterances as indigestible as those of the Theban Sphinx—if *we* have no very clear idea as to

"Who fished the murex up,"

and are naturally diffident about coming forward and explaining

"What porridge had John Keats"—

if these points stagger *us* more or less, how will they strike our remote kinsmen of the year of our Lord 2392? Perhaps, indeed—and this is the only streak of light in the business—Browning has been so far in advance of his age that his subtle thought and complex expression will seem almost childishly lucid to that higher and happier civilization—that he will, in short, speak to the future in its own familiar language, and be the only poet of the Nineteenth Century who will escape suspicions of insanity. This view, to be sure, involves no compliment to the intellectuality of the current period; but it is a view that must furnish infinite consolation and comfort to properly constructed disciples of Browning, one of which the acute reader has doubtless detected in me.

"ECHOES OF THE WALTZ."

[From a painting by C. S. Reinhart.]

—See *American Illustration of To-day.*

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ON A BUST OF GENERAL GRANT.

By James Russell Lowell.

STRONG, simple, silent are the [steadfast] laws
That sway this universe, of none withstood,
Unconscious of man's outcries or applause,
Or what man deems his evil or his good;
And when the Fates ally them with a cause
That wallows in the sea-trough and seems lost,
Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands
Of shallow counsels, this way, that way, tost,
Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands
They twist the cable shall the world hold fast
To where its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the Past.

Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle Opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him: what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,
But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man.

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A face all prose where Time's [benignant] haze
Softens no raw edge yet, nor makes all fair
With the beguiling light of vanished days;
This is relentless granite, bleak and bare,
Roughhewn and scornful of æsthetic phrase;
Nothing is here for fancy, naught for dreams,
The Present's hard, uncompromising light
Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws, and seams,
Yet vindicates some pristine natural right
O'ertopping that hereditary grace
Which marks the gain or loss of some time-fondled race.

So Marius looked, methinks, and Cromwell so,
Not in the purple born, to those they led
Nearer for that and costlier to the foe,
Newmoulders of old forms, by nature bred
The exhaustless life of manhood's seeds to show,
Let but the ploughshare of portentous times
Strike deep enough to reach them where they lie:
Despair and danger are their fostering climes,
And their best sun bursts from a stormy sky:
He was our man of men, nor would abate
The utmost due manhood could claim of fate.

Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man
At the first glance, a more deliberate ken
Finds type primeval theirs in whose veins ran
Such blood as quelled the dragon in his den,
Made harmless fields and better worlds began:
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master-grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.

Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as steel
Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway;
The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel
The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey
Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal;
So Truth insists and will not be denied.
We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame,
As if in his last battle he had died
Victor for us and spotless of all blame,
Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
One of those still plain men that do the world's rough work.

2

A face all prose when Time's haze
Softens no rugg edge yet now makes all fair
With the beguiling light of vanished days;
This is relentless granite black & bare,
Rough hewn & boasting no æsthetic phrase;
Nothing is here for fancy, naught for dreams,
The Present's hard, uncompromising light
Accents all vulgar outlines, flaws, & seams,
Yet vindicates some pristine natural right
O'erstepping that hereditary grace
Which marks the gain or loss of some time-fondled race.

NOTE.—This poem is the last, so far as is known, written by Mr. Lowell. He laid it aside for revision, leaving two of the verses incomplete.

In a pencilled fragment of the poem the first verse appears as follows:

"Strong, simple, silent, such are Nature's Laws."

In the final copy, from which the poem is now printed, the verse originally stood:

"Strong, steadfast, silent are the laws,"

but "steadfast" was crossed out, and "simple" set in its place.

A similar change is made in the ninth verse of the stanza, where "simpleness" is substituted for "steadfastness."

The change from "steadfast" to "simple" was not made, probably through oversight, in the first verse of the second stanza.

There is nothing to indicate what epithet Mr. Lowell would have chosen to complete the first verse of the third stanza.

C. E. NORTON.

THE WATER-ROUTE FROM CHICAGO TO THE OCEAN.

By Charles C. Rogers, U. S. N.

IF a thread be stretched upon a globe from any point in the English Channel to Toledo, on Lake Erie, it will be found that the deviation of the St. Lawrence from it does not exceed thirty miles, this straight line connecting the greatest food-consuming country in Europe with the greatest food-producing country in America. The distance from Chicago to Liverpool by this river is 4,500 miles, one-half of which is covered by the great inland route through the Lakes to the Straits of Belle Isle. This line of communication comprises four of the great lakes, with the connections between them and the St. Lawrence River, about seventy miles of which are obstructed by obstacles in the channel.

With respect to the Atlantic, these waters are closed by ice from the 25th of November to the 25th of April; the irregularity of the tides and currents, the severity of the climate, and the frequent fogs, are also difficulties which call for vigilance and ability in navigating the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. Upon the lakes the conditions are milder, and the ice season shorter by, perhaps, one month; for, while the tourist there is often reminded in summer of the equator and in winter of the poles, yet the thermometers show that the warmer means are not excessively high nor the colder ones unbearably low.

Chicago is more than 1,200 miles inland from Montreal, the nearest seaport of the St. Lawrence. As if to accentuate its commanding position as the head of the greatest internal water-route in the world, and as the depot and distributing point for the products of the great Northwest, it has an elevation of 578 feet above the Atlantic terminus. Its shipping is second only to that of New York; from it the cereals of the Northwestern States are transported

through Lakes Huron and Erie to Buffalo, whence they are forwarded to New York by rail or by the Erie Canal; grain intended for Montreal may be carried over the lakes and down the St. Lawrence without once breaking bulk; and it is contemplated even to run steamers direct to England.

Some idea of its lake traffic may be formed from the statement that the aggregate entrances and clearances in 1890, for the great lakes, numbered 88,280, of which 21,054, measuring 10,288,688 tons, were at that port. The corresponding aggregate for New York is 15,283, and for the entire seaboard of the United States, 37,756. The tonnage has nearly doubled itself in the last ten years; and it is possible to conceive of a like increase by 1900, for 54,411 miles of railway terminate here, and in a year move 43,000,000 tons of freight. Besides, in the central Northern, and the Northwestern States, the total freight moved is 196,000,000 tons, a fair proportion of which goes to Europe.

Each year shows a steady increase in the trade of Chicago, which not only maintains its standing as the centre of manufacture and distribution in the West, but promises in time to acquire that position with regard to the entire United States. The situation of the city, its facilities as the centre of the greatest railway system in the world, stretching westward into fertile and immense grain fields, bringing to its storehouses their almost inexhaustible products, and supplemented by great waterways feeding both domestic and

The Chicago River, near Rush Street Bridge.

foreign markets; combined with its proximity to supplies required by manufacturing establishments, are remarkable advantages for trade and commerce, which account for a growth almost without parallel, and assure a still greater activity and wealth.

Its total trade for 1890 is estimated at $1,442,500,000. The wholesale trade is stated at $462,500,000; but it is as a manufacturing city, especially in iron and steel, that Chicago shows the greatest advance. There are now six rolling mills, twenty-eight foundries, eighty-nine machinery and boiler works, seventy galvanic iron, tin, and slate roofing works, besides car-wheel, stove, steam-fitting, and many other manufactories. In all there are 3,250 manufactories in operation, and their total output is valued at $555,000,000. Ship-building too is becoming an important industry; a fine steel steamer of 4,600 tons displacement was launched last February from the yards of the Chicago Ship-building Company for the Minnesota iron trade, and three others are now building.

The waters of Lake Michigan, which now flow northeastward to Lake Huron, are prevented by an elevation near the lake of only eight feet from flowing to the Illinois, and thence to the Mississippi. Communication with the latter has existed since 1848, through the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which extends southwesterly ninety-six miles to La Salle, on the Illinois River.

This city of industry, indomitable will, and immense material resources, has been well chosen as the site of the Columbian Exposition; over the waterway to it will be borne much of the treasures and exhibits of foreign nations, and this highway thus attains a prominence more than ever in keeping with its magnitude and importance.

The course from Chicago to Lake Huron measures 330 miles; its greatest width is one-fourth of this distance, and lies between Milwaukee and Grand Haven; its only interruption is Manitou County, which consists of Beaver and several other islands near the northern end of the lake, but which cannot be regarded as obstacles, for the channels are wide and deep, the bottom in many places being far below the level of the ocean. The southern shore is but a few feet above the lake level, its chief feature lying in unprepossessing and far-stretching vistas of lumber yards.

Perhaps the most pleasing prospect of the lake is Milwaukee, whose cream-colored buildings produce a peculiar and most agreeable effect. Eight railways centre here after traversing a rich and rapidly improving country, whose grain forms the chief element in the city's prosperity. In entrances and clearances, it follows closely upon Chicago, the number last year exceeding 20,000; one of the chief contributors to this record is the line of wooden steamers to Ludington, in the service of the Flint & Pere

Government Canal, St. Clair Flats, looking East.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The Largest Steamer on the Lakes.

[The steamship Owego, Union Steamboat Company: Length, 353 feet; breadth, 41 feet, 2 inches; depth, 13 feet, 10 inches; capacity, 2,550 tons. In the harbor at Buffalo.]

Marquette Railroad. Its vessels are built especially to contend with the lake ice; they run regularly in winter and are never detained more than a few hours.

The most important shipping port for the Lake Superior iron-ore district is Escanaba, also on Lake Michigan, from which 3,003,632 long tons were shipped in 1889, this amount being nearly one-half of the total shipments by vessel of Lake Superior ores during the year. The docks here are operated by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, and represent an aggregate length of 4,898 feet and 828 pockets, which will contain a total of 95,500 tons.

The steamers of the Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Company, running through the centre of the lake, afford the inhabitants of this region the novelty of being in mid-sea for twenty-four hours; a better opportunity to view the industries is found in the northern Michigan steamers, which stop at the important points on the east coast. The passage to Lake Huron is through the Straits of Mackinac, which are formed by the Michigan shore on one hand, and by Bois Blanc and Mackinac Islands and Point St. Ignace on the other.

The chief point of interest on Mackinac is the headquarters of the American Fur Company, built in 1809 by John Jacob Astor, and within which the nucleus of the Astor millions was formed. The approach to the island is beautiful and impressive; it rises abruptly from the clear waters of the Strait, and its jutting crags, perfect harmony, and brilliant colors are a pleasing contrast to the extreme monotony of the more southern coast. Its atmosphere is bright, pure, and invigorating. The view from it is Italian—a deep sapphire in a cloudless sky; a delicate emerald extending along shore; and beyond the azure and the lilac resolving into an endless sheet of darkest blue.

Incidental to this trade-route, and entering Lake Huron almost within sight of Mackinac, is the St. Mary's River, the outlet of Lake Superior. The St. Mary's Falls Canal, somewhat aptly termed the keystone of the great arch of water transport on this continent, is over a mile long and absorbs eighteen feet of the fall between the lakes. A lock, 575 feet long and 80 wide, was opened in 1881, but the traffic doubled in the next four years, and has increased so rapidly that greater accommodations are necessary. A new lock, 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 21 feet deep on the sills, is now building at an estimated cost of $4,738,865. When finished it will be the largest single lock in the world. One-eighth of the entire commerce of the United States passes through this canal. In 1880, its traffic measured 1,734,800 tons, valued at about $29,000,000; in 1890, it had increased to 10,557 vessels, of 8,454,435 tons, carrying 9,041,213 tons of cargo, valued at $102,214,949. The freight for last year exceeded by 2,257,876 tons the entire tonnage of all nations which passed through the Suez Canal in 1889.

A smaller lock (600 feet long, 85 wide, and 19 deep) is building on the Canadian side of the river; as the United States has a supremacy of shipping on the upper lakes amounting almost to a monopoly, it is not probable that much traffic will be diverted thereby from New York to Montreal.

During last October, a blockade near the canal was caused by a collision, in which a steamer sank and closed the channel. As nearly a week was required to release the steamer, a fleet of one-hundred and forty vessels, most of them of the largest class, was delayed for that period in the river or on the lake.

It is 270 miles from Mackinac to the St. Clair River, the outlet of Lake Huron. A run of seven hours along the southern shore brings Alpena into view, where nothing is to be seen of the city but immense piles of lumber, flanked by towering black funnels emitting much odorous smoke. The annual product of its mills is 175,000,000 feet of lumber. Another journey of equal length across Saginaw Bay, and Sand Beach is reached, unless a visit be made to Bay City, which, again, owes its prosperity to lumber, and where wooden shipbuilding has reached such perfection, that the steamers of its yards are marvels of structural strength. Sand Beach has a special interest to mariners on account of its fine har-

bor of refuge, formed by a breakwater eight thousand feet long ; it is the only port on the lower lakes to which vessels can fly in case of storms. This is the last stopping-place for the steamer on its way to Detroit, in full view of the comparatively flat, and extremely fertile shores. It is interesting to note on this lake, the terraces corresponding to former levels, and extending for miles at heights of 120, 150, and 200 feet. On Georgian Bay, entirely within the region of Canada, are Collingwood and Owen Sound, two points of departure for the upper lakes. From them the steamers of the Canadian Pacific, of the Owen Sound Steamship, and of the Canada Transit Lines, wend their way through the countless islands, north of the Manitoulin group, to Lake Superior. The attractions of the southern shore are served by the Northern Steamship Company, from Buffalo, and by the Northwestern Transportation Line from Detroit, after stopping at Goderich and Kincardine, where salt-works and railway connections supply valuable freight.

Port Huron, at the foot of the lake, is important as a railway terminus, a marine headquarters, and the site of a shipyard, dry-dock, and machine shops. Across the St. Clair is Sarnia, a popular resort for Southerners. A railway tunnel under the river connects these towns. After a course of thirty-eight miles, the St. Clair spreads out into the lake of the same name. The navigation of the river is easy throughout. The regular steamer stops at St. Clair and Marine City, two small communities of interest as summer-resorts ; the latter has a ship-building establishment, and a vein of rock-salt gives it a place among the producing centres of the State.

The mouth of the St. Clair is a wide marsh, penetrated by several deep and tortuous channels. To improve this entrance the Government has constructed a ship canal, 8,200 feet long, 300

Entrance to the Welland Canal and Basin at Port Colborne, Ont.

feet wide, and 16 feet deep, at a cost of $650,000; and plans underway contemplate a depth of 20 feet. The lake is so shallow that its navigable channel must be followed carefully; its transit occupies less than two hours, during which the steamer seems constantly surrounded by other vessels, the traffic being such that a vessel passes any giv-

Deep Cut on the Long Level, Welland Canal, above Allanburg, Ont.

en point every seven minutes. Upon reaching Belle Isle, the steamer enters Detroit River, which eighteen miles farther on enters Lake Erie, after a descent of eleven feet. Nearly opposite is Grosse Pointe, where, facing the dreamy expanse of the lake, are clustered the summer residences of Detroit's wealthy men.

The Detroit River is from one to three miles wide, and its rapid current of dark-green water is unsurpassed by any mountain stream. The channel varies from thirty to fifty feet in depth, and only at the Lime Kiln Crossing, near Amherstburg, is government work necessary in keeping it navigable to twenty feet. Several islands line the banks, some so large as to pass for part of the mainland. The shores are laid out in sloping meadows, groves, and orchards; and wealthy men are rapidly occupying available spots with handsome villas.

Detroit, though smaller than Cleveland, is more fortunate in being the metropolis of the State, with all parts of which it is connected by rail. Its location is not favorable for the enormous iron industries of its sister city, and the bulk of the lake carriers therefore pass its fine harbor for the smaller quarters across the lake. Its inhabitants have the consolation of knowing, however, that many of these vessels are owned by fellow-citizens. Its system of lighting is by towers from 100 to 200 feet high; and 150 of which produce a beautiful effect, when seen from a steamer's deck. Detroit's water-front is nine miles long; and more tonnage passes it than any other point on the

globe. The returns of entries and clearances of the great seaports of the world for 1889 give New York 11,051,236 tons; all seaports in the United States, 26,983,315 tons; Liverpool, 14,175,200 tons; and London, 19,245,417 tons. The tonnage passing Detroit River during the 234 days of navigation of that year amounted to 36,203,606 tons; nearly 10,000,000 tons more than the entries and clearances of all the seaports in the United States; and nearly 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London.

The peculiar features of Lake Erie are its shallowness and generally low shores, which, on the south, are bordered by an elevated plateau, through which unimportant rivers have cut deep channels. Its mean depth is only ninety feet. Owing to its shallowness it is easily disturbed by the wind, and, of all the great lakes, is therefore the most dangerous to navigate. Its length is two hundred and fifty miles, and its greatest breadth sixty. Its islands—all near Sandusky—are adapted to grape and fruit culture; vineyards are to be seen on every hand, and wine is the principal article of commerce. Put-in-Bay, the best known, is the centre of a large excursion territory and amusement enterprises.

Toledo, at the western extremity, is nearly on the same parallel with Buffalo and Chicago; it is separated from the former by the length of the lake, and is nearly the same distance from Chicago and from the Mackinac Straits. It has a fine harbor, of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest vessels; it has direct communication with Cincinnati by the Miami & Erie Canal, and is the centre of fourteen railways. A union depot of immense size affords them facilities for ready transfer of freight, and there are a dozen elevators with storage for more than 4,000,000 bushels of grain; for its chief imports and exports are grain and flour, in which its trade is very large and steadily growing. The manufactures in lumber, flour, iron, and steel are extensive and show a most encouraging growth.

Guard Locks, Welland Canal, above Thorold, Ont., Lake Erie Level.

Fifty miles to the eastward is Sandusky, whose wharves, in all seasons except winter, are thronged with vessels receiving or discharging cargoes. It has several machine shops, and manufactures of railway cars, engines, boilers, and cutlery; and exports large quantities of flour, fruit, and wine. It is on the line of the Lake Shore & Michigan

Southern Railway, and is the terminus of other lines to Newark, Cincinnati, and Cleveland.

The position of Cleveland as the centre of twelve different lines of railways draws to its wharves a large proportion of the shipping of the lakes. An excellent harbor and extensive dock frontage along the Cuyahoga River, for four miles from its mouth, give this port many advantages over others along the southern shore of Lake Erie as a shipping point by water. Thirteen lines of steamers ply between this city and the other ports of the lake system. Along the shore, inside the breakwater, are immense piles of iron ore, that have been brought over this highway. Upon other docks, coal is being bucketed into holds just emptied of iron ore, to be carried to the towns from which the latter was shipped. Cleveland, however, handles only a part of the coal and ore that go to make up the record of lake traffic: Buffalo, Ashtabula, and other harbors get their share. But it is interested particularly in building and owning the fleet that handles the commerce of the lakes, and is in a fair way to become a leader among the shipbuilding cities of the country. Here are the works of the Globe Shipyard, and the Cleveland Shipbuilding Company, in which were built most of the new fleet, comprising more than seventy steel and iron vessels. From its yards came the six vessels of the Northern Steamship Company, by which the Great Northern Railway makes freight communications between the head of Lake Superior and Buffalo; those of the Mutual Transportation Line, plying between Ashtabula and Escanaba; and of the Minnesota Iron Company, of Chicago; all of steel, costing $200,000 each. But the largest line of the lakes is that of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad; sixteen vessels make up the flotilla of its Western Transit Line, as it is styled, some of steel and some of iron. Two of the former, the Harlem and the Hudson, cost $250,000

Tunnel of the Grand Trunk Railway, under the Welland Canal, near Merritton, Ont.

Swing Bridge over the Welland Canal at St. Catharines Cemetery, Ont.

each, and are equal in style, speed, and carrying capacity to any ocean vessel of the same dimensions.

The Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Company, operating between Cleveland and Mackinac, ranks among the finest passenger lines in the country. Its vessels, of which there are five, are of iron or steel, with latest devices for comfort, safety, and speed. They compare favorably with the famous steamers of Long Island Sound, and were built by the Detroit Dry Dock Company. One of them, the City of Detroit, is 300 feet long, and 72 feet wide, has engines of 2,700 horse-power, is steered by steam, lighted by electricity, carries 2,500 passengers, and 800 tons of freight; its grand saloon is finished in mahogany and stamped leather. Cost $350,000. This vessel and the City of Cleveland run between Cleveland and Detroit, and are very fast. Their average speed exceeds 18 miles an hour, and they have steamed at the rate of nearly 21½ miles.

Cleveland is also connected by canal with the Ohio River at Portsmouth. It has more than 400 manufacturing establishments, with an aggregate capital exceeding $30,000,000, iron and oil being the largest interests.

The commercial advantages of Buffalo, its rival, are derived from its favorable position with respect to the sources of its grain, coal, ore, lumber, and other receipts, and the ready means for the distribution of these articles; added to which are the benefits of cheap fuel, an excellent water-supply, rapid elevating and transfer of grain, quick handling of coal, extensive storage and dockage facilities, and a good harbor. Grain is received, transferred, stored, and forwarded with greater dispatch than at any other port in this country. The river, for about a mile from its mouth, is lined with immense elevators and provided with the most improved appliances for handling cereals. The iron and steel interests are second in importance to grain and flour only, and rank next to Pittsburg; they employ a force of 30,000 men, and the capital invested exceeds $35,000,000. By a recent estimate the annual product was valued at $55,000,000. They included eleven engine and ten boiler works, five steam forges, nineteen foundries, forty-eight machine shops, six furnaces, three bridge builders, and two iron works. Within an hour's sail of the Welland Canal, with the lakes stretching to the westward and the Erie Canal to the eastward, together with the New York Central, the New York, Lake Erie & Western, the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia, the West Shore, and the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western Railroads leading east, and the Lake Shore, the Canada Southern, the Grand Trunk, the Nickel Plate, and

DRAWN BY VICTOR PÉRARD.

Locks 23 and 24 Welland Canal, East of Thorold, Ont.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

the Buffalo & Southwestern Railroads running west (with other lines and branches to a total of twenty), great facilities are furnished for shipping products to all parts of the United States and of Canada. Five large steamer lines ply regularly to ports in Lakes Erie, Huron, Superior, and Michigan. They are the Union, the Western Transit, the Commercial, the Lehigh Valley, and the Anchor lines. Their combined fleets number about sixty steamers, with a capacity ranging from 1,750 to more than 3,000 tons. The Union Steamboat Company owns the Owego and the Chemung, of 4,800 tons displacement and 15½ feet draught, the largest vessels on the lakes; they were built by the Union Dry Dock Company at this port, after the models of the Mallory Line of ocean steamers. Their length is 353 feet, their breadth 41 ft. 2 in., and they are equipped with the most powerful triple-expansion engines on the lakes. Intended for fast freight traffic, they combine cargo capacity with high speed. The Owego has made the run of 889 miles between Buffalo and Chicago in 54 hours and 16 minutes, or at the rate of 16.4 miles an hour. They cost together $560,000. The Saranac, of the Lehigh Valley Line, has averaged 16 miles an hour, for a run of 240 miles.

Half of Buffalo's water-front is along the Niagara River, whose falls and rapids are overcome by the Welland Canal. By it vessels are made to traverse readily the Niagara escarpment, which is 326¾ feet above Lake Ontario, and stands out the chief abrupt elevation between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains. This canal is the most important part of the Canadian line of inland navigation. It runs in a general northerly direction, distant from the Niagara River eighteen miles at Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, and ten and one-half miles at Port Dalhousie, the Lake Ontario terminus; its length between the entrances is nearly twenty-seven miles. The Old and the New Welland Canals form two distinct routes between Port Dalhousie and Allanburg; but from Allanburg to Port Colborne there is but one channel, an enlargement of the old one. There is one entrance from Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie; two from Lake Erie—one for the main line at Port Colborne, and one for the feeder route at Port Maitland; and there is also an entrance from the Niagara River at the town of Chippewa.

The lake ports present novel and picturesque features. Unlike the rule of cities by the sea, their harbors are often open roadsteads; islands and land-locked bays are the exception and not the rule; and, instead, breakwaters or costly piers protect ships and cargoes from the waves and tempests. Their situation is generally at the mouth of rivers, whose channels, sometimes navigable to the heart of the city, become the harbor proper; it is thus that the river, instead of the lake front, is frequently the scene of mills, docks, shipyards, immense elevators, warehouses, and railway depots. The water is covered with graceful yachts, puffing tugs, great four-masters and steel propellers, a confusion intensified at nightfall by the many-colored lights and the whistling din of departing steamers. Chicago is divided by its river into three sections, thus securing a water front greater than Liverpool's; its water-works, among the wonders of the world, comprise a tower, from the base of which a tunnel extends two miles under the lake, the water entering through a grated cylinder, enclosed in an immense crib on which are a lighthouse and dwelling. Milwaukee, similarly divided, is built partly upon high bluffs; its atmosphere seems bracing and healthful, an impression confirmed by a delightful drive along the cliffs overlooking the lake. Detroit is on lower ground, but offers the cupolas of great wheat elevators for a fine view of St. Clair and Erie; its opera-house is one of the finest in the country; and its avenues, radiating from the Grand Circus, intersect the other streets as do those of Washington, and form small parks that diversify and ornament the place. Cleveland is so embowered in trees that little save the spires of churches can be seen through the green; a great stone viaduct spans the river valley between the two divisions of the city; and Euclid Avenue, the street of millionaires, is lined with costly residences in beautiful

grounds. Buffalo, on a plain sloping gently to the water, seeks recreation in superb parks, connected by boulevards; and from the suburban homes on the uplands are magnificent views of the city, of the lake, of the International Bridge and Canadian shores, and of that river whose thundering torrent, perhaps more than any single work of nature, symbolizes its power and grandeur, and offers a perpetual incense that reflects the token of the everlasting covenant.

The Old Welland Canal passes to the westward of St. Catharines and Merritton, and to the eastward of Thorold, the total rise (326¾ feet) being overcome by 27 locks. Its route lies also to the westward of the New Canal, and at distances from it varying from 1 to 1½ mile at St. Catharines and Merritton, to only a few hundred feet near Thorold; the junction, as already stated, occurring at Allanburg. The entrance lock at Port Dalhousie has the standard dimensions for the new canal — length, 270 feet; breadth, 45 feet; and 14 feet depth on the sills; that to this route at Allanburg is 200 feet long, and a tidal lock above Thorold has a length of 230 feet, both being 45 feet wide; but the remaining 24 locks are only 150 feet long and 26½ feet wide, having with the former a depth of 9 feet. The depth in the upper reaches of this route is such that vessels drawing 12 feet can ascend to the shipyard at St. Catharines. Within the entrance lock is a wide basin, forming a safe inner harbor that would accommodate a large fleet of vessels drawing 15 feet.

The New Welland Canal lies to the eastward of St. Catharines. In a distance of twelve miles from Dalhousie to the summit-level, near Allanburg, there are twenty-five lift locks and regulating weirs; piers and abutments for twelve road and two railway bridges; six culverts to carry water-courses under the canal, and one for a public road; and a tunnel for the Great Western Railway. The level is also above the surrounding country, as a rule.

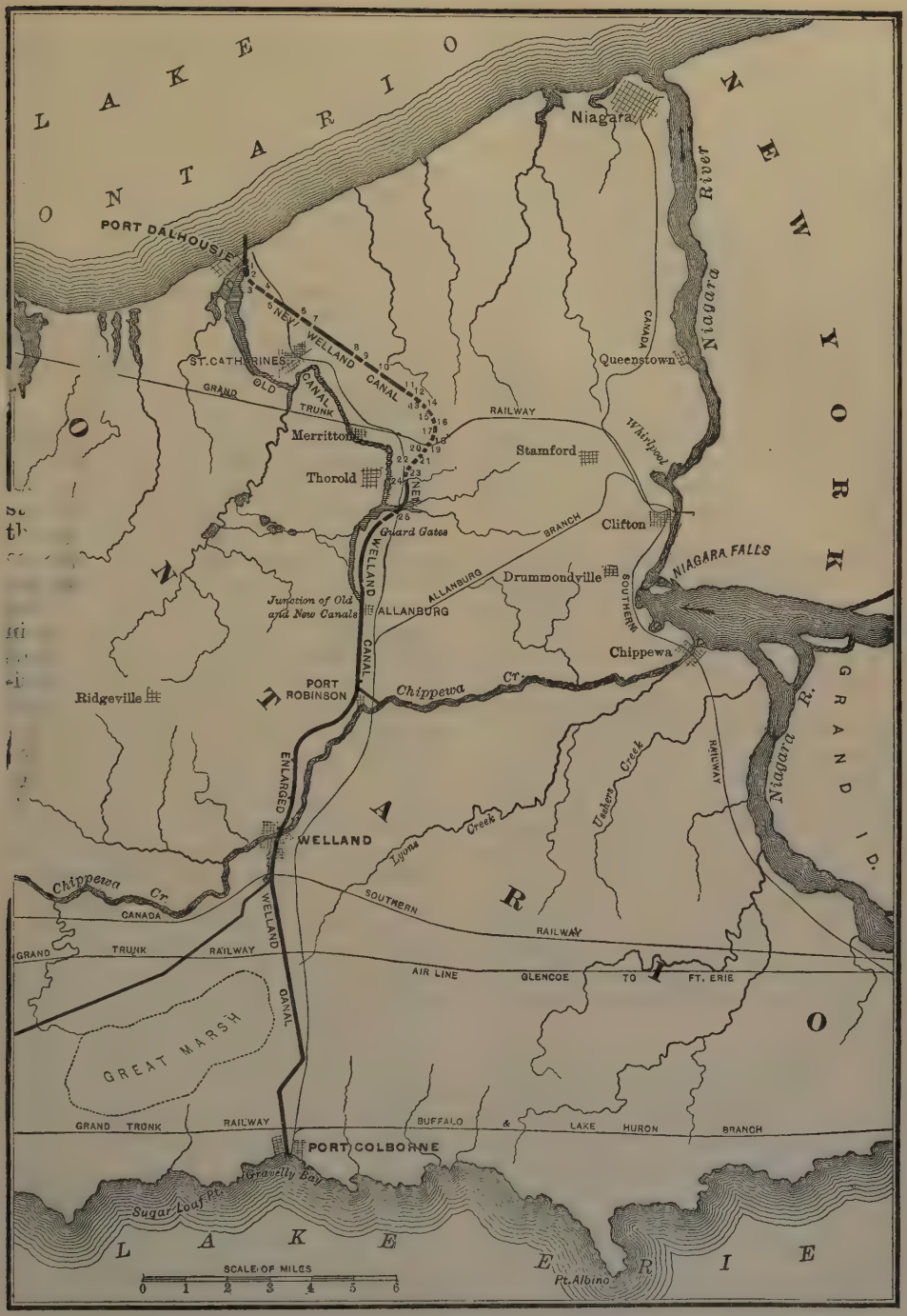
The southern division, from the junction at Allanburg to Lake Erie, is nearly fifteen miles long; it is crossed by six road and three railway bridges; there is a guard lock at Port Robinson, an aqueduct of large dimensions through the Chippewa River, a lock down to the Chippewa at Welland, and at Port Colborne a lock with four sets of gates, two heading each way. The part between the junction and a point two miles south of it is known as the Deep Cut.

At its intersection with all roads the canal is crossed by good swing-bridges, central-pivoted, and made of iron and wood; the central pier on which the bridge rests reduces the passage on each side to fifty feet in width. Up to 1889, the amount expended [illegible] work was $23,787,950.

St. Catharines is the principa[illegible] on the canal and is regarded [illegible] head of navigation on Lake Ontario. The surrounding country is very [illegible] and was covered originally with [illegible] and other hard woods; it is now [illegible] gion of pretty farms, owned by [illegible] of Scotch and English descent. [illegible] advantages of water-power are seen [illegible] the manufactories springing up, at this place, Thorold, and Merritton particularly, as well as in the rapid growth of the towns; these advantages are especially great between Thorold and St. Catharines, owing to the fall of three hundred feet in the elevation of the two places.

The whaleback steamers of the American Steel Barge Company are the largest vessels that have passed through the Welland Canal; they are 265 feet long, 38 feet beam, and have an average draught of 15 feet, when loaded; they ran the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

Lake Ontario, the smallest of the great lakes, is 190 miles long and more than 50 miles wide; its mean depth exceeds 400 feet, and its elevation above the sea is 234 feet. It never freezes, except near the shore. Oswego and Rochester are its principal ports on the south. The former has been in direct communication with the Hudson since 1822, by means of a small canal as far as Syracuse, and thence by the Erie Canal to Troy and Albany. Four railways converge here, and steamers ply daily to the eastern and western ports. Large quantities of grain and lumber are received, and



Map of the Welland Canal connecting Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

twenty or more mills make it one of the largest flour manufacturing cities in the Union. There are also several foundries, machine shops, and ship-yards.

Rochester, though seven miles from the lake, receives a large quota of shipping through Charlotte, its port; and has two important channels of trade in the Erie and the Genesee Valley Canals, the latter here uniting with the former. Its elevation above the lake is 226 feet, and its situation on the Genesee River secures the immense water-power due to its falls, and thus makes it naturally a manufacturing city. Though ranking as one of the greatest flour-producers in the world, its manufactures in clothing, iron, glass, and rubber are extensive. It is connected by rail with every city of importance in this country and Canada.

On the Canadian side, Toronto is the largest city of this and of all the great lakes. Entered by six railways, possessing a good harbor, situated in the centre of a rich agricultural district, and being at once the religious, educational, political, literary, legal, and commercial centre of the most populous province of Canada, it has advanced with great rapidity. Its population is about 160,000. To the English people of Canada, Toronto is what Quebec is to the French inhabitants. Quebec is French; Montreal, as the meeting-point of all, is cosmopolitan; and Toronto is English. It has several foundries and engine works, car-shops, rolling-mills, breweries, a mammoth distillery, and many other varieties of manufacture.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company runs a daily line of steamers between this city, Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay, and intermediate ports; it owns twenty-five vessels, the largest being nearly 300 feet long and having a stated speed of twenty miles an hour. It has virtually a monopoly of the steam traffic over its itinerary.

Hamilton, at the extreme west end of the lake, is the second city of Ontario in population, and the first in manufacturing industry. Its railways furnish communication with the principal points of the Dominion and of the United States. It is often styled the Birmingham of Canada, and, though the comparison is presumptuous, it is not altogether unwarranted. Its factories are equipped with modern plant and the latest labor-saving devices, and maintain a daily output of metal, wood, and leather products, textile fabrics, glassware, engines, and boilers. The capital invested in industrial operations is about one-thirtieth of the entire capital invested in manufacturing industries throughout the Dominion, and the proportion of goods is in nearly the same ratio.

Cobourg, though small, boasts of a university, and ships annually to the United States 30,000,000 feet of lumber, 30,000 tons of iron ore, and 150,000 bushels of grain. Daily steamers run to Charlotte; and after leaving here, eastward-bound vessels pass well out into the lake, to avoid the great peninsular county of Prince Edward.

Kingston, at the foot of the lake, has 16,000 inhabitants, is the seat of the Royal Military Academy of Canada, and ranks as a fortress next to Quebec and Halifax. Its bay is broad, deep, and well sheltered, and in war it would become an extensive naval depot. Being the port of trans-shipment for Montreal of three-fourths of the grain arriving from the upper lakes, it is a city of some commercial importance; the grain is sent down the St. Lawrence in barges, the cost of such transfer being about one-half cent per bushel. Kingston is also the south terminus of the Rideau Canal, which connects it with Ottawa. There are manufactories of iron castings, machinery, locomotives, marine engines, and leather; boat-building is carried on to a great extent, and vessels for lake and river navigation are built and fitted out.

From Lake Ontario to Montreal the distance is 183 miles. Just below Kingston, the lake contracts into the funnel-shaped head of the St. Lawrence River, enclosing the Thousand Islands. In reality they number 1,692 and extend forty miles, with a width in some places of seven miles. The descent of the river through them is made in well-defined channels, which, with their extensions,

are so deep that vessels of the greatest draught can pass readily between the lake and Ogdensburg. As early as 1673, the waters of this archipelago were traversed by a flotilla of two-gun barges and one hundred and twenty canoes, led by Frontenac, Governor of Canada, attended by the celebrated Abbé de Fénélon. Steamers ply between Cape Vincent, Clayton, and Alexandria Bay, on the arrival of trains at the two former places. Overlooking the islands, on the Canadian side, is Brockville, of 6,000 inhabitants, a railway junction, and below which the Thousand Islands are left, and the open river, two miles wide, is entered. Thirteen miles farther lies Prescott, a stone-built town, whose chief business is done by a great distillery and brewery, and two iron foundries. The bastions of Fort Wellington are seen on the east. The Grand Trunk Railway is nearly one mile from the town, and the St. Lawrence & Ottawa Railway begins at the river side. The river is a mile wide here, and opposite stands Ogdensburg, with two miles of wharves and extensive flour and lumber mills. It is the terminus of three railways; and its situation at the foot of sloop navigation on the lakes gives it peculiar commercial advantages. Ten million bushels of Western grain pass this point annually; last year 16,000 tons were transshipped here for Montreal—a new departure, for up to 1890 such transfer was made only at Kingston.

About seven miles below Prescott begins the chain of the St. Lawrence canals proper, constructed to overcome the rapids which they flank and a total rise of 206½ feet, with locks enabling lake vessels to descend and exchange cargoes with the sea-going ships at Montreal. They are, in order of descent, the Galop, Rapide Plat, Farran's Point, Cornwall, Beauharnois, and Lachine Canals, of the dimensions given in the table on p. 293. Their combined length is 43⅝ miles, the distance between Prescott and Montreal being 119 miles. The first three are also styled the Williamsburg Canals. The Galop formerly comprised two distinct channels, known as the Iroquois and the Galop Canals; they were joined and now form one line.

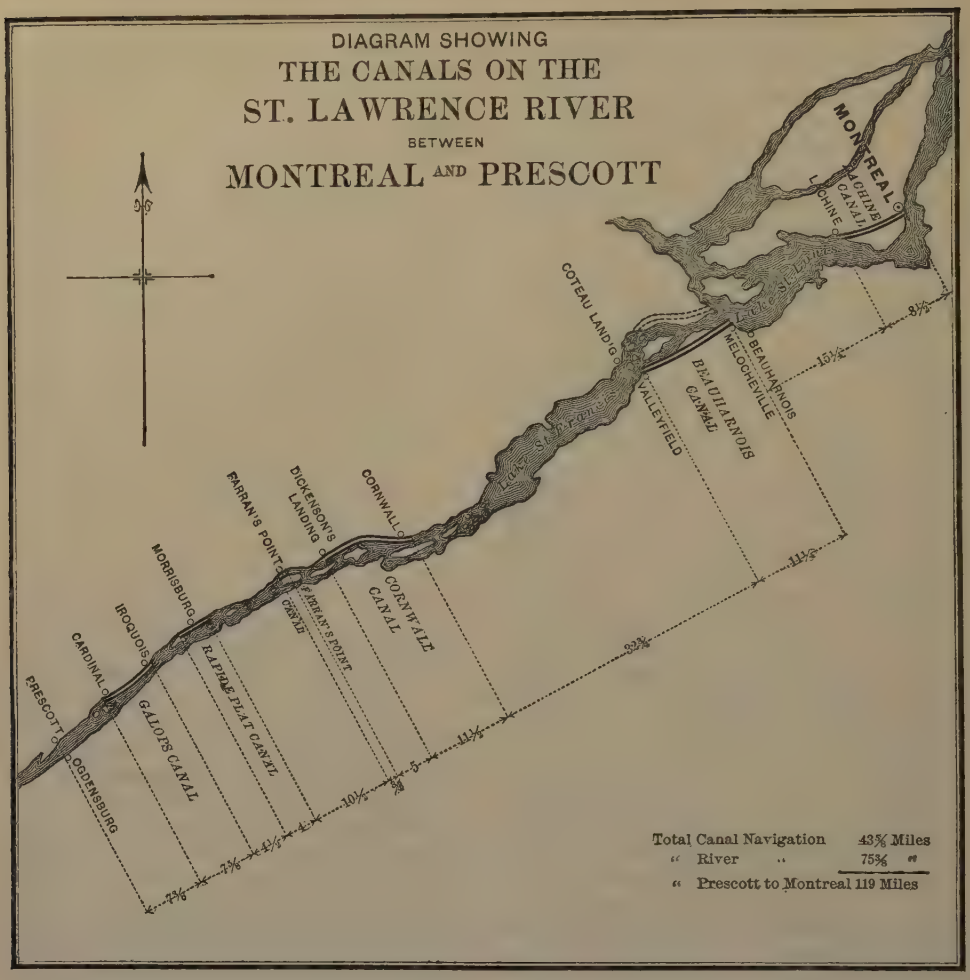
Originally, this system of canals was designed for a depth of 9 feet, but the fluctuations in the stage of the river render it difficult to maintain; at times it falls to 6 feet 7 inches. On account of the increased size of vessels, the Canadian Government decided in 1871 to make a navigable depth of 12 feet through all the canals and river-shallows, which soon after was changed to 14 feet. Since then work has been carried on with this object in view, but it has not been completed. Two new locks of the Cornwall Canal are of the standard dimensions (Welland size); and the Lachine Canal has been completed for 12 feet navigation, with locks and bridges adapted for 14 feet navigation, the untouched work in it consisting of the excavation of the canal prism to a further depth of two feet for more than six miles of its length.

The river channel has been cleared of obstacles to 14 feet navigation from the head of Galop Rapids to the Cornwall Canal; from the foot of the latter to the Beauharnois Canal it is navigable by the largest vessels; and a depth of 14 feet again exists through Lake St. Louis, excepting the lower four miles, in which the channel must be deepened and widened at a number of places.

The Cornwall Canal overcomes the Long Sault Rapids; at St. Regis, near the foot, the forty-fifth parallel intersects the St. Lawrence, which now becomes exclusively Canadian. It is also interesting to observe the small width of the river near this point, and that the narrowest width between the United States and Canadian territory is about 600 feet, measured between the northwest side of Croil's Island and the Canal bank. The St. Lawrence now expands into Lake St. Francis, 25 miles long and 5 miles in maximum breadth, and dotted with islets at its lower end.

The Beauharnois Canal lies on the south side of the river and overcomes the Cascades, Cedar, and Coteau Rapids. Surveys for a new route have been made on the northern bank. It connects Lakes St. Francis and St. Louis, the latter in turn being connected with Montreal Harbor by the Lachine Canal.

The latter consists of one channel with two distinct systems of locks, the old and the enlarged, both of which are



in use. On its banks are the Canal and Grand Trunk offices and sheds, occupying a point of land on which the celebrated Victoria Bridge finds its terminus. Opposite the upper entrance is the Indian village of Caughnawaga, the terminus of the Montreal & New York Railway, with which the Grand Trunk connects by ferry; a railroad from Montreal to Lachine borders the northern bank of the canal. Sea-going vessels can now pass into the basins between the lower locks with coal, sugar, and plaster for the factories in this part of the city and for the Grand Trunk works. They can also reload at the same points, where there is ample dock room.

After leaving Lake St. Louis, the St. Lawrence dashes wildly down the Lachine Rapids, a descent of forty-two feet in two miles; and eight miles farther on, after passing beneath the twenty-five spans of the Victoria Bridge, one and three-quarter miles long, reaches the quays of Montreal.

The purposes had in view by the Canadian Government in determining upon a depth of fourteen feet, were to enable the largest class of lake vessels at that time to carry their cargoes direct to Montreal without breaking bulk; to secure for Canada all the advantages which the possession of this magnificent waterway ought to give it; to make the St. Lawrence in its whole length the

highway by which the surplus products of the West would seek an outlet to the sea; and to put it into a position to compete successfully for the export trade of the continent with the several lines of communication on our side of the boundary.

The total expenditure on the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals is about $41,250,000; it will require $12,750,000 more to complete the work, or $54,000,000 in all. The construction of the lock at Sault Ste. Marie and other necessary improvements will swell this sum to $60,000,000, the final result being a navigable depth of fourteen feet between Lake Superior and Montreal.

Many careful students of the question have doubted whether the large expenditure already incurred on the Welland Canal will ever be justified by the result. It is, of course, the connecting link between the great lakes and the principal seaports of the Dominion; and the government of the latter has been animated doubtless by the belief that the great commerce now passing from Duluth, Chicago, and other United States ports on the lakes to New York, and thence to Europe, would take the Welland Canal route, thereby making Montreal the chief port on this continent. This impression was supported by the consideration that Montreal is nearly three hundred miles nearer than New York to Liverpool.

A review of the traffic shows that, in 1859, thirty-six of the largest lake propellers averaged about 700 tons register, with a maximum draught of 11½ feet. In 1890, the lake fleet consisted, according to Lloyd's Inland Register, of 2,055 vessels, aggregating 826,360 net register tons, the total value being $58,125,500. The Census Bureau regards these figures as excessive, though valuable in showing the development of lake commerce through comparison with Lloyd's previous estimates; its own statistics assign, instead, to the lakes a shipping of 2,784 vessels, of 924,472 register tons, the valuation by experts being $48,809,750. [See table, p. 293.] Of these vessels, 232 are steamers of over 1,000 register tons; 110 are over 1,500 tons; and many are from 1,600 to more than 2,100 tons, with a carrying capacity of 3,000 to 3,700 cargo tons. The draught of these vessels is limited by the depths of the channels and harbors, but many of them could load safely to 19 and 20 feet. The average depth at present in the larger ports is 16 feet, but the policy of our government is to increase it to 20 feet.

The history of marine architecture does not furnish another instance of so rapid and complete a revolution in the material and structure of floating equipment as has taken place on the great lakes since 1886. In that year the total valuation of the vessels by Lloyd was about $30,600,000. In 1889, sixty new steamers and eleven sailing vessels, aggregating 70,000 tons, and valued at $6,650,000, were added to the fleet. During the four winters of 1886–1890, the tonnage of the lakes was nearly doubled; 206 vessels, measuring 399,975 tons, were turned out of the shipyards with a valuation of $27,389,000. During the same time, the number of steamers of more than 1,500 net register tons increased from 21 to 110. The two valuations of the fleet already presented differ by more than $9,000,000; but either one emphasizes the fact of the very recent and extraordinary growth of this commerce, and renders it difficult to predict the increase in the tonnage and in the size of vessels upon the lakes during the nine years that remain till the opening of the next century.

More than one-half of the vessels on the great lakes are assigned to Chicago, Port Huron, Detroit, Milwaukee, Grand Haven, Cleveland, and Buffalo.

The number of Canadian vessels on the lakes is 647; tonnage, 132,971; valuation, $3,989,130. [See table, p. 293.] For further comparison, it may be stated that the total of coast and inland shipping registered in Canada is 7,153 vessels, of 1,040,481 register tons, valued at $31,213,430.

The increase in population of the lake ports indicates the great increase that must follow, necessarily, in the business of the lakes and also of the railways tributary to them. Buffalo has increased from about 42,000 in 1850 to 255,000 in 1890; Cleveland, from 17,000 in 1860 to 262,000 in 1890; Chicago,

from 30,000 in 1850 to 1,100,000 in 1890; while Detroit and Milwaukee exhibit a remarkable parallelism in growth, the former having increased from 116,340 to 205,876 during the last ten years, and the latter from 115,587 to 204,468.

The simplicity of lake commerce is one of its chief characteristics. Coal, iron ore, and lumber comprise three-fourths of the total cargo tonnage of the lakes; add to these corn, wheat, and mill products, and nine-tenths of the total traffic will be accounted for.

The total dock space for ore on the lower lakes is over 10,000,000 square feet; if extended in one line, the ore docks would show a frontage of eight and three-fifth miles, with an average width of 180 feet. The total storage capacity of Lake Erie ports is 6,485,000 tons, sufficient to accommodate the total product for this year; for it seems now, from the diversion of the lake fleet to the grain trade, that the entire output of the Lake Superior region for 1891, including rail shipments which will not be more than 400,000 tons, cannot exceed 6,750,000 tons, as against a little more than 9,000,000 tons in 1890.

Ashtabula leads in dock space and daily handling capacity of coal and iron ore, though Cleveland is so close behind that the race is very even.

The sailing vessel has almost disappeared from the lakes. The square-rigged ship is no longer seen, and only a few of the great cargo-carrying schooners are left. The sailing fleet was succeeded by the propeller, as it is known locally, with its tow of one or more consorts; and it in turn is giving way to the modern steamer, maintained at little more than one-half the cost, while having a carrying capacity quite as great, a speed double that of the propeller and consort, and making two or three round trips for one of the tow.

The rapid growth, too, of steam transportation, and the competition of lake lines with the railways, have caused continual reductions in the cost of transportation. The cost per ton per mile of carrying freight an average distance of eight hundred miles, was one and one-half mill in 1889. The value of all the cargoes — 27,500,000 tons — carried on the lakes during that year was over $305,000,000. Had this been carried at railway rates, Mr. E. L. Corthell, of the Society of Engineers, estimates that the cost to the public would have been over $143,000,000; by the lake rates it was about $23,000,000 only; so that transportation on the lakes saved to the public about $120,000,000 in one year. A large part of the heavy freight has been carried for less than one and one-half mill per ton per mile. Anthracite coal is carried from Buffalo to Duluth, 1,000 miles, for 30 cents per ton. The water-rates from Chicago to Buffalo, on wheat, were two and one-half cents per bushel in 1890.

The average distance for which freight on the lakes is carried is 566 miles. From this, the Census Bureau estimates the ton mileage for the season of 1889 to be 15,518,360,000 ton miles. The aggregate ton mileage of railways for the year ending June 30, 1889, was 68,727,223,146; which shows that the ton mileage of the lakes is nearly one-fourth of the total ton mileage of railways in the United States. In no other way could the relative importance of lake commerce be more effectively shown.

The ship-builders of the lakes are progressive, and keep pace with all improvements in marine architecture. Steel vessels are built with double bottoms, water-tight compartments, triple-expansion engines, and modern electrical and steam appliances. The structural strength may be realized from the fact that a large proportion are built for the trade in iron ore. At a time trial in Escanaba, during the summer of 1887, a steamer was loaded with over 2,000 tons of ore, and steamed away from the dock in forty-five minutes after being placed under the chutes. The record shows that another vessel was loaded with 2,800 tons of coal in one hour and fifty minutes; 300 tons for fuel were put on board in another hour, so that in two hours and fifty minutes after opening the hatches, the vessel was loaded and coaled. That ordinary sea-going ships will not stand the strains of this traffic is demonstrated by the fact that four steel

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Entrance to Lachine Canal, Montreal.

steamers, built on the Clyde for Canadian owners, had to be repaired and strengthened throughout, after one season's work, to fit them for further service. These vessels steamed across the Atlantic, were cut into halves on the lower St. Lawrence, the sections being then towed through the canals and put together on the lakes. Two more were built on the Clyde, with the benefits of this experience and of the builders' visits to our Northwestern ship-yards.

The record of large cargoes is equally creditable. The Maryland, belonging to the Inter-Ocean Transportation Company, of Milwaukee, has carried 3,737 net tons of ore from Escanaba to South Chicago, on a draught of 16½ feet; the E. C. Pope owned by Eddy Brothers, of Bay City, transported 3,628 net tons from Escanaba to Buffalo, on 16 feet draught, and 3,167 tons from Ashland to Lake Erie, drawing 14½ feet.

The firm of Pickands, Mather & Co., of Cleveland, has contracted with the American Steel Barge Company for a steam barge and consort, to be constructed after the whaleback model. They will be the largest yet built, the dimensions of the steamer being 325 feet length, 42 feet beam, and 24 feet depth; those of the tow are four feet less in length and beam, but the same in depth. They will carry 3,000 tons each on 14½ feet draught.

While the lake business has thus increased rapidly, the waterways east of Lake Erie have hardly maintained their former traffic; this is true of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals. The decline is due partly to the numerous competitors by lake and rail for the transportation of products to the east, but principally to the inadequacy of these canals for the shipping that, otherwise, might come to them. For example, in 1889 there were 330 United States vessels, of 444,192 tons, in the lakes above Niagara Falls, which drew too much water, when laden, to go through the Welland Canal, of 14 feet depth. This is about one-half of the entire lake tonnage.

The wharves for the unloading of ships at Montreal are ten feet below the level of a revêtement wall, which extends along the entire river-front of the city; so that one standing upon the wall may see the shipping of the port spread out before him. Near the Lachine Canal are the basins for the Allan steamers to Glasgow and Liverpool; then follow steamers from the Maritime Provinces and European ports, then sailing ships and the sheds of the London Line and of the Dominion Line from Liverpool; next are the river boats plying between Quebec and Montreal; then succeed the smaller river steamers, barges, and finally sailing vessels and steamers as far as Hochelaga. Here, nearly 1,000 miles inland from the Atlantic, are vessels from all parts of the world; from England, with iron, drygoods, and general goods; from the Mediterranean, with wines and groceries; from Germany, with glass and general goods; from China with tea — alongside of vessels loading with return cargoes of grain, cattle, lumber, mineral phosphates, and other products of Canada. The wharves are not disfigured by unsightly warehouses, but the river-street is as clear as a Parisian quay.

Leaving Montreal, the steamer glides swiftly down the St. Mary Current, leaving on the right St. Helen's Island, a prettily wooded spot, named after Helen Boullé, the young wife of Champlain, who charmed the wild Hurons in 1620 with her gentle manners. Still further to the right opens out Longueil Bay, exhibiting in the tinned steeple and steep roof of its village church the characteristic picture of the lower St. Lawrence in parish after parish. The river flows through a wide alluvial plain, the Laurentian Mountains far on the north, and on the south the Green Mountains; everywhere long stretches of arable land, broken only where the Lombardy poplar rears its formal shape against the sky.

Below Longueil the Ottawa joins its flood finally with the St. Lawrence, hiding its union in a cluster of low islands. Opposite Berthier, on the right bank, the Richelieu falls into the St. Lawrence, after draining Lakes Champlain and George. On its eastern bank stands Sorel, where most of the steamers on the river have been built. The Riche-

lieu is rendered navigable to Lake Champlain by a small lock twelve miles above Sorel, and by the Chambly Canal, thirty miles farther up-stream; these give a navigable depth of seven feet, and accommodate vessels 114 feet long and 23 feet wide.

The Steamer Algerian running the Long Sault Rapids, St. Lawrence River.

The St. Lawrence now opens out to a width of nine miles; and for twenty-five miles the steamer passes through Lake St. Peter, a vast expanse of flats through which a ship channel has been dredged. At several places between Montreal and Quebec, there were formerly shoal places, preventing large vessels from reaching the former city. Their aggregate length was nearly forty miles, divided between twenty different places, the widest being in Lake St. Peter. The work of dredging the channel here began in 1844, and continued with the increase in trade and size of ocean steamers, till, at the end of 1885, a depth of 27½ feet was reached, the total cost being $3,503,870. This channel varies from 300 to 450 feet in width. As a consequence of these river improvements, the size of vessel able to

Steamer Corsican running Lachine Rapids, St. Lawrence River.

ascend to Montreal has increased from the Canadian of 1,045 tons and 12 feet draught, in 1856, to the Pomeranian of 3,211 tons and 23 feet draught in 1878; and now that the works are completed, ships of 4,000 tons or even more can navigate the St. Lawrence with safety. Another result is that the shipping of Montreal increased from 245,000 tons in 1873 to 1,149,534 tons in 1891.

East of the lake lies Three Rivers, the third city of importance on the lower St. Lawrence. Here the river first meets the tide; the St. Maurice falls in from the north, after a course of three hundred miles through an important lumber region. Further east, and running parallel to it, is the St. Anne, twenty miles below which, in the St. Lawrence, occur the Richelieu Rapids, where large ships usually wait for high tide before passing, as the rocks are dangerous. The scenery now begins to lose its flatness, and in the distance the mountains around Quebec can be seen, blue and dim. On the right, near the city, is the mouth of the Chaudière River; and gliding on, past ships, rafts, and booms, the steamer sweeps under Cape Diamond, into the basin of Quebec, shadowed by precipitous cliffs from which the Queen of the St. Lawrence looks down in all her quaint beauty upon a scene rarely equalled in the new world.

The lower town of Quebec is built on reclaimed land, around the base of the Cape, one of its sides being washed by the St. Charles, which here flows into the St. Lawrence. At the mouth of the St. Charles, is the Princess Louise Embankment, enclosing a tidal basin of twenty acres, which is 24 feet deep at low water; connected with it is a wet dock, of 27 feet depth, and forty acres area. On the opposite side, at Point Levis, is the Lorne Dry Dock, 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 25½ feet deep on the sills. The commerce of this city began with the fur trade, and this remains an important element. Enormous transactions in lumber go on here annu-

Dimensions of the Welland and the St. Lawrence Canals, and Shipping Statistics for Year ending June 30, 1890.

CANALS.	Length.	Lockage.	Width at Surface.	Width at Bottom.	Locks.				Distance to Canal below.	Steamers.		Sailing Vessels.		Total.	Total Freight.
					Number.	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.		United States.	Canadian.	United States.	Canadian.		
	Miles.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.		Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Miles.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Welland (new).	26¾	326¾	200	100	26	270	45	14	236⅜	360,550	320,401	155,140	308,026	1,144,117	1,104,553
Galop	7⅝	15½	90	50	3	200	45	9	4½						
Rapide Plat.	4	11⅛	90	50	2	200	45	9	10½						
Farran's Point.	¾	4	90	50	1	200	45	9	5	18,945	660,107	69,396	1,001,966	1,750,414	910,101
Cornwall	11½	48	150	100	6	200	55	9	32¾						
Beauharnois	11½	82½	120	80	9	200	45	9	15¼						
Lachine	8½	45	150	100	5	270	45	14-18							

Statement of Floating Equipment by Ports and by Lakes, 1890. (*Census.*)

PORTS.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Valuation.	LAKES.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Estimated Carrying Capacity.	Valuation.
		Tons.				Tons.	Tons.	
Chicago	339	71,260	$3,088,350	Superior	167	39,653	47,001	$2,763,500
Milwaukee	259	61,694	3,205,000	Michigan	1,003	194,333	278,476	8,995,900
Grand Haven	225	20,425	1,490,150	Huron and Saint Clair	726	262,833	366,971	13,107,650
Port Huron	293	61,482	3,253,950	Erie	664	392,557	517,731	22,131,600
Detroit	275	129,768	7,547,800	Ontario	131	15,859	23,272	676,300
Cleveland	219	163,227	8,802,800	Saint Lawrence and Lake Champlain	93	19,237	20,820	1,134,800
Buffalo	204	128,860	8,221,900					
Other ports	970	287,756	13,199,800					
Total	2,784	924,472	$48,809,750	Total	2,784	924,472	1,254,271	$48,909,750

Statement of Tonnage of Vessels which Arrived at, and Departed, from Principal Ports for the Year 1890.

UNITED STATES PORTS.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	CANADIAN PORTS.	Tonnage.
Detroit River	35,640	21,684,000	Montreal	1,149,534
Chicago	18,472	8,774,096	Quebec	1,103,854
Buffalo	8,860	3,226,122	Kingston	1,066,592
Milwaukee	10,730	5,907,988	Toronto	906,704
Cleveland	5,382	3,535,836	St. Catharines	413,231
Ashtabula	2,527	2,536,395	Hamilton	129,175
Erie	2,696	2,491,853		
Toledo	3,838	1,642,617		
Oswego	6,086	1,071,504		
Sandusky	13,030	1,051,108		
Grand Haven	1,172	834,089		
Charlotte (Rochester)	2,332	607,570		

Statement of Tonnage of Cargoes for the Year 1890. (*Bureau of Statistics.*)

ROUTE AND ELEMENTS.	Cargoes.	UPPER LAKE PORTS.	Cargoes.
	Tons.		Tons.
Total freight carried to or from United States ports	30,299,006*	Chicago	7,952,756
Passing Detroit River	21,288,472	Buffalo	7,137,696
Straits of Mackinac	11,222,609	Escanaba	4,505,521
Welland Canal	535,957	Cleveland	4,371,269
PRINCIPAL ELEMENTS.		Ashtabula	2,878,857
Flour and grain	4,271,346	Milwaukee	2,114,148
Iron ore	9,132,761	Toledo	1,892,606
Coal	5,735,299	Detroit	700,331
Lumber	6,869,660		

* Value, $342,522,290.

ally. The whole lower valley of the St. Lawrence and the northern lumber regions draw their merchandise from this centre.

On leaving Quebec, far off to the left is the Montmorenci, whose white foam shines out from the green hillside. As the steamer moves across the basin, beautiful views are afforded on all sides, including a fine retrospect of the citadel, towering over the river. The fine island of Orleans is soon reached on the left, with its village of St. Laurent, where the expedition under Wolfe landed in 1759. An intervening island hides St. Anne, a pretty village to which pilgrimages are made, and where the patron saint has worked as many miracles as any in Europe. Thirty miles below Quebec is Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, and about which linger the memories of 1847, when the famine-stricken Irish poured into Canada, and six thousand are said to have been buried here in one long grave. Opposite rises Cape Tourmente, 1,800 feet high, the north shore now being wild and mountainous, and rising so boldly from the river as to permit no roadway along its base, and so rocky and desolate as to prevent habitation for many miles; while the south side for more than one hundred miles is a continuous settlement. Yet far off in the latter direction, the mountains are beginning to approach nearer, and while watching the ever-changing views, the Traverse is reached, where the river is thirteen miles wide, but the only channel available for large ships is not more than 1,400 yards across. The Isle-aux-Coudres and two large shoals obstruct its navigation, the bottom is irregular, and currents run in all directions.

The traveller's interest is now apt to pass from the water and the mountain heights to the seigniory of Les Éboulements, remarkable as an earthquake centre. Jesuit tradition relates that in 1663 the mountains were thrown down and the face of the country was changed as far as the Saguenay. Ice was thrown up in great heaps, the river ran of a changed color, a mountain was cast into the sea and became an island, the piety of the inhabitants grew more earnest, and there were never so many confessions or conversions; even liquor dealers saw the error of their ways and repented.

A short run brings the steamer to a wharf where passengers land for Rivière du Loup and for Cacouna, the paradise of fair Quebecers and famous for dancing and flirting. Nearly opposite enters the Saguenay, cleft through the mountains and nearly nine hundred feet deep for many miles. In the little harbor at its entrance died Chauvin, the enterprising Huguenot, who induced Champlain to visit Canada. Perched high above it on the cliffs, is a quaint little chapel, evincing the zeal of its founders, in a wilderness of cliffs where roads are impossible.

Bic Island is the next point of interest; it is the last anchorage in the river, where outward bound vessels leave their pilots and many ships are found during the summer. Here in December, 1861, a Cunard steamer landed a regiment of the Guards during the crisis of the Trent affair. Finally, Rimouski is reached; the Intercolonial Railway to Halifax passes through it, and ocean steamers receive passengers and mails for the last time. The town is two miles from the wharf, and is the most important settlement in the province east of Quebec.

The south bank now rapidly becomes bold and grand; the mountains have receded from the north shore, so that all the scenery is on this side. At Point des Monts, the Gulf of St. Lawrence is entered; the left shore trends rapidly to the north; little fishing stations only are seen at the base of the steep hills. Anticosti becomes quickly visible in the distance, with a flora indicating a subarctic climate; while opposite, near the western shore, are the Seven Islands, green with turf and flowers, and forming a beautiful land-locked bay where the largest fleets could ride in safety. Whittier has made them the scene of a touching ballad, in which he aptly styles them "the last outpost of summer upon the dreary coast." All along to Belle Isle are deep fiords, broad bays crowded with rocky islets, salmon streams without number, and myriad inlets, the haunts of innumerable aquatic birds; from these for-

bidding shores, whose cold waters teem with fish in inconceivable numbers, greater wealth has been carried than from the mines of Potosi. Nor has time deprived them of a place in romance; as the steamer bids adieu to St. Lawrence waters, the eye has a final glimpse of the pretty island of Meccatina, where Roberval, the stern Huguenot, abandoned his niece, Lady Margaret, and her duenna, when her love became evident. Her lover jumped overboard and swam to the island to share her fate. The duenna died, and the lover died; and after two years of solitary struggle, the lady was rescued by a passing vessel and carried to her home across the ocean.

A NEW ENGLAND KISMET.

By Alice Morse Earle.

DESCRIPTION which had been given to us of an "old town with old houses and old people and old china," decided us to go a-china-hunting, and two days later we started on our pilgrimage. We rode prosaically in the steam-cars to Wheelton, a small new manufacturing town, where we spent a most dreary evening, reading old farming journals and weekly newspapers, and then retired early to rest in the hideous country hotel bedrooms.

I must confess that when we awoke in the morning we were in very low spirits; my companion exclaimed dejectedly, "Oh, everything is so new here! look at these hideous carpets and marble-topped bureaus. I know a real antique couldn't live within twenty miles of them."

After a most porkly breakfast, we gloomily started out to find some townsman who would let us hire of him a horse and carriage of some, or of any, sort, to carry us to Ringe and Anthony Hartington's house, which we were assured was the oldest and most china-hiding house of all around. We found in the largest store in the town (bearing the unintentionally whimsical sign "Newspapers, Rubbers, and Oysters") a thin, auburn-haired, freckled-faced Yankee about twenty-two years old, who answered our questions with the greatest interest, and finally offered us the use of his own horse and open wagon for the whole day for two dollars. "And I'll drive fer ye too," he added, with enthusiasm; "ye'd never find old Hartington's if ye took the hoss yerself, an' I du'now as I can neither, without some pretty tall huntin' and questionin'."

So off we started on the back seat of an open country "express wagon," to find "old Hartington's farm." The warm October sun streamed down upon us, the great red and russet rock-broken fields stretched off into the beautiful, lonely purple mountain, "heeding his sky-affairs;" the dying brakes and weeds sent forth their sweet, nutty autumn fragrance; the soft yellow and brown leaves fluttered down on us, and the ripe chestnut-burrs fell rustling by our side as we rode through the narrow woodroads. The hard New England landscape was softened and orientalized by the yellow autumn tints. The half-sad stillness of dying Nature and the warmth of the Indian summer, inclined us to ride quietly and thoughtfully along the country roads, but that neither Mr. Simmons, nor Jenny his steed, nor his new wagon would for a moment permit. Mr. Simmons, with true Yankee inquisitiveness, had slyly questioned us and drawn us out, till he knew who we were, and all our hopes and quests.

But why should we have grudged him this pleasure, when he in turn poured out to us such floods of historical, statistical, thaumaturgical, medical, and sociological information about every plant, every tree, every farm-house and every farmer, every pasture, every woodland, every point of road we passed? He evidently regarded himself as our

host, and had as evidently determined we should not return home empty-handed. The only point of difference might be our respective estimates of the value and age of the antiques he provided.

We rigidly determined at the start not to be turned from our search for "Hartingtons" by any seductive old well-sweeps, gambrel roofs, or big square chimneys, the signs manual of old, and probably china-bearing, homes, no matter how these tokens of age beckoned to us and hinted of hidden china treasures. We severely turned our faces from their siren charms and kept our way. "We can stop at all these houses on our way back," said my companion; "we mustn't ask for a drink of water or anything now, because we shall want to do that on the way home." We, of course, had to ask "directions" several times, but we put firmly away the temptation to inquire from the farmers how long they had lived there, etc.; whether they or their wives or their neighbors had any old crockery they would be "willing to part with."

After all, I doubt if the farmers knew more about themselves or their belongings than did Mr. Simmons. "That man's old bachelor Jones. His father died last spring, ninety-two years old. He had a sell. Shut up the old house, and has gone to live with his brother. Now, if ye'd only been here then. Such a chance fer ye, all the old man's furnitur went dirt-cheap" (we sighed "Always too late"). "A real good old set of hair-cloth furniture went for fifteen dollars. Two good stoves only five dollars. And the darnedest, meanest, oldest, wornedoutest melodeon ye ever see, just the thing fer ye, only a dollar. I du'now but ye might git that now. 'Tennerate the man as bought it put it in his barn and said 'twant worth a cent; perhaps he'd give it to ye!"

Jenny had a swinging gait which took us over the ground at a good pace, but she had the unpleasant habit so common among country horses, of "slacking up" suddenly at the foot of every hill. The wagon was a "jump-seat," so the back seat was not fastened in securely. At every hill (and the New England hills are countless) we and the seat were pitched forward on Mr. Simmons's back. He seemed to expect this assault and rather enjoy it. To quite counterbalance this sudden stoppage of progression, Jenny would spring forward with much and instantaneous speed whenever she caught sight of Mr. Simmons's short whip. This whip he used as a pointer in his many and diffuse explanations, so whenever our attention was called to an old house, or a poor "run-out" farm, or "the barn old White hung himself in," Jenny emphasized the explanation to us with a twitch of our necks that brought into active play muscles little used before.

At last the long hill leading to the Hartington house was reached, the longest and steepest yet seen. The road was almost unused, a mere track, and spoke to our china-hunting instincts most favorably of the little intercourse held by the Hartingtons with the rest of the world.

Slowly plodded Jenny over the fringed gentians, for here the road was full of them, as open and blue as the October sky over our heads. We had never seen this lovely, delicate flower growing elsewhere than sparsely by a brook-side or in damp ground, but here, on this rocky hill-side, in this poor soil, it opened its blue eyes in such luxuriance that the road was as full of its azure bloom as in September the fields are yellow with golden-rod, or in June white with daisies.

As we turned in from the main country road, we passed an elderly man with bowed head, ragged clothes, slouching gait, and a general appearance of extreme depression and sadness more marked even than is usual in the carriage of the New England farmer. As he did not lift his head to look at us, nor nod with the cordial common country form of recognition, we did not speak to him, and he slowly followed us up the hill.

The Hartington house was a mansion, a great brick manor-house. Brick! on the top of this great hill! From what great distance had that brick been hauled? and why, with great forests of trees around them, had they built of brick? It had been erected by an Englishman after the fashion he had known and loved "at home."

We were met at the door by a young untidy woman, whose clear pink and white complexion and curly hair could not, however, compensate for her lack of good teeth, several front teeth being missing, and the others discolored. This poor care and poor condition of the teeth is most common among New England women in the country. Nearly every woman over thirty years of age will show, when speaking, two rows of blue-white porcelain disks so evidently false that they hardly seem like teeth, but look like a "card" of cheap buttons. We thought her the daughter of the house, she proved to be its mistress, the wife of Anthony Hartington. A more desolate, unhappy, hopeless home I have never seen. The elderly, gloomy man who now entered, proved to be Anthony himself. He spoke but little, and from the young wife, who seemed in a feverish state of excitement at our visit, we learned the forlorn and desolate story of the household.

Anthony had married early in life and had had nine children, all of whom, with his wife, had died of that fell curse of New England — consumption. The last child, a daughter, Luriella, had died in June. This young wife had been her school friend and had married the forlorn old man, two years previously, in order to come to live there and nurse her friend through her last illness; thus giving a touching example of the life-sacrifices and self-abnegations so sadly frequent in New England country homes.

"We didn't think she'd live through the winter," she said, "but she did, and died in June. I was glad she lived till it was warm. It is so cold here in winter," she added, apologetically. "You must excuse the house, my teeth ache me so, and I ain't had the heart to touch anything since she died." We could believe from evident proof that she hadn't.

A heavy gloom settled on us as we walked from room to room, and I was additionally overwhelmed by the uncanny, unreasoning sense that I had been there before, had lived there. It was all so familiar to me, so strangely well known, that I could scarcely speak, but walked, bewildered and frightened, through the rooms I had known a hundred years ago. I have never felt at any other time that sense of pre-existence, but I know that nothing about that old house was new to me.

The upper parts of the windows were of small panes of greenish "bull's eye" glass, rarely found in the country now; the lower panes of cheap, modern glass, some being broken and pasted over with dirty bits of calico and paper, and all as opaque with dirt as the ancient upper panes. Outside the windows lay an unkempt tangle of lilac bushes, shrubs, weeds, straggling withered flowers, box borders, and thistles, that once had been a lovely, well-kept garden, but had evidently been unentered and unheeded for years. It stretched down the hillside to the well-tenanted family graveyard with its moss-grown and chipped slate headstones, with their winged cherubs' heads and cross-bones. I had often gathered flowers in that garden, I remembered it well, and had walked and played among the gravestones.

Inside the four great parlors hung cobwebs and dust — and wasps! the floors were sprinkled with them; thousands lay dead in the two-feet-wide window seats, while swarms of live ones buzzed loudly at the dingy windows.

"They won't touch you," she said, as we drew back. "He thinks there must be a nest somewhere." A nest! A colony of nests, rather—a hundred nests, the accumulated nests of years.

The parlors had few pieces of furniture, and all were broken except a modern marble-topped table and a "what-not."

"I bought these," she said, "when I was married, to please Luriella; I didn't want to spend much, for fear she would need medicine. But she didn't take much at last, she thought it didn't do any good."

A set of stained book-shelves in a corner held a few books, two or three china dogs, some common sea-shells, a large ginger jar, and a number of really beautiful pewter porringers with handles. My companion had already conveyed to "him" our wish "to buy any old pieces of furniture or china you may wish to part with," and though we had not heard a word or seen a gesture of assent, the wife told us that "he" was willing to sell. Yet, when we said

we would like to buy the little handled porringers, he walked out of the room without a word.

All the wood-work in these parlors—the wainscoting, the high mantels, the panels of the doors, the heavy window-frames—were ornamented with a curious design, a row of half-pillars joined at the top in a series of pointed arches. It was most graceful and odd—I have never seen it elsewhere—yet it was perfectly familiar to me. I could almost remember—yes, I could remember, counting the number of pillars in the room.

The two kitchens were enormous rooms. One, entirely closed away and disused, disclosed a horror of dirt and rubbish, old pots and pans and tubs and wheels thrown, a shapeless mass, into the fireplace and scattered over the floor. In the smaller kitchen the chimney-nook, the great fireplace, had been boarded over and a small, rusty kitchen-stove placed for daily use. I seemed to remember when I sat by this ingle-side, and great logs lay on this broad hearth, and the roaring flames surged up the great chimney and threw their cheerful light into the now desolate room.

Through this kitchen there wailed a moaning noise from the empty chimney, which made even my cheerful companion look solemn and depressed. "She didn't like to hear it either," our guide said, quietly.

Two bedrooms and a "living-room" completed the number of apartments on the ground floor. But the living-room was not lived in; the two bedrooms were the only apartments that bore signs of occupation. There was not a carpeted floor in the house, but to these two rooms, braided rag rugs and strips of homespun carpet gave an appearance of comparative comfort. The "rising sun" and "twin sister" patchwork quilts on the untidy beds added to the effect.

The most incongruous, most inadequate apartment on this floor was the pantry, a little dark box of a closet to which one small greenish glass window dispensed a dingy light. We had intended to ask for our dinner here, since it was then "high noon," but a sight of this cooking sanctum dispelled all thought or wish for dinner. It was so cobwebby, so dusty, so poor-looking, that we could not wish to eat any dinner that could issue from its dark shadows. We found afterward, beyond the disused kitchen, a large square room which in the early days of the prosperity and good cheer of this house had doubtless been a pantry, but was now filled with broken grindstones, crushed Dutch ovens, fragments of crockery, pails and pans, "peels" and "slices," yarn-winders and part of an old rose-still. Indeed, through this entire house, nothing could have ever been wholly destroyed or carried away—but was thrown in its broken, grimy desuetude into some neglected closet or room, to gather years of dust and dirt; as if the owner, too poor to buy new furniture, still clung to the shattered remnants of past plenty.

We rescued from the dingy little pantry, from among the litter of broken cups and plates and knives, bunches of dried herbs, empty spice-boxes, cracked woodenware, and greasy pans, a few treasures which we spread out on the kitchen-table. Half a dozen "Payns Hill" plates (a favorite pattern throughout New England); two open-work bordered Leeds platters; a dear little boat-shaped queen's ware creamer with dainty twisted handles; two helmet pitchers, two teacups, and half a dozen plates of a set of old "Lowestoft" china, bearing a pretty armorial device and initials. We hardly dared ask to buy the latter pieces until we saw the evident contempt the farm-wife had for them. Nothing so American as a "Lafayette" or "Pilgrim" plate was to be seen.

One large dresser in the kitchen was found to be literally filled with battered and broken brass and pewter candlesticks, glass whale-oil lamps, pewter snuffers, savealls, extinguishers, and trays, and brass chimney hooks for shovel and tongs. We rescued from this medley several candlesticks, two curious Dutch hanging-lamps, and a really beautiful but broken candelabra of Sheffield plate. These we placed with the china on the kitchen table. I wished to add the pewter porringers found in the parlor, but the wife softly drawled, in her nasal voice, "He won't sell 'em—they were hers—she used to make mud-pies in 'em when she was

little." And pretty playthings they must have been—fifteen dear little shallow pewter posnets and porringers with flat pierced handles, varying in size from one large enough to hold a pint to a true doll's or a "prentice" porringer an inch and a half in diameter. They were full of little common colored pebbles and shells, dried seeds, and old purple glass beads, perhaps just as "she" had last played with them. Other and more distant memories, too, may have clung to the old porringers—of days when the old man was a boy and took his "little porringer" and ate his supper of bread and milk from it; and perhaps, in the far years when the old man was a baby, his mother had had served to her in one of these old porringers her "dish of caudle," that rich mixture of eggs, spices, bread, milk, and wine, which was thought years ago to be the proper diet for a sick person.

Then we mounted the spiral staircase to the second floor, the chambers. Through this dreary expanse we walked slowly — the dusty half-furnishings growing shabbier and shabbier — still stumbling over broken furniture on the uneven floors—until we entered a south room that was such a blaze of cheerful yellow tropical light that we exclaimed with delight. Walls and ceilings were hung solid with long yellow ears of corn, left to dry for use in the winter. Even the old cherry four-post bedstead was draped with them. Such a color! Such a glory! "She used to like to see them too," the low voice murmured.

A third story, a gambrel-roofed attic, was too dusty and repelling to enter, but in one of the deserted bedrooms we found, whole, though black with dust, a dressing-table which had been the lower portion of a high chest of drawers. As is common now in New England farmhouses, the top drawers had been lifted from this portion and set upon the floor to use as a bureau; not half as tidy and cleanly a fashion of furniture as when it stood on its high legs, and let a broom or brush sweep freely every portion of the floor under it.

The upper portion of this high chest was seen afterward in the outer woodshed, full of strips of leather, broken harness, nails, and pieces of iron. It had been gnawed by rats and whittled by knives till it was valueless. The lower or table portion was whole. It had three shallow "jewel drawers," three deep drawers with brass handles and carved "sunbursts." It proved, when dusted, to be of curled maple; and after long discussion with Mr. Simmons we decided to take it with us. Its bowed legs ended in claw-and-ball feet that would just set within the carriage sides. "If one on ye don't mind settin' in front with me, the other can set in the back seat with the table in front of her," he said.

This young wife had not once shown the usual country curiosity about us, but as she turned away to find some newspapers to wrap around the plates, I said to her, "There is much here we would like to buy and take away with us, but it would cost so much to move the pieces so far, and they are so out of repair." Then we told her who we were, whence we came, what we should do with the china, and that we should often think and speak of her when we looked at the plates this coming winter.

"I can't bear to think of the winter without her," she answered, softly.

Jenny had been fed and watered and "hitched up," and we prepared to start. I clambered into the back seat of the wagon, then the dressing-table was lifted in and placed in front of me. Luckily its legs were long enough, so the weight did not rest on my legs, else I could never have taken it. Our laps were filled with the frail china; the candlesticks, lamps, and two warming-pans were placed on the floor of the wagon, and we started, leaving the two dreary figures and the dreary house behind us. All the way down the steep hill I had to hold the heavy table to keep it off the occupants of the front seat. When the foot of the hill was reached and the blue gentians left behind, my companion turned around and said, sharply:

"Why did you act so queerly there? You didn't say a word—didn't ask for anything — or look at the china — just stared around and said nothing."

"I saw a ghost—a ghost of myself," I said, to the two bewildered and amazed faces of the occupants of the front seat.

"Wal," at last said Mr. Simmons, "I should bust out a-laughin' at ye, ye look so darned funny settin' there in front of that table, if I warn't so mighty hungry." And then we all did laugh, loud and long, with the same sense of relief after a sad and dreary time that is always felt after a funeral. He continued, "That's the lonesomest house I ever see—and the dirtiest, too. I didn't want no dinner after I looked into that butt'ry. I'd as lieves eat in a graveyard, anyway. But where be we going to git our dinner?"

Where indeed? Our plan had been that we should drive to Royalston and let Mr. Simmons leave us there. Then the next morning we could take another carriage to one or two more old farm-houses we had heard about. But now I could not bear the thought of this plan. I was homesick; the old gloomy house and the strange sense of pre-existence had oppressed me.

"Oh," I said, "do not let us wait to get dinner—if we do not stop, we can get to Wheelton in time to take the evening train home. It is so lonely here—and it is growing cold—and I want to get home—I can't stay here over night. See! you can get some grapes off that deserted house and we can eat them with our 'animal crackers.'"

"What animal crackers?" was asked.

"Well," I said, hesitatingly, "I bought a bag of animal crackers, for I thought we might get stranded somewhere, and the advertisement says they contain more nourishment for their size and weight than any other biscuit—and here they are—and if you will get out, you can pick the grapes." And she did—armfulls—we laid them on the top of our convenient table and ate them gladly. Mr. Simmons had never seen animal crackers before, and he ate them as a child does, biting off the head and each leg in separate nibbles. At last he said he "had enough of a circus inside him," and then began upon the grapes with great gusto—green ones, seeds, skins, and all together—and when filled resumed his former good-nature.

We stopped at a farm-house, choosing with mind still on china intent a house with a well-sweep, and asked for milk.

"Won't ye come in and take a drink and a rock?" the farmer's wife asked us, in her gentle nasal drawl. We had heard somewhere of "rock and rye," but this was "rock and milk." It proved, however, that she only wished us to come in and sit in her new rocking-chair. She had no antiques, but she said, in a consequential voice, "I did have some china heretofore, but the minister came up from Wheelton and gave me this statue for them." The plates had a picture of the Landin' of Lafayette on 'em. The "statue" was a small Parian bust of Clytie. I fear the minister hardly carried out the "Golden Rule" in that bargain. "Ain't ye tired settin' out in that cage?" (to me) "ye don't drink no milk; won't ye have some water with merlasses in it?" Kindly heart! Who dares say that New England farmers and their wives are inhospitable?

We reached the country station about twenty minutes before the arrival of the train, and, in the twilight, packed our china and brass in two market baskets which Mr. Simmons brought us from his "store." We could hear the sallies of country wit from the loafers at the station, at Mr. Simmons and his strange load, and his indignant and most offensively personal and profane answers in return. Then we received a baggage-check for the dressing-table, and finally entered the train, rather conscious that two warming-pans and two newspaper-covered market baskets are hardly ordinary or desirable travelling luggage.

A few days later, when cleaning the inside of the dressing-table, the following letter was found. It had been caught and held by a splinter of wood under the top of the table, and had evidently lain untouched for years. It was folded in the old-fashioned way, dated May 12, 1810, and addressed to Madam Janet Hartington. It read thus:—

"Dr and Respected Mother

The letter which I wrote you some three months ago on the s'bj'ct of my proposed marriage was answered by you, and the answer duly recd by me.

The two letters I wrote you since on the same s'bj'ct have recd no answer.

And now it is too late to receive any further advice on the matter, for I wish to most respectfully inform you that I married the object of my choice a week past to-day in King's Chapel in Boston. There were but few present, as was Oriana's wish.

The plans you wrote me, most Respect^{ed} Mother, for the advancement and future prospects of our family, interested me much, and I quite concur in them all.

And no one could be more fully fitted to assist me in my career than my Oriana. Her gracefull and ladylike deportment fit her to adorn any circle no matter how exalted.

She is quite ready to become a most dutifull and obedient daughter to you, and I trust, my D^{r} Mother, the fact of her being an orphan will open your heart to her; and then the wish you have always had, viz., to have a daughter, may thus find its fullfilment.

I know not from what source you obtained the strange advice that her Father did amass his fortune in the African Slave Trade. I have never wounded her tender heart by inquiry as to the source of her Father's wealth (tho' 'tis a calling and trade has been followed by many citizens apparently much respect^{ed}.) But the thought of his "ill-gotten gold" need no further trouble you. Thro' ill advice and knavery, her fortune has dwindled to a thousand dollars, and now her Wealth is only in her beauty and her Amiable Disposition. She has however much good furniture and china which will grace well our home.

I regret much to hear that my bills and debts in College have cost you so much, and that the farm is so run behindhand. This, with the debts my Father left behind him, make it most advisable for me to give up my intention to practise as a lawyer, and have decided me to return to manage your Farm.

It is quite opportune and most Providential that your Farmer is dead, since he managed so ill.

With your wise instructions and counsels, we can no doubt retrieve the money that has been lost, and carry out my Grandfather's plans to make our house and name one of the most powerful in the State.

Thus shall I assume the position in town and country that you always wished me to take.

We shall leave by coach for Ringe in a week, our household goods and furnishings to follow us in waggons.

I know, D^{r} Mother, that you will admire and praise my Oriana, as who could do otherwise?

I have talked much to her of your aspirations and ambitions, and she hopes most Respectfully to help to carry out any plans you may have.

With most affectionate greeting from Oriana and myself, I am

Your Loving and Honoured son,

GEORGE HARTINGTON."

In due time the table was scraped, cleaned, and polished, and with its cheerful mottled golden color and shining brass handles, was most thoroughly attractive and satisfying. The pretty Lowestoft china cups were set on it and used for petty toilet purposes. An old canopied mirror was hung over it, and every night, after I had lighted the candles in the repaired and resilvered candelabra, I sat there looking at the china, thinking of the old house; of the lonely empty rooms, the poverty, the dreariness; then of the high hopes and ideas of George Hartington, and ambitions of his mother, and, above all, the strange familiarity I had had with my old home.

At last, I wrote to the wife at the farm, telling her of the old letter; asking of the career of George Hartington, his success, his life, his fate. I thought he must be Anthony's grandfather or grand-uncle. The answer came, written in a stiff, uneven hand, but showing more intelligence than her conversation.

"George and Oriana Hartington were my husband's father and mother. My husband is seventy-five years old, and was their only child. George Hartington died three years after he was married. My husband remembers his mother as a feeble, sickly woman who didn't have much to say on the farm, and seemed always afraid of Madam Hartington. She died of consumption when

he was twelve years old. That was her china you bought with the O on it. His grandmother lived to be ninety-two years old. He is not very well this winter, he has a bad cough. If you know of any good cough medicine, I could buy it with the money you gave us for the table and china," etc.

Seventy-five years old! In spite of his hard work, his disappointed life, and his ill-health, I had thought him about fifty-five.

And this is the end of all Madam Hartington's ambitions, a broken-down, broken-hearted, childless old man. It is the New England Kismet.

SMALL COUNTRY PLACES.

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

A FRIEND once asked me for advice in relation to a place he had just inherited. He was one of those men who always set out and do the thing they want to do, and then ask for advice when it is too late. Unsuspicious of the condition of affairs, I held forth at length on the questions of site and other equally important considerations connected with a small country place.

Time passed and I received a pressing invitation to spend Sunday with him. Of course, on reaching the place, I naturally hoped to see some results of the advice so freely and earnestly given, for I had conceived a high regard for my friend, and did not want to see him go wrong and waste his money. To my surprise, I came upon a conspicuous example of most of the errors I had warned him to avoid. He divined something of the thoughts that must naturally pass through my mind, and began to explain that he had done most of this work before he spoke to me. Indeed, he waxed earnest and explained to me carefully how the architectural style of his house, old colonial, required a formal treatment of the paths and roads, and that a certain grove of fine old shade trees had to be cut down to secure a desired view. What could I say? The damage was done. I did not want to make my friend unhappy by insisting on his mistakes. Moreover, it would probably be lost effort, for it is just such serious mistakes, evident at once when attention is called to them, that the owner of the place will not see, because he thinks he cannot afford to see them. Just think of it! Here was a great river, a high bluff and a fine oak-grove—one of those groves that would have delighted the souls of the old Greeks or Abraham the Patriarch. It was only necessary to shift the situation of the house a hundred feet, and rearrange the paths and roads, and the desirable views would have been retained, and the grove not only saved to support and protect the house from wind and storm, but made a genuine artistic background for the house itself. As it was the grove was mutilated to get a vista, and the house stood off on the bluff, lonely and unrelated to the grove or any other of the best features of the place. There was little or nothing of the systematic composition of a picture which should characterize the arrangement of all country places, both large and small.

I have referred to this country place of my friend to show the importance of selecting properly the site, not only that the architect may exhibit his house to advantage, but that the house may be duly co-ordinated with the distinctively interesting and artistically important features of the place. It should always be remembered in undertaking to select the site even on the smallest places that every plot or territory of ground has characteristics peculiar to itself, and to no other plot of ground; that it is undulating in a certain way; that it has agreeable or disagreeable outlooks; in a word, that it always has a distinct individuality of its own. The true way to manage it, therefore, from the standpoint of one who wishes to develop the

entire beauty of his place, is to study all the features, good and bad, and tone down the bad ones and accentuate the good ones.

More mistakes are made in selecting sites than in almost anything else in landscape architecture. People think of only some one important consideration of the arrangement, and forget everything else. The house is not the only important feature of the place. It should not be allowed to obtrude itself, to be a discord in the picture, and obscure other important and charming features.

There are no definite rules, of course, that will always apply to the selection of a site for the house. Usually it should not be placed exactly in the middle of a place, or close to the front, and it should associate itself in some way with some considerable plantation of trees that may already exist.

I am speaking of considerations that must be met in a systematic way, and more or less in accordance with the best practice of the art of landscape gardening. But avoid being too conventionally artistic. Use common sense, and first of all make your grounds comfortable and convenient; then do what you can for the æsthetic. The latter may, in your opinion, be of the most importance, but the former, be sure, will, sooner or later, revenge itself on you for any undue neglect.

Remember, I am speaking now of all country places, meaning thereby a lot that may be only 25 feet by 100 feet, or may be five or six acres. In any case you are devising a picture when you undertake to lay out your grounds, even in the most simple fashion; and any arrangement that will develop and present with the best effect the most artistically valuable features, should be invariably chosen, though at first it may seem odd, and not in accordance with your conventional ideas of landscape gardening art. Any evident attempt at mere oddity is, of course, bad, and destructive of the harmony of the general arrangement; but there may be an unusualness of treatment that *seems* odd, though in reality effective and harmonious, simply because it is unconventional.

Take the carriage or foot entrances of a place as an illustration. Usually they are arranged at a little distance, twenty or thirty feet from the boundary lines of either side of the place, but frequently the most effective way to enter is exactly at the extreme corner of the lot, continuing across it. This is certainly not a conventional method, and yet it is an effective one.

Having selected the site of the house, and entered the place in such a way as to develop and perfect its essential beauties and attractions, let us see what we should next consider in the arrangement of our grounds.

Perhaps we can only have a foot-path on account of the small size of our place, and perhaps a carriage-drive may be admissible when we have grounds of two or three acres in extent. This path or drive should be laid out and constructed before the actual grading and planting is done. The arrangement of lawn and plants is as dependent on the situation and grades of the roads and paths as on the location of the house.

The first thing you must require of a road or path is that it shall reach the house by a sufficiently direct course to serve the general convenience of the place. Keeping this in view, a certain deviation may be allowed that will permit a better distant view, or the exhibition of some peculiar attraction of the lawn or plantations. As a rule, straight lines, absolutely straight lines, are to be avoided in landscape gardening. The slightest winding in a road or path almost invariably renders it more attractive. As with all rules, this one has its exceptions. It may be specially effective, under some peculiar circumstances, to arrange a straight avenue to the house, with a formal line of trees on either side; or the architecture of the house may be such as to suggest on its immediate borders some form of the rectangular French or Italian style of gardening. Always avoid, if possible, sharp and sudden curves in your roads or paths, and also equal reverse curves—that is, curves that exactly repeat each other.

The width of roads and paths is an-

other consideration that must necessarily depend on circumstances. Ordinarily, in a small country place, I have found a path of five feet and a road of thirteen feet ample, but it may be quite as reasonable in some cases to make the foot-paths eight feet and the carriage-drives fifteen feet. As to the question, How shall I construct my roads and paths? much depends on the nature of the soil and on how much the paths and roads are to be used. Ordinarily it is wise to lay a foundation of broken stone six inches deep under all paths and one foot under drives for the sake of drainage, covering them with fine gravel and a little clay.

Continuing the carriage-drive up to the front door, we are met by the question, Shall we make a circle or an oval for the convenience of turning? Again, no one can say that an oval or a circle might not be suitable under certain circumstances. Ordinarily, however, we should avoid these forms, particularly the circle. There will be, usually, a tree or rock, or you can plant or place one, that will determine more or less the form of the turn. The shape is not of so much importance so long as it conforms to lines that will enable a carriage to turn with ease and without a tendency to run over the borders. I have found that such a turn should be at least forty feet across in its widest part, with its curves carefully adjusted to the easy turning of an ordinary carriage.

Subsidiary roads for bringing supplies to the house should be, of course, minimized and kept out of sight as much as possible; but if convenience requires them, no mere æsthetic considerations should prevent their employment. Paths should be likewise allowed only as a comparatively straight and easy way to reach a house or view.

All roads and paths are, indeed, only admissible as means of reaching a structure or view; otherwise the place would always look better without them. They have no attractions comparable with that of grass, flowers, shrubs, and trees. This should be remembered whenever the question of making a path arises. On consideration, perhaps, you will find that you will have to sacrifice more than you will gain, and the path will stay unmade. On the same principle, try to minimize the area of the open, bare spaces necessarily made by the meeting and crossing of paths and roads.

After the paths and roads are made, there comes the preparation and grading of the lawns. Manure heavily and plow or dig deeply, and the superior growth of your grass will abundantly repay you. If you want a perfect piece of greensward, even and free from weeds, let me commend to you the use of carefully selected sods. There is no other way of making such perfect grass; but then, I must acknowledge, the lawn should be small or the expense of sodding must be necessarily great. In any case, the borders of the drives and walks, made level for a foot or two at least, whatever the steepness beyond, should be sodded. You will hardly make grass-seed produce a good permanent border in a year or two along the immediate edge of a path or road. It will be trodden too much, or suffer greatly from other vicissitudes incident to such places.

A word also should be said about the parallelism of the two sides of roads or paths. Ordinarily, as everyone knows, the width of a walk or road is kept the same throughout its extent. This is common-sense that is also conventional, but that does not preclude the wisdom of a systematic variation of the width of paths and roads wherever convenience requires. Perhaps a tree may force a widening, because the preservation of the tree is of more importance than the adherence to the conventional rule of parallelism of path- and road-lines. Sometimes, moreover, the necessity for a seat, or at least the space for the lingering of several pedestrians, will suggest a widening. I do not say that one should seek to be odd and different in his methods by frequently widening the paths, but simply that he should not be slavishly bound by a fancied necessity for adhering to the parallelism of road- and path-lines.

In grading the lawn we should be largely governed by the original topography of the ground, by its special idiosyncrasy, of formation, if I may be allowed the use of such a term in this

connection. If the lawn be hollowing, don't attempt to fill it up, if you are not troubled by difficulties of drainage; and even then a land basin and a pipe led a short distance will often obviate this difficulty entirely. Sometimes even you will find it best in the interest of developing the peculiar character of the place to deepen the hollow of the lawn. Then again part of the lawn may be hollow and part convex, and yet you must not attempt to make it level. To say that a level lawn is not, under most circumstances, desirable, seems to be a paradox. But it is a fact based on sound principles of art. Moreover, in most cases, you will hardly be able to make a level, absolutely level, lawn, hard as ever you may try. Of course, you should smooth off the asperities of the surface and secure easy-flowing lawn contours. Sometimes you can improve the effect of the undulations by judiciously arranged planting. But never, or only in the rarest cases, plant the crown of the convex portions of your lawn and bottom of your hollows. You will only thereby lessen the attractive variety and picturesqueness of the surface. Every contour, every line of a well-arranged place, will be always changing to the eye, not abruptly and suddenly, but harmoniously and gracefully. There must be no monotony of line anywhere —in walks, roads, grass surface, or plantations.

Concerning the plantations I should have much to say did space permit, for on them depends largely the successful composition and coloring of the place. The first thing to consider before you begin to plant is the adjustment of your views, vistas, or outlooks. Ordinarily, except where you require for some reason a special outlook, the entire outside border of the place should be planted with a mass of trees and shrubs, making a hedge of irregular, waving lines. Ordinarily, too, there should be something like seven shrubs to every tree, the shrubs standing eight or ten feet apart and the trees forty to fifty feet. This rule applies, of course, to only large growing shrubs; the smaller ones can be tucked in round about. It is an excellent plan to establish a lofty tree, like the elm, tulip, or poplar, at each marked angle of the place and at either side of the carriage entrance. It tends to give character to the entire lawn. If you have room enough, one of the ways of emphasizing certain interesting parts of your country place, and especially the pleasant home character of the house, is to establish a grove near that building. Set out the best shade-trees—elms, maples, beeches, tulip-trees, liquid ambars, and lindens—and let them stand forty or fifty feet apart so that they may grow into broad and lofty trees, dispensing abundant shade. Such a grove near the house will give perpetual delight throughout the year. Even in winter, during snow- and ice-storms, you will find unfailing pleasure in contemplating the unexpected and magical effects of snow and ice in your grove, and moreover find comfort in seeking its protecting shelter if you have planted a few pines in the midst. Planting groves means to many people simply the setting out of a cluster of trees eight or ten feet apart and allowing them to slowly crowd each other to death. Properly managed, the grove may be the most delightful and admirable feature of all country places, except the smallest, and even there one great elm or beech may be a grove in itself.

In adjusting the vistas by means of your planting, you should see that the longest lines of view are secured. Let them extend diagonally from corner to corner of your place if you can. It will give breadth and largeness to the treatment of the entire territory that will greatly enhance its attractiveness. Try also to mass your lawn into as large and open unplanted space as possible. It increases the much-to-be-desired breadth of the place.

At all intersections of paths, at entrance-gates, etc., there should be planted intermingled masses of trees and shrubs so arranged that the way for the paths and roads may seem to have been hewn through them. I have named some good trees, among which should have been included the white birch and yellow wood or cladastris tinctoria. Let me also give you the names of some thoroughly excellent shrubs, not merely

rare kinds, but such as you can readily find in most well-stocked nurseries. Here they are: Spirea opulifolia, California privet, Japanese snowball, common snowball, standard honeysuckles, weigelas, Philadelphuses, Japan quince, purple berberry, Thunberg's spirea, lilacs, hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, white fringe, purple fringe, and golden elder.

Don't plant trees and large shrubs close to the house. It gives a crowded feeling and is apt to obstruct the view from the windows. Small growing shrubs may, however, be used effectively adjoining the house. They are not only beautiful in themselves, but they tend to mask the base of the house, where there is usually a sharp and uninteresting angle. A few specimens of shrubs and trees may be allowed to adorn the turn in front of the house, and those only immediately on the edge of the curves, so as to leave the green sward of the general surface of the turn open and free. If possible make the surface also slightly undulating here as elsewhere.

Against one thing let me warn the reader, and that is the indiscriminate use of formal foliage or flower-beds on most lawns. They are apt to lend a garish and vulgar air to the place. Close to the house you may sometimes use one or two of these beds, but their bright red and yellow colors should be set a little on one side and not allowed to glare at one too much. I respect the universal delight in rich color, but all formal patches of color should be used carefully and in proper relations to the whole picture. A discordant mass of color hurts the eye much in the same way as a voice or instrument annoys the ear when not used in harmony. It is far more harmonious and satisfactory in most cases to employ, instead of beds of geraniums and coleuses, the hardy herbaceous plants, such as phloxes, lilies of the valley, harebells, larkspurs, hollyhocks, blue gentians, and the like, tucked away in the edges of groups of trees and shrubs.

I think I have now given a few important suggestions concerning some of the principles of treatment that apply alike to both small and large country places. But in order to illustrate better what I mean, I propose to ask the reader's attention for a brief space to an account of the treatment of a small place of five or six acres situated on the banks of the East River, ten or fifteen miles from New York. [See illustration, p. 309.] This place had a somewhat curious history. Thirty-five or forty years ago one of the wealthy men of New York bought it, probably because he was attracted by its bold position on a point or bend of the shore of the river. On this tract of land he planted at the time a considerable assortment of shade-trees and a few shrubs. There were elms, maples, beeches, poplars, lindens, pines, spruces, and other trees of similar character.

In the course of time these trees grew to great dimensions, for the soil was naturally rich and mellow, and excellently adapted to the growth of trees. The place remained in the hands of the family of the purchaser, who has been long dead, for the term of a generation, until the tract became a great thicket of saplings interspersed with full-grown specimens. Here and there along the river bank was a grove of pine and other trees standing free, but in main part the tract was a close-set wilderness.

A purchaser for the place finally came, eight or ten years ago, and undertook to make a home for himself. The tract, of course, looked like a tangle, although there were evidently fine trees scattered about. Many people would have started in with an axe and soon swept most of the wilderness away. But the present owner recognized capabilities and idiosyncrasies pertaining to the place that he thought charming, and therefore he proposed to develop them. The place was to be made a genuine woodland home a few miles from New York City. Let us see how he accomplished his purpose.

In the first place, at the southwest corner there stood an enormous elm-tree, just a few feet within the boundary line. This he conceived the idea of making the key-point of his entrance from the corner, thus turning the course of the drive diagonally across his land. Eventually the art displayed in carrying, this winding road, with the lines of a

gently flowing river, almost directly to the house, constituted one of the principal charms of the place.

At first the road went into the thicket with a sharp curve around the elm, and then straight away until it almost reached the house, when it turned suddenly around a "circle" or carriage sweep. By this means you saw nothing of the place and house until you had gone many yards beyond the entrance, and even then you only caught glimpses of the house till you came right upon it, whereas it was in reality all the time only a few yards away. Yet you did not feel shut in, because just after you left the elm-tree and passed the entrance of the winding foot-path that commenced here to skirt the place, a tennis-ground of an acre in extent spread out before you. This gave a charming effect of openness and let in at its farthest boundary the western sun and a noble view of the river. This was literally all the clearing that had been made, except in front of the house, where enough trees had been chopped out to prepare a small carriage turn about a grass plot forty feet in its largest diameter. The house was a low two-story structure utterly unpretentious, but comfortable and convenient. Near the front gate a road wound off to the outbuildings and vegetable gardens in such a way that you would hardly discover it unless you were keeping a sharp look-out. A foot-path meandered by an almost secret way from the house to the barn. An acre and a half would probably comprise all the land that had been cleared from the original seven or eight acres, and really you would hardly realize, except just about the house, that any trees had been removed, so deftly had the work been managed in order to retain the original spirit and chief beauties of the place.

Don't understand that there was not a great deal of work laid out, because there was; but it was of a dainty, unobtrusive kind that simply developed and perfected existing charms. There was, for instance, not a formal flower or foliage bed on the place, but all along the borders of the woodland, skirting the tennis-ground, and in nooks everywhere along the walks that skirted the entire grounds, there were quantities of hardy herbaceous plants — harebells, irises, blue gentians, crocuses, phloxes, daffodils, in fact, wild flowers of many kinds, besides those found growing naturally on the place. Shrubs, especially American shrubs, were planted along the same borders wherever weak spots in the foliage occurred. The only planting which was evidently made for ornament came close to the house, where with a background of woods grew irregular groups of rhododendrons and azaleas, with two or three choice and beautiful specimens of evergreens of low growth.

The walk skirting the place was a mere narrow foot-path two or three feet wide, that sought all the most beautiful spots on the banks of the river which bounded the tract on two sides. At the points where the views were finest the path was widened for rustic seats, from which one might gaze at ease on the near and distant stretches of shining river. The rest and repose and perfect woodland charm of the spot, looking out on the river laden with numerous busy craft, was possessed of a unique charm that I have not words to express. There was a pine-grove also that I specially affected. It was open and airy, with the branches far up and a clean carpet of brown needles beneath, and as the wind played the peculiar tune of the pines and the glimpses of the river flashed near by, I often thought that here was a grove before which one might well lift one's hat in reverence.

There was nothing careless or unkempt about the place. It was tidy, the plants were thriving, the grass was vigorous and well kept, and the branches of the great trees were duly pruned; and yet it was all so unobtrusively natural that the wood-robins and other birds seemed to make it their home instinctively.

But the estate I have described was originally wooded and level and situated on the banks of a great busy river. Let us consider for a few moments a place in Madison, N. J., where the original conditions were different. It will serve to suggest, and perhaps solve, for the reader several other prob-

lems that are likely to confront him. [See illustration, p. 310.]

The peculiarity of this lawn was that the house stood on a high knoll that sloped down steeply to a lake of an acre and a half in extent. A stone bridge crossed a narrow stream a few yards in length, which connected this pool of water with a larger one above. In order properly to solve the problem of treating a high hill with the house on the apex and a pond below, the carriage-road was carried around a pear-shaped turn in front of the house. This turn was about forty feet in its largest diameter. Branch roads started out from this main road for the convenience of reaching the back of the house and the barn and stables. The points where these branches tapped the main road were, of course, heavily planted with shrubs and trees, so as to partially conceal the presence of the minor drives and the existence of the outbuildings. The main drive wound in one long curve around the easiest contour lines of the hill, thus securing comparatively good grades for a road traversing a steep hilly territory.

At every abrupt turn of the road masses of trees and shrubs were thrown across both sides, in order to mask the exact nature of the changes, and please by their variety and unsuspected nature. On reaching the bank of the lake the road was carried along at a sufficient distance from the water, ten or fifteen feet, to enable water-loving trees and shrubs to grow, such as willows, poplars, alders, etc. After winding along the bank four hundred or five hundred feet, the road finally came out on the main highway through a heavy stone gate covered with Japan ivy (Ampelopsis tricuspidata) and masked with groups of trees and shrubs. The road, which, after crossing the stone bridge, ran northeast along the base of the house-lot hill, was bordered inside the fence by an irregular plantation or hedge of trees and shrubs; and up around the house were scattered large shade-trees, such as elms, maples, beeches, and lindens.

The shores of the lake were further decorated here and there on prominent parts with water-loving trees and shrubs, and, above all, the edges of the lake were carefully sodded, so that the greensward dipped everywhere into the water. Standing on the road a little this side of the bridge, and looking on the still surface of the lake, one could see the whole green hill-side with the house and trees charmingly mirrored. Both ends of the stone bridge, I should have said, were masked with trees and shrubs and vines.

The place just considered was about seven acres in extent and on a hill. I will now ask the reader to consider a place of similar size situated in the same region of New Jersey, which consisted of a deep hollow instead of a hill, and had no water or water views. The whole interior of this place was charmingly varied with natural groves of oak interspersed with a few pines. [See illustration, p. 311.]

The general character of the main part of the interior had been left untouched, except that some of the trees in the lowest part had been cut out to reveal the full depth of the little valley. This was intended to carry out the general principle I have endeavored to impress on the reader already in this paper, that he should seek as much as possible to increase the variety of the surface, that is, make, if anything, the hills higher and the valleys deeper. At certain points of the heavily bordering woodland two or three fine views were opened to the blue hills in the extreme distance.

The entrance to this place was arranged in a somewhat peculiar fashion. It came on the extreme outside edge of the valley or bowl at a point nearest the highway. A hundred feet or so within the grounds the drive reached the house, which stood on a small level platform of made earth extending out to a sharp declivity and just allowing enough space for the house and drive and a turn around beyond it. The view from the front door was charming, and a walk winding along the exterior lines of the place revealed many beautiful spots. No planting in this case was used, except about the gateway and on and about the turn in front of the house. The existing attractions of valley and native plantations were greater than any that could be added, and additions would proba-

Country Place of Six Acres on Long Island.

ably be somehow out of harmony with the naturalness of the scene. To this end pruning, fertilizing, and the sowing of grass-seed were practised yearly.

Of a similar hilly character was a place I once helped to arrange in Lenox, Mass. Its peculiarities were its smallness of size and nearness to an important highway, where all the fashion passed by. It was only an acre in extent, but was elaborately constructed of rocks, terraces, and the most rare and choice specimen trees and shrubs that could be obtained. The land originally sloped sharply down from the street, so that the house perforce was raised upon high walls and terraces on three sides. In front the land, however, was filled up so as to be comparatively level, sloping only moderately up to the street. There were rare and beautiful evergreens, such as the varieties of silver firs, pines, retinosporas, spruces, rhododendrons, hardy azaleas, Japanese maples, etc. For the sake of variety the carriage-road wound, with one or two comparatively sharp curves, a hundred feet or so along the front of the house, and so around a carriage turn made by a widening of the road, and out at the other gate. The stable stood near this gate, but was well masked with large trees and shrubs. Behind the house, on the level spaces made by the terraces, was arranged a flower-garden consisting chiefly of herbaceous and annual flowering plants, set out specially for the purpose of securing plenty of flowers for gathering. This place, by means of the variety of the curves of its roads, the number of its interesting features of trees, shrubs, flowers, and greensward, and, in a word, by its possession of a great share of landscape beauty in a comparatively small space, was and remains a model of its kind.

There was another country place of moderate dimensions that I call to mind that possessed certain peculiar features worthy of consideration. It was situated near both the Harlem and the Hudson Rivers, and commanded fine distant views, and had the same high, hilly character as the place in New Jersey. [See illustration, p. 313.] This place, however, though seven acres in extent, had no lake, and had a large formal vegetable garden and distant barns and stables. There were many large and fine evergreens on the place, and the main road has been led to the east door where a turn is provided. It then passes on by the house and a short distance down tow-

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

A Country Place of Seven Acres, with Pond, in the Midst of Open Country.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

ard the barn, where another turn is secured on comparatively level ground. The space allowed by the steep slope directly in front on the other side of the house, and once used for a contracted turn, has been therefore thus abandoned. Broad lawns have been kept open, and distant views preserved in arranging the plantations; and a large croquet ground has been laid out, with a summer-house beyond. The barns have been all shut out with masses of foliage, and the boundary lines with irregular hedges of trees and shrubs. One peculiarity of this place was its groups made up of some single kind of shrub; that is, you will find here a great group of weigelas, there one of spireas, and yonder one of snowballs. I do not say that any one of these groups was made up of only one kind of shrub, but that a large majority were of one kind. Merely dotting about on the lawn a great variety of trees and shrubs, one or two of a kind, is rarely good lawn planting. You should have enough of a kind grouped together to properly exhibit its special mass effect.

I once laid out a place in Kentucky that, I think, illustrated well what could be done on an acre or two that was comparatively level and inclined to be slightly monotonous in general effect. It was in a town, on a public street, and its width was one hundred and fifty feet and its depth four hundred and fifty. Apparently there was not much variety to be secured; yet much was really attained. In the first place, the entrance was arranged in the extreme corner of one side of the place. Notice how this arrangement gave a comparatively wide lawn on your right hand as you entered the place. Trees and shrubs, of course, shut out your view just at the gate, but in a moment a half-acre lawn opened out with a tree or two and a background of shrubbery. A smaller lawn lay across the road to the left hand, and then about a hundred feet from the entrance the road divided right and left into two branches, which, after hugging the exterior boundaries of the place, enclosed an ample central lawn of another half acre.

A Place of about Seven Acres in a New Jersey Hill Town.

On reaching the house, two hundred and fifty feet from the gate, the two winding roads united again, and passed in a straight line one side of the house to the stables, leaving on the way, in front of the kitchen door, an ample

widening for the carts of butcher and baker. Heavy plantations screened this road and its widening and allowed another open half-acre lawn, ornamented with choice single specimen trees, and backed by a portion of the same irregular hedge that surrounded the whole. There were magnolias, weeping beeches, weeping elms, red flowering horse-chestnuts and Kentucky coffee-trees.

In front of the house across the road was a great wide-spreading American elm, and a little further on, bordering the drive, a rich-colored plant bed of coleus, geranium, and alternautheras. All along the drives, on either side, and about forty to fifty feet apart and ten feet back, grew fine shade-trees — the American linden, the tulip-tree, the purple beech, the liquid ambar, the Norway maple, and the white birch. Entirely around the place were planted irregular hedges of trees and shrubs, with here and there openings for looking out at some agreeable view.

Of yet simpler nature and more unpretentious character was a place I knew at Narraganset Pier, R. I. [Illustrated below.] To remember that it was on the seashore, and was level, with sandy soil, is to bring its limitations within a small compass. The house had been originally arranged, more by accident than design, in the middle of the plot. In order, therefore, to secure comparatively wide and long open side lawns the two entrances were brought nearer together than usual, directly in front of the house, and only twenty-five feet apart. The drives then led, in a long, narrow horse-shoe shaped curve, a hundred feet to the front door. A back entrance was arranged at the extreme rear of the lot within ten feet of its limit, and by a straight road the butcher and the baker were led to an ample turn before the kitchen door. This road was well masked with shrubbery standing two or three irregular rows deep. The remainder of the planting, however, was limited to a single

Grounds of a House at a Summer Watering Place.

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Country Place of Seven Acres Overlooking the Hudson.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

waving border of shrubs, with occasional shade-trees, extending around the exterior boundary of the place. A half dozen low shrubs were used near the house, such as the Japan rose, Rosa rugosa, Philadelphus aureus nanus, etc. By this arrangement comparatively large lawns were secured and the greatest breadth of treatment possible under the circumstances.

Rural Treatment of a Place of Two Lots in a City.

The grass was not very strong, but was kept green and fresh-looking by fertilizing and watering. The shrubs and trees, on account of their exposed seashore position, were the toughest and hardiest kinds, such as laurel-leaved willow, American elm, balsam poplar, honey locust, California privet, standard honeysuckle, spirea opulifolia, viburnum plicatum and V. dentatum, philadelphuses, weigelas, altheas, and hydrangea paniculata grandiflora.

The last place the treatment of which I am going to consider, though not strictly within my title, is a large city lot in Baltimore, Md. [Illustrated above.] In size this lot was about one hundred and fifty feet deep and seventy-five feet in width or frontage on the street. Back from the street sixty feet stood the house, or houses, for the use of two brothers, with an open court-yard between. These houses were elegant and expensive. The rear yard, was, of course, small, but really deep enough for all practical purposes.

And now let me explain the peculiarity of the treatment of the front-door yard of these two houses that made it much more attractive than most places of the kind. You will notice that if the yard, seventy-five feet wide, had been divided into two of thirty-seven and a half feet each, both would have been insignificant in size, but see the way the one common lawn was treated so as to give it the greatest possible apparent breadth and variety of effect. At three irregular points, about twenty feet apart, entrances for foot-paths were made, thereby disguising any sign of a dividing line between the two places, and giving each one a separate walk of his own. In the centre a path common to both families was allowed to wind (for all these paths wind). The outside paths clung close to the outer boundary, thus securing the greatest space possible for open lawns. At three corners or nooks of these paths rustic summer-houses were contrived, and from these and other points vistas

were carefully managed. On the outer boundaries of the lot and sparsely along the paths were disposed the finest specimens of the rarest trees and shrubs that could be obtained. There were rhododendrons, azaleas, Japanese maples, dwarf magnolias, kalmias, Thunberg's berberry, in fact all kinds of plants that were not only rare and beautiful, but especially such as possessed a symmetry and elegance of their own befitting the dignity and finished art of a city door-yard or lawn. The turf being, after all, the most important feature of a city place, was also kept in the most exquisite order by incessant weeding and watering and by yearly fertilizing.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CROSS-QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

I HAVE said hard words of San Francisco; they must scarce be literally understood (one cannot suppose the Israelites did justice to the land of Pharaoh); and the city took a fine revenge of me on my return. She had never worn a more becoming guise; the sun shone, the air was lively, the people had flowers in their button-holes and smiles upon their faces; and as I made my way toward Jim's place of employment, with some very black anxieties at heart, I seemed to myself a blot on the surrounding gayety.

My destination was in a by-street, in a mean, rickety building; "The Franklin H. Dodge Steam Printing Company" appeared upon its front, and in characters of greater freshness, so as to suggest recent conversion, the watch-cry, "White Labor Only." In the office, in a dusty pen, Jim sat alone before a table. A wretched change had overtaken him in clothes, body, and bearing; he looked sick and shabby; he who had once rejoiced in his day's employment, like a horse among pastures, now sat staring on a column of accounts, idly chewing a pen, at times heavily sighing, the picture of inefficiency and inattention. He was sunk deep in a painful reverie; he neither saw nor heard me; and I stood and watched him unobserved. I had a sudden vain relenting. Repentance bludgeoned me. As I had predicted to Nares, I stood and kicked myself. Here was I come home again, my honor saved; there was my friend in want of rest, nursing, and a generous diet; and I asked myself with Falstaff, "What is in that word honor? what is that honor?" and, like Falstaff, I told myself that it was air.

"Jim!" said I.

"Loudon!" he gasped, and jumped from his chair and stood shaking.

The next moment I was over the barrier, and we were hand in hand.

"My poor old man!" I cried.

"Thank God you're home at last!" he gulped, and kept patting my shoulder with his hand.

"I've no good news for you, Jim!" said I.

"You've come—that's the good news that I want," he replied. "O, how I've longed for you, Loudon!"

"I couldn't do what you wrote me," I said, lowering my voice. "The creditors have it all. I couldn't do it."

"Ssh!" returned Jim. "I was crazy when I wrote. I could never have looked Mamie in the face if we'd have done it. O, Loudon, what a gift that woman is! You think you know something of life: you just don't know anything. It's the *goodness* of the woman, and it's a revelation!"

"That's all right," said I. "That's how I hoped to hear you, Jim."

"And so the *Flying Scud* was a fraud," he resumed. "I didn't quite understand your letter, but I made out that."

"Fraud is a mild term for it," said I.

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"The day's work done and the evening before us; just start in with the whole story."—Page 318.

"The creditors will never believe what fools we were. And that reminds me," I continued, rejoicing in the transition, "how about the bankruptcy?"

"You were lucky to be out of that," answered Jim, shaking his head; "you were lucky not to see the papers. The *Occidental* called me a fifth-rate Redstone broker with water on the brain; another said I was a tree-frog that had got into the same meadow with Longhurst, and had blown myself out till I went pop. It was rough on a man in his honeymoon; so was what they said about my looks, and what I had on, and the way I perspired. But I braced myself up with the *Flying Scud*. How did it exactly figure out anyway? I don't seem to catch on to that story, Loudon."

"The devil you don't!" thinks I to myself; and then aloud: "You see we had neither one of us good luck. I didn't do much more than cover current expenses; and you got floored immediately. How did we come to go so soon?"

"Well, we'll have to have a talk over all this," said Jim with a sudden start. "I should be getting to my books; and I guess you had better go up right away to Mamie. She's at Speedy's. She expects you with impatience. She regards you in the light of a favorite brother, Loudon."

Any scheme was welcome which allowed me to postpone the hour of explanation, and avoid (were it only for a breathing space) the topic of the *Flying Scud*. I hastened accordingly to Bush Street. Mrs. Speedy, already rejoicing in the return of a spouse, hailed me with acclamation. "And it's beautiful you're looking, Mr. Dodd, my dear," she was kind enough to say. "And a miracle they naygur waheenies let ye lave the oilands. I have my suspicions of Shpeedy," she added, roguishly. "Did ye see him after the naygresses now?"

I gave Speedy an unblemished character.

"The one of ye will niver bethray the other," said the playful dame, and ushered me into a bare room, where Mamie sat working a typewriter.

I was touched by the cordiality of her greeting. With the prettiest gesture in the world she gave me both her hands; wheeled forth a chair; and produced, from a cupboard, a tin of my favorite tobacco and a book of my exclusive cigarette papers.

"There!" she cried, "you see, Mr. Loudon, we were all prepared for you; the things were bought the very day you sailed."

I imagine she had always intended me a pleasant welcome; but the certain fervor of sincerity, which I could not help remarking, flowed from an unexpected source. Captain Nares, with a kindness for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, had stolen a moment from his occupations, driven to call on Mamie, and drawn her a generous picture of my prowess at the wreck. She was careful not to breathe a word of this interview, till she had led me on to tell my adventures for myself.

"Ah! Captain Nares was better," she cried, when I had done. "From your account, I have only learned one new thing, that you are modest as well as brave."

I cannot tell with what sort of disclamation I sought to reply.

"It is of no use," said Mamie. "I know a hero. And when I heard of you working all day like a common laborer, with your hands bleeding and your nails broken—and how you told the captain to 'crack on' (I think he said) in the storm, when he was terrified himself—and the danger of that horrid mutiny"—(Nares had been obligingly dipping his brush in earthquake and eclipse)—"and how it was all done, in part at least, for Jim and me—I felt we could never say how we admired and thanked you."

"Mamie," I cried, "don't talk of thanks; it is not a word to be used between friends. Jim and I have been prosperous together; now we shall be poor together. We've done our best, and that's all that need be said. The next thing is for me to find a situation, and send you and Jim up country for a long holiday in the redwoods—for a holiday Jim has got to have."

"Jim can't take your money, Mr. Loudon," said Mamie.

"Jim?" cried I. "He's got to. Didn't I take his?"

Presently after, Jim himself arrived, and before he had yet done mopping

his brow, he was at me with the accursed subject. "Now, Loudon," said he, "here we are all together, the day's work done and the evening before us; just start in with the whole story."

"One word on business first," said I, speaking from the lips outward, and meanwhile (in the private apartments of my brain) trying for the thousandth time to find some plausible arrangement of my story. "I want to have a notion how we stand about the bankruptcy."

"O, that's ancient history," cried Jim. "We paid seven cents, and a wonder we did as well. The receiver—" (methought a spasm seized him at the name of this official, and he broke off). "But it's all past and done with anyway; and what I want to get at is the facts about the wreck. I don't seem to understand it; appears to me like as there was something underneath."

"There was nothing *in* it anyway," I said, with a forced laugh.

"That's what I want to judge of," returned Jim.

"How the mischief is it I can never keep you to that bankruptcy? It looks as if you avoided it," said I—for a man in my situation, with unpardonable folly.

"Don't it look a little as if you were trying to avoid the wreck?" asked Jim.

It was my own doing; there was no retreat. "My dear fellow, if you make a point of it, here goes!" said I, and launched with spurious gayety into the current of my tale. I told it with point and spirit; described the island and the wreck, mimicked Anderson and the Chinese, maintained the suspense. . . . My pen has stumbled on the fatal word. I maintained the suspense so well that it was never relieved; and when I stopped —I dare not say concluded, where there was no conclusion—I found Jim and Mamie regarding me with surprise.

"Well?" said Jim.

"Well, that's all," said I.

"But how do you explain it?" he asked.

"I can't explain it," said I.

Mamie wagged her head ominously.

"But, great Cæsar's ghost! the money was offered!" cried Jim. "It won't do, Loudon; it's nonsense, on the face of it! I don't say but what you and Nares did your best; I'm sure, of course, you did; but I do say, you got fooled. I say the stuff is in that ship to-day, and I say I mean to get it."

"There is nothing in the ship, I tell you, but old wood and iron!" said I.

"You'll see," said Jim. "Next time I go myself. I'll take Mamie for the trip; Longhurst won't refuse me the expense of a schooner. You wait till I get the searching of her."

"But you can't search her!" cried I. "She's burned."

"Burned!" cried Mamie, starting a little from the attitude of quiescent capacity in which she had hitherto sat to hear me, her hands folded in her lap.

There was an appreciable pause.

"I beg your pardon, Loudon," began Jim at last, "but why in snakes did you burn her?"

"It was an idea of Nares's," said I.

"This is certainly the strangest circumstance of all," observed Mamie.

"I must say, Loudon, it does seem kind of unexpected," added Jim. "It seems kind of crazy even. What did you—what did Nares expect to gain by burning her?"

"I don't know; it didn't seem to matter; we had got all there was to get," said I.

"That's the very point," cried Jim. "It was quite plain you hadn't."

"What made you so sure?" asked Mamie.

"How can I tell you?" I cried. "We had been all through her. We *were* sure; that's all that I can say."

"I begin to think you were," she returned, with a significant emphasis.

Jim hurriedly intervened. "What I don't quite make out, Loudon, is that you don't seem to appreciate the peculiarities of the thing," said he. "It doesn't seem to have struck you same as it does me."

"Pshaw! why go on with this?" cried Mamie, suddenly rising. "Mr. Dodd is not telling us either what he thinks or what he knows."

"Mamie!" cried Jim.

"You need not be concerned for his feelings, James; he is not concerned for yours," returned the lady. "He dare not deny it, besides. And this is not the first time he has practised reticence.

Have you forgotten that he knew the address, and did not tell it you until that man had escaped?"

Jim turned to me pleadingly; we were all on our feet. "Loudon," he said, "you see Mamie has some fancy; and I must say there's just a sort of a shadow of an excuse; for it *is* bewildering—even to me, Loudon, with my trained business intelligence. For God's sake, clear it up."

"This serves me right," said I. "I should not have tried to keep you in the dark; I should have told you at first that I was pledged to secrecy; I should have asked you to trust me in the beginning. It is all I can do now. There is more of the story, but it concerns none of us, and my tongue is tied. I have given my word of honor. You must trust me and try to forgive me."

"I dare say I am very stupid, Mr. Dodd," begun Mamie, with an alarming sweetness, "but I thought you went upon this trip as my husband's representative and with my husband's money? You tell us now that you are pledged, but I should have thought you were pledged first of all to James. You say it does not concern us; we are poor people, and my husband is sick, and it concerns us a great deal to understand how we come to have lost our money, and why our representative comes back to us with nothing. You ask that we should trust you; you do not seem to understand; the question we are asking ourselves is whether we have not trusted you too much."

"I do not ask you to trust me," I replied. "I ask Jim. He knows me."

"You think you can do what you please with James; you trust to his affection, do you not? And me, I suppose, you do not consider," said Mamie. "But it was perhaps an unfortunate day for you when we were married, for I at least am not blind. The crew run away, the ship is sold for a great deal of money, you know that man's address and you conceal it, you do not find what you were sent to look for, and yet you burn the ship; and now, when we ask explanations, you are pledged to secrecy! But I am pledged to no such thing; I will not stand by in silence and see my sick and ruined husband betrayed by his condescending friend. I will give you the truth for once. Mr. Dodd, you have been bought and sold."

"Mamie," cried Jim, "no more of this! It's me you're striking; it's only me you hurt. You don't know, you cannot understand these things. Why, to-day, if it hadn't been for Loudon, I couldn't have looked you in the face. He saved my honesty."

"I have heard plenty of this talk before," she replied. "You are a sweet-hearted fool, and I love you for it. But I am a clear-headed woman; my eyes are open, and I understand this man's hypocrisy. Did he not come here to-day and pretend he could take a situation—pretend he would share his hard-earned wages with us until you were well? Pretend! It makes me furious! His wages! a share of his wages! That would have been your pittance, that would have been your share of the *Flying Scud*—you who worked and toiled for him when he was a beggar in the streets of Paris. But we do not want your charity; thank God, I can work for my own husband! See what it is to have obliged a gentleman. He would let you pick him up when he was begging; he would stand and look on, and let you black his shoes, and sneer at you. For you were always sneering at my James; you always looked down upon him in your heart, you know it!" She turned back to Jim. "And now when he is rich," she began, and then swooped again on me. "For you are rich, I dare you to deny it; I defy you to look me in the face and try to deny that you are rich—rich with our money—my husband's money——"

Heaven knows to what a height she might have risen, being, by this time, bodily whirled away in her own hurricane of words. Heart-sickness, a black depression, a treacherous sympathy with my assailant, pity unutterable for poor Jim, already filled, divided, and abashed my spirit. Flight seemed the only remedy; and making a private sign to Jim, as if to ask permission, I slunk from the unequal field.

I was but a little way down the street, when I was arrested by the sound of some one running, and Jim's voice calling me by name. He had followed me

with a letter which had been long awaiting my return.

I took it in a dream. "This has been a devil of a business," said I.

"Don't think hard of Mamie," he pleaded. "It's the way she's made; it's her high-toned loyalty. And of course I know it's all right. I know your sterling character; but you didn't, somehow, make out to give us the thing straight, Loudon. Anybody might have—I mean it—I mean——"

"Never mind what you mean, my poor Jim," said I. "She's a gallant little woman and a loyal wife: and I thought her splendid. My story was as fishy as the devil. I'll never think the less of either her or you."

"It'll blow over, it must blow over," said he.

"It never can," I returned, sighing: "and don't you try to make it! Don't name me, unless it's with an oath. And get home to her right away. Good-by, my best of friends. Good-by, and God bless you. We shall never meet again."

"O Loudon, that we should live to say such words!" he cried.

I had no views on life, beyond an occasional impulse to commit suicide, or to get drunk, and drifted down the street—semi-conscious, walking apparently on air, in the light-headedness of grief. I had money in my pocket, whether mine or my creditors' I had no means of guessing; and, the Poodle Dog lying in my path, I went mechanically in and took a table. A waiter attended me, and I suppose I gave my orders; for presently I found myself, with a sudden return of consciousness, beginning dinner. On the white cloth at my elbow lay the letter, addressed in a clerk's hand, and bearing an English stamp and the Edinburgh postmark. A bowl of bouillon and a glass of wine awakened in one corner of my brain (where all the rest was in mourning, the blinds down as for a funeral) a faint stir of curiosity; and while I waited the next course, wondering the while what I had ordered, I opened and began to read the epoch-making document.

"Dear Sir: I am charged with the melancholy duty of announcing to you the death of your excellent grandfather, Mr. Alexander Loudon, on the 17th ult. On Sunday the 13th, he went to church as usual in the forenoon, and stopped on his way home, at the corner of Princes Street, in one of our seasonable east winds, to talk with an old friend. The same evening acute bronchitis declared itself; from the first, Dr. M'Combie anticipated a fatal result, and the old gentleman appeared to have no illusion as to his own state. He repeatedly assured me it was 'by' with him now; 'and high time, too,' he once added with characteristic asperity. He was not in the least changed on the approach of death: only (what I am sure must be very grateful to your feelings) he seemed to think and speak even more kindly than usual of yourself: referring to you as 'Jeannie's yin,' with strong expressions of regard. 'He was the only one I ever liket of the hale jing-bang,' was one of his expressions; and you will be glad to know that he dwelt particularly on the dutiful respect you had always displayed in your relations. The small codicil, by which he bequeaths you his Molesworth, his copy of Hoppus, and other professional works, was added (you will observe) on the day before his death; so that you were in his thoughts until the end. I should say that, though rather a trying patient, he was most tenderly nursed by your uncle, and your cousin, Miss Euphemia. I enclose a copy of the testament, by which you will see that you share equally with Mr. Adam, and that I hold at your disposal a sum nearly approaching seventeen thousand pounds. I beg to congratulate you on this considerable acquisition, and expect your orders, to which I shall hasten to give my best attention. Thinking that you might desire to return at once to this country, and not knowing how you may be placed, I enclose a credit for six hundred pounds. Please sign the accompanying slip, and let me have it at your earliest convenience.

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"W. Rutherford Gregg."

"God bless the old gentleman!" I thought; "and for that matter God bless Uncle Adam! and my cousin Euphemia! and Mr. Gregg!" I had a

vision of that gray old life now brought to an end—"and high time too"—a vision of those Sabbath streets alternately vacant and filled with silent people; of the babel of the bells, the long-drawn psalmody, the shrewd sting of the east wind, the hollow, echoing, dreary house to which "Ecky" had returned with the hand of death already on his shoulder; a vision, too, of the long, rough country lad, perhaps a serious courtier of the lasses in the hawthorn den, perhaps a rustic dancer on the green, who had first earned and answered to that harsh diminutive. And I asked myself if, on the whole, poor Ecky had succeeded in life; if the last state of that man were not on the whole worse than the first; and the house in Randolph Crescent a less admirable dwelling than the hamlet where he saw the day and grew to manhood. Here was a consolatory thought for one who was himself a failure.

Yes, I declare the word came in my mind; and all the while, in another partition of the brain, I was glowing and singing for my new-found opulence. The pile of gold—four thousand two hundred and fifty double eagles, seventeen thousand ugly sovereigns, twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty Napoleons—danced, and rang and ran molten, and lit up life with their effulgence, in the eye of fancy. Here were all things made plain to me: Paradise—Paris, I mean—Regained, Carthew protected, Jim restored, the creditors . . .

"The creditors!" I repeated, and sank back benumbed. It was all theirs to the last farthing: my grandfather had died too soon to save me.

I must have somewhere a rare vein of decision. In that revolutionary moment, I found myself prepared for all extremes except the one: ready to do anything, or to go anywhere, so long as I might save money. At the worst, there was flight, flight to some of those blest countries where the serpent, extradition, has not yet entered in.

> On no condition is extradition
> Allowed in Callao!

—the old lawless words haunted me; and I saw myself hugging my gold in the company of such men as had once made and sung them, in the rude and bloody wharfside drinking-shops of Chili and Peru. The run of my ill-luck, the breach of my old friendship, this bubble fortune flaunted for a moment in my eyes and snatched again, had made me desperate and (in the expressive vulgarism) ugly. To drink vile spirits among vile companions by the flare of a pine-torch; to go burthened with my furtive treasure in a belt; to fight for it knife in hand, rolling on a clay floor; to flee perpetually in fresh ships and to be chased through the sea from isle to isle, seemed, in my then frame of mind, a welcome series of events.

That was for the worst; but it began to dawn slowly on my mind that there was yet a possible better. Once escaped, once safe in Callao, I might approach my creditors with a good grace; and properly handled by a cunning agent, it was just possible they might accept some easy composition. The hope recalled me to the bankruptcy. It was strange, I reflected: often as I had questioned Jim, he had never obliged me with an answer. In his haste for news about the wreck, my own no less legitimate curiosity had gone disappointed. Hateful as the thought was to me, I must return at once and find out where I stood.

I left my dinner still unfinished, paying for the whole of course, and tossing the waiter a gold piece. I was reckless; I knew not what was mine and cared not: I must take what I could get and give as I was able; to rob and to squander seemed the complementary parts of my new destiny. I walked up Bush Street, whistling, brazening myself to confront Mamie in the first place, and the world at large and a certain visionary judge upon a bench in the second. Just outside, I stopped and lighted a cigar to give me greater countenance; and puffing this and wearing what (I am sure) was a wretched assumption of braggadocio, I reappeared on the scene of my disgrace.

My friend and his wife were finishing a poor meal—rags of old mutton, the remainder cakes from breakfast eaten cold, and a starveling pot of coffee.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Pinkerton," said I. "Sorry to inflict my presence where it cannot be desired; but there is a piece of business necessary to be discussed."

"Pray do not consider me," said Mamie, rising, and she sailed into the adjoining bedroom.

Jim watched her go and shook his head; he looked miserably old and ill.

"What is it, now?" he asked.

"Perhaps you remember you answered none of my questions," said I.

"Your questions?" faltered Jim.

"Even so, Jim. My questions," I repeated. "I put questions as well as yourself; and however little I may have satisfied Mamie with my answers, I beg to remind you that you gave me none at all."

"You mean about the bankruptcy?" asked Jim.

I nodded.

He writhed in his chair. "The straight truth is, I was ashamed," he said. "I was trying to dodge you. I've been playing fast and loose with you, Loudon; I've deceived you from the first, I blush to own it. And here you came home and put the very question I was fearing. Why did we bust so soon? Your keen business eye had not deceived you. That's the point, that's my shame; that's what killed me this afternoon when Mamie was treating you so, and my conscience was telling me all the time, Thou art the man."

"What was it, Jim?" I asked.

"What I had been at all the time, Loudon," he wailed; "and I don't know how I'm to look you in the face and say it, after my duplicity. It was stocks," he added in a whisper.

"And you were afraid to tell me that!" I cried. "You poor, old, cheerless dreamer! what would it matter what you did or didn't? Can't you see we're doomed? And anyway, that's not my point. It's how I stand that I want to know. There is a particular reason. Am I clear? Have I a certificate, or what have I to do to get one? And when will it be dated? You can't think what hangs by it!"

"That's the worst of all," said Jim, like a man in a dream, "I can't see how to tell him!"

"What do you mean?" I cried, a small pang of terror at my heart.

"I'm afraid I sacrificed you, Loudon," he said, looking at me pitifully.

"Sacrificed me?" I repeated. "How? What do you mean by sacrifice?"

"I know it'll shock your delicate self-respect," he said; "but what was I to do? Things looked so bad. The receiver——" (as usual, the name stuck in his throat, and he began afresh). "There was a lot of talk; the reporters were after me already; there was the trouble and all about the Mexican business; and I got scared right out, and I guess I lost my head. You weren't there, you see, and that was my temptation."

I did not know how long he might thus beat about the bush with dreadful hintings, and I was already beside myself with terror. What had he done? I saw he had been tempted; I knew from his letters that he was in no condition to resist. How had he sacrificed the absent?

"Jim," I said, "you must speak right out. I've got all that I can carry."

"Well," he said—"I know it was a liberty—I made it out you were no business man, only a stone-broke painter; that half the time you didn't know anything anyway, particularly money and accounts. I said you never could be got to understand whose was whose. I had to say that because of some entries in the books——"

"For God's sake," I cried, "put me out of this agony! What did you accuse me of?"

"Accused you of?" repeated Jim. "Of what I'm telling you. And there being no deed of partnership, I made out you were only a kind of clerk that I called a partner just to give you taffy; and so I got you ranked a creditor on the estate for your wages and the money you had lent. And——"

I believe I reeled. "A creditor!" I roared; "a creditor! I'm not in the bankruptcy at all?"

"No," said Jim. "I know it was a liberty——"

"O damn your liberty! read that," I cried, dashing the letter before him on the table, "and call in your wife, and be done with eating this truck"—as I spoke, I slung the cold mutton in the

empty grate—"and let's all go and have a champagne supper. I've dined—I'm sure I don't remember what I had; I'd dine again ten scores of times upon a night like this. Read it, you blaying ass! I'm not insane. Here, Mamie," I continued, opening the bedroom door, "come out and make it up with me, and go and kiss your husband; and I'll tell you what, after the supper, let's go to some place where there's a band, and I'll waltz with you till sunrise."

"What does it all mean?" cried Jim.

"It means we have a champagne supper to-night, and all go to Vapor Valley or to Monterey to-morrow," said I. "Mamie, go and get your things on; and you, Jim, sit down right where you are, take a sheet of paper, and tell Franklin Dodge to go to Texas. Mamie, you were right, my dear; I was rich all the time, and didn't know it."

CHAPTER XIX.

TRAVELS WITH A SHYSTER.

The absorbing and disastrous adventure of the *Flying Scud* was now quite ended; we had dashed into these deep waters and we had escaped again to starve, we had been ruined and were saved, had quarrelled and made up; there remained nothing but to sing *Te Deum*, draw a line, and begin on a fresh page of my unwritten diary. I do not pretend that I recovered all I had lost with Mamie; it would have been more than I had merited; and I had certainly been more uncommunicative than became either the partner or the friend. But she accepted the position handsomely; and during the week that I now passed with them, both she and Jim had the grace to spare me questions. It was to Calistoya that we went; there was some rumor of a Napa land-boom at the moment, the possibility of stir attracted Jim, and he informed me he would find a certain joy in looking on, much as Napoleon on St. Helena took a pleasure to read military works. The field of his ambition was quite closed; he was done with action; and looked forward to a ranch in a mountain dingle, a patch of corn, a pair of kine, a leisurely and contemplative age in the green shade of forests. "Just let me get down on my back in a hayfield," said he, "and you'll find there's no more snap to me than that much putty."

And for two days the perjured being actually rested. The third, he was observed in consultation with the local editor, and owned he was in two minds about purchasing the press and paper. "It's a kind of a hold for an idle man," he said, pleadingly; "and if the section was to open up the way it ought to, there might be dollars in the thing." On the fourth day he was gone till dinner-time alone; on the fifth we made a long picnic drive to the fresh field of enterprise; and the sixth was passed entirely in the preparation of prospectuses. The pioneer of McBride City was already upright and self-reliant as of yore; the fire rekindled in his eye, the ring restored to his voice; a charger sniffing battle and saying ha-ha, among the spears. On the seventh morning we signed a deed of partnership, for Jim would not accept a dollar of my money otherwise; and having once more engaged myself—or that mortal part of me, my purse—among the wheels of his machinery, I returned alone to San Francisco and took quarters in the Palace Hotel.

The same night I had Nares to dinner. His sunburnt face, his queer and personal strain of talk, recalled days that were scarce over and that seemed already distant. Through the music of the band outside, and the chink and clatter of the dining-room, it seemed to me as if I heard the foaming of the surf and the voices of the sea-birds about Midway Island. The bruises on our hands were not yet healed; and there we sat, waited on by elaborate darkies, eating pampino and drinking iced champagne.

"Think of our dinners on the *Norah*, captain, and then oblige me by looking round the room for contrast."

He took the scene in slowly. "Yes, it is like a dream," he said: "like as if the darkies were really about as big as dimes; and a great big scuttle might open up there, and Johnson stick in a great big head and shoulders, and cry,

'Eight bells!'—and the whole thing vanish."

"Well, it's the other thing that has done that," I replied. "It's all bygone now, all dead and buried. Amen! say I."

"I don't know that, Mr. Dodd; and to tell you the fact, I don't believe it," said Nares. "There's more *Flying Scud* in the oven; and the baker's name, I take it, is Bellairs. He tackled me the day we came in: sort of a razee of poor old humanity—jury clothes—full new suit of pimples: knew him at once from your description. I let him pump me till I saw his game. He knows a good deal that we don't know, a good deal that we do, and suspects the balance. There's trouble brewing for somebody."

I was surprised I had not thought of this before. Bellairs had been behind the scenes; he had known Dickson; he knew the flight of the crew; it was hardly possible but what he should suspect; it was certain if he suspected, that he would seek to trade on the suspicion. And sure enough, I was not yet dressed the next morning ere the lawyer was knocking at my door. I let him in, for I was curious; and he, after some ambiguous prolegomena, roundly proposed I should go shares with him.

"Shares in what?" I inquired.

"If you will allow me to clothe my idea in a somewhat vulgar form," said he, "I might ask you, did you go to Midway for your health?"

"I don't know that I did," I replied.

"Similarly, Mr. Dodd, you may be sure I would never have taken the present step without influential grounds," pursued the lawyer. "Intrusion is foreign to my character. But you and I, sir, are engaged on the same ends. If we can continue to work the thing in company, I place at your disposal my knowledge of the law and a considerable practice in delicate negotiations similar to this. Should you refuse to consent, you might find in me a formidable and"—he hesitated—"and to my own regret, perhaps a dangerous competitor."

"Did you get this by heart?" I asked, genially.

"I advise *you* to!" he said, with a sudden sparkle of temper and menace, instantly gone, instantly succeeded by fresh cringing. "I assure you, sir, I arrive in the character of a friend; and I believe you underestimate my information. If I may instance an example, I am acquainted to the last dime with what you made (or rather) lost, and I know you have since cashed a considerable draft on London."

"What do you infer?" I asked.

"I know where that draft came from," he cried, wincing back like one who has greatly dared, and instantly regrets the venture.

"So?" said I.

"You forget I was Mr. Dickson's confidential agent," he explained. "You had his address, Mr. Dodd. We were the only two that he communicated with in San Francisco. You see my deductions are quite obvious: you see how open and frank I deal with you; as I should wish to do with any gentleman with whom I was conjoined in business. You see how much I know; and it can scarcely escape your strong commonsense, how much better it would be if I knew all. You cannot hope to get rid of me at this time of day, I have my place in the affair, I cannot be shaken off; I am, if you will excuse a rather technical pleasantry, an encumbrance on the estate. The actual harm I can do, I leave you to valuate for yourself. But without going so far, Mr. Dodd, and without in any way inconveniencing myself, I could make things very uncomfortable. For instance, Mr. Pinkerton's liquidation. You and I know, sir—and you better than I—on what a large fund you draw. Is Mr. Pinkerton in the thing at all? It was you only who knew the address, and you were concealing it. Suppose I should communicate with Mr. Pinkerton——"

"Look here!" I interrupted, "communicate with him (if you will permit me to clothe my idea in a vulgar shape) till you are blue in the face. There is only one person with whom I refuse to allow you to communicate farther, and that is myself. Good-morning."

He could not conceal his rage, disappointment, and surprise; and in the passage (I have no doubt) was shaken by St. Vitus.

I was disgusted by this interview; it struck me hard to be suspected on all hands, and to hear again from this

trafficker what I had heard already from Jim's wife; and yet my strongest impression was different and might rather be described as an impersonal fear. There was something against nature in the man's craven impudence; it was as though a lamb had butted me; such daring at the hands of such a dastard, implied unchangeable resolve, a great pressure of necessity, and powerful means. I thought of the unknown Carthew, and it sickened me to see this ferret on his trail.

Upon inquiry I found the lawyer was but just disbarred for some malpractice; and the discovery added excessively to my disquiet. Here was a rascal without money as the means of making it, thrust out of the doors of his own trade, publicly shamed, and doubtless in a deuce of a bad temper with the universe. Here, on the other hand, was a man with a secret; rich, terrified, practically in hiding; who had been willing to pay ten thousand pounds for the bones of the *Flying Scud*. I slipped insensibly into a mental alliance with the victim; the business weighed on me; all day long, I was wondering how much the lawyer knew, how much he guessed, and when he would open his attack.

Some of these problems are unsolved to this day; others were soon made clear. Where he got Carthew's name is still a mystery; perhaps some sailor on the *Tempest*, perhaps my own sea-lawyer served him for a tool; but I was actually at his elbow when he learned the address. It felt so. One evening, when I had an engagement and was killing time until the hour, I chanced to walk in the court of the hotel while the band played. The place was bright as day with the electric light; and I recognized, at some distance among the loiterers, the person of Bellairs in talk with a gentleman, whose face appeared familiar. It was certainly some one I had seen, and seen recently; but who or where, I knew not. A porter standing hard by, gave me the necessary hint. The stranger was an English navy man, invalided home from Honolulu, where he had left his ship; indeed it was only from the change of clothes and the effects of sickness, that I had not immediately recognized my friend and correspondent, Lieutenant Sebright.

The conjunction of these planets seeming ominous, I drew near; but it seemed Bellairs had done his business; he vanished in the crowd, and I found my officer alone.

"Do you know whom you have been talking to, Mr. Sebright?" I began.

"No," said he. "I don't know him from Adam. Anything wrong?"

"He is a disreputable lawyer, recently disbarred," said I. "I wish I had seen you in time. I trust you told him nothing about Carthew?"

He flushed to his ears. "I'm awfully sorry," he said. "He seemed civil, and I wanted to get rid of him. It was only the address he asked."

"And you gave it?" I cried.

"I'm really awfully sorry," said Sebright. "I'm afraid I did."

"God forgive you!" was my only comment, and I turned my back upon the blunderer.

The fat was in the fire now: Bellairs had the address, and I was the more deceived or Carthew would have news of him. So strong was this impression, and so painful, that the next morning I had the curiosity to pay the lawyer's den a visit. An old woman was scrubbing the stair, and the board was down.

"Lawyer Bellairs?" said the old woman. "Gone East this morning. "There's Lawyer Dean next block up."

I did not trouble Lawyer Dean, but walked slowly back to my hotel, ruminating as I went. The image of the old woman washing that desecrated stair had struck my fancy; it seemed that all the water-supply of the city and all the soap in the state would scarce suffice to cleanse it, it had been so long a clearing-house of dingy secrets and a factory of sordid fraud. And now the corner was untenanted; some judge, like a careful housewife, had knocked down the web, and the bloated spider was scuttling elsewhere after new victims. I had of late (as I have said) insensibly taken sides with Carthew; now when his enemy was at his heels, my interest grew more warm; and I began to wonder if I could not help. The drama of the *Flying Scud* was entering on a new phase. It had been singular from the first: it promised an extraordinary conclusion; and I who had paid so much to learn the

beginning, might pay a little more and see the end. I lingered in San Francisco, indemnifying myself after the hardships of the cruise, spending money, regretting it, continually promising departure for the morrow. Why not go indeed, and keep a watch upon Bellairs? If I missed him, there was no harm done, I was the nearer Paris. If I found and kept his trail, it was hard if I could not put some stick in his machinery, and at the worst I could promise myself interesting scenes and revelations.

In such a mixed humor, I made up what it pleases me to call my mind, and once more involved myself in the story of Carthew and the *Flying Scud*. The same night I wrote a letter of farewell to Jim; the morrow saw me in the ferry-boat; and ten days later, I was walking the hurricane deck on the *City of Denver*. By that time my mind was pretty much made down again, its natural condition: I told myself that I was bound for Paris or Fontainebleau to resume the study of the arts; and I thought no more of Carthew or Bellairs, or only to smile at my own fondness. The one I could not serve, even if I wanted; the other I had no means of finding, even if I could have at all influenced him after he was found.

And for all that, I was close on the heels of an absurd adventure. My neighbor at table that evening was a 'Frisco man whom I knew slightly. I found he had crossed the plains two days in front of me, and this was the first steamer that had left New York for Europe since his arrival. Two days before me, meant a day before Bellairs; and dinner was scarce done before I was closeted with the person.

"Bellairs?" he repeated. "Not in the saloon, I am sure. He may be in the second class. The lists are made out, but—Hullo! 'Harry D. Bellairs?' That the name? He's there right enough."

And the next morning I saw him on the forward deck, sitting in a chair, a book in his hand, a shabby puma skin rug about his knees: the picture of respectable decay. Off and on, I kept him in my eye. He read a good deal, he stood and looked upon the sea, he talked occasionally with his neighbors, and once when a child fell he picked it up and soothed it. I damned him in my heart; the book, which I was sure he did not read—the sea, for which I was ready to take oath he was indifferent—the child, whom I was certain he would as lieve have tossed overboard—all seemed to me elements in a theatrical performance; and I made no doubt he was already nosing after the secrets of his fellow-passengers. I took no pains to conceal myself, my scorn for the creature being as strong as my disgust. But he never looked my way, and it was night before I learned he had observed me.

I was smoking by the engine-room door, for the air was a little sharp, when a voice rose close beside me in the darkness.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dodd?" it said.

"That you, Bellairs?" I replied.

"A single word, sir. Your presence on this ship has no connection with our interview?" he asked. "You have no idea, Mr. Dodd, of returning upon your determination?"

"None," said I; and then, seeing he still lingered, I was polite enough to add "Good-evening;" at which he sighed and went away.

The next day, he was there again with the chair and the puma skin; read his book and looked at the sea with the same constancy; and though there was no child to be picked up, I observed him to attend repeatedly on a sick woman. Nothing fastens suspicion like the act of watching; a man spied upon can hardly blow his nose but we accuse him of designs; and I took an early opportunity to go forward and see the woman for myself. She was poor, elderly, and painfully plain; I stood abashed at the sight, felt I owed Bellairs amends for the injustice of my thoughts, and seeing him standing by the rail in his usual attitude of contemplation, walked up and addressed him by name.

"You seem very fond of the sea," said I.

"I may really call it a passion, Mr. Dodd," he replied. "*And the tall cataract haunted me like a passion,*" he quoted. "I never weary of the sea, sir. This is my first ocean voyage. I find it

a glorious experience." And once more my disbarred lawyer dropped into poetry: "*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!*"

Though I had learned the piece in my reading-book at school, I came into the world a little too late on the one hand —and I daresay a little too early on the other—to think much of Byron; and the sonorous verse, prodigiously well delivered, struck me with surprise.

"You are fond of poetry, too?" I asked.

"I am a great reader," he replied. "At one time I had begun to amass quite a small but well selected library; and when that was scattered, I still managed to preserve a few volumes—chiefly of pieces designed for recitation —which have been my travelling companions."

"Is that one of them?" I asked, pointing to the volume in his hand.

"No, sir," he replied, showing me a translation of the *Sorrows of Werther*, "that is a novel I picked up some time ago. It has afforded me great pleasure, though immoral."

"O, immoral!" cried I, indignant as usual at any implication of art and ethics.

"Surely you cannot deny that, sir—if you know the book," he said. "The passion is illicit, although certainly drawn with a good deal of pathos. It is not a work one could possibly put into the hands of a lady; which is to be regretted on all accounts, for I do not know how it may strike you; but it seems to me—as a depiction, if I make myself clear—to rise high above its compeers, even famous compeers. Even in Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or Hawthorne, the sentiment of love appears to me to be frequently done less justice to."

"You are expressing a very general opinion," said I.

"Is that so, indeed, sir?" he exclaimed, with unmistakable excitement. "Is the book well known? and who was *Go-eath?* I am interested in that, because upon the title-page the usual initials are omitted, and it runs simply 'by *Go-eath.*' Was he an author of distinction? Has he written other works?"

Such was our first interview, the first of many; and in all he showed the same attractive qualities and defects. His taste for literature was native and unaffected; his sentimentality, although extreme and a thought ridiculous, was plainly genuine. I wondered at my own innocent wonder. I knew that Homer nodded, that Cæsar had compiled a jest-book, that Turner lived by preference the life of Puggy Booth, that Shelley made paper boats, and Wordsworth made green spectacles! and with all this mass of evidence before me, I had expected Bellairs to be entirely of one piece, subdued to what he worked in, a spy all through. As I abominated the man's trade, so I had expected to detest the man himself; and behold, I liked him. Poor devil! he was essentially a man on wires, all sensibility and tremor, brimful of a cheap poetry, not without parts, quite without courage. His boldness was despair; the gulf behind him thrust him on; he was one of those who might commit a murder rather than confess the theft of a postage-stamp. I was sure that this coming interview with Carthew rode his imagination like a nightmare; when the thought crossed his mind, I used to think I knew of it, and that the qualm appeared in his face visibly. Yet he would never flinch: necessity stalking at his back, famine (his old pursuer) talking in his ear; and I used to wonder whether I most admired, or most despised, this quivering heroism for evil. The image that occurred to me after his visit was just; I had been butted by a lamb; and the phase of life that I was now studying might be called the Revolt of a Sheep.

It could be said of him that he had learned in sorrow what he taught in song—or wrong; and his life was that of one of his victims. He was born in the back parts of the State of New York; his father a farmer, who became subsequently bankrupt and went West. The lawyer and money-lender who had ruined this poor family seems to have conceived in the end a feeling of remorse; he turned the father out indeed, but he offered, in compensation, to charge himself with one of the sons: and Harry, the fifth child and already sickly, was chosen to be left behind. He made himself useful in the office;

picked up the scattered rudiments of an education ; read right and left ; attended and debated at the Young Men's Christian Association ; and in all his early years, was the model for a good story-book. His landlady's daughter was his bane. He showed me her photograph ; she was a big, handsome, dashing, dressy, vulgar hussy, without character, without tenderness, without mind, and (as the result proved) without virtue. The sickly and timid boy was in the house ; he was handy ; when she was otherwise unoccupied, she used and played with him : Romeo and Cressida ; till in that dreary life of a poor boy in a country town, she grew to be the light of his days and the subject of his dreams. He worked hard, like Jacob, for a wife ; he surpassed his patron in sharp practice ; he was made head clerk ; and the same night, encouraged by a hundred freedoms, deepened by the sense of his youth and his infirmities, he offered marriage, and was received with laughter. Not a year had passed, before his master, conscious of growing infirmities, took him for a partner ; he proposed again ; he was accepted ; led two years of troubled married life ; and awoke one morning to find his wife had run away with a dashing drummer, and had left him heavily in debt. The debt, and not the drummer, was supposed to be the cause of the hegira ; she had concealed her liabilities, they were on the point of bursting forth, she was weary of Bellairs ; and she took the drummer as she might have taken a cat. The blow disabled her husband, his partner was dead ; he was now alone in the business, for which he was no longer fit ; the debts hampered him ; bankruptcy followed ; and he fled from city to city, falling daily into lower practice. It is to be considered that he had been taught, and had learned as a delightful duty, a kind of business whose highest merit is to escape the commentaries of the bench : that of the usurious lawyer in a county town. With this training, he was now shot, a penniless stranger, into the deeper gulfs of cities ; and the result is scarce a thing to be surprised at.

"Have you heard of your wife again?" I asked.

He displayed a pitiful agitation. "I am afraid you will think ill of me," he said.

"Have you taken her back?" I asked.

"No, sir. I trust I have too much self-respect," he answered, "and, at least, I was never tempted. She won't come, she dislikes, she seems to have conceived a positive distaste for me, and yet I was considered an indulgent husband."

"You are still in relations, then?" I asked.

"I place myself in your hands, Mr. Dodd," he replied. "The world is very hard ; I have found it bitter hard myself — bitter hard to live. How much worse for a woman, and one who has placed herself (by her own misconduct, I am far from denying that) in so unfortunate a position!"

"In short, you support her?" I suggested.

"I cannot deny it. I practically do," he admitted. "It has been a mill-stone round my neck. But I think she is grateful. You can see for yourself."

He handed me a letter in a sprawling, ignorant hand, but written with violet ink on fine, pink paper with a monogram. It was very foolishly expressed, and I thought (except for a few obvious cajoleries) very heartless and greedy in meaning. The writer said she had been sick, which I disbelieved ; declared the last remittance was all gone in doctor's bills, for which I took the liberty of substituting dress, drink, and monograms ; and prayed for an increase, which I could only hope had been denied her.

"I think she is really grateful?" he asked, with some eagerness, as I returned it.

"I daresay," said I. "Has she any claim on you?"

"O, no, sir. I divorced her," he replied. "I have a very strong sense of self-respect in such matters, and I divorced her immediately."

"What sort of life is she leading now?" I asked.

"I will not deceive you, Mr. Dodd. I do not know. I make a point of not knowing ; it appears more dignified. I have been very harshly criticised," he added, sighing.

It will be seen that I had fallen into

an ignominious intimacy with the man I had gone out to thwart. My pity for the creature, his admiration for myself, his pleasure in my society, which was clearly unassumed, were the bonds with which I was fettered; perhaps I should add, in honesty, my own ill-regulated interest in the phases of life and human character. The fact is (at least) that we spent hours together daily, and that I was nearly as much on the forward deck as in the saloon. Yet all the while I could never forget he was a shabby trickster, embarked that very moment in a dirty enterprise. I used to tell myself at first that our acquaintance was a stroke of art, and that I was somehow fortifying Carthew. I told myself, I say; but I was no such fool as to believe it, even then. In these circumstances I displayed the two chief qualities of my character on the largest scale—my helplessness and my instinctive love of procrastination—and fell upon a course of action so ridiculous that I blush when I recall it.

We reached Liverpool one forenoon, the rain falling thickly and insidiously on the filthy town. I had no plans, beyond a sensible unwillingness to let my rascal escape; and I ended by going to the same inn with him, dining with him, walking with him in the wet streets, and hearing with him in a penny gulf that venerable piece, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. It was one of his first visits to a theatre, against which places of entertainment he had a strong prejudice; and his innocent, pompous talk, innocent old quotations, and innocent reverence for the character of Hawkshaw delighted me beyond relief. In charity to myself, I dwell upon and perhaps exaggerate my pleasures. I have need of all conceivable excuses, when I confess that I went to bed without one word upon the matter of Carthew, but not without having covenanted with my rascal for a visit to Chester the next day. At Chester we did the cathedral, walked on the walls, discussed Shakespeare and the musical glasses—and made a fresh engagement for the morrow. I do not know, and I am glad to have forgotten, how long these travels were continued. We visited at least, by singular zigzags, Stratford, Warwick, Coventry, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath, and Wells. At each stage we spoke dutifully of the scene and its associations; I sketched, the Shyster spouted poetry and copied epitaphs. Who could doubt we were the usual Americans, travelling with a design of self-improvement? Who was to guess that one was a blackmailer, trembling to approach the scene of action — the other a helpless, amateur detective, waiting on events.

It is unnecessary to remark that none occurred, or none the least suitable with my design of protecting Carthew. Two trifles, indeed, completed, though they scarcely changed my conception of the Shyster. The first was observed in Gloucester, where we spent Sunday, and I proposed we should hear service in the cathedral. To my surprise, the creature had an *ism* of his own, to which he was loyal; and he left me to go alone to the cathedral—or perhaps not to go at all—and stole off down a deserted alley to some Bethel or Ebenezer of the proper shade. When we met again at lunch, I rallied him, and he grew restive.

"You need employ no circumlocutions with me, Mr. Dodd," he said, suddenly. "You regard my behavior from an unfavorable point of view: you regard me, I much fear, as hypocritical."

I was somewhat confused by the attack. "You know what I think of your trade," I replied, lamely and coarsely.

"Excuse me, if I seem to press the subject," he continued, "but if you think my life erroneous, would you have me neglect the means of grace? Because you consider me in the wrong on one point, would you have me place myself on the wrong in all? Surely, sir, the church is for the sinner."

"Did you ask a blessing on your present enterprise?" I sneered.

He had a bad attack of St. Vitus, his face was changed, and his eyes flashed. "I will tell you what I did!" he cried. "I prayed for an unfortunate man and a wretched woman whom he tries to support."

I cannot pretend that I found any repartee.

The second incident was at Bristol, where I lost sight of my gentleman some hours. From this eclipse, he returned to me with thick speech, wandering footsteps, and a back all whitened with

plaster. I had half expected, yet I could have wept to see it. All disabilities were piled on that weak back—domestic misfortune, nervous disease, a displeasing exterior, empty pockets, and the slavery of vice.

I will never deny that our prolonged conjunction was the result of double cowardice. Each was afraid to leave the other, each was afraid to speak, or knew not what to say. Save for my ill-judged allusion at Gloucester, the subject uppermost in both our minds was buried. Carthew, Stallbridge-le-Carthew, Stallbridge-Minster — which we had long since (and severally) identified to be the nearest station—even the name of Dorsetshire was studiously avoided. And yet we were making progress all the time, tacking across broad England like an unweatherly vessel on a wind; approaching our destination, not openly, but by a sort of flying sap. And at length, I can scarce tell how, we were set down by a dilatory butt-end of local train on the untenanted platform of Stallbridge-Minster.

The town was ancient and compact: a domino of tiled houses and walled gardens, dwarfed by the disproportionate bigness of the church. From the midst of the thoroughfare which divided it in half, fields and trees were visible at either end; and through the sally-port of every street, there flowed in from the country a silent invasion of green grass. Bees and birds appeared to make the majority of the inhabitants; every garden had its row of hives, the eaves of every house were plastered with the nests of swallows, and the pinnacles of the church were flickered about all day long by a multitude of wings. The town was of Roman foundation; and as I looked out that afternoon from the low windows of the inn, I should scarce have been surprised to see a centurion coming up the street with a fatigue draft of legionaries. In short, Stallbridge-Minster was one of those towns which appear to be maintained by England for the instruction and delight of the American rambler; to which he seems guided by an instinct not less surprising than the setter's; and which he visits and quits with equal enthusiasm.

I was not at all in the humor of the tourist. I had wasted weeks of time and accomplished nothing; we were on the eve of the engagement, and I had neither plans nor allies. I had thrust myself into the trade of private providence and amateur detective; I was spending money and I was reaping disgrace. All the time, I kept telling myself that I must at least speak; that this ignominious silence should have been broken long ago, and must be broken now. I should have broken it when he first proposed to come to Stallbridge-Minster; I should have broken it in the train; I should break it there and then, on the inn doorstep, as the omnibus rolled off. I turned toward him at the thought; he seemed to wince, the words died on my lips, and I proposed instead that we should visit the Minster.

While we were engaged upon this duty, it came on to rain in a manner worthy of the tropics. The vault reverberated; every gargoyle instantly poured its full discharge; we waded back to the inn, ankle deep in impromptu brooks; and the rest of the afternoon sat weatherbound, hearkening to the sonorous deluge. For two hours I talked of indifferent matters, laboriously feeding the conversation; for two hours my mind was quite made up to do my duty instantly—and at each particular instant I postponed it till the next. To screw up my faltering courage, I called at dinner for some sparkling wine. It proved when it came to be detestable; I could not put it to my lips; and Bellairs, who had as much palate as a weevil, was left to finish it himself. Doubtless the wine flushed him; doubtless he may have observed my embarrassment of the afternoon; doubtless he was conscious that we were approaching a crisis, and that that evening, if I did not join with him, I must declare myself an open enemy. At least he fled. Dinner was done; this was the time when I had bound myself to break my silence; no more delays were to be allowed, no more excuses received. I went upstairs after some more tobacco; which I felt to be a mere necessity in the circumstances; and when I returned, the man was gone. The waiter told me he had left the house.

The rain still plumped, like a vast

shower-bath, over the deserted town. The night was dark and windless: the street lit glimmeringly from end to end, lamps, house windows, and the reflections in the rain-pools all contributing. From a public-house on the other side of the way, I heard a harp twang and a doleful voice upraised in the "Larboard Watch," "The Anchor's Weighed," and other naval ditties. Where had my Shyster wandered? In all likelihood to that lyrical tavern; there was no choice of diversion; in comparison with Stallbridge-Minster on a rainy night, a sheepfold would seem gay.

Again I passed in review the points of my interview, on which I was always constantly resolved so long as my adversary was absent from the scene: and again they struck me as inadequate. From this dispiriting exercise I turned to the native amusements of the inn coffee-room, and studied for some time the mezzotints that frowned upon the wall. The railway guide, after showing me how soon I could leave Stallbridge and how quickly I could reach Paris, failed to hold my attention. An illustrated advertisement book of hotels brought me very low indeed; and when it came to the local paper, I could have wept. At this point, I found a passing solace in a copy of Whittaker's Almanac, and obtained in fifty minutes more information than I have yet been able to use.

Then a fresh apprehension assailed me. Suppose Bellairs had given me the slip? suppose he was now rolling on the road to Stallbridge-le-Carthew? or perhaps there already and laying before a very white-faced auditor his threats and propositions? A hasty person might have instantly pursued. Whatever I am, I am not hasty, and I was aware of three grave objections. In the first place, I could not be certain that Bellairs was gone. In the second, I had no taste whatever for a long drive at that hour of the night and in so merciless a rain. In the third, I had no idea how I was to get admitted if I went, and no idea what I should say if I got admitted. "In short," I concluded, "the whole situation is the merest farce. You have thrust yourself in where you had no business and have no power. You would be quite as useful in San Francisco; far happier in Paris; and being (by the wrath of God) at Stallbridge-Minster, the wisest thing is to go quietly to bed." On the way to my room, I saw (in a flash) that which I ought to have done long ago, and which it was now too late to think of—written to Carthew, I mean, detailing the facts and describing Bellairs, letting him defend himself if he were able, and giving him time to flee if he were not. It was the last blow to my self-respect; and I flung myself into my bed with contumely.

I have no guess what hour it was, when I was wakened by the entrance of Bellairs carrying a candle. He had been drunk, for he was bedaubed with mire from head to foot; but he was now sober and under the empire of some violent emotion which he controlled with difficulty. He trembled visibly; and more than once, during the interview which followed, tears suddenly and silently overflowed his cheeks.

"I have to ask your pardon, sir, for this untimely visit," he said. "I make no defence, I have no excuse, I have disgraced myself, I am properly punished; I appear before you to appeal to you in mercy for the most trifling aid or, God help me! I fear I may go mad."

"What on earth is wrong?" I asked.

"I have been robbed," he said. "I have no defence to offer; it was of my own fault, I am properly punished."

"But, gracious goodness me!" I cried, "who is there to rob you in a place like this."

"I can form no opinion," he replied. "I have no idea. I was lying in a ditch inanimate. This is a degrading confession, sir; I can only say in self-defence that perhaps (in your good nature) you have made yourself partly responsible for my shame. I am not used to these rich wines."

"In what form was your money? Perhaps it may be traced," I suggested.

"It was in English sovereigns. I changed it in New York; I got very good exchange," he said, and then, with a momentary outbreak, "God in heaven, how I toiled for it!" he cried.

"That doesn't sound encouraging," said I. "It may be worth while to ap-

ply to the police, but it doesn't sound a hopeful case."

"And I have no hope in that direction," said Bellairs. "My hopes, Mr. Dodd, are all fixed upon yourself. I could easily convince you that a small, a very small advance, would be in the nature of an excellent investment; but I prefer to rely on your humanity. Our acquaintance began on an unusual footing; but you have now known me for some time, we have been sometime—I was going to say we had been almost intimate. Under the impulse of instinctive sympathy, I have bared my heart to you, Mr. Dodd, as I have done to few; and I believe—I trust—I may say that I feel sure you heard me with a kindly sentiment. This is what brings me to your side at this most inexcusable hour. But put yourself in my place — how could I sleep — how could I dream of sleeping, in this blackness of remorse and despair? There was a friend at hand—so I ventured to think of you; it was instinctive; I fled to your side, as the drowning man clutches at a straw. These expressions are not exaggerated, they scarcely seem to express the agitation of my mind. And think, sir, how easily you can restore me to hope and, I may say, to reason. A small loan, which shall be faithfully repaid. Five hundred dollars would be ample." He watched me with burning eyes. "Four hundred would do. I believe, Mr. Dodd, that I could manage with economy on two."

"And then you will repay me out of Carthew's pocket?" I said. "I am much obliged. But I will tell you what I will do: I will see you on board a steamer, pay your fare through to San Francisco, and place fifty dollars in the purser's hands, to be given you in New York."

He drank in my words; his face represented an ecstasy of cunning thought. I could read there, plain as print, that he but thought to overreach me.

"And what am I to do in 'Frisco?" he asked. "I am disbarred, I have no trade, I cannot dig, to beg——" he paused in the citation. "And you know that I am not alone," he added, "others depend upon me."

"I will write to Pinkerton," I returned. "I feel sure he can help you to some employment, and in the meantime, and for three months after your arrival, he shall pay to yourself personally, on the first and the fifteenth, twenty-five dollars."

"Mr. Dodd, I scarce believe you can be serious in this offer," he replied. "Have you forgotten the circumstances of the case? Do you know these people are the magnates of the section? They were spoken of to-night in the saloon; their wealth must amount to many millions of dollars in real estate alone; their house is one of the sights of the locality, and you offer me a bribe of a few hundred!"

"I offer you no bribe, Mr. Bellairs, I give you alms," I returned. "I will do nothing to forward you in your hateful business; yet I would not willingly have you starve."

"Give me a hundred dollars then, and be done with it," he cried.

"I will do what I have said, and neither more nor less," said I.

"Take care," he cried. "You are playing a fool's game; you are making an enemy for nothing; you will gain nothing by this, I warn you of it!" And then with one of his changes, "Seventy dollars — only seventy — in mercy, Mr. Dodd, in common charity. Don't dash the bowl from my lips! You have a kindly heart. Think of my position, remember my unhappy wife."

"You should have thought of her before," said I. "I have made my offer, and I wish to sleep."

"Is that your last word, sir? Pray consider; pray weigh both sides: my misery, your own danger. I warn you —I beseech you; measure it well before you answer," so he half pleaded, half threatened me, with clasped hands.

"My first word, and my last," said I.

The change upon the man was shocking. In the storm of anger that now shook him, the lees of his intoxication rose again to the surface; his face was deformed, his words insane with fury; his pantomime excessive in itself, was distorted by an access of St. Vitus.

"You will perhaps allow me to inform you of my cold opinion," he began, apparently self-possessed, truly burst-

ing with rage, "when I am a glorified saint, I shall see you howling for a drop of water and exult to see you. That your last word! Take it in your face, you spy, you false friend, you fat hypocrite! I defy, I defy and despise and spit upon you! I'm on the trail, his trail or yours, I smell blood, I'll follow it on my hands and knees, I'll starve to follow it! I'll hunt you down, hunt you, hunt you down! If I were strong, I'd tear your vitals out, here in this room—tear them out—I'd tear them out! Damn, damn, damn! You think me weak? I can bite, bite to the blood, bite you, hurt you, disgrace you . . . "

He was thus incoherently raging, when the scene was interrupted by the arrival of the landlord and inn servants in various degrees of deshabille, and to them I gave my temporary lunatic in charge.

"Take him to his room," I said, "he's only drunk."

These were my words; but I knew better. After all my study of Mr. Bellairs, one discovery had been reserved for the last moment: that of his latent and essential madness.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF TO-DAY.

By William A. Coffin.

THIRD PAPER.

NO American artist's work is more widely known than that of Edwin A. Abbey. The subject of illustration is never discussed among his compatriots without the introduction of his name and praise for his achievements. In Europe, not only in England where he has made his home of late, but on the Continent, his ability is recognized by artists and critics alike, and his drawings are ranked with the best that modern art has to show. His fame is wide-spread, and his talent conceded in every artistic centre where his work has been seen. But though the excellence of Mr. Abbey's work from the technical point of view is universally admitted, it appeals most strongly to the Anglo-Saxon in its sentimental side. The subjects for his delightful pictures have been found mostly in English songs and tales, and he has realized, as no one else has done, the ideal of the English girl one thinks of as walking in the green fields where

> ——daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight,

in Shakespeare's time; or she who in brocade and quilted petticoat flits through the wide halls and up and down the shadowy staircases of the old country house in later days. The clowns and the fine gentlemen, the roaring country squires and hearty serving-men, the game-keepers, butlers, and grooms, shepherds and milkmaids, parsons and housewives, are depicted with fine-edged wit and delicate sensibility to individuality of type, and all are seen in their appropriate *milieus*, in meadows and forests, at roadside stiles and tavern-doors, tap-room and chamber, cottage and hall, just as we might have fancied them ourselves, but never made out and set before us in such delightful form until Mr. Abbey gave us, with his sympathetic pen and brushes, the admirable drawings with which he has illustrated the poetry of Robert Herrick, "She Stoops to Conquer," "As You Like It," and in "Old Songs," a host of pretty ballads and quaint bucolic rhymes.

In "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey," the general plan of the book consists in printing the poems on pages facing the drawings that illustrate them, though there are many shorter ones that are not accompanied by pictures. In most cases the verses are reprinted

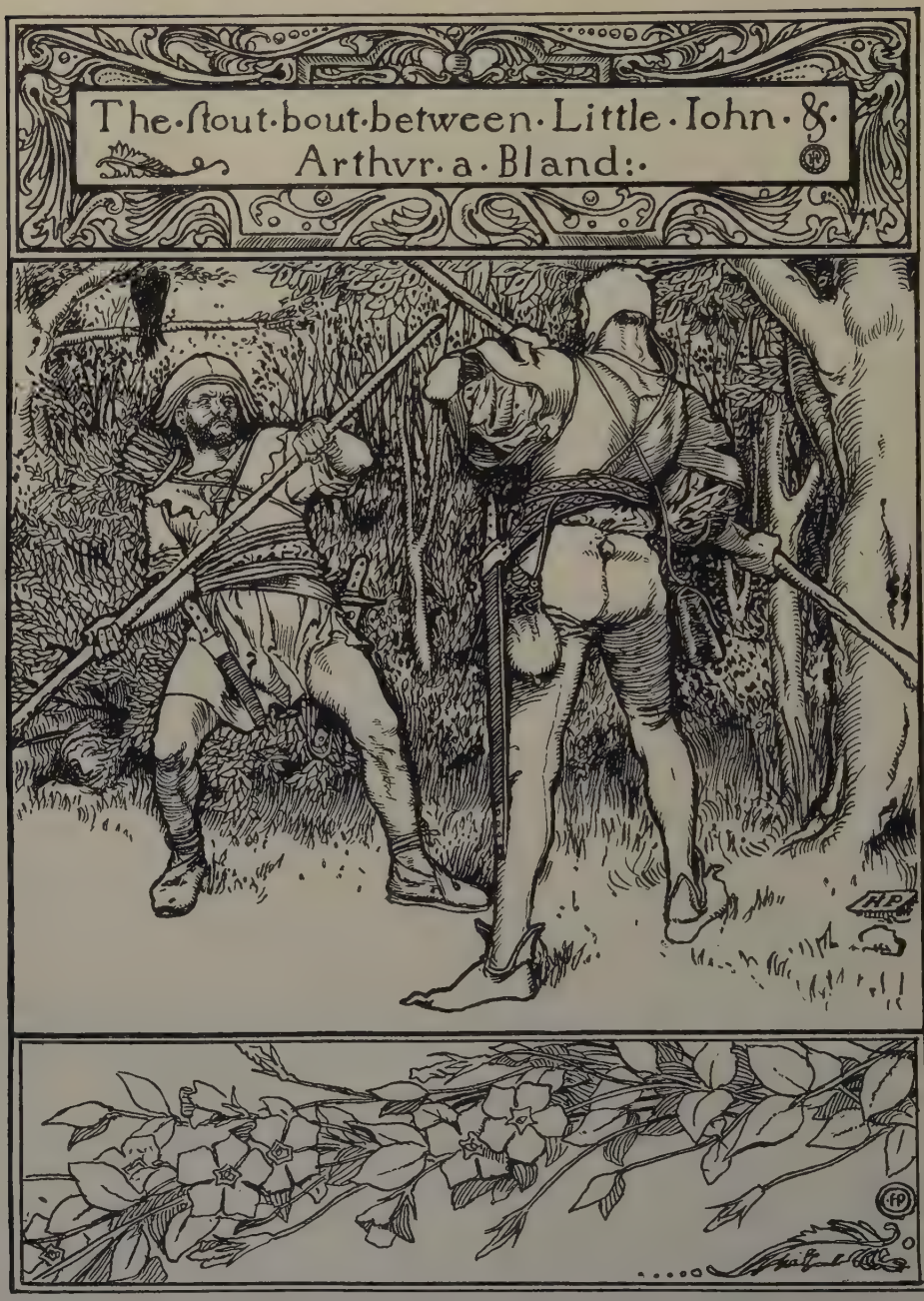
The Wandering Minstrel.

[From a water-color by E. A. Abbey, in the possession of J. Montgomery Sears, Esq., of Boston. By the owner's permission.]

in decorative characters underneath the drawings, or incorporated in a tablet or border, or other setting forming part of the artist's page. In other places again the drawings are interspersed in the text, but in these the lettering is not in the ordinary type, but in the neat little forms Mr. Abbey adopts that are suggestive of the hand-written books of the *écrivains* of the seventeenth century. The greater part of the drawings, and the best of them, are made with pen and ink, though in the tone-drawings Mr. Abbey uses the body-color medium with excellent effect, and with a skill that shows him to be entirely at ease in its manipulation. In such pictures as "To be Merry," where a smiling group of holiday-makers is coming through the blossoming meadows, Julia ("Upon Julia's Clothes"), and "Delight in Disorder," it is plain that if Mr. Abbey had confined his work in black and white to tone-drawings he might be most highly esteemed and deserve to rank with the cleverest and most individual of illustrators. But though his work in this field is as good as may be asked for

A London Street Scene.

(From a drawing by Joseph Pennell to illustrate "Charing Cross to St. Paul's." By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)



(From a drawing by Howard Pyle to illustrate "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.")

technically, and as charming in expression as it is sympathetic in purpose, his high reputation has been gained by the wonderful skill with which he interprets his themes with the simple lines of the pen. His methods are not characterized by the boldness and vigor that mark the strongly handled studies that have come down to us from some of the old masters, who used the pen in broad decisive

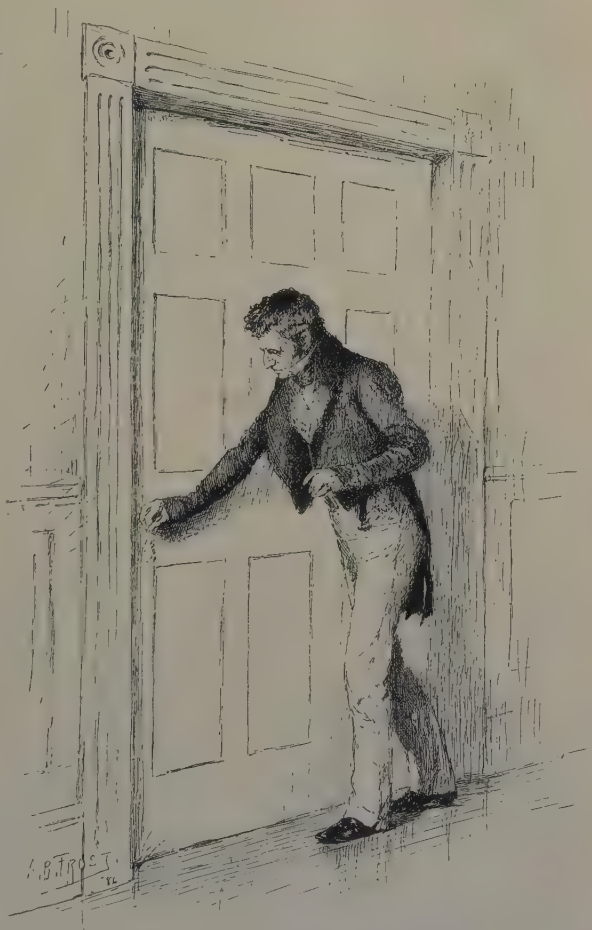
fashion to indicate, with a few well-determined strokes, the contour of a figure in movement, or to sketch in a composition. They are without the careful exactness and finish that belong to Meissonier's admirable work, and they have but little in common with the dash and impulse of Fortuny. His style is self-contained, but not so staid as to be lacking in gaiety and lightness, delicate but forceful, firm but free and graceful. It is simple and wholesome, because it is so properly seasoned, like the perfect salad, and its beauty lies in its perfect proportion of one element to another, complete by the unity of all its parts. And how exquisitely it is adapted to the interpretation of these quiet idyls in the lines of the simple singer of the joys of rustic life! Take the drawings to "A Beucolick, or Discourse of Neatherds," "Lallage (with cow-like eyes)" sitting with arms akimbo on the stile, "The Equall Umpire I shall be," and "As wearie not o'ercome by either," the two merry swains and the maiden footing a

"A Labor of Love."

(From a painting by W. T. Smedley.)

King Charles of Sweden.
(From a painting by T. de Thulstrup.)

measure on the grass after the contest with the pipes is over. With what charm the character of the country-folk is given, how simply and sufficiently the figures are drawn, and how unmistakably the notes of locality and epoch are indicated! And this tall fellow "in gay cloathes," in "Upon Spur," who, vain as a peacock, passes the door of a house where there is a woman to look after him with admiring glance—what a brave figure for Metzu to paint if he had been an Englishman! Mr. Abbey has not even seen him, but he has "felt" him, and he makes us a picture that bears in every line the proof of faithful portraiture. Here again is another type in the "Cobbler's Catch," a pencil drawing by the way, equally good in character, with the two cobblers and a visitor "drinking roundly;" and others in "The Schoolmaster," the man who is "aged now," the tinkers, and the lovely little picture, "Sick is Anthea, sickly is the Spring." There is humor, quaintness, or grace in each of these, and all are drawn with consummate art. In "Old Songs" there are drawings by Mr. Abbey that in spirit as in charm resemble those in the Herrick series, a delightful collection containing some of the very best of his work; but we have not space to speak of them in detail, nor of the illustrations to "As You Like It" and "The Comedy of Errors." It must be said, however, of the drawings for "As You Like It" that, though they seem technically worthy to rank with his other work, they impress less with regard to character, one of the strongest points in the illustrations for the Herrick poems and "The Old Songs." *Julia* and *Lallage* are exactly what we should fancy them, but his *Rosalind* is not *Rosalind*, and nobody else. In the "Comedy of Errors" series the artist does not seem to be at home in the epoch, and there is a hint of perfunctory treatment in more than one of the eight or nine pictures. In the drawings for "She Stoops to Conquer," *Miss Hardcastle* is pre-eminently good in character, as we form an ideal of her from the play, and *Tony Lumpkin* is *Tony Lumpkin* for all the world. We shall look in vain through Mr. Abbey's work to find a better pen-drawing than the one of the single figure of *Miss Hardcastle*, a portrait in the *rôle*, so to speak, and a picture



"He heard the weak, spasmodic wail of another Dolph."

(From a drawing by A. B. Frost, to illustrate "The Story of a New York House," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

that is in itself of the most winning grace. The face is indicated with such a very few lines that it is marvellous how much expression there is in it, and it is exquisitely modelled. It suggests color, too, and is clearly different in

"The Bookmaker."

(From an unpublished drawing by Frederic Remington.)

tone from the loose bow of the hat-strings at the neck, though that is put in with the same ink and the same pen, and the paper is left blank, as it is in the face in large part, and texture is given only by the direction and force of the lines. The hands, with the fingers uncovered by the *mitaines* that clothe the arms nearly to the elbows, are as simply indicated as the face and as full of expression, and the mantle and the quilted petticoat are rendered with breadth and freedom. In a few places the lines are close and run into black, but black is only used in this way and not in splotches. The sparing use of black—its absence it would be more near the truth to say—is a marked characteristic of Mr. Abbey's work, and he never uses it in masses. A beautifully arranged interior is the picture of the two young women sitting on a sofa, and in this may be seen how complete the

artist's knowledge is of what it is possible to do with the pen in the treatment of a composition defined by an enclosing line like the frame of a picture. The light is admirably disposed, and atmosphere is well suggested. Nothing in the surroundings is slurred over, everything is in its proper place, and yet the figures are what first catch the eye and absorb the interest. To do this is a matter much less difficult of accomplishment in painting or in tone-drawing, and we have only to look at almost every other man's pen-drawing to see how rare it is that we can find a picture that approaches such a one as this by Mr. Abbey in point of completeness in detail and unity of effect. In the drawing "Then, Ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room," there are five figures, and the arrangement—the placing of *Hardcastle* doubled up with laughter in his chair at one end of the composition, and the servants in a row, each one desiring to show his appreciation of the old joke with varied expression of face and figure—is one of the best examples of what illustration may be made by an artist

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

A Serious Question.

(From an unpublished drawing by C. D. Gibson.)

Diana.
(From an unpublished drawing by Chester Loomis.)

who is thoroughly in sympathy with his text, and has the ability to express his conception clearly and intelligently, to be found anywhere. The scene as it is given in the play is realized with the utmost perfection of wit and understanding. In "She Stoops to Conquer" there are half a dozen or more tone-drawings that show, as does some of his earlier work, how well Mr. Abbey can express his ideas when he draws with the brush. A scene in an old English inn, with the principal figures in the foreground, and the servants busying about the supper at the hearth fire at the end of the room, is the best of them, and, like the pen-drawing first mentioned, admirable in its illustrative intention aside from its great technical merit. Mr. Abbey's co-adjutor, Alfred Parsons, who has made some very tasteful borders and head- and tail-pieces for some of his books, is an Englishman, but a frequent contributor of landscape-drawings and decorative pieces to the American magazines. His treatment of flowers and plants in decorative style is particularly worthy of mention for artistic feeling and conscientious regard for truth, and his landscapes are marked by much quiet beauty and poetic sentiment.

Joseph Pennell, in his particular field, is the most skilful pen-draughtsman in the world. As everybody knows who knows anything about his work at all, he makes pictures of architectural subjects, cathedrals, and views of towns and streets. He has sometimes strayed

into the fields also, and there are enough drawings that partake of the landscape element from his hand to show that he can do that sort of work sympathetically and well. He draws with delightful dash and sureness, and is a brilliant technician in several mediums. His wash-drawings are simple and direct in method, marked by a fine sense of comprehension of things seen in their *ensemble*, and a rare faculty for seizing upon those features in his subject that give it its peculiar character, and accenting them to make them "tell," without suppressing other points, and he is notably clever in the use of blacks. He has produced so much that is worthy of attentive consideration that it would require a long article to review the whole of his work adequately, so that we are forced to pass over a great deal that is interesting, and take note only

"The Proposal."

(From an unpublished drawing by Albert E. Sterner.)

of a few of the drawings in the long list that bear his name. Whether at Wells or Gloucester or Peterborough, drawer in London streets or old houses in Antwerp, crowded town or country village, Mr. Pennell brings to his work

A Portrait.
(From a painting by Otto H. Bacher.)

ing the cathedrals in their surroundings from some advantageous point of view in the outskirts of the towns, or near them building up walls and towers and arches, or inside of them dealing with cross-lights and dark corners, and treating difficult problems of perspective and intricate detail of line and mass; whether the most astonishing resources in the way of technical expression, and a capacity for appreciating at their just value the traits of his motives that puts his drawings on a very high level as regards artistic achievement. And while they possess this artistic interest they also bear in themselves the evidence of

faithful transcription of facts; they are not only beautiful interpretations, but also trustworthy records.

When one attains to such a degree of excellence as Mr. Pennell, the inclination to look about him to try to see what might have been in his eye while his style was forming itself is irresistible; but it is hard to say what models have most influenced him in arriving at the perfect technique of which he is a master. Perhaps he has learned something from Méryon's etchings that has helped him to give his work an aspect—an *allure*, as the French say—and perhaps from his contemporaries, Vierge and Rico, in pen-drawing, and from Jacquemart in water-color he has gathered some hints. He must be in sympathy with the methods of these brilliant artists at least, though his own development may have been brought to completeness without them. He has an unmistakably personal style in his work to-day, and it is safe to assume that it is most of it due to his own search for truth, his determination to take his tasks seriously, and what may not be attributed to innate talent is certainly the result of hard work and constant study of nature. There is abundant proof of his versatility in the drawings of the English cathedrals in the *Century*, in those made in the Musée Plantin at Antwerp, and in the streets of English and continental towns, and to speak of them in detail would be only to praise at length their different brilliant qualities as they appear, now in the clear rendering of an eye-confusing pile of sculptured stone-work; now in the complicated mazes of arches, buttresses, and roofs; in a vine-adorned wall, with thousands of little bricks; in the intricate patterns of a screen of old leather; in stone and iron and wood and glass and plaster. The point of view is always chosen to give the motive its most characteristic phase, the rendering always comprehensive in detail and complete in *ensemble*. In later works than this there are yet other merits. In a book of pictures of London, called "Charing Cross to St. Paul's," Mr. Pennell shows, along with his great skill in drawing buildings and monuments, a skill that in these pages is finer than ever in technical power, by the introduction of figures in his drawings, that he has become one of the ablest and most intelligent of modern illustrators of scenes of town life. He snatches the movement of a crowd, and puts in people, horses, and vehicles with spirit and animation; gives with what seems absolute truth, in a few strokes of his pen, the character of a hundred varying types, and infuses into his rendering of the scene before him a look of actuality that, while it is in no sense photographic, is as faithful as the instantaneous photograph, and has the charm that comes only from the interpretation of facts with artistic sensitiveness to the accents that most denote character and expression. Such admirable drawings of the kind as "Ludgate Circus," "St. Dunstan's-in-the-West," "Chancery Lane," "The Strand," and "St. Clement Danes," in this book have not only not been made by anybody else, but it is impossible to imagine any that could be better. They attest indisputably Mr. Pennell's right to rank as one of the very cleverest pen-draughtsmen, and one of the most original and versatile illustrators in all modern art.

The American public has been familiar for more than twenty years with the work of Charles S. Reinhart as an illustrator [see Frontispiece], and though since he went abroad, nine or ten years ago, he has also become well-known as a painter, it is as an illustrator that we wish to consider him here. His methods of drawing in black and white are those that are acquired only by long experience in working for reproduction, and his pen and pencil drawings have always retained a certain character that belongs more to the work of the artist who uses the point habitually than the brush. Mr. Reinhart possesses a facility in pen-drawing that is so remarkable that it must be mentioned as the first distinguishing quality in his work. It is apparent in all his drawings, which always look as if they had been easily done, and it is very rare to see one that has the slightest suggestion of having been retouched or worked over. There is more sureness and vigor in some of them than in others, but there is clumsiness in none. With this facility in exe-

cution, and marked ability to seize and represent character in the figure, he is well endowed with the qualities of most service to the illustrator, and he is said to be a very rapid workman. He has signed a great number of drawings treating widely diversified subjects, all of them showing directness and simplicity of method. A large part of his work consists of single drawings, but he is also the author of numerous series of illustrations to stories and descriptive magazine articles, of which those for "Their Pilgrimage," "At the Red Glove," "Americans Abroad," "A Little Swiss Sojourn," and "The Pretty Sister of José," are among the best known and the most representative. His American types, no matter in what surroundings we may happen to find them placed, are always easily recognizable, and that without any hint of caricature, which many of our illustrators verge closely upon when attempting to hit off race characteristics. In an admirable series of studies in crayon, of prominent figures among German statesmen and politicians, the "Reichstag Sketches," Mr. Reinhart's cleverness in the portrayal of character is especially well shown, and the execution is incisive and virile when he uses the pen; and though he formerly worked principally in other mediums, his most recent and best work consists of pen-drawings. His style is bold and frank, and he secures his results by the simplest means, using long sweeping strokes, or quick sharp ones, as his motive varies and the needs of expression require, rarely cross-hatching, and striving for breadth of effect in black and white as such, rather than the suggestion of color. He varies his technique somewhat according to the character of his subjects, but always sticks closely to facts. His personages invariably look natural, and when he has a number of them to put in one composition they look as if they belonged there. When he has settled upon his arrangement and made his observations as to character, the completion of the drawing must be for Mr. Reinhart an easier task than for most draughtsmen, for his work, while it bears no suggestion of mechanical execution, seems to have been done with the greatest ease. It may have been very much harder to do than it appears to have been, but in this freedom and right facility is found much of the charm that distinguishes it.

What Mr. Abbey has done in the reconstruction of seventeenth-century life and manners in England has been done by Howard Pyle, in America, in his pictures of colonial days, and in many cases he has been his own author, finding in old tales and town-history the material for interesting descriptive articles and short stories, which he has illustrated with the scholarly taste of the antiquarian, artistic ability of a high order and sound technical treatment. His drawings are made generally in gouache or in oil-color, and are among the best examples of effective composition to be found in the whole range of American illustration. When he works with the pen, as he has in the drawings for "The Wonder Clock" and "Otto of the Silver Hand," he shows a curiously *naïve* method that reminds us of the early Germans, and that is as far removed as anything well could be from the tendencies of other men of to-day. Of course this adaptation of a primitive style may be criticised as being unprogressive and lacking in originality, but it must be admitted that Mr. Pyle has put into his adaptation much that is his own, and that the artists from whom he has taken his model did not possess, because modern study has taken other directions and it is almost impossible to free one's self from the influence of what is going on in one's immediate surroundings. As in some of Mr. Vedder's work, where he seems to have absorbed a certain modicum of ancient ways, the decorative side of these drawings by Mr. Pyle is both curious and pleasing. In his pictures of episodes in the Revolution, colonial life, and in some where the subjects are English, as in the interesting series depicting the triumphs and vicissitudes of chap-book heroes, we do not find the study of individual character made as much of as might be wished in all cases; but the excellence of Mr. Pyle's illustrations does not lie especially in the possession of that quality. Without being so personally distinct as Mr. Abbey's English folk, for example, his figures are easily

identifiable by a general resemblance to the types of the epoch, and in the matter of costume and *mise-en-scène* there is no reproach to make. Above all, Mr. Pyle excels in composition, and there are very few among the many drawings from his hand that are not remarkable for effective arrangement. Ingenious grouping, dramatic concentration of interest on the principal figures, and clever management of light and shade to give his compositions breadth and unity of effect, are the qualities that most distinguish his work. It is needless to say that they are among the most essential ones in picture-making, and experience has taught him how to make the most of them to secure good results in reproduction, that ever-important consideration to the illustrator.

It might with justice be said that the architectural character of the city of New York, that character that is so marked in Paris for instance, is a thing that we do not really know very much about; for, except in the residence portions of the town, the buildings are so covered up with ugly signs, and the vista of the streets is so obstructed with poles and wires and elevated railways that the effect of roof-lines is lost. Single groups of buildings, even, cannot be seen, and their character appreciated as they might be if the streets were cleared and the walls stripped of the huge, sprawling, and protruding signs that shock the eye at every point. The inhabitants of New York would be surprised at the improvement it would make in the appearance of their city if they could once see it with these unsightly features obliterated and the streets well cleared of encumbering rubbish. There are some quarters of the town, however, that have a certain picturesqueness in their very untidiness, and others that are quite remarkable for urban beauty, such as Madison and Washington Squares and the lower end of Fifth Avenue, and in the Park and the harbor there are delightful subjects for the illustrator of city life. Fine effects are seen sometimes, particularly on a rainy day or at sunset, about the City Hall Park, and the whole city is interesting when it is clad in snow. The people in our streets have infinite variety of type, and though a New York crowd is wanting in some of the elements that make a continental *rassemblement* so picturesque, there is no lack of material for character study and abundant opportunity in the constantly changing panorama on Broadway and the other great thoroughfares for modern picture-making. Mr. Chase's work in the parks has been mentioned, and other artists, notably Mr. Hassam, have found material within the city's borders for charming pictures, as De Nittis and Jean Béraud have done in Paris.

Of the great number of illustrators of New York life whose work appears in the current periodicals William T. Smedley and T. de Thulstrup, by the variety and excellence of their productions, first claim attention. Mr. Smedley, who is one of the ablest of the younger American artists, and a water-color painter whose pictures are notable for refinement and cleverness in execution, has been, since he entered the field of illustration, a close student of character. His pictures of New England life, which were among the first things he exhibited, gave him a reputation with his fellow-artists, who recognized in him a hardy specimen of a genus the public is constantly clamoring for—the American genre painter. With study and travel abroad his work has improved in technical expression, and since his return to New York, a year or two ago, he has devoted most of his time to illustration. He is one of the most noted of our draughtsmen today, and one of those best fitted by temperament and training to excel in the field in which he is rapidly attaining to supremacy. He uses all mediums that are fit for reproduction, but works most with the brush. His drawing of the figure shows more seriousness and a better knowledge of construction than we are wont to find even in the work of men who treat more pretentious subjects in illustration than he. He shows a very just appreciation of values, and his groups are strikingly effective and true to life.

Mr. de Thulstrup manages a large drawing, with complete knowledge of how to make a realistic *ensemble*. Processions, public gatherings, receptions,

and dinners, soldiers on land and sailors in their ships (for Mr. de Thulstrup, as well as being an illustrator of city scenes reaches out to all parts of the world for subjects, and "makes up" admirably from photographic suggestions), coaching-meets in the park, political reunions in the squares, crowds at the bulletin-boards, the rush of business in the streets and of fashion on the avenues, are all truthfully represented by this prolific and versatile draughtsman, and their characteristic features depicted with an observation that embraces great things and small, from a wide shadow that covers half of his picture, or a concentrating light that throws a group into strong relief, to the glint of the sun on a brass button, or the twist of a whip-lash in the air. City life in some of its phases has been well illustrated by Arthur B. Frost, who, however, has made the reputation he enjoys as one of the best delineators of American character in the portrayal of scenes that belong distinctly to the life that dwellers in the great cities see little of except it be when they make a summer excursion to some of the small country towns, and then they see it superficially, and not as Mr. Frost does, from the inside. He is a pen draughtsman of ability, with a sober, careful manner of working that is painstaking without being labored, and his compositions show that he is a competent hand at arrangement.

The cavalryman, the Indian, the scout, the miner, and the ranchman have furnished Frederic Remington with subjects that he illustrates with much vigor of line and striking effect. His drawing of horses in motion is spirited, and even if it is exaggerated sometimes, there is always a general look of truth and life and dash. In his pictures of life on the plains, and of Indian fighting, he has almost created a new field in illustration, so fresh and novel are his characterizations; and the hot, sandy plains, with soldiers marching doggedly under the burning sun, the vast prairies with the cow-boys in lonely watch over their herds, the frontier towns with their motley population of whites and half-breeds, are realized as they have never been before. It is a fact that admits of no question that Eastern people have formed their conceptions of what the Far-Western life is like, more from what they have seen in Mr. Remington's pictures than from any other source, and if they went to the West or to Mexico they would expect to see men and places looking exactly as Mr. Remington has drawn them. Those who *have* been there are authority for saying that they would not be disappointed.

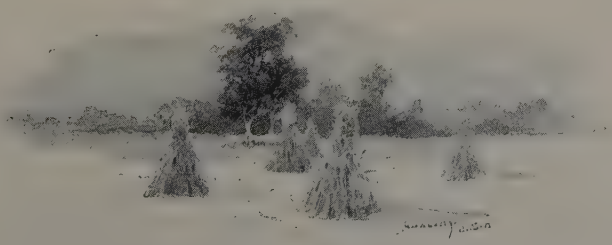
The soldier's life in the Eastern barracks, as well as on the plains, is faithfully depicted by Rufus F. Zogbaum, whose drawings are especially notable for accuracy in all that concerns military equipment and military tradition. His illustration is not confined by any means to the life of the United States soldier, and he has given us interesting pictures of French and German and English armies in their manœuvres and on the march, describing them as well, in entertaining fashion, in a series of articles recording his impressions while in their company, and sharing their officers' mess. In his excellent pictures made on a cruise with the White Squadron, he has done as much for the navy as he had done before for the army, and he has found material for illustration in yet other fields. His best work is done in tone, and though broad enough in effect to deserve commendation in that respect, his most important service has been in the faithful presentation of the thousand things that make the illustration of the soldier's life one of unremitting study, and require in the artist special aptitude to embody them in a form that shall be picturesque and at the same time escape the slightest reproach from professional criticism.

In such a master of pen-drawing as Alfred Brennan, whose style is most individual, and whose invention is fertile and full of odd conceit; in such other capable pen-draughtsmen as C. D. Gibson, who possesses many of the best qualities of an illustrator, and gives promise in his work of even better things than he has yet done; in Chester Loomis, George Wharton Edwards, John A. Mitchell, W. A. Rogers, Albert E. Sterner, Otto H. Bacher, and E. W. Kemble, we have a body of men who, each in his way, offer something to commend in point of execution, and

"The Dear Girls."

(From a drawing by S. W. Van Schaick, by permission of the publishers of *Life*.)

something of special interest in the treatment of the wide range of subjects which inclination or the exigencies of professional work incite them to portray. The sympathetic landscape and plant drawings of W. Hamilton Gibson, the clever scenes of modern life by A. B. Wenzell, Wilson de Meza, and S. W. Van Schaick, the vigorous pictures of the ways of seafaring men by M. J. Burns, the versatile productions of Harry Fenn, the virile and characteristic point-drawings by Arthur Jule Goodman, the varied and competent work of William H. Shelton, Allen C. Redwood, J. D. Woodward, Mary Hallock Foote, Alice Barber, Charles Graham, J. O. Davidson, and others, might all be made topics for extended comment if our object were only to consider individual performances. But we have been chiefly concerned with the condition of illustrative art as a whole, in our day, in the United States, and it has not been our aim to look backward for the causes that have led up to its present development nor to predict its place in the world's art in the future. We are quite justified in saying, however, that if our draughtsmen abide by the precept that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and bring to their work, as some of those we have mentioned have done, the seriousness of purpose and the honest search for truth to nature that mark the achievement of our American painters and sculptors, they will have little to fear in comparison with contemporary illustration anywhere else.



Grand Staircase at the Opéra.

PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

II. THE OPÉRA, THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE, AND THE CONSERVATOIRE.

By William F. Apthorp.

MANY people who have had occasion to consult Clément and Larousse's "Dictionnaire des Opéras," must have been somewhat puzzled at times by the seeming multiplicity of Paris opera-houses mentioned in that work. The names Feydeau, Favart, Opéra, Opéra-Comique, Comédie-Italienne, Ventadour, Académie Royale (or Impériale, or Nationale) de Musique are tossed about hither and thither in a way that threatens at moments to leave the reader, not well up in the operatic history of Paris, in a state of hopeless bewilderment. The matter is, however, really not as perplexing as it looks. To be sure, the question does not solve itself with quite that sublime simplicity that astonished the school-boy, who "looked out a dozen different words in twenty-

four lines of Homer, and found that they all meant *kettle!*" These different French names do not all apply to one and the same establishment; still several of them are, after all, but different ways of saying the same thing; the complication is in the nomenclature more than in anything else.

The first idea of having an established opera in Paris arose in the head of the Abbé Perrin; it was suggested by the performances of the Italian company brought over from Venice by Cardinal Mazarin in 1645. Perrin soon found hearty and active sympathy with this idea of his in Robert Cambert, music-master to the queen regent, and the Marquis de Sourdéac. Shortly after the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne, Perrin obtained letters patent from the king (dated June 28, 1667) to establish an Academy of Music "like those in Italy," for twelve years. Cambert and the Marquis de Sourdéac were associated with him in this venture. A company was formed, and the Académie Royale de Musique was opened on March 10, 1671, in the jeu de paume de la Bouteille, in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (now rue Mazarine), in the faubourg Saint-Germain. The Marquis de Sourdéac was of especial service in superintending the remodelling of the old tennis-court, and in inventing some very ingenious stage-machinery; the musical and dramatic part of the scheme was in the hands of Perrin and Cambert. The associates quarrelled soon enough, being no doubt egged on thereto by Jean-Baptiste Lully, the composer, who had an eye to the management himself. Indeed, the wily, scheming Italian succeeded without much difficulty in walking off with the prize, for the privilege was transferred to him in March, 1672, not five years after it had been given to Perrin, and just one year after the opening of the Académie.

Lully was not long in finding the theatre in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle unsatisfactory — or else he wanted to make the King think it was unsatisfactory, for there can be little doubt that he was even then bitten with the ambition to transfer the Académie de Musique to the large and handsome Théâtre du Palais-Royal, across the river, in the rue Saint-Honoré, between the rue de Valois and the rue des Bons-Enfants. But this most desirable theatre was occupied by Molière and his *Comédiens de Monsieur*, and Molière stood too high in the royal favor to be safely trifled with; besides, Lully may have felt, for other reasons, that he could not afford to quarrel with Molière just then. At all events it does not seem likely, when Lully moved from the theatre in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle to the jeu de paume du Bel-Air in the rue de Vaugirard, near the Luxembourg—which he did almost immediately after assuming the directorship of the Académie de Musique in 1672—that he seriously meant the move to be a permanent one; for, although the new house was well fitted up for the purpose by Vigarani, machin-

Mme. Rose Caron of the Opéra.

Café de la Régence, rue St. Honoré, opposite the Palais Royal.

ist to the King, it was really little or no improvement upon the old one. It is far more probable that the move was a purely strategic one on Lully's part, intended to give the King a realizing sense of his discontentment with the Académie's quarters, and to serve, if possible, as a stepping-stone toward the Palais-Royal and the fulfilment of his pet ambition. It proved so soon enough. Molière died in 1673, and very soon after his death Lully succeeded in moving the Académie to the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, while Molière's company went to the theatre in the rue des Fossés-de-Nesle (known as the Théâtre-Guénégaud) which he had quitted only a year before. The Académie de Musique remained at the Théâtre du Palais-Royal just ninety years, until it was burnt in 1763. Here we must leave it for a while, and turn to the beginnings of another institution.

Of the great "*foires*," or fairs, held annually in Paris, two were especially noted for the dramatic entertainments given at them: the foire Saint-Laurent, and the foire Saint-Germain. The former was held in the winter (February, March, and April), the latter in the summer (July, August, and September). The foire Saint-Germain was, as its name implies, in the faubourg Saint-Germain, not far from the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés and the Préaux-Clercs. The foire Saint-Laurent was held on the boulevard du Nord, away across the city. The boulevard du Nord has long since passed away, but the site of the old foire is on the present rue du Faubourg-Saint-Martin, just beyond the rue Saint-Laurent, on the left, as you come up from the boulevards.

In 1716 a company was formed for the purpose of giving light and popular operas at those two foires; it was, to a certain extent, dependent upon the Académie de Musique, and paid tribute to that institution. Its real name was Opéra-Comique; but it was quite as often called after the place in which it gave performances, the Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Germain, or the Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Laurent. Its management often changed hands; at times it even split up into two separate companies, performing during the same season. Its early career was not wholly smooth; like other operatic enterprises, it had its ups and downs, but, unlike other establishments of the sort, it owed its misfortunes, not to pecuniary failure and the bailiff, but to its own success and prosperity. The other theatres in Paris, especially the Comédie-Française, would now and then take it into their heads to be furiously jealous of it, and then have it suppressed. This was twice done, in 1718 and 1745; but the Opéra-Comique was soon re-established both times, in 1721 and 1752, and continued to flourish. In 1762 it left both the foires Saint-Germain and Saint-Laurent, and joined forces with the old Italian company at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, on the corner of the rue Françoise and the rue Mauconseil, the united troupes going under the name of Comédie-Italienne.*

In 1783 the company left the Hôtel de Bourgogne for a new theatre built especially for it, from plans by the architect Heurtier, on a lot of land on the boulevard du Dépôt, given for the purpose by M. de Choiseul. The lot was on the north side of the boulevard, between the present rue Marivaux and the rue Favart. To show its contempt for the boulevard theatres, and to avoid all possibility of being ranked in the same class with them, the company insisted upon having the new theatre built so as to back upon the boulevard, and to face what is now the place Boieldieu. Almost immediately after its erection, the name of the boulevard from the rue Richelieu and the rue Drouot to the Chaussée-d'Antin and the rue Louis-le-Grand, was changed in its honor from boulevard du Dépôt to boulevard des Italiens.† The theatre itself was generally known as the Théâtre-Favart, but

* Thus it should be remembered that the terms Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Germain and Théâtre de la Foire-Saint-Laurent, from 1716 to 1762, and Comédie-Italienne, or Théâtre-Italien, from 1762 to 1794, are in reality synonymous with Opéra-Comique. Before 1762 the name Comédie-Italienne applied to another institution, as did also the name Théâtre des Italiens several years later than 1794.

† The original name of this stretch of boulevard, first opened in 1676, was boulevard Neuf; in 1764 the dépôt, or armory, of the Gardes Françaises was established there, and the name changed to boulevard du Dépôt. During the Revolution that part between the rue Taitbout and the rue Grange-Batelière (near the present rue Drouot) was nicknamed boulevard de Coblentz. In 1815, during the hundred days, it received another nickname: boulevard de Gand.

sometimes also as Théâtre-Italien. The company, although still a tributary of the Académie de Musique, was now in prosperous circumstances; but soon a rival sprang up. One Léonard Autié, hairdresser to Marie-Antoinette, got the privilege for founding a new Italian opera. He associated himself with Viotti, the violinist, and placed the musical direction of the enterprise in the hands of Cherubini, who had but recently arrived in Paris. The new troupe opened in the old theatre in the Tuileries on December 23, 1789. From January 10, 1790, to January 1, 1791, it was at the old Théâtre des Variétés de la Foire-Saint-Germain. But a new special theatre was building for it, too, on the rue Feydeau (between the present numbers 23 and 25, where the rue des Colonnes now runs) by the architects Legrand and Molinos. Here the troupe opened on January 16, 1791, as the Théâtre de Monsieur; but it and the house were soon known as the Théâtre-Feydeau. Its original plan was to cultivate four styles: French opéra-comique, Italian opera, French comedy, and French vaudeville; but political events soon brought about the expulsion of Italians from Paris, which put an end to the Italian performances, and the Feydeau was not long in giving up the comedy and vaudeville part of its scheme, to concentrate all its efforts upon the giving of French opéra-comique. Thus a fierce rivalry sprang up between the Théâtre-Feydeau and the Théâtre-Favart, the latter, older house, adhering to the long-established and, so to speak, classic form of opéra-comique; the former, younger one, mounting works in a more modern vein, and approaching more closely to the style of grand opera.

By the law of 7 thermidor, year IX. (July 26, 1801) the companies of the Favart and the Feydeau were fused into a single troupe, under the title of Opéra-Comique National. It opened at the Théâtre-Feydeau on September 16th. By the law of 6 frimaire, year XI. (November 27, 1802), the First Consul emancipated it from its tribute to the Académie de Musique, and gave it a *surintendant*. It thus became a subventioned government theatre.

But it is now high time for us to return to the Académie de Musique once more. After its house in (or near) the Palais-Royal was burnt in 1763, it went to a temporary theatre in the Tuileries on January 24, 1764. On January 26, 1770, it opened again in a new theatre in the Palais-Royal, built especially for it on the site of the old one by the architect Moreau. This new house had a seating capacity of 2,500. During its eleven years occupancy the Académie de Musique passed through one of the most exciting phases in its history: the famous fight between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists. One of the chief battle-fields of this war—in so far as it was waged *viva voce*, and not with printer's ink—was the Café de la Régence, which played much the same part in the history of the Académie de Musique that the Café de Procope did in that of the Comédie-Française. It was celebrated, from the beginning, as the headquarters of chess-playing in Paris, and, except during the Gluck-Piccinni period, seems to have been one of the quietest cafés in the city. Why especially it was chosen by the adherents of the two composers as the arena for their furious squabbles, is not very easy to see. It was not particularly near the opera-house, certainly too far off to be a convenient resort between the acts, being situated near the extreme west boundary of the place du Palais-Royal, whereas the opera-house was on the other side of the rue de Valois, which marks the extreme east boundary. Indeed, I found last winter, that the site of the old opera-house could not really be seen from the doorway of the café. But the Gluck-Piccinni discussions did go on there, with what violence is tolerably well known, and no doubt to the dire disturbance of the chess-players.

The Académie de Musique continued occupying its new theatre, near the Palais-Royal, until it was again burnt out, on June 8, 1781. On August 14th of the same year it opened at the Théâtre des Menus-Plaisirs, in the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, where the Conservatoire now stands, and on October 27th, it moved to the newly finished Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin, which had been built in eighty-six days by the

architect Lenoir. But the enormous crowd that attended the first performance in this house gave the first balcony a permanent sag, and the Académie left the theatre on account of its want of solidity in construction, to go to the Théâtre de la rue de la Loi (rue de Richelieu), which it opened on August 7, 1794, as the Théâtre de la République et des Arts. This theatre was built on the site of the present square Louvois; it faced the rue de Richelieu (named rue de la Loi during the Revolution), and was surrounded by the rue Louvois, the rue Lulli, and the rue Rameau. Here the Académie de Musique found an abiding place for several years—long enough to give us time once more to look back at the Opéra-Comique.

We have seen how the Opéra-Comique was established in 1802, as an independent government theatre, at the Théâtre-Feydeau. Under the Empire its artists became Comédiens de l'Empereur, and under the Restoration, Comédiens du Roi. In July, 1804, it moved to the Théâtre-Favart, but moved back again to the Feydeau next year. Here it remained until the house was finally closed, on April 12, 1829, to be pulled down to make way for the rue des Colonnes, which now joins the rue Feydeau with the place de la Bourse. As the Théâtre-Favart was occupied at the time by an Italian company, the Opéra-Comique went to the Salle-Ventadour, opening there on Easter Monday, April 20, 1829. This once famous theatre is now turned into a bank. It is situated between the rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin and the rue des Petits-Champs, in (literally *in*, not *on*) the street which runs from the former up to the avenue de l'Opéra, and takes successively the names of rue Monsigny (from the rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin to the Salle-Ventadour), rue Méhul (from the other side of the Salle-Ventadour to the rue des Petits-Champs), and rue Ventadour (from the rue des Petits-Champs to the avenue de l'Opéra); as it meets the Salle-Ventadour, which stands directly in its course, it divides into the rue Dalayrac and the rue Marsollier, which run round the building and meet on the other side. The house became especially famous, a few years after the Opéra-Comique had left it, as the Théâtre-Italien, the most fashionable opera-house in Paris, made illustrious by Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, and by the singers Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, Grisi, Persiani, and Malibran. The experience of the Opéra-Comique at this house was disastrous, and on September 12, 1832, it moved to the Théâtre des Nouveautés (afterward called the Vaudeville) on the place de la Bourse. At last the Théâtre-Favart burned down on the night of January 13–14, 1838, after a performance of "Don Giovanni" by the Italian troupe, which moved later to the Salle-Ventadour. It was rebuilt by the architect Carpentier, and opened by the Opéra-Comique on May 16, 1840, with Hérold's "Pré aux Clercs." So at length did the much-travelled institution get back once more, and, to all appearances, permanently, to its original home.

To return to the Académie de Musique, which we left in 1794 at the Théâtre de la rue de la Loi. This house was closed after the assassination of the Duc de Berri by Louvois on February 13, 1820, and was soon pulled down to give way to the square Louvois. On April 19th, the Académie de Musique opened at the Théâtre-Favart, but soon found the house too small for its purposes, as it had found the Menus-Plaisirs nearly forty years before. In May, 1821, it gave two performances and some few concerts at the Théâtre-Louvois, in the rue Louvois, opposite to the site of the old Théâtre de la rue de la Loi; and on August 16th of the same year it went to the large "salle provisoire," or temporary theatre, built for it in the rue Lepelletier by the architect Debret. Although this house was never intended for its permanent home, the Académie made a longer stay in it than any in its whole history, with one exception. It was for ninety consecutive years (1673–1763) in the old Théâtre du Palais-Royal; and it remained at the house in the rue Lepelletier for fifty-two years, until the building was destroyed by fire on the night of October 28–29, 1873. It was at this house that most of the grand operas which form the present repertory of the Académie de Musique first saw the light—Auber's "Muette de Portici," Rossini's "Guillaume Tell,"

Donizetti's "La Favorite," Halévy's "La Juive," Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine." Indeed, as the first Théâtre du Palais-Royal is especially to be associated with the names of Lully and Rameau, the second house of the same name with that of Gluck, so is this house in the rue Lepelletier to be associated with the names of Auber, Rossini, Halévy, and Meyerbeer. Spontini falls within the Théâtre de la rue de la Loi period, with his "Vestale," "Fernand Cortez," and "Olympie." After the burning of the house in the rue Lepelletier, the Académie went to the Salle-Ventadour (January 19, 1874), where it gave performances on alternate nights with the Italian troupe. On January 5, 1875, it opened at the present grand opera-house on the place de l'Opéra, off the boulevard des Capucines.

The history of Paris opera-houses seems very much like a record of conflagrations; we have only one more great fire to mention, the burning of the Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique (Théâtre-Favart) on the night of May 25, 1887. A few days later the Opéra-Comique was installed in the old Théâtre-Lyrique on the place du Châtelet, where it still is. Its store-house for scenery and properties is in the now otherwise disused Théâtre-Louvois (No. 6, rue Louvois). But there seems every probability of its old house on the place Boieldieu being rebuilt in time; according to the deed of gift from M. de Choiseul, in 1783, the land can be used for no other purpose than for a lyric theatre, and the situation has become so associated with the Opéra-Comique that it can hardly fail to go back there.

Everyone knows the outside of the present huge Paris Opéra; those who have been to Paris saw it there perforce —they could not help seeing it, if they tried—and those who have not been there know it from photographs. It has for some years rather usurped the position once held by St. Peter's in Rome, as the most familiar façade in the world. It is a singularly ugly building, this "Mausolée Garnier," or Garnier's Mausoleum, as it is sometimes called. A worse sky-line were hard to imagine, as one approaches it up the avenue de l'Opéra. It has one architectural virtue: the exterior gives one some clew to the arrangement of the interior; you distinguish plainly enough the flattened dome, or *lanterne*, that forms the roof of the auditorium, and you see with equal ease that the gable behind it marks the position of the proscenium arch. So far, there is a certain honesty about its ugliness. As you cross the boulevard des Capucines, and come near enough to it to have the gable and *lanterne* vanish from sight, you find the proportions of the main façade not unprepossessing—were only the hideous side-wings out of the way; but even this façade, with its galleries and *loggie*, is a little uncomfortably suggestive of a piece of furniture. It all lacks dignity. And yet, with and in spite of all this, the eye rests upon it not without pleasure; it is all so sumptuous, so gorgeous, so variegated and rich in color and material; there is no element of meanness or flimsiness in it. It is vicious, but, like many another vicious thing, not altogether unlovely. It seems to me that a man might easily get fond of it to the point of feeling homesick for it. But, if the exterior have its compensations, as much can hardly be said for the *salle*, or auditorium. Here there is abundant sombre richness of gold-bronze tone, but all else is irredeemable. What would, and should, have been a beautiful pearl-oyster outline of the balcony and tiers of boxes, is broken up by bulging curves and re-entering angles. If anything so huge as this sweep of balcony could be made to look weak and puny, these curves would do it; as it is, it only looks clumsy and ugly. The ornamental detail work is as bad as possible; it is in the same general style that prevailed here in the "black walnut age" of furniture and interior decoration. Worse than all, the acoustics of the place are bad. I believe M. Garnier, the architect, thinks that the *salle* is, if anything, "a *little too sonorous;*" but he has an undisputed monopoly of this opinion. Some people have thought that the acoustics of the Opéra have improved a little with time, since it was first built; but the difference, if real, is

exceedingly slight, and all music sounds dull and lifeless there. There is great distinctness of melodic outline, but no warmth or vitality of tone. The real beauties of the immense building are to be found in the grand staircase and the two great foyers—the *foyer du public* and the *foyer de la danse*, or ballet green-room. This last is an especially beautiful hall, with its sumptuous decorations and daring frescos. Its being by far the handsomest thing in the building is, perhaps, significant of a good deal, for it is really the heart of the whole institution. It has long been recognized that the ballet is to the Académie de Musique what the bar-room is to many a large hotel: the chief paying factor, the one from which the surplus profits come.

The *abonnement*, or yearly subscription, to the Opéra depends overweeningly upon the ballet; this is what the special public, the regular customers of the house, principally care for. It used to be an iron rule that all five-act grand operas (the form established by Lully, and maintained by Gluck and Meyerbeer) must have two ballets: one in the second, the other in the fourth, act. The habits of the *abonnés* are still conditioned by this rule; or perhaps, it were truer to say that they still give it vigor and authority. The unpopularity of the Princesse de Metternich would not, in the opinion of good judges, have been enough of itself to quash "Tannhäuser" in 1861; what turned the scale was the great choregraphic scene coming in the first, instead of in the second, act—at eight o'clock, instead of at half after nine. This the Jockey Club (that is, the majority of the *abonnés*) would not put up with, for it cut short their after-dinner cigar. Anyone can appreciate this who will take the pains to notice how empty the stalls invariably are during the first act of operas, and how well they fill up for the second. There is a story told of an octogenarian *abonné*, who had hardly missed an opera in fifty years; one evening he heard a noted tenor sing Raoul's "*Plus blanche que la blanche hermine*" at a musical at-home; going up to the singer, he said: "That is a very beautiful *morceau;* pray, monsieur, by whom is it?" The song comes in the first act of "Les Huguenots," and the honest gentleman *had never heard the first act of an opera in his life!* The yearly *abonnement* to the Opéra gives all (male) subscribers free admission to the *foyer de la danse*. On opera nights this gorgeous hall assumes the aspect of a huge ball-room, only that all the women are in ballet costume, and "not inexorable to men." One of the striking peculiarities of the *salle* itself is not wholly unconnected with this passion for the ballet and for what hangs together therewith; this is the *avant-scènes derrière le rideau*. Both in the old *salle* in the rue Lepelletier and in the one of the present Opéra, one finds two stacks of stage boxes on each side of the proscenium. All the boxes of the outside stack are shut off from the *salle* by the falling of the curtain, but still command an uninterrupted view of the stage. These stage-boxes "behind the curtain" are in high favor with people who are curious to watch the working of the scene-shifters, the setting of stage groups, and other business that goes on between the acts. But not the least prized part of the sport is watching the entr'acte *tête-à-têtes* between immaculate dress suits and the nymphs of the ballet. Not a few ladies frequent these boxes *derrière le rideau* for the sole purpose of getting a glimpse of this phase of *la vie parisienne*. Indeed, to the old habitué, whether male or female, the Opéra has far other charms than are implied in hearing music or seeing dancing. The place is a focus of intrigues, which even those who have little or nothing practically to do with intriguing themselves delight in trying to unravel, as best they may. Why does this fair singer cast glances toward the third row of stalls on the left, when "all Paris" knows that her glances have been for the past fortnight toward the fourth row on the right? Whence comes the sudden apparition of a fourteenth solitaire in that danseuse's diamond necklace, which, but a few days ago, numbered only thirteen stones? Does the marquis know that while he is talking to the little blonde, the big brunette is frowning daggers at him from behind that oak-tree? These are questions compared with which a scene of Massenet's, a high note of De Reszké's, or a *pas* of la

Mauri has but a merely passing interest. The innocent outsider, as he lolls comfortably in his stall, may find the air of the *salle* rather hot and oppressive, with faint suggestions of provençal garlic wafted down to him from the upper tier; but if all the significant glances that fly past him, between the boxes and the stalls, between the *salle* and the stage, could only leave their mark behind them in the air, he would see it thicker with telegraphic wires than that of the streets of New York in their worst days.

Now, it is a part of human inertia that no institution is much better than it absolutely need be for a very long time; a highly admirable supply can be steadily maintained only where there is a decided public demand. It is not hard to see what the effect upon an institution like the Académie de Musique must be, when the main staple of its support, the majority of its regular frequenters, care more for dancing and scandal than for music and acting. The result is all too evident. It is a notorious fact that the Académie de Musique has been going pretty steadily down hill artistically for many years. Some people date this decadence from the time the Académie entered its present quarters; but it really began much earlier. From what I saw and heard last winter, I should judge that the institution had nearly touched bottom.

The orchestra is excellent, and plays admirably when well conducted—which is not always the case, by the way. The chorus is fair, the ballet good, albeit by no means up to the level of the best Italian troupes. The principal singers range all the way from the admirable to the miserably incompetent. The standard of acting struck me as very low, but I was told that this was to be explained by the traditions of the house; that opera had always been recognized as a conventional form of art, and that anything but the old, conventional operatic style of acting would be considered beneath the dignity of the form and of the Académie. This may be so; but I still have a suspicion that, if a really strong actor were to appear on the boards of the Opéra, he would not be tabooed.

Of the singers I heard last winter few seemed to me to deserve the name of great artists. The De Reszké brothers were not in Paris while I was there, and after all, it would be needless for me to write of them if I had heard them, for all New York knows them now. Lassalle, the bass, is a remarkably fine singer; not a man to make you forget Faure, but one who impresses you at once as a commanding personality, as a man of mark. Unfortunately, he is a mere apology for an actor; but even here his earnestness carries him through, for his histrionic shortcomings spring evidently from a lack of specific talent, and not from apathy. He has neither the smiling fatuity of Rubini, nor the immovable stolidity of Brignoli —probably the worst two actors in the history of the lyric stage—only he produces no sensible dramatic impression, save through his singing. He was the one redeeming feature in the worst performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" I ever saw anywhere. Melchissédec, the baritone, is a vociferous and, upon the whole, effective singer, with a rather defective method, and a general lack of finish; but he shows indubitable power in high-wrought and violent passages, and is, moreover, a great favorite with the public. He is one of the best, or perhaps I should say, one of the most effective, actors at the Académie; he seems to be naturally dramatic in facial expression and gesture, but one is fain to think that he does not use his head much, and he often seems to deserve the criticism Francisque Sarcey once made on old Sanson, of the Comédie-Française: "that he never *understood* a blessed word of his part," for he will now and then do the most superbly dramatic things entirely out of place. It is quite wonderful, for instance, to see his really grand outburst of rage as *Valentin* (in Gounod's "Faust"), when *Méphisto* toasts his sister in the second act —an outburst which comes ten good seconds before *Méphisto* has mentioned *Marguerite's* name. Of noteworthy tenors I heard none, and I am glad I have thoroughly forgotten the name of the hapless individual whom I heard murder the great quartet in "Rigoletto." I did not think a Frenchman could be found who would so distort the exqui-

site, high-bred grace of that melody, and make its warmth seem so like ice.

In fine soprani the Académie was rather rich last winter. Mme Rose Caron has a pretty hard, dry voice, but she is an admirable dramatic singer, one who knows how to unite passionate fire with classic dignity; she is also, within the limits "permitted" at the Académie, a fine actress. Miss Emma Eames we all know by this time; I only heard her as *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," but was much struck by the beauty of her voice, the excellence of her singing, and the nobility of her stage presence. She seemed like one who was just on the eve of becoming a great artist. Mme Melba, the Australian song-bird, has a voice of ravishing sweetness, and sings brilliant *fioriture* with the perfection of grace. One of the most remarkable members of the company is Mme Lureau-Escalaïs; she is not great in any sense of the word, but she is a thoroughly good and satisfying singer, one who has no particular line, but can sing almost anything well. She is equally good in recitative, in impassioned *cantilena*, and in *coloratura*. One evening she confounded all Paris by singing both the soprano parts (*Alice* and *Isabelle*) in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" at the same performance. I wonder whether this feat is not unique in the annals of opera!

One can see that there is no lack of good material at the Opéra; only this good material is mixed up with so much that is poor! The star-system is, in the end, at the bottom of much of the trouble. For years the really great singers at the Opéra have had occasional, more or less extended, leaves of absence, ostensibly for rest and recuperation, but really to enable them to sing at enormous prices in London and St. Petersburg. As the Académie de Musique cannot compete, or refuses to compete, with the prices paid in these capitals, its hold upon its best talent grows feebler year by year; the leaves of absence become longer and more frequent, until, one by one, the great singers drop out of its troupe entirely. Now New York also has entered the field; the De Reszkés and others are here for the whole season. All opera-going publics are more or less alike; audiences in Paris, London, New York, or Berlin are, at bottom, much of the same temper. What the public likes—in so far as it cares for the musical part of the entertainment at all—is stars. The star-system once in vogue in one great operatic centre, it can be combated only by the star-system in others. It has even worked its way into the Académie de Musique itself. Time was when no singer could be engaged there for less than a whole season; no one could sing at the Opéra except by becoming a regular member of the company; singers were thus engaged, not for certain specified parts, but for a certain class of parts; they had to accept the parts assigned to them, if these parts were in their line. But, for many years, this rule has been more and more winked at. Patti has been engaged for five nights; last fall Vandyk was engaged to sing *Lohengrin*, and these cases are by no means isolated. It is the star-system in full blast! Nothing is more demoralizing to a company than this. Wherever this abominable system gains foothold, the company soon ceases to be a "team," as the phrase goes, and becomes a mere aggregation of more or less competent individuals; *esprit de corps* and all characteristic style go by the board.

Of late years grievous complaints have been made on still another ground. Press and public complain bitterly, not so much of the scarcity of novelties brought out each year at the Opéra, as of the astounding immutability of its *répertoire*. This is a technical term in France, and does not quite mean what "repertory" does with us. A theatre's *répertoire* comprises all the *old works* in its repertory—all those which were successes in their day. Now, for many years the *répertoire* pieces given, over and over again, at the Opéra have been: "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "La Juive," "La Favorite," "Faust," and less frequently "Robert le Diable" and "Guillaume Tell." Add to these some few newer works by Massenet and others, and you have about the whole list. When you consider that, at a moderate estimate, nine out of ten novelties are dead failures,

you see that, for the "first lyric theatre" in France, this list is terribly short. True, the *répertoire* generally draws well, for people in general like what they know better than what is new to them. I do not think that the public of the Opéra would care to have more than one or two of these old works cashiered; but they do ask to have the list largely added to. Discontent reigns everywhere; and this discontent is not stilled by the well-known fact that some of the directors of the Académie de Musique have made enormous sums of money while in office. People feel quite naturally that, as the Académie is a subventioned theatre, paid for in part out of the general taxes, it should not be thrown open as a field for immoderate private speculation; that, if the director can make a decent living out of his position, that should be enough, and the surplus money should go to the institution, instead of into his pocket. They see vast sums expended upon the production of new works which have little chance of permanence, while the *répertoire* pieces are often given with scenery that would disgrace a second-rate provincial stage. The prison-scene I saw in "Faust" last winter was a marvel of shabbiness. When the Opéra does things sumptuously, its gorgeousness is well-nigh unparalleled; but when it does not, its stage mounting is astonishingly down at the heel.

In sharp contrast with the doings at the Académie de Musique are the performances at the Opéra-Comique, the "*deuxième théâtre-lyrique.*" Although this establishment has been somewhat under a cloud ever since the burning of its old house, the Théâtre-Favart, in 1887, and has been also in financial straits, it has not lost its prestige. The move to the old Théâtre-Lyrique on the place du Châtelet may have been unavoidable, but it was certainly unfortunate. In the first place, the *salle* is too large for opéra-comique, and Paris audiences feel the difference very keenly. Then the house itself has a reputation for failure that nothing can cure; it is, moreover, in the wrong part of the town, and this means a great deal in Paris. There is an immense amount of routine in all phases of Parisian life; no people on earth seem to live more automatically, to have such fixed habits. The bourgeoisie especially live by schedule; if they are in the habit of going to one theatre, they can hardly be persuaded to go to another. Now, the Opéra-Comique has, for years, had a special *clientèle*, a special public; and, when it was forced to move from the place Boieldieu to the place du Châtelet, the larger part of its public refused to follow it thither—the good people almost preferred going to look at the ruins in the place Boieldieu; the Théâtre-Lyrique made them feel ill at ease and home-sick.

But if something of its whilom air of comfortable prosperity has temporarily left the Opéra-Comique, it has suffered little loss in an artistic way. The orchestra, if not large, is admirable in quality, and plays with rare vitality and precision. Its conductor, M. Danbé, is a noted disciplinarian, and has the forces under his bâton under absolute command. The chorus, too, is excellent. Of the principal singers—all of whom are more or less good, and some of them surpassingly good, actors—Mme Landouzy, an admirable light soprano, holds the first place among the women, and Soulacroix, the baritone, among the men. Soulacroix is a singer far above the common run, and now that Talazac, the famous tenor, has left the company, may be accounted the Opéra-Comique's strongest card. He is also an exceedingly brilliant actor; his *Figaro*, in Rossini's "Barbier de Séville," is one of the best I ever saw. Last winter, Mlle Jane Horwitz made a brilliant début in Delibes's "Lakmé," and in other high florid soprano parts; she is still young, almost a beginner, but gives promise of doing great things in her line. She was certainly the sensation of the season at the Comique. Miss Sybil Saunderson I did not hear, as she was not in Paris. But the Opéra-Comique does not depend for its success upon the brilliancy of this or that singer; it depends upon the ensemble of its company, which has long since become a by-word for excellence. There are not a few singers now at the Académie de Musique who would not be tolerated here, even apart from

DRAWN BY F. SINIBALDI.

Behind the Scenes during an Entr'acte at the Opéra.

ENGRAVED BY PECKWELL.

the consideration that good acting is a *sine qua non* at the Opéra-Comique. The company is of extraordinarily even

Mlle Horwitz, of the Opéra Comique.

excellence, and is, in the fullest sense of the word, a "team;" its performances all have a characteristic style and snap that betokens years and years of unbroken tradition. Indeed, the Opéra-Comique could teach the Académie de Musique several things, were it once put to it. I should be by no means surprised to hear that the performances it means to give this winter of Wagner's "Maîtres-chanteurs"—the hugest task it has ever attempted—proved to be admirable.

The four subventioned theatres in Paris—the Comédie-Française (premier théâtre-français), the Odéon (deuxième théâtre-français), the Académie de Musique (premier théâtre-lyrique), and the Opéra-Comique (deuxième théâtre-lyrique)—all look to one common source from which to recruit their active forces; this is the Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation. There are probably few public buildings in Paris so little known to strangers in general as the Conservatoire; even comparatively few of the musically inclined visitors ever visit it, or, indeed, know where it is. The well-known difficulty outsiders have in procuring tickets to the concerts given there has frightened away many a music-lover from making the attempt, and what other solemnities go forward within its old walls are not of a nature to interest the general tourist. Yet it is a place well worth a visit from the dilettante, for, apart from its having the finest orchestra in the world, it is still the first music-school and the first dramatic school in the world.

The main entrance to the Conservatoire is on the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, on the corner of the rue Bergère; the building extends along the latter as far as the rue du Conservatoire, on which is its rear entrance, the one through which you go in to the concerts. The rear façade stretches along the rue du Conservatoire as far as the rue Sainte-Cécile, on which the side-wall extends nearly half-way back to the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière. The ground plan of the building is in the shape of an **L**, the two long sides being on the rue Bergère and the rue du Conservatoire, and the two ends on the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière and the rue Sainte-

M. Lassalle, of the Opéra.

Cécile. All within the building is old-fashioned and primitive; the class-rooms are small and ill-ventilated, with bare

walls and wooden floors, hard, narrow, wooden benches or straw-bottomed chairs, and with a temperature fit for all drudgery and technique. One little incident in the singing class gave me an appreciative sense of what a luxury it is

Miss Emma Eames (Mrs. Julian Story), of the Opéra.

the roasting of eggs. The arrangement of these rooms is, perhaps, the best possible under the circumstances, for the Conservatoire is much cramped for space, but some rather ludicrous juxtapositions occur; for instance, the class-rooms for brass instruments are next door to the rooms in which the harmony and counterpoint classes are held. But these shabby and comfortless apartments mean business, and that with a vengeance.

It was my privilege last winter to visit four of the classes, one in harmony, one in violin, one in singing, and one in solfége. Of singing and violin teaching I am no judge, but I could appreciate, at least, the care and thoroughness of the instruction given, and the high artistic point of view of the teaching; no drudgery was shirked, but it was not for a country to have an Academy to regulate its native tongue. A hulking young fellow of eighteen, with a bass voice like thunder, was singing a snatch of recitative, and stumbled on the words, "*et nōtre amour;*" the teacher stopped him off-hand: "My young friend, when you sing in French, it is just as well to sing French; it isn't *nōtre amour;* there is no circumflex there; it is *nŏtre amour.*" If a teacher had said a thing of that sort about English pronunciation in any American conservatory, the pupil would have talked back, and flung some conflicting "authority" at his head. But of the teaching in the harmony and solfége classes, I can speak with knowledge of the subject; the teaching seemed to me superlatively good and sound at every point, and the results most excellent. Some of the

DRAWN BY EUG. MORAND.

Class-room for Declamation at the Conservatoire.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

harmony exercises I looked over (written by young girls of fifteen or sixteen) were capital, and showed a care for something more and higher than a mere following out dry rules. The remarks made by the teacher, too, were always to the point, and actuated by genuine musical feeling. The classes in declamation I did not hear, much to my regret, for some of the best actors at the Théâtre-Français teach at the Conservatoire. Of the concerts given at this institution I will speak in my next article. As I have said, the four subventioned theatres in Paris have a sort of lien upon the students at the Conservatoire; they have a right to engage such students as take first or second prizes at the final examinations, if they think they need their services. These theatres have the first pick of the prize pupils. Per contra, students in composition who win the Grand Prix de Rome, have the right to have an opera performed, either at the Académie de Musique or the Opéra-Comique (according to its character), on their return from a three years' sojourn at the Académie de France on the Pincian.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

I.

WHEN a man of thirty-five is happily, blissfully married, the scope of his reflections is necessarily limited. Owing to the circumstance that he is a husband and a father, many questions which used to occupy and agitate his mental faculties have been dismissed or solved. He is no longer haunted by the face of every pretty girl he meets, for he has already met the woman most fitted in the wide world to make him happy; and consequently all the cobwebs of cogitation concerning love which were wont alternately to exalt and depress his spirit as a single man, have been swept from his brain. He is no longer prone to dreams about the object of his affections, for he has her perpetually beside him, nor is he tempted to indulge in hyperbole as to what he would do and dare at her bidding, seeing that her bidding has now become his.

Analogously, he has dismissed as impracticable certain picturesque visions regarding his future which he had long entertained and kept in reserve in the secret places of his soul, to be acted upon under stress of circumstances. How often has he comforted himself, in moments of desolation, with the consciousness that if matters went too much awry he had merely to pack his portmanteau and start east, west, north or south in search of glory and adventure! He has jubilantly pictured himself a cow-boy snatching a splendid bride from the awful waves of a prairie fire; a conductor in a strange city working his way from the platform of a horse-car to the chief magistracy of a nation; a leader into the light of countless hordes, fascinated at first by the swathe of his sword, and later by his counsel; or a primitive forest-dweller, unhampered by clothes or codes, rearing a dusky race cheek by jowl with nature. He has many a time quivered at the thought of how he would be able to bestow, from the summit of his majesty or his independence, kindly yet contemptuous condescension on the associates of his early days who had failed to recognize his superiority. But these are bygone fancies. So far from becoming a cow-boy, or a satrap, or the President of the Republic, or a billionaire, or a bushman, he has reconciled himself to the idea of plodding along in a rut at home, unillumined even by the hope of stopping a runaway horse. With the consciousness of the mortgage on his little house fresh in mind, and the prospect of a larger family staring him in the face, he

recognizes that the chances are against his ever seeing an ostrich farm or a dance of dervishes, and that he may thank his lucky stars if, after ten years of toil, he gets away for a flying trip to Japan by way of the Yosemite.

In other words, he has become a fixture; part and parcel of his own environment, and hopelessly entangled with the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the plumber, the school-teacher, the physician, and the clergyman. Instead of speculating as to whether one would rather love or be loved, he is likely now, in odd moments, to be wondering whether the languidness of baby may not be due to the presence of arsenic in the wall-paper, or crooning over the quarterly bill of his family for boots and shoes. The world has become for him, to all intents and purposes, the community in which he lives, with its hopes, its ambitions, its aspirations, its foibles, its idiosyncrasies, and its crazes.

I occupy a modest establishment in that portion of the city where people take daily baths, do not use the blade of the knife in order to convey food to the mouth, and drink tea from a cup in preference to a saucer. In a republic, where everyone is the peer of everybody else, one cannot be too careful what one says in order to avoid giving offence. In our neighborhood the husband and father who is able to bring up a family on an annual income of fifteen hundred dollars, and lay up money into the bargain, is not to be found; nor is the wife and mother who is able to provide for seventy-five cents, according to those marvellous bills of fare we see in the newspapers, a dinner which begins with raw oysters, includes soup, fish, an entrée, and a joint, and concludes with pudding, fruit, and coffee. Consequently I am obliged to earn an income larger considerably than the sum I have referred to, and although our repasts ordinarily lack fifty per cent. of the delicacies enumerated, I have noticed that on the first of every month my wife is apt to look as if she were going to cry, even if she has self-control enough not to.

I have read somewhere—it may have been in an electric car—that 500,000,000 of the world's population clothe the entire person, 700,000,000 wear more or less clothing, and 250,000,000 wear absolutely nothing. Had I been born in Timbuctoo, what would have been my destiny? The answer is far to seek; but it is irksome to the spirit at times to contrast the simple conditions of primitive man with the complex necessities of a highly civilized household. Given an adobe hut, a canoe, a bow and arrows, a fig-leaf, a pipe, and a string of beads, what does the most fastidious savage lack? As regards butcher's bills, traps against sewer-gas, the telephone, ball-dresses, electric light, private theatricals, and Christian Science, his mind is a complete blank.

When Josephine and I were about to begin housekeeping, she confided to me one evening that we should need only one servant. While I was pondering the matter in silence she continued, with plaintive earnestness:

"We shall really be able to manage perfectly well, Fred; I have thought it all out. I will wash the breakfast things myself, and dust the drawing-room and cut the vegetables on the days the girl has to wash and iron. And then once a fortnight we might have in a scrubbing woman for half a day."

I frowned majestically, revolting at the vision of my Josephine's dainty fingers dallying with a mop or intimately associated with potato-skins and pea-pods. In her mother's house she had been waited upon by inches all her days.

"I will have nothing of the sort, Josephine. I do not wish my wife to make a slave of herself. We must have as many servants as are necessary to do the work."

Josephine sighed and clasped her hands. "How generous you are, Fred! We couldn't possibly require more than two, under any consideration. I heard of two girls to-day who would do capitally for us if you really think we can afford it. They are sisters." If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the attractive picture which those sisters presented when I saw them for the first time, a fortnight later, on my return from our wedding journey. We had come back a day sooner than we had ex-

pected, and we found them seated on the carpet in the centre of the drawing-room, busily engaged in burnishing a number of crystal pendents belonging to the chandelier, and as they looked up beamingly on our approach, it seemed to me that our domestic comfort was assured for years. They were both of buxom, sturdy physique. Delia, the elder, who was to cook for us and do part of the washing, had a firm, honest countenance, which was itself a guaranty that there would be neither waste nor pilfering below stairs. Mary Ann, the second girl, as I was instructed to speak of her, was of a more yielding type, a mild-eyed, dimpled, good-humored-looking woman whose smile suggested willingness to oblige to the last gasp. She was to do the remainder of the washing, tend table, dust and sweep, take care of the rooms, and make herself generally useful to her sister and to Josephine.

"Aren't they lovely?" whispered my darling to me on our way upstairs; and when we were within the privacy of our chamber she flung her arms about my neck and proceeded to expatiate exuberantly on our rare good fortune in having acquired two such treasures. Had she not many a time heard her mother declare that friction in the kitchen was the bane of domestic happiness? There could be none between sisters. They would work side by side in perfect accord, each helping the other.

For a month everything went more than smoothly. Delia's bread and pastry were so light and appetizing that I was never once tempted to make invidious comparisons between them and those which my mother used to provide, so that Josephine's somewhat pallid cheeks grew rosy from sheer delight at my content. Nor was our second girl less satisfactory in her sphere. Although everything in the house was brand new, she broke nothing except a vase in the drawing-room which we both cordially detested, and which had been suffered to figure as an ornament merely out of consideration for the dear friend who had given it to us as a wedding present. But Mary Ann could not have shown more genuine contrition had it been of Satsuma. Accosting her mistress with tears in her eyes and the pieces in her apron, she confessed frankly that she had switched it from the table with her skirt, instead of maintaining that it "broke itself," and begged to be allowed to replace it by a rebate in her wages.

"It made me feel positively wicked," said Josephine, "to see her feel so badly, and to be conscious all the time that I was thankful it was smashed, and that my only fear was we might be able to glue it."

Exemplary Mary Ann! She used to call me in the morning punctually to a minute, and fold my trousers as accurately as a valet, and never once during her incumbency did my darling, in passing her fingers over the plush furniture in the drawing-room, discover dust.

It dawned upon me one day that Mary Ann was a changed being. Instead of going about her work with a light-hearted smile which found vent at times, when she was at a respectful distance, in the snatches of a song, she had become moping and dejected. When I asked her one day for a fresh towel, I observed, while taking it from her through a crack of the bath-room door, that there were tears in her eyes.

"Have you noticed Mary Ann, my dear?" I asked my wife, at the first opportunity. "She has something on her mind."

Josephine nodded, and I perceived that she herself was in a melancholy mood. "I knew it was too perfect to last," she murmured.

"What is the matter?"

"I haven't the least idea, Fred; I have refrained from asking in order to put off the evil day as long as possible, but I have felt in my bones for the past week that we were walking over a volcano. I might have known it could not last."

"Pooh!" I answered. "You take the matter altogether too seriously, my dear. Mary Ann and her young man have probably had a falling out—that is all."

Josephine looked incredulous. The next day, when I returned home from down-town, I found her sitting limp and doleful on the sofa.

"Oh, Fred!" she exclaimed, as I entered the room, "Delia is going."

"Delia? You mean Mary Ann."

"I mean Delia, Fred."

"What in thunder—" I began, but I was interrupted by the opening of a door behind me.

"Please, ma'am, may I say a word to you?"

It was our second girl, the picture of dejection with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is it, Mary Ann?" said my wife, with a touch of tartness unusual to her.

"Please, ma'am, since Delia is going I must go too."

Josephine gave a gasp. "Go because Delia is going?"

"Yes, ma'am. She is my sister, you know."

"But it is because she ill-treated you that she is going. You said that she had been cruel to you, and I remonstrated with her, and she said that she would not stay. And now you, on whose account she is leaving us, come and tell me that you are going too. What do you mean, Mary Ann?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the treasure, with a convulsive sob. "We came together and we must go together."

"You cannot go, Mary Ann."

I saw my wife really angry for the first time since I had known her, and I interposed with masculine gruffness.

"What is all this nonsense, Mary Ann, about your going and Delia's going? You will both of you stay, of course."

"She told me this morning," burst out Josephine, indignantly, "that her sister had cruelly maltreated her ever since they had been here, and that she was very unhappy. And, Fred, I went down into the kitchen to speak to Delia about it, and Delia said that she wished to go at once."

"She went, sir, just before I came up the stairs."

Josephine gave another gasp.

"Well, then, what more do you wish, Mary Ann?" I said. "If your sister has gone, you have nothing to complain of, so back to your work."

She shook her head mournfully and answered slowly, while she mopped her streaming eyes, "She was my own sister, sir, but she was that cruel to me that I couldn't have lived in the house with her another day. And I've no word of complaint to speak against you, sir, or your lady. But if Delia's gone I can't stay. We came together and we must go together."

And she went.

II.

As I was saying, we began our housekeeping with two servants. When baby came and the monthly nurse was on the eve of departure, Josephine spoke of the necessity of a third. We had at this time a cook and second girl who were not even distantly related, and though our bread did not seem to me equal to that to which I had been accustomed as a boy, and articles to which we were attached "broke themselves" from day to day, we were tolerably comfortable.

I was brute enough to inquire nonchalantly why the second girl could not tend baby. Let me add, in my own behalf, that this was just after the judge had directed a verdict for the defendant in a big accident case which I had brought for an impecunious client, who had lost a leg, against a rich corporation.

"Cornelia tend baby? How could she?" my wife replied, with so much horror in her tone that, remembering the doctor's injunction that she should be agitated as little as possible, I hastened to add, "If she can't, she can't, and there's an end of it."

Josephine dropped the subject for thirty-six hours. She chose, as a time for taking it up again, the middle of the night, when I had happened to wake up for a moment.

"You would never be willing to live so, Fred," she began, suddenly.

"Live how, my dear?" I asked, at a loss as to the connection.

"Why, with two servants, of course. Haven't you been asking me why Cornelia could not tend baby in addition to doing all her other work?"

Now, I was infernally sleepy to begin with, and in the second place I did not like the insinuation contained in Josephine's opening sentence; so I murmured a little doggedly, "How do other people live?"

"I should just like to see you living like other people," she answered, with a vicious dab at her pillow. "I should just like to see you."

"How does Harry Bolles manage?" I continued. "He has twins, and he keeps only two servants."

I ought to have known better than refer to Harry Bolles at this time of the night, because if there was one thing more than another calculated to arouse the indignation of my wife, it was the trick I had — she called it a trick — of citing the Bolleses as an argument on every possible occasion.

"That just shows how much you know," Josephine replied slowly, between her teeth. "You would not live as Harry Bolles lives for twenty-four hours."

I was thoroughly awake myself now, and rather mad, so I ventured boldly on the assertion that, so far as I could see, the Bolleses got along very well.

"Now it happens, Fred, that I called on Mrs. Bolles yesterday," said my wife, in a key of scornful triumph, "and it happens that she confided to me how they do live. One of their servants is a maid of all work, and the nurse divides her time between taking care of the twins and assisting her; and when she is assisting the other girl or waiting on table, Mrs. Bolles has to take care of the twins, and she looks dragged out, poor thing, in consequence; and the twins sleep in her room and they are very wakeful, for they are teething, and she told me that the other night her husband had to walk up and down with one, and she with the other, from twelve until three."

"Where was the nurse?" I inquired, loftily.

"How just like a man to ask 'where was the nurse?' I should be glad to know how you can expect a girl who does half of the work of a house in addition to taking charge all day of two helpless infants, one year and a half old, to lose her night's rest into the bargain. The nurse was in bed asleep, of course. Moreover, Mrs. Bolles told me that Harry looks after the furnace himself. I should like to see you raking out the ashes and shovelling in the coal every morning."

"Pooh!" I answered. "It would be fun rather than otherwise, if it were necessary."

"Necessary? That's just it. I suppose that I could manage to get along without a nurse, if it were necessary; only I will be honest, Fred, and acknowledge that it would not be fun."

"I wish you would let me go to sleep, Josephine," I remarked at this juncture. "Do you realize what o'clock it is? A man who has to work as hard as I do all day can scarcely be expected to lose his night's rest into the bargain."

Having covered my defeat by means of this adroit shot I lay awake for half an hour longer, absorbed in reverie. As indeed I had been well aware from the beginning, my wife was right about the Bolleses; I would not be willing to live as they did for twenty-four hours. I shuddered and drew the sheet over my head as I pictured myself in overalls, wrestling daily with the intricacies of the furnace and trying to make the world believe that I did it for the sake of the exercise. How pleasant, on a cold winter's night, when you had just finished dressing to go out to dinner and were taking a little pride in your fleckless shirt-bosom, would be the news that the furnace fire had gone out, involving the alternative that you should rekindle it or imperil the lives of your offspring! And if I shuddered on my own account, I shuddered tenfold more on account of Josephine, beholding as plainly as could be in my mind's eye, athwart the darkness, my darling pacing the chamber in her wrapper in the small hours of the morning, soothing her baby in order that I might sleep; for that is what Josephine would be likely to do, being a woman cast in a less selfish mould than the rest of her sex. Indeed, so deeply was I distressed by the pathos of this situation that in the morning, of my own volition, I remarked, in a brisk, off-hand fashion:

"If you're going to engage a nurse, my dear, be sure you get a good one. If you see the woman you like, don't haggle about wages."

My wife was silent for an instant, then she smiled to herself in a peculiar way she has and said, "How queer you are, Fred! One moment you put me in the dumps by talking as if we were on the

verge of the poor-house, and the next one would suppose from your grandiloquent style that we were rolling in riches."

"Scarcely, my dear," I answered; "but I fail to see the advantage of making one's self uncomfortable for a paltry twenty-five or fifty dollars a year. That is a woman's idea of economy."

"I have noticed, though, all the same, that on the occasions when I have to ask you for money, you do not act as though you thought even half that sum paltry. I shall remind you of it the next time you dole me out a pitiful five-dollar bill," said the angel of my life, tempering the irony of her words by a sportive smile and an evident disposition to embrace me—from which she was deterred only by the fact that my cheeks were covered with lather.

How often have we enacted a more or less similar bit of private theatricals in the course of our gradual transition from the domestic simplicity represented by two incumbents in the kitchen, to the numbers and circumstance of the household of a modern family man! As the consequence of my reluctance, not merely to renounce clothes like to him of Timbuctoo, but to care for the furnace after the pattern of Harry Bolles, I find myself to-day the presiding genius of a retinue which includes, besides the four children who call me father, a cook and a nurse and a parlor-maid and a laundress and a chore-man, whose united efforts to do the work of the household are not entirely able to conceal from me the possibility that I may be cozened at no distant day into adding to their number a kitchen-girl, a coachman, and another nurse. And yet there are individuals who look askance at me as unimaginative, because under pressure of the consciousness that so much flesh and blood is dependent upon me for daily bread, I walk fearlessly under a ladder, am willing to move to the sea-side on Friday, and sit down at table without ado in a company of thirteen.

In the crush of modern civilization he who wishes to arrive must frequently walk under a ladder, will he, nill he; and analogously, it does not take a married man long to discover the limitations imposed upon his fancy by his responsibilities as husband, father, and master. Although I have never encountered a ghost, there was a time when I enjoyed listening to the blood-curdling experiences of those who thought they had, and I was altogether willing to ponder the arguments of those who maintained that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. But to-day I find myself in such a frame of mind regarding the unseen world, that I should like nothing better than to see a ghost, in order to be able to shie my boot-jack at it to prove my incredulity; and I am sorely tempted, when interrogated as to the authorship of Hamlet, to inquire what difference it makes anyway. Would not Hamlet still be Hamlet, and Othello, Othello, whether they were written by Shakespeare or by Bacon?

The reason for this frame of mind is evident enough. Before a married man, in the fulness of his responsibilities as a paterfamilias, leaves the house in the morning, he is likely to hear that there is more coal needed, that there is a leak in the roof, or that one of the children has swallowed a cent. His wife rushes after him and hails him at the foot of the door-steps to tell him that there is not a bar of soap in the house, and to be sure and bring home some money for the sewing-woman. Provided he has a telephone both at home and down-town, she does not need to send the chore-man to his office with the intelligence that not a drop of water will run in the house, for she is able to ring him up and to let him know at the same time that she fears she may have given away by mistake the wrong suit of his clothes to the chambermaid's brother just out from Sweden. When he arrives home at night he expects to hear that the laundress is utterly dissatisfied with the accommodations in the laundry, that his golden-haired daughter has dropped a doll down the drain-pipe, or that moths have honeycombed his riding trousers. After dinner, if there is no smell of gas which obliges him to ascend a step-ladder and press his nose against the chandelier in search of a leak, he is haply called upon to consider, for the benefit of the rising generation, whether Jonah's sojourn in the belly of

the whale can be reconciled with the laws of natural science, or if it is advisable to allow his eldest son, aged seven, to hang on behind "Booby huts." Then like as not, after he has gone to bed and is just dropping off to sleep, his better half will nudge him to inquire if he *has* brought home that money for the sewing-woman. Then there are the bills from the butcher and the grocer and the milkman to absorb his attention on the first of every month, and from the plumber and the dressmaker and the gas company at the beginning of every quarter, and from the tax-collector, the ice-man and the dancing-school teacher at periods when they are the least welcome. Though he "remembers" substantially on Christmas day everyone who has the slightest claim on his bounty, from his wife's mother to the letter carrier and the elevator boy down town, he is certain to be lured from the dinner-table half a dozen times during the month of January by the mysterious whisper of the house-maid that there is "a gentleman" waiting to see him in the hall, who invites him to subscribe to the coachman's ball, the waiter's ball, the policeman's ball, or the fireman's ball, as the case may be. In the early summer he is moved to the country or the sea-side, and in the early autumn he is moved back again, and during the interim his office is a sort of receiving bureau for bundles, which he is expected to carry out to his family, containing everything from a single skein of sewing-silk to a carboy of analyzed spring water. Considering the multiplicity of these distractions, is it altogether surprising if he remains comparatively indifferent as to whether William Tell really shot an apple off his son's head or was only a mythical humbug?

I live in the city in an unpretentious little house which must be moderately elastic, seeing that Josephine confided to me, after the birth of our first baby, that if we ever had another we should have to move; for we have two boys and two girls, and I still have faith, in spite of my wife's direct asseveration to the contrary, that we should be able to tuck away a number five somewhere. We look out at our neighbors over an infinitesimal grass-plot which is brought to my attention conspicuously twice a year, once when an itinerant gardener calls, about the time the snow flies, with a bill for having kept it in order for a twelvemonth, and again in mid-summer, when happening to visit the house to make sure that the water-pipes have not burst or thieves taken up a permanent residence during the absence of the family, I am confronted by an army of weeds almost as high as the door-sill. What a ghoulish experience it is, by the way, to go prowling about a closed up house from sheer motives of domestic prudence and the expectation of disagreeable discoveries. There is a deathly stillness as you enter, consistent with the dim and stuffy atmosphere, which perplexes the nostrils by suggesting alternately sewer-gas, decomposing mouse, and insect powder. As you walk across the uncarpeted hall, sundry pieces of furniture detonate like pistol-shots to the infinite peril of your nerves, and it is only when you have examined the safe and found it unrifled that you are ready to believe that the establishment has no inmates. Your wife has told you that in order to obtain your gray trousers, which were left behind by mistake, you have only to look in the top drawer of her bureau for the key of the cedar chest and undo a bundle immediately under your eyes in the right-hand corner next the wall, marked plainly, "Fred's winter clothes." You fail to find any key in the top drawer, but you light upon three bunches of keys in the third, most of which are unlabelled. After trying the majority of those without labels you discover the key of the cedar chest, which proves to be unlocked after all. As you raise the lid a profound smell of camphor pervades the air. You gaze blankly at a wide expanse of neatly tucked in sheet, which you hesitate to disturb from the fear lest you will never be able to tuck it in again. Removing it gingerly, you behold a well-packed arrangement of bundles. You examine the bundle immediately under your eyes in the right-hand corner and find there is no mark on it; but the bundle beside it is clearly marked "my robin's egg blue tea-gown." You say to your-

self that perhaps Josephine meant the left-hand corner next the wall and you investigate, only to find a bundle marked "baby's winter coat." You look in the right-hand corner away from the wall and in the left-hand corner away from the wall, but fail to find what you are in search of. Occupying the middle space is a huge, carefully swathed bundle inscribed "the drawing-room curtains."

"Dash it all! Where are my trousers?" you say to yourself, beginning to perspire freely from the intensity of your emotions. Regardless of your wife's strict injunction to disturb nothing, you seize upon "the drawing-room curtains" and deposit them on the floor beside you, exposing thereby an array of other bundles over which your glance passes feverishly, but in vain. "Dash it all!" you mutter again, and out come "my robin's egg blue tea-gown" and "baby's winter coat," and the bundles which bore no marks. "Dash it all, where are those trousers?" you repeat with rising exasperation, and out come "the children's winter leggings," "Fred's great-coat," "my velvet skirt," and "dining-room rug" higgledy-piggledy. You are fuming now, and you pitch out everything right and left until there is nothing remaining in the cedar chest but "my seal skin sack" and "Fred's arctics." Then you gaze around you gloomily, still dispossessed of the gray trousers, and not altogether satisfied with your handiwork. You begin to pitch the things in again, and to squash them savagely into position. You feel furious with Josephine for having deceived you. As you return each bundle, you note superciliously whatever writing there is on it. All of a sudden you flush, and a sensation of shame and disgust besets the small of your back, and you find yourself confronted by the words, "Fred's winter clothes." You realize, too, that the bundle bearing this inscription is identical in size and shape with the one which, when you raised the lid of the chest, was immediately under your eyes in the right-hand corner next the wall. You scan it for a moment ruminantly, examine the other side and proceed to scrutinize two or three other bundles. You have guessed the truth, which is that the unmarked side had happened to be uppermost and you had neglected to turn the bundle over. You undo it soberly, and there, sure enough, are the gray trousers.

After doing your best to repack the cedar chest, and finding that you cannot close the lid because of your inability to make room for "the drawing-room curtains," you decide to leave them on top of the chest, and you proceed downstairs to inspect the kitchen and laundry, which you have not yet visited. You go prowling through these lower regions, peering morbidly into coal-bins and wash-tubs, and scanning philosophically the cockroaches disporting themselves over the kitchen range regardless of your presence. A faint moaning sound breaks in upon the prevailing stillness, and you stand still to listen with thumping heart. It is repeated, and it seems to you to emanate from the cellar between the kitchen in the rear and the laundry in front, where the furnace and the store-closet and your private wine-closet are situated. You step thither, and noticing that the store-closet door is on the jar, throw it open, merely to encounter silence and coffee-scented space. As you stand still listening, the moaning sound is audible again close at hand and more clearly defined, suggesting to your imagination the throes of a dying victim. You say to yourself that a murder must have been committed in your wine-closet, and after a shaky pause you resolutely try the door. It is locked, as it should be. Puzzled, but none the less appalled, you tremulously draw your keys from your pocket, and selecting the right one, fit it to the lock. You draw a deep breath, turn it, and with a doughty effort fling open the door. For a moment there is a ghastly stillness, and then forth from among the demijohns and wine-cases staggers the cat —the missing cat who, as you now recall, was nowhere to be found on the day your family moved out of town, just seven weeks ago.

"Miau—ow!"

"Poor, poor pussy!"

You observe with surprise that, though painfully shrunken and emaciated, she still is disposed to twist herself around your legs just as in the days of her well-

fed prosperity, and recalling the adage as to the nine lives of a cat, you wonder how many of them she has left. She looks up at you beseechingly, uttering now and again a piteous mew, while you stand reflecting as to what you are to do with her. By dint of rummaging in the store-closet you find an empty basket into which you make sundry attempts to deposit her, but with so little success that you end by calling in at a neighboring grocer's and making an arrangement with him for a pecuniary consideration to capture her and feed her until you return to town. You leave him your keys for the purpose, with directions to return them to your office, and you proceed soberly on your way down town.

III.

I WAS describing my house. If it be true that a man's house is his castle, it is equally so that the chief seat of his domestic happiness is his parlor. I use the term advisedly, meaning by parlor the room in which his evenings are habitually spent and where he feels most thoroughly and comfortably at home, be it known technically as drawing-room, library, or den. There are people who prefer to maintain a best room for the entertainment of company, where the most magnificently ugly of their belongings are commonly to be found, and in which the window-shades are kept perpetually lowered in order to preserve the carpets, and a fire is never lighted from the dread of smoke-dust. But I agree with Josephine that what we deem comfortable is none too comfortable for our friends; and as a consequence we have participated freely from the very first in our own splendor.

Is there anything more attractive to the newly married Benedict than the cosiness of his evenings at home, in the midst of his household gods and by the side of his sweet partner for life? Even though she objects to his putting his boots on the sofa or badgers him into wearing a swallow-tail coat at dinner every night, is he not a thousand-fold happier than when flitting from ball-room to theatre and from theatre to club in search of feverish excitement? As a well-to-do bachelor, he may perhaps have endeavored to banish dirt by the witchery of assiduous tipping, and to produce the semblance of connubial comfort by a prodigal display of choice upholstery, rare Japonica, and a masterpiece or two in the line of contemporary art; but, except in moments of occasional self-delusion, he has ever been conscious that his hearth was alike cheerless and dusty. Now, under his changed conditions he has, if inclined for conversation, an ever delightful companion; if, moody and exhausted, he prefers silence or a book, even the traditional mouse cannot be stiller than his angel; and is she not perpetually ready to play bézique or back-gammon, or to read aloud, or to listen to him read in case he derives satisfaction from his own performance? He sits in his easy-chair under the latest improvement in lamps and the latest device in ornamental shades, surrounded by tokens from his friends, vases and clocks, thermometers and paper-cutters, a trio of etchings, and a bust of the young Augustus. It seems to him as though he would like to pass his evenings forever in this paradise with perhaps an occasional jaunt to the theatre every fortnight or so by way of variety.

Josephine and I had both, as young people go, seen a great deal of society before we became husband and wife. Although I was never bowled over by anyone so completely as by Josephine, there were, as I have often admitted to her, several young women — say half a dozen by way of a round number — with whom I was more or less infatuated during the course of my bachelorhood. Consequently I was an assiduous attendant at every form of evening festivity. The same had been true substantially of Josephine, who, by dint of her great social popularity, maintained sisterly relations successively with a number of young men ambitious to become still nearer and dearer to her.

We alike, therefore, rejoiced in our opportunity to stay quietly at home, and the long winter evenings of the first year of our married life never dragged. We read and we chatted, we dozed and we played games, we com-

pared impressions regarding the cook and cavilled at the price of beef, and we were altogether happy. Of course, we dined out every now or then with Josephine's parents or with mine, and took what they were pleased to call pot-luck with intimate friends, like the Bolleses; but to all intents and purposes we eschewed society. Josephine had her own reasons for not wishing to appear in public, and I was only too willing to abet her in this respect. I invested in an encyclopædia, subscribed to the leading magazines, and pored over "Pigs in Clover" and kindred puzzles, with a view to making our domestic cosiness complete.

Baby was born in July, and by the time we returned from the sea-side in the early autumn, Josephine was looking not merely like her own self, but handsomer than I had ever seen her. Moreover, she was in famous spirits, and she declared that she was ready for anything and everything — words which sounded just a little ominous to my conjugal ear.

"Fred," she said, with rather an apologetic air, one evening shortly after, "I shall have to order some new clothes."

"Whatever you see fit, my dear," I answered glibly, for I wished my wife to have everything in the way of dress which she deemed essential to her appearance and happiness.

Being in the habit of leaving the details of selection and purchase entirely to her discretion, I thought no more of the matter until one afternoon, some three weeks later, when on my return from down town I was conducted upstairs into the spare room by Josephine, with a radiantly mysterious air, and confronted with a trio of elaborately flounced and furbelowed ball-dresses spread out upon the bed.

"Don't you think they're pretty, Fred?" she inquired, solicitously.

"What are they for?" I asked, with pursed lips and a wrinkling brow.

"For? Why, they're evening dresses, of course. The black lace and the lilac silk are for receptions or dinners, and the white tulle is for dancing parties."

"I thought we were not going to any more parties," I said, dryly. Josephine became suddenly grave, then answered, plaintively: "You know I haven't been anywhere for a year, Fred."

"Neither have I, my dear. What is more, I have no desire to," I retorted, with an air of such superior virtue that my wife was visibly disconcerted.

"You mustn't suppose for a moment, Fred," she faltered, presently, "that I don't prefer my quiet evenings at home with you to anything else in the world, for I do; but — but don't you think that if we were never to go anywhere people would forget us, and we should be apt to grow dull and rusty? Were it not that I feel as if we owed it to ourselves to go about occasionally, I shouldn't mention the fact that, while you are at your office, I sometimes never speak to anybody for days at a time excepting baby and the servants. Besides I don't see very well how we can avoid going to Mrs. Badger's reception. She would be sure to think it very queer and pointed if we stayed away."

It was now my turn to look grave. To begin with, Mrs. Badger was one of my oldest friends. I had been a frequent guest at her house during my bachelorhood, and was indebted to her for many kindnesses. It was she who gave us our six Apostle spoons when we were married. It would never do for us to fail to appear at her reception. Moreover, not being so bad a fellow at heart as some people would make out, I was experiencing qualms on the score of Josephine's allusion to her own solitary state while I was down town, and I could not help acknowledging to myself that it was only natural she should pine for a little diversion after being cooped up all day. Accordingly I answered, in a tone of subdued resignation:

"If Mrs. Badger is to give a reception, I suppose we shall have to go. We ought not, of course, to make complete hermits of ourselves. What is the date of it?"

"A fortnight from to-day. The invitation only came this afternoon. And there is an invitation, Fred, from the Dobbses for a dinner on the 15th, and one from Mrs. Cyrus Merryman for a

small musical party on the 17th," added my darling, timidly. "What do you wish me to do about them?"

I gulped down my feelings so as to reply with an affectation of cheerfulness, "We had better accept. I dare say it will do you good to see a little of the world, for it *is* rather hard that you should be left alone with me the whole time."

"Oh, Fred, that wasn't what I said at all. It just slipped out anyway; but if I only were alone with you all the time I should never wish to be with anyone else."

"Flatterer!" I murmured. "On the contrary, I am ready to acknowledge that a little variety will benefit us both, and if you trot me out occasionally I shall do my best not to grumble."

"And you do think the dresses are pretty, don't you, Fred?" she asked, imploringly, after escaping from the embrace with which my magnanimity was rewarded. "I had been looking forward so to your liking them."

I praised her finery as in duty bound, and thereafter for the next fortnight Josephine's eyes scintillated expectation, and she went about the house humming snatches of old waltzes. But on the evening itself, while she was dressing for the party, she turned suddenly to me and said, with a little nervous shiver: "Fred, I don't believe a single soul in the room will speak to me. I feel positively like a green young thing going to her first cotillon. Remember that you are on no account to leave me all alone by myself."

"Bosh!" I muttered, sleepily. To tell the truth, I had indulged in a cat-nap after dinner, and had just been waked up with the injunction that it was time to dress. "I wish in the name of goodness that I was in bed."

How differently I would have reasoned a twelvemonth before! Then it seemed the most natural thing in the world to struggle into a dress suit at ten o'clock at night, when a large portion of humanity was getting ready for slumber. Now, while I fitted the studs into my shirt-bosom I silently reflected on the folly of turning night into day, and inveighed against the custom of going to parties two hours later than the hour specified in the invitation. We had been asked at eight, but, as Josephine sagely remarked, it would have been crazy to order our carriage before ten unless we wished to be the first to arrive.

We were tolerably early as it was. Josephine looked superbly in her white tulle with some roses, which I had given her, in her corsage, and I felt decidedly proud as I made my way up to our hostess with her on my arm. After exchanging greetings with Mrs. Badger, we fluttered a few yards to one side and found ourselves presently looking into each other's eyes with much the same helpless expression with which the babes in the wood must have regarded each other after their cruel uncle had abandoned them. I had taken it for granted that Josephine's old friends would stumble over each other in their haste to renew their friendship with her, and, though she asseverated afterward that she had no such expectation, I do not believe that she was prepared to remain for five minutes exclusively in my society. Several men whom she knew bowed low to her from a distance, but that was the limit of their devotion for the time being. A queer sort of look appeared in Josephine's eyes, and she fanned herself with a vehemence which seemed to me inconsistent with the temperature of the atmosphere. As for me, I felt like seizing the first available man I knew by the shoulders and asking him how he dared to leave a lovely creature like my wife standing without a soul to speak to except her husband.

Relief came from an unexpected quarter, in the person of young P. Augustus Tomlins, toward whom I shall ever cherish kindly feelings, despite the fact that he is a worm, socially speaking. At least, Josephine would scarcely have deigned to look at him in her palmy days, and, though she was considerate as belles go, would have been apt to crush him had he persisted in forcing himself on her attention. But you would have supposed that he was one of her oldest friends, from the effusive manner with which she greeted him on this occasion. Indeed P. Augustus himself seemed to be taken aback at the cordiality bestowed upon him; he literally gasped

with pleasure, and as he ambled off a moment after with my darling on his arm, his features were singularly suggestive of an elated Cheshire cat.

A married man left to his own devices in a crowded ball-room feels a certain lack of responsibility. Society has become for him largely panoramic, and he is disposed toward contemplative torpor rather than action. Mrs. Badger's reception was a coming out party for her niece, to which, colloquially speaking, all the world and his mother had been invited, and I found myself viewing, as in a glass, the several generations struggling for elbow-room, with a sense of being a spectator rather than a participant. From the eddy, into which I was swept by the muslin skirt of a young thing fresh from the nursery, I scanned the assembled company irresolutely and without incentive. I saw a host of familiar faces and many new ones. The same Jacks were whisking the same or different Jills round and round the smoothly polished floor. The staircase was lined with couples who had sought shelter from the torrid crush of the main drawing-room, where it was barely possible to move, much less to sit down. The tum-tum of the instruments contended fiercely with the hum of many voices, to the evident discomfiture of that old beau Gillespie Gore, who, within ear-shot of where I stood, was describing the recent excavations on the site of ancient Troy to a matron whose eyes furtively followed her daughter's maiden progress. The ball was at its height, and—familiar sight—the couples on the stairs were making a pathway for Mrs. Willoughby Walton, who was arriving abominably late, in black tulle and ostrich feathers with a wealth of roses banked against her expansive bosom. All seemed so natural, and yet so completely different.

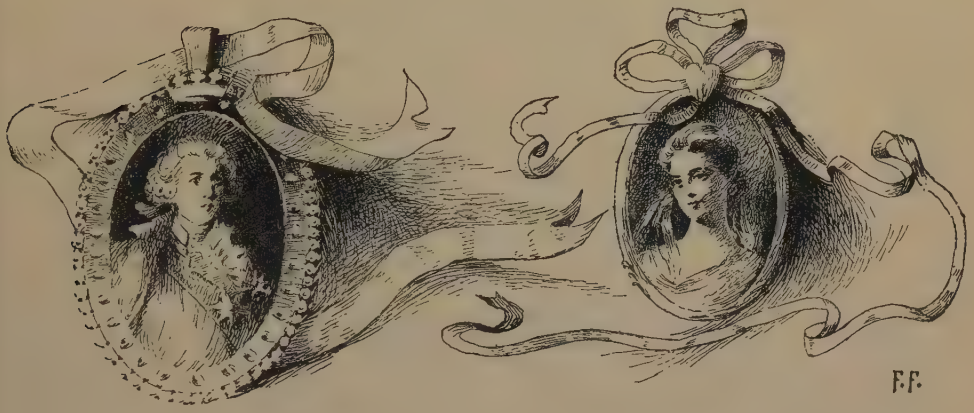
Just as I was saying to myself that it would never do for me to stand ruminating, and that I must speak to somebody, chance landed within a few yards of me my old friend, Miss Polly Flinders, almost breathless with waltzing. Pretty Polly Flinders! There was a time——. But let that pass. These are the reflections of a married man. The last time we had met, oddly enough, was in this very house, nearly two years before, when we had passed the evening together under an india-rubber tree, discussing the interesting problem whether girls are apt to accept men the first time they ask them.

I sidled up to her and inquired how she did, and the cordial manner in which she said, "Why, how do you do? it's ages since we've met!" warmed the cockles of my heart. Then with a beaming, but slightly quizzical, smile she inquired after the health of my first-born. Now, I had for a moment forgotten that I was a husband and father, and was willing for a single night to ignore the fact. Therefore I sought, by a nonchalant reply, to banish the subject of little Fred. But Polly, supposing evidently that the only hold she could hope to have upon my interest was through him, would not be balked. She not only made inquiries as to the color and amount of his hair, and the shade of his eyes, and the development of his teeth, and as to whether he favored Josephine or me in his infantile physiognomy, but she unearthed for my edification all the anecdotes concerning precocious babies which had appeared in the pages of *Punch*, *Puck*, or *Life*, for the past decade. She employed successively in his behalf the most flattering epithets — "cunning," "sweet," "cute," "angelic"—but always, be it said, under cloak of an ambiguous "it," which made clear to my paternal instinct that she was uncertain as to his gender, and did not really know him from Adam.

I sought refuge in a waltz, after which I asked Polly, with something of the archness characteristic of my demeanor as a bachelor, if she would not like to quit the dancing-room, where we were standing close to the wall in juxtaposition with everybody, for a more retired spot. I had the ottoman underneath the india-rubber tree in my mind. Polly shook her head, saying that she thought it was very nice where we were, and began to ask me about the Symphony concerts. From these we branched off to the current theatrical attractions and the unusual prevalence of pneumonia. Though she was kindly and amiable as could be, and was far too well-bred a girl to let her eyes wander deliberately

round the room, it came over me gradually that she was on the alert for someone else. I asked her to waltz again, but she sweetly pleaded fatigue and thrust herself further forward, so that she could be distinctly visible from every quarter. Happily, not many minutes elapsed before Andromeda was rescued from her monster by a magnificent Perseus in a white waistcoat, with whom I had the melancholy satisfaction of espying her later in the evening under the india-rubber tree, deep doubtless in some problem similar to that which she and I had left unsolved two years before. Could I blame her? Surely not. Polly was an old stager, and on her last legs, matrimonially speaking. I felt that it was rather for me to ask her pardon for having subjected her to the importunities of a social Methuselah like myself.

(To be continued.)



TWO PORTRAITS.

By Lloyd McKim Garrison.

A Marshal who had burned a town
And robbed its galleries for the Crown;
A Buccaneer who had unfurled
Out in the undiscovered world
His Christian Majesty's flag, and there
Claimed for him half a Hemisphere;
A venal Judge; a Fop o' the Court;
A Bishop of the easier sort,
Each bore away from the Levee
A portrait of His Majesty,
"For our most loyal Subject," where
The Painter, with discretion rare,
Had hinted at the Hapsburg chin,
But put the royal orders in—
The scarlet cloak—the powdered queue—
With all the art and skill he knew;
Then framed the flattered, simpering face
In a minutely-jewelled case.

Poor fools, to whom that favor meant
Full meed for lives so basely spent,
How very mean it seems when I
(Who nor deserved nor looked so high)
Behold the miniature that She
So graciously accorded me!
A firm white neck and rosy face—
One shoulder through a mist of lace—
Blue eyes that waver not, but have
A something in them frank and brave,
Which the strong chin and forehead high
Confirm, though mirthful mouth deny—
And hair whose luminous fibres shed
Gold like a nimbus round her head.

Inspired young face! for centuries still
To make beholders stir and thrill,
While Majesty smirks, prim and set,
From some Collector's cabinet.

SPEED IN LOCOMOTIVES.

THE LIMITATIONS OF FAST RUNNING.

By M. N. Forney.

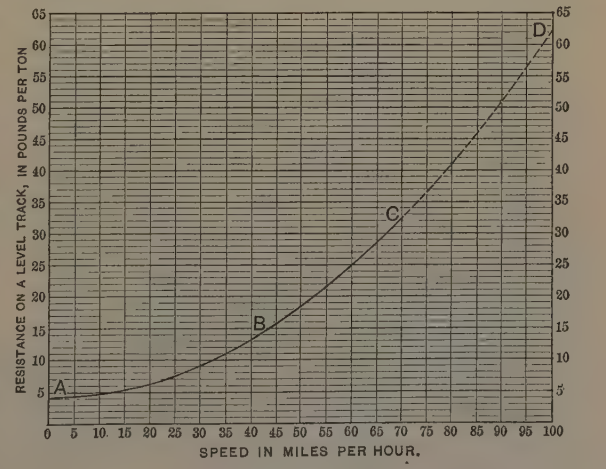
RACING seems to be a natural instinct in human beings as well as in other animals. In our natures this instinct seems to be stimulated, and not satisfied, by the means which science has supplied for achieving rapid movement, and modern appliances are now put into requisition for the gratification of this natural bent. Whole nations are now interested in the "records" of transatlantic steamers, and in the time made by the Flying Dutchman or the Columbian Express. Each gain in speed, in both land and water, seems to add to the eagerness with which people inquire about future possibilities.

When Stephenson's Rocket, on its trial trip, made a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour, doubtless those who saw and heard of it were as anxious then to know how much faster a locomotive could run as we are to-day when we travel more than twice as fast.

In speculating on this subject a sort of single-rule-of-three logic is sometimes applied to it which is apt to lead to erroneous conclusions. Mechanical dialecticians assume as a premise that the improvements which have been made in locomotives in sixty years have resulted in doubling the speed, therefore in sixty years more we will be able to travel twice as fast as we do now. Or, in other words, sixty years ago we travelled 30 miles an hour and now we travel 60, therefore as 30 : 60 :: 60 : 120 = the speed at which we will travel sixty years hence. There are, however, greater difficulties in the way of doing this than appear from this arithmetical syllogism. The aim of this brief discourse on railroad speed will be, to use words of Mr. Carlyle which referred to quite a different subject, "to tell practically, in reasonable words, what the possibilities, limitations, difficulties, laws, and conditions of the enterprise are."

It may be said, in the first place, that

to move an ordinary car on a level railroad track requires the exertion of a horizontal pull of from four to five pounds for each ton (of 2,000 pounds) of its weight. That is, if it weighs twenty-five tons and a rope is attached to it, it will be necessary to exert a pull of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds on the rope to keep the car moving at a slow speed after it is started. As the speed increases, the "resistance"—as it is called—of the car also increases: that is, more force or pull must be exerted to keep it moving. The exact rate with which this resistance is augmented when the speed is accelerated, and the laws governing it, are still imperfectly understood. Our knowledge of the subject—especially that relating to the higher speeds—is only approximate, and probably not a very close approximation either. Tables have been compiled—from such data as are available—showing the resistance of trains at different speeds. The accompanying diagram is constructed from such a table, in which the resistances have been plotted, so as to show graphically the rate at which they increase. The speed in miles per hour is laid off on the base line 0–100, each space between the vertical lines representing five miles per hour. The spaces between the horizontal lines represent the resistance in pounds per ton. The resistance per ton for the speed represented by each vertical line is laid off from the base line, and a curve, *A B C*, is drawn through the points thus laid down. Its vertical distance, as 40 *B* above the base line, at any point 40, thus represents the resistance at the speed indicated by that point. At sixty miles an hour, it will be seen the curve shows that the resistance is twenty-five pounds per ton.



No data exist to show how much power is required to pull a train at a speed greater than seventy miles per hour; but if the curve in the diagram is continued beyond the vertical line representing seventy miles per hour, as shown by the dotted line *C D*, it will indicate approximately the rapid rate at which the resistance probably increases above that speed.

It must be remembered that to maintain a high rate of speed there must be a continuous pull exerted on the drawbar of a locomotive, and that the relative amount of this pull at different speeds is indicated by our diagram.

This propelling power of a locomotive is due to the pressure which is exerted on the pistons of two cylinders by the expansive action of the steam. Each piston makes two strokes, or moves twice through the whole length of the cylinder during each revolution of the driving-wheels.

It will be assumed that we have a locomotive with driving-wheels six feet, and cylinders eighteen inches, in diameter, and pistons which have two feet stroke. Such an engine with its tender would weigh about ninety tons. Each cylinder would have a capacity of about three and a half cubic feet. Excepting in starting a train, these cylinders are filled only partly full of steam from the boiler, for two reasons—first, because it would be a very wasteful use of steam to fill them entirely full, and second, it would be impossible for the boiler to supply enough to fill them when running fast. Therefore steam is "cut-off," as it is termed—that is, it is admitted to the cylinder during a third or a fourth or some other fraction of the stroke, and the opening which admits it to the cylinder is then closed, and the steam which has been admitted is allowed to

expand while the piston is moving to the end of its stroke.

To show how the speed and load of a locomotive are limited by the supply of steam, it will be supposed that for each stroke of the pistons the cylinders are filled one-third full of steam of the boiler pressure of one hundred and sixty pounds. This is expanded in the cylinder during the completion of the stroke of the pistons. For each revolution of the wheels, therefore, four-thirds of a cylinder full of steam would be used. Wheels six feet in diameter would turn 280 times in running a mile, and at 60 miles an hour they would turn 16,800 times in that period, and would consume 79,161 cubic feet of steam. On making comparisons of the quantities of steam of varying pressures used, it is best to do it in terms of its weight, because that will represent the actual quantity irrespective of its pressure or volume; 79,161 cubic feet of steam of 160 pounds pressure per square inch will weigh 31,094 pounds.

It has been found that the greatest amount of coal which can be burned in an hour, on each square foot of grate of a locomotive, is about two hundred pounds. A locomotive such as we have described would have about twenty-four square feet of grate area, so that 4,800 pounds of coal is the maximum amount which could be burned in its fire-box per hour. At this high rate of combustion each pound of fuel would not evaporate more than about six pounds of water, and, therefore, not more than 28,800 pounds of water could be evaporated in such a boiler per hour. This, it will be seen, would not be sufficient to supply the cylinders under the conditions of working described. Consequently, in running an engine at 60 miles an hour we would be obliged to reduce the quantity of steam admitted to the cylinders, which would either diminish the load which could be hauled or the speed of running. If instead of cutting off the steam at 8 inches and filling the cylinders one-third full of steam during each stroke, it was cut off at 7 inches, the consumption per hour would be reduced to 27,207 pounds, which is somewhat less than the maximum quantity which it is possible for the boiler to supply. Not counting any back pressure or any other losses or waste, the maximum tractive or pulling force which this quantity of steam would exert would be equal to 10,700 pounds. As the resistance at this speed, as shown by the diagram, is 25 pounds per ton, the maximum load which could be hauled would be 428 tons, including the weight of the engine and tender, or 338 tons without. Practically, an ordinary locomotive would not do nearly as much work as this, on account of the back pressure in the pistons, waste, friction of the machine, and losses of various kinds in the engine.

If the speed were increased to 90 miles an hour, then the number of strokes made by the pistons would also be increased in like proportion. The capacity of the boiler to generate steam would, however, be no greater at this high velocity than it was at 60 miles an hour. Therefore, instead of cutting off the steam at 7 inches of the stroke, we would be obliged to cut it off at about 5 inches. The tractive force exerted by this steam could not be more than 8,494 pounds. The resistance of the train would, however, according to our diagram, be about 51 pounds per ton. The maximum load which could be hauled would therefore not exceed 166 tons, including the weight of engine and tender, or 76 tons without. In practice this could not be done with an ordinary engine, on account of the losses and waste of various kinds already referred to.

These calculations therefore indicate that at a speed of 100 *miles per hour on a level track, an ordinary locomotive would do little more than pull itself and its tender, and maintain the speed for any considerable time.* Of course, on an ascending grade it could not do this.

Before considering the possibilities of the future, some of the other obstacles in the way of making very fast time must be referred to.

If the driving-wheels of a locomotive are three feet in diameter, their circumference will be nearly nine and a half feet long, and in travelling a mile, or 5,280 feet, they must turn 560 times. A speed of thirty miles an hour is equal

to one mile in two minutes, so that, at that velocity, wheels three feet in diameter must be turned 280 times per minute. We may double this speed by turning the wheels twice as often in a given time, or by making them twice as large, or six feet in diameter, and turn them the same number of revolutions in any given period. To quadruple the speed—that is, to run 120 miles per hour—wheels three feet in diameter would have to turn 1,120 times per minute, or if they revolve only 280 times, they must be 12 feet in diameter to make that speed. Big driving-wheels in a locomotive always excite popular admiration; but in designing a locomotive an engineer cannot allow his imagination to guide him. He is absolutely confined to certain limits, such as the weight which can be carried on each wheel, the space between the rails, or the "gauge" of the track, as it is called, the length of the wheel-base which will permit the engine to run around curves, the height of tunnels overhead, bridges, etc.

As a practical illustration of this, we may take the limitations which would be imposed on a designer of an express locomotive of the heaviest and most powerful type now used. The maximum which is now allowed in this country on each driving-wheel is 20,000 pounds. More than this would be considered injurious to both the rails and wheel-tires, and would be likely to cause the axles to heat, owing to the excessive friction due to the weight on the journals. The whole length of the wheel base must not exceed 24 or 25 feet, and if a truck is placed in the usual position under the front end of the engine, it will carry about a third of the weight of the engine, or one-half as much as the four driving-wheels. The total weight of such a locomotive, without its tender, will therefore be as follows:

20,000 pounds on each of four driving-wheels	80,000
10,000 pounds on each of four truck-wheels	40,000
Total	120,000

A still more powerful locomotive could be constructed if we used six driving-wheels, but for the present only the eight wheeled engine will be considered.

The problem the designer, then, has to solve is to proportion the parts of his locomotive so as to produce the most efficient machine of that weight. During each revolution of the wheels the pistons must be moved backward and forward through their whole stroke. At 70 miles an hour a six-foot wheel of a locomotive would revolve more than five times in a second. During every revolution each piston and its connection must start and stop twice. They come to a state of rest at the end of each stroke, and must be started and their motion accelerated to a speed of nearly 35 feet per second, in less than one-tenth of a second, and then come to a state of rest again in the same time. When it is remembered that each of the pistons, with their moving connections, weighs considerably over 500 pounds, the amount of power required to move them, and the disturbing effect which they exert on being started and stopped twice during each revolution at these high speeds may be imagined. To neutralize these disturbing effects balance-weights are placed in the wheels opposite the cranks. These accomplish their purpose, however, only partially, for the reason that they move in a circle, while the piston and other reciprocating parts have only a horizontal motion. Consequently, while the balance-weights may be made to neutralize the horizontal motion and momentum of the pistons, etc., the weights themselves thus produce a vertical disturbing force which at high speeds has been said to be so great as to bend the rails on which the locomotives are running. For these reasons a compromise is usually made by balancing the reciprocating parts only partially, which lessens the vertical disturbance but does not entirely compensate for the horizontal momentum of the reciprocating parts. Therefore, a locomotive at best is an unstable machine at high speeds.

The obvious expedient for getting over this difficulty is to increase the size of the wheels of fast engines, and it seems like a very simple inference to as-

sume that, if a locomotive with wheels 3 feet in diameter will run satisfactorily at speeds of 30 miles per hour, therefore, to run at 60 miles an hour all we need do is to increase the wheels to 6 feet, and then with the same number of revolutions we shall make double the speed, and, with wheels 7½ feet in diameter we can run 75 miles an hour as easily as we can travel 30 miles with 3-foot wheels. But in enlarging the size of wheels we soon reach limitations, owing to their increase in weight and in that of other parts. The weight of a wheel increases about as the square of its diameter. If its diameter is enlarged, the size of the cylinders and their connections must all be larger and heavier. This makes necessary stronger frames and an increase in size and weight of many of the other parts. Now, the importance of having ample boiler capacity has been explained. If, then, the weight of our hypothetical locomotive is limited to 120,000 pounds, every extra pound of weight which is put into the wheels, cylinders, frames, etc., means that the weight of the boiler must be that much less. *In other words, the bigger the wheels are, the lighter and smaller must be the boiler.* The problem which the locomotive designer, then, has to consider and determine, is the sum of the advantages which will result from an increase in the size of the wheels, and a diminution of that of the boiler, or *vice versa.*

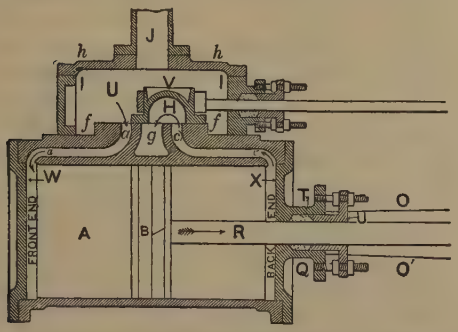
It may be said that no common agreement with reference to the size of locomotive wheels has ever been reached by locomotive engineers. Practice seems to vacillate: at one time wheels as large as 10, and we believe 12, feet in diameter were employed, but these excessively large sizes have now been abandoned. At present American practice seems to incline toward larger sizes. In running the Empire Express on the New York Central road, engines with wheels 6 feet, and others of 6 feet 6 inches diameter have both been used, with the result that the service of the engines with the larger wheels has been decidedly the most satisfactory.

As an essential thing to do in running fast is to turn the wheels rapidly, it might be thought advisable to increase the power available for this purpose by enlarging the cylinders. Here, too, we encounter a difficulty. If the cylinders are larger than a certain size, the force which will be exerted by a given steam pressure to turn the wheels will be greater than their "adhesion" or friction on the rails, and they will slip, and we shall have what engineers call a "slippery engine." The cylinders, driving-wheels, the weight on them, and the steam pressure must, therefore, bear such proportions to each other that the pistons can exert what is called a "rotative effect" on the wheels equal to, but not much in excess of, their adhesion or friction on the rails.

Another obstacle in the way of running at high speeds is that of getting the steam into the cylinders, and have it exert the requisite pressure on the pistons, and then get it out again, so that there will not be any, or as little, back pressure as possible in front of the pistons. The quickness with which the steam must act may be understood from the figure on page 383, which represents a section of a locomotive cylinder with its piston. As already remarked, at 70 miles per hour this action must begin and be completed in less than a tenth of a second. What adds to the difficulty is the fact that, in order to stimulate the fire, the opening in the ends of the exhaust-pipes through which the steam escapes must be more or less contracted, so as to produce a blast in the chimney to stimulate the fire. This, of course, obstructs the free flow of the escaping steam from the cylinders, and produces more or less back-pressure on the pistons.

The mechanism for admitting the steam to, and exhausting it from, the cylinders, performs a very important part in fast-running engines, as the action of the steam in the cylinders depends very much on that of the slide-valves, and no problem connected with locomotive construction has been the subject of so much thought and invention as that of "valve-gear," or the mechanism for working the valves. It has been analyzed mathematically, elucidated graphically, demonstrated mechanically, and tested experimentally in every conceiva-

ble way. Numberless inventions have been made of mechanism for this purpose, but what is called Stephenson's



Section of a Locomotive Cylinder with its Piston.

A is the cylinder, *B* the piston, and *U* the steam-chest, which is filled with steam by a pipe communicating with the boiler; *V* is the slide-valve. It must be kept in mind that when an engine with 6-feet wheels is running at the rate of 70 miles per hour, that the piston moves from one end of the cylinder to the other in less than one-tenth of a second. While it is doing this, the valve *V* uncovers one of the steam passages, *aa*, and steam must flow through it from the steam-chest and partly fill the cylinder. At the same time the valve opens communication between the steam passage *cc*, connected to the opposite end of the cylinder, and the exhaust passage *g*, which communicates with the chimney of the engine. While the piston is moving from the front end *W* toward the back end *X*, the steam in front of the piston is escaping through the passages *cc* and *g*, as indicated by the darts.

"link motion," which was adopted by him, although he was not its inventor, still holds its supremacy among valve-gears, and there are at present no signs that it will soon lose it.

There is much less difficulty, however, in getting the steam into the cylinders than there is in getting it out, because there is a pressure in the boiler of from 150 pounds to 200 pounds per square inch to force it in; but after it has done its work in the cylinders it has been expanded and its pressure and temperature very much reduced, so that it is partially condensed or liquefied, and consequently does not move with as much celerity as "live" steam, as it is called, fresh from the boiler does. The result is that at high speeds there is always an increase of back pressure in front of the pistons, which has a retarding effect, at the time when it is essential that the maximum power should be exerted by the pistons. If the engineer tries to compensate for this by admitting more steam in front of the pistons, then the demand on the boiler becomes so great that it cannot supply it. Besides this, the escaping steam then has not had sufficient opportunity to expand, and escapes up the chimney with such violence as to "tear the fire to pieces," as firemen express it. An engineer who is running an engine must therefore be careful, at high speeds, not to use more steam in an engine than the boiler can supply, and generally the limitations to speed in a locomotive are the same as those of a horse—want of wind.

A writer on this subject has formulated the maxim, that "within the limits of weight and space to which a locomotive boiler is necessarily confined it cannot be too big." Certainly the larger it is the greater will be the efficiency of the engine, and the more economical will it be in the use of fuel.

The limitations in the weight of a locomotive have been explained. Its size is necessarily confined by the distance between the rails, or their "gauge," as it is called. This on ordinary roads is 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The flanges of the wheels are inside of the rails, so that the distance between the tires is 4 feet $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The frames of the engine are ordinarily inside of the tires and the fire-box inside of them. Therefore, as usually constructed, it can be only about 3 feet 7 or 8 inches wide. The result is that this part of the boiler is contracted in one of its vital parts, and it has been remarked that the back end of a large locomotive boiler looks like a broad-shouldered woman in tightly-laced corsets. Under these conditions the vital parts of both the woman and the locomotive are contracted. To partly obviate this difficulty in locomotives, their fire-boxes are now often placed on top of the frames. This allows them to be about 8 inches wider than they could be if they were between the frames, but the height of the fire-box must then be reduced. In the Wootten locomotive—named after its inventor—the fire-box is located entirely above the wheels, and can then be made as wide as the widest part of the locomotive. This necessarily raises the centre of gravity of the boiler and reduces the depth of the fire-box.

From what has been said it will be seen what an exceedingly difficult prob-

lem is presented to a locomotive engineer in designing an engine for very high speeds. It is largely a matter of relativity and proportion. A maximum speed can be attained only when the different organs, as they may be called, bear the proper proportion to each other, and the ability of the designer is shown by his recognition of the relative value and importance of the proportions of the different parts.

The question whether we shall ever be able to travel on railroads at a regular speed of 100 miles per hour is often asked. Most railroad managers are disposed to answer the question as David Copperfield replied to the disparaging remark about the inability to swing a cat in his room. He replied that he didn't want to swing a cat, and so most managers say they don't want to travel at the rate of 100 miles per hour. Those who know most about the risks of such speeds seem least inclined to encounter them. Every school-boy knows that after a kite has reached a certain height, no amount of added string will allow it to fly higher. The span of a bridge may be so long that it will not carry its own weight. So our diagram of train resistance shows that when we get above 70 miles per hour, the resistance of the locomotive and that of the cars becomes so great that it will do no more than pull itself and its tender. When this point is reached, further increase of speed becomes impossible with the locomotives we are now using.

Besides the difficulties which have been pointed out, there is the risk, at high speed, of the breakage of the coupling-rods—by which the cranks on adjoining wheels are coupled together—owing to the strain to which they are subjected by centrifugal force. This danger increases with the distance apart of the wheels and the length of the rods, and the centrifugal force which acts on the rods increases with the number of revolutions of the wheels; and consequently, as large wheels make fewer revolutions at a given speed of train, the centrifugal force exerted on the rods is then inversely to the diameter of the wheels, or, in other words, the larger they are the less is this force.

With high speeds and the heavy express engines which are now used, a good deal of trouble is also experienced from the heating of the journal bearings of the driving-axles, owing to insufficient bearing surfaces. Their size is limited when the fire-boxes are placed between the frames, because in order to make the former as wide as possible, the frames are placed as far apart as the wheels will permit. This shortens the journals, and consequently diminishes the surface of their bearings. The cure for this is to bring the frames nearer together and thus lengthen the journals. There is no objection to doing this when the fire-boxes are not between the frames.

It may therefore be inferred that there is not much probability of attaining regular and continuous speeds of 100 miles per hour with our present locomotives. Their fire-boxes—which perform the same functions for the machines that their stomachs do for animals—are, with the present system of construction, necessarily contracted in size. The weight of the whole locomotive being fixed, the dimensions of the different parts are also limited.

It is proverbially dangerous to prophesy when you are not quite sure, and if prognostications are based upon calculations the mendacity of figures may rise up hereafter to deprive the prophet of all honor.

From what has been said, however, it will be seen that *fast running is largely a question of steam production.* Given a boiler which will generate enough steam, and the other problems are of comparatively easy solution. The difficulty is to get the boiler sufficiently large within the limits of size and weight to which it must be confined.

It will be safe to say that to be able to travel continuously at 100 miles per hour we must have either boilers or fuel which will generate more steam in a given time than those we are using now do, or our engines must use less steam to do the same work, or, what is more probable still, we must have all three of these features combined. In the locomotive of the future the action of the reciprocating parts will probably

be more perfectly balanced than it now is; coupling-rods will either be dispensed with altogether or their risk of breakage will be lessened by placing the driving-wheels near together, and both this danger and the disturbing effect of the reciprocating parts will be lessened by increasing the size of the wheels. To enable the engine, or, rather, its journals, to "run cool," the journals and their bearings will be increased in size so as to have ample surface to resist wear.

Just how these improvements will be made, it is perhaps too early to predict. Coming events are, however, already casting their shadows before them, and there are indications that the improvements which are here foreshadowed, or some of them, are in process of evolution. In Mr. Webb's new engine, Greater Britain, recently built for the London & Northwestern Railway, the boiler has been materially increased in size, and he reports the remarkable performance of evaporating nearly eleven pounds of water per pound of coal while pulling a heavy train at the rate of over 44½ miles per hour. This engine is compounded so as to use steam with the greatest economy, and is without coupling-rods. These are dispensed with by using three cylinders — two high pressure and one low pressure. The two former are connected to the back pair of driving-wheels and the latter to the front pair. By this means both pairs of wheels are driven by separate cylinders. A new express locomotive is now in process of construction in this country with a fire-box about twice as wide as those ordinarily used. The problem of improving the balancing of engines is attracting much attention, and the bearing surfaces of many recent locomotives have been materially increased. Driving-wheels have been enlarged in size with the increase in speed, and if the march of improvement continues—and there is no reason for thinking it will not—the anticipation that we shall travel at the rate of 100 miles per hour may be fulfilled while some of us are left here to see it.

TRAIN-SPEED A QUESTION OF TRANSPORTATION.

By Theodore N. Ely.

It is a pleasing sign of the times to witness the growing interest taken by the general public in railway matters. This demand has caused the daily press and magazines to give considerable space to a presentation of such of the problems as can well be treated by them. As a supplement to the more detailed and technical discussions of the scientific journals, the opinions of the press will be welcome to all professional railway officers; and without doubt will go far toward securing high standards of management. Much has been written relating to speed of trains, the different phases of which have been so well explained that anything to be said at this time must in a measure go over oft-trodden ground.

But what is a fast train? The very difficulty in giving a proper definition here helps to prove that speed is a relative term.

> "Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
> "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail."

This couplet suggests to me, as it probably did not to its author, a perfect description of a slow-moving train — even to the necessity for, and evident absence of, the Block System! But it is not so easy to say what speed entitles a train to the distinction of being called fast.

It can hardly be said that the possible speed of locomotives has improved in the last fifteen or twenty years. The records would no doubt show that the locomotives of that period made, on occasions, as fast runs with trains within

their capacity as those of the present day. It is indeed reassuring when we recall the high-speed journeys taken safely over the tracks and alignment which existed twenty-five years ago. We were either very brave or very ignorant in those days; for, from our present point of view, we would regard the running of trains at such speed over such tracks as extremely hazardous. There were accidents, to be sure, but not of such frequency as the railroad engineer of to-day would predict.

Briefly, the radical improvements which have been accomplished may be comprised under three general heads—Roadway, Equipment, and Signals.

Roadway.—Some twenty-five years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad adopted broken stone as best meeting the conditions of a good track foundation; at the same time the dimensions and number of ties were fixed, and finally the rails and turnouts were laid according to carefully considered rules. The weight of rails has been increased, with a corresponding improvement in fastenings; the old turnouts have given place to those of more modern design; but the foundation is much the same as that first adopted. Closely related to the roadway are crossings at grade. These have, from time to time, been abolished as detrimental to the safe passage of trains.

Equipment.—In equipment, the locomotive has been thoroughly redesigned and made stronger in all its parts. The air-brake applied to its driving and tender wheels, has made it possible not only to stop itself quickly, but assist in retarding the train, as well. The strength of passenger cars has been increased, until they have reached a weight of 27 tons, and the couplings and platforms have been greatly improved. Sleeping-car construction has likewise advanced, until the more modern ones have reached a weight of nigh 50 tons. The air-brake has become indispensable as a condition of safety in fast-moving trains.

Signals.—In the early days of railways there was nothing that could properly be dignified by the name of signal. By slow degrees, as is usual in matters involving questions of safety, a high state of development has at last been reached. The best systems of signalling and interlocking are marvels of mechanical skill and ingenuity, and command the respect due to their wonderful reliability.

The pirate of the Mediterranean would be flattered, indeed, if he could know that the semaphore signal of warning he was wont to display from the rock of Gibraltar had become the recognized danger signal of modern railways.

It may be interesting to note in passing, a few instances of train movements which have come under the writer's observation. Nearly sixteen years ago, or to be exact, in June, 1876, a Pennsylvania Railroad standard locomotive drawing a train of two sleeping-cars and a dining-car, covered the distance between Jersey City and Pittsburg, 438.5 miles, without a stop, in 605 minutes, or an average rate of 43½ miles an hour. This journey is interesting as the longest known continuous run; and one which involved thorough transportation arrangements for its movement, and great endurance on the part of the locomotive. The special train was *en route* to San Francisco, which city was reached in 84 hours and 17 minutes after leaving New York.

The train which conveyed our lamented President Garfield from Washington to Elberon, September 7, 1881, was run under conditions of great excitement and anxiety. His life hung upon a thread, and any detention to the train would have resulted disastrously. The heat was intense and prostration was imminent. The physicians had fixed upon 30 miles an hour as the speed which would give the least discomfort to the patient. After the train was well under way, and without warning, an increase in speed was determined upon, which reached 65 miles an hour before the journey was completed. The orders for the transportation of this train were contained in one message, and so skillfully was it worded that, despite the changed conditions, there was not the slightest detention from any cause.

A most noteworthy accomplishment was that of the Pennsylvania locomotive which drew the special train of the delegates to the International American Conference on their tour to the principal cities east of the Rocky Mountains.

This engine traversed the rails of twenty distinct lines of railroad, and covered 10,000 miles in its course, without accident of any kind or unreasonable delay.

Another example of endurance may be mentioned—the 126,000 miles made by one locomotive between Philadelphia and Washington in the year 1891—equal to five complete journeys around the world.

From the lessons of the past we may forecast the future, for certainly we have reached that stage in railway progress where we may assert with confidence that our acts and opinions are based upon accumulated experience and not upon prophetic inspiration. Guided by this light, let us consider what factor will control the limit of speed in the passenger-trains of the future.

In the road-bed we shall have to demand that the alignment be almost free from curvature, and the width between the tracks be increased; that the foundation shall be stable and well-protected from rain and frost; that land-slides and other accidental obstructions shall be provided for; that the ties shall be firmly embedded; that the rails shall be heavy — one hundred pounds, or more, if necessary — and securely fastened; that all frogs and switches shall be proof against accidental misplacement or rupture; that all drawbridges shall be made secure beyond question, and, finally, that all crossings at grade be abolished. We must further insist that a thorough system of supervision and inspection shall be carried out.

With a fulfilment of these conditions, which, professionally speaking, are perfectly practicable, trains, so far as the road-bed is concerned, may be run in safety as fast as any locomotive can be made to haul them.

Of the locomotive, it may be said that, only with the improvements in road-bed referred to, can its highest attainable speed be utilized.

The measure of the speed and capacity of the locomotive rests in the fire-box, the length and breadth of which cannot exceed certain dimensions. It therefore follows that when this furnace is arranged to burn the maximum quantity of fuel, the steam-producing limit will be reached, and with it the limit of speed. But this steam must be used to the very best advantage, as relating to the proportions of the locomotive, as well as to its type; the first of these are already well known, and it will probably be found that some form of compounding will suggest the type. With these limitations the speed of locomotives with passenger trains will not fall far short of 100 miles an hour; by which is meant a sustained speed at that rate, as, for instance, a trip between New York and Philadelphia in about one hour, or between New York and Chicago in ten or eleven hours.

As to car equipment, it is probable that, with some change in size and proportions of wheels, journals, and other parts of the trucks, the best class of cars in present use would be suitable for the highest speed. They should be made to run as noiselessly as possible, that the occupants may be relieved from any feeling of insecurity or nervous strain. The air-brake should be applied in its best form to both locomotive and cars, so that every pound of braking weight would become instantly available.

The above conditions have been cited in detail to show that they all must be fulfilled in order to make possible our future travelling at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Make possible, yes, but only upon the fulfilment of one other condition, namely, a clear track ahead; and this it is which brings us to the real measure of speed, which is the question of transportation in its strict sense. This limit will vary with the number of trains already on the line and with the facilities for handling them. First of all, we must know how soon after receiving warning of danger a train, running a mile in 36 seconds, can be stopped. It is estimated that if running at 60 miles per hour, with the full braking weight of the train utilized, and the rails in the most favorable condition, this train could be brought to a full stop in 900 feet; at 80 miles per hour, in 1,600 feet; at 90 miles per hour, in 2,025 feet, and, finally, at 100 miles per hour, in 2,500 feet. These figures at once establish the fact that under the best possible conditions the track must be kept clear of all obstruction for at least

2,500 feet in advance of a train running at the highest limit; but we must estimate the clearance for the worst conditions, such as slippery rails, foggy weather, and unfavorable grades; the personal equation of the engineman must also be considered in a train covering 145 feet each second.

Would it, therefore, be too much to ask that the engineman receive his warning at least three-quarters of a mile before he must halt?

The difficulties of arranging for the passage of trains of this character are manifest; we are not speaking of special trains, but rather of regular trains, running as frequently as may be desired. It should be remembered that, in a two-hour run, the fastest trains of to-day would require a leeway of an hour, and slower ones would have to start proportionately earlier, or be passed on the way.

The most improved forms of signalling and interlocking, be they mechanical, pneumatic, electric, automatic, or otherwise, which are so necessary to the safe movement of passenger trains, may be introduced, but cannot be placed nearer together than three-quarters of a mile. The very presence of these signals, while giving the maximum safety, has in practice made prompt movement more difficult. They are governed by fixed laws, which, if obeyed, make chance-taking impossible, for trains must keep a prescribed distance apart, and increase in speed involves greater intervals. This state of affairs would point to the necessity for an increase in the number of tracks, so that passenger trains could be grouped on the basis of speed just as it has been found necessary already, on crowded lines, to separate the freight traffic from the passenger.

If this be done, and unlimited track facilities are furnished, the prompt despatching of trains would not be the ultimate measure of speed; but such an outlay would be beyond all reason. It is fair, therefore, we think, to rest the burden upon the transportation shoulders, and predict that with it, and it alone, lies the practical limit of the speed of railway trains drawn by steam locomotives.

A PRACTICAL EXPERIMENT.

By H. Walter Webb.

On September 14, 1891, a train, consisting of a locomotive and three large private cars, made a run over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, from New York to Buffalo, on a schedule the most extraordinary on record, and which is destined to exert an important influence on railroad travel during the next few years.

The engine was of a new class, especially designed for fast passenger service by Mr. William Buchanan, the Superintendent of Motive Power of the road, and built by the Schenectady Locomotive Works, its total weight in working order being 100 tons. The aggregate weight of the cars when empty was over 130 tons.

The journey from New York to East Buffalo, a distance of $436\frac{32}{100}$ miles, was made in $439\frac{45}{100}$ minutes. Allowing for time lost in changing engines at Albany and Syracuse, and for cooling a hot journal at Fairport, the run of 436.32 miles was made in 426 minutes, or at the rate of 61.44 miles per hour.

Previous to this run there were scores of records of fast time made by passenger trains, special and regular, both in this country and in England. Records of fast runs of 10, 15, or 20 miles were exceedingly plentiful, but there were few records of long distance runs that had attracted any special attention. The most remarkable on record, and the ones that until last September were unequalled in railroad history, were those made between London and Edinburgh, in the summer of 1888, when the "race to Edinburgh" was in progress

between the London & Northwestern and the Great Northern Railways of England. The distance over the former is 400 miles, and the run was made daily on a schedule calling for a speed of 53⅓ miles per hour. On the Great Northern the distance is 393 miles, and the schedule in this case called for a speed of 54 miles per hour.

These trains were run daily for many weeks, and were generally punctual and within their schedule time. On several occasions, however, they exceeded the schedule, and made what at that time were regarded as phenomenal runs.

On August 13, 1888, the Northwestern train covered the distance of 400 miles in 427 minutes, or at a rate of 56⅕ miles per hour, and on August 31st the Great Northern train made the run of 393 miles in 412 minutes, or at the rate of 57½ miles per hour. These individual runs were both remarkable, but the daily running of the trains on their published schedules were regarded by railroad men as still more extraordinary, and at that time there were no schedule trains in this country that approached them in point of speed. It must be remembered, however, that these English roads are possessed of many advantages not enjoyed by railroads on this side of the water, as, for instance, the long and numerous tangents, the entire absence of grade crossings, and, more especially, the light weight of the cars, 80 tons being the maximum weight of the trains used in the "race to Edinburgh."

With equipment of the character required and used in this country, provided as it is with all luxuries, conveniences, and comforts, and a rate of two cents per mile, a train limited to the above weight could not carry a sufficient number of passengers to enable it to earn its running expenses.

Three years previous to these English records a special train weighing 64 tons made a run on the West Shore road from Buffalo to Weehawken in 9 hours and 23 minutes. In the published accounts different allowances for stops were made, making the average rate per mile vary from 51 to 54 miles per hour; either rate, however, making it the best long-distance run on record in the United States, until the run from New York to Buffalo, over the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, described in the beginning of this article.

That remarkable run eclipsed and left far behind all records for long-distance runs formerly made in this country or England. And to fully appreciate the importance of what was demonstrated by it, we must remember that within six weeks after it was made a passenger train was running between those cities on a schedule two hours shorter than had at any time previously been made by the fastest limited or mail train, and the air is even now full of rumors of shorter time to be made on important lines between great cities during the coming spring and summer, so that it is not at all improbable, in view of the power now to be obtained and the public demand for faster service, that in the near future we shall see trains from New York to Buffalo in 7½ hours, from New York to Boston in less than 4 hours, and from New York to Washington in the same time.

But to railroad men and to those familiar with the characteristics of the New York Central Railroad, between New York and Buffalo, the record of the trip referred to was far more significant than was indicated by the mere statement that the run had been at a speed averaging 61$\frac{44}{100}$ miles per hour.

They appreciated the fact that the journey out of the Grand Central Depot, through the Fourth Avenue tunnel, over the Harlem drawbridge, following the winding curves along the Harlem River to Spuyten Duyvil, along the banks of the Hudson, through Yonkers, Peekskill, and Poughkeepsie, rounding the curves of the Highlands, and taking water twice from tanks between the tracks, meant frequent reductions of speed in order to make the run in comfort and ease; and from Albany, west, the long and heavy grade over the hill, the thriving and prosperous towns of the Mohawk Valley, the slow, tedious run through the streets of Syracuse, the viaduct at Rochester, and the 11-mile grade at Batavia, all furnished reminders that the train must have at times attained a high degree of speed to have

made the average mile at a rate of over 60 miles an hour.

A careful schedule of the running time of each mile was kept, an analysis of which shows the following:

Four hundred and thirty-six miles were run in 426 minutes.

One hundred and thirty miles were run at a rate of less than 60 miles per hour.

One hundred and eighteen miles were run at a rate varying from 60 to 65 miles per hour.

One hundred and fifty-one miles were run at a rate varying from *sixty-five to seventy miles* per hour.

Thirty-seven miles were run at a rate varying from *seventy to seventy-eight* miles per hour.

The schedule and analysis certainly indicate a radical change in the conditions affecting fast passenger train service in this country. For many years the problem has been to obtain power sufficient to draw heavy trains long distances at high rates of speed. The above figures make it evident that steam will without difficulty furnish power sufficient to take a train heavy enough to be profitable over a long distance at a rate of speed very much in excess of an average of 60 miles per hour; and attention is now diverted from the motive power to other departments of the railroads and a consideration of whether the road-bed, bridges, tracks, and safety appliances are such as to permit the use of this power and speed with entire safety and comfort to passengers.

The question then naturally arises, and is repeatedly asked: If it is incumbent on most roads to raise their standards of roadways, tracks, and bridges in order to permit of the use of the best and most effective power, if the motive-power department is now in advance of the other departments of railroads, wherein has there been a change? On what lines and in what particulars has the locomotive so developed in the past few years as to become so much superior to what it was before?

The best and most complete answer is a comparison of the distinctive features of the type of engine now in use on the New York Central road for fast passenger service with those in use in the same service two years ago. To fully appreciate the comparison it must be remembered that the ability of a locomotive to draw a heavy load a long distance at a high rate of speed is limited.

First, by the capacity of the boiler to furnish steam rapidly enough and in volume sufficient to supply the demand.

Second, by the adhesion of the engine; that is, the resistance which prevents or opposes the slipping of the driving wheels on the rails, and,

Third, by its tractive power; that is, the force by which it is urged onward by the pressure of steam in the cylinders.

The problem, therefore, presented to Mr. Buchanan in designing the new type of passenger engine was to obtain greater boiler capacity, greater adhesion, and greater tractive power. The engine in use on the New York Central two years ago for the movement of its fast passenger trains is a fair exponent of the best type then in use or known. It rendered excellent service and attracted frequent attention from motive-power men, both here and abroad, on account of the work it did.

The fire-box of this engine was as large as it was possible to make it, located where it was between the frames and driving-axles, its width and length thereby being limited. The problem of increasing the boiler capacity was for that reason a difficult one, and also because the weight of the boiler itself in a locomotive and the space it occupies is necessarily less in proportion to its capacity than that of any other boiler, and for this reason it must produce much more steam in a given space of time, in proportion to its size, than a boiler of any other kind of engine.

To obtain the desired increased boiler capacity and heating surface, Mr. Buchanan located the fire-box, which formerly was between the sides or frames of the engine and between the axles of the driving-wheels, on top of these frames and axles, and by so doing obtained an increase in the width of the fire-box of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches and an increase in its length of 25 inches, being an equivalent of *nine and three-quarter square feet* of additional grate area. The boiler-flues, which in the former engine numbered 238, he increased to 268, and by

the change in the fire-box he was enabled to lengthen them $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, thus obtaining an increased heating surface of *two hundred and twenty-one and a half square feet*, the diameter of the boiler being increased from 51 to 58 inches. With this increase in the grate area and heating surface, the desired increase in boiler capacity was obtained.

To secure the adhesion the weight on the four drivers, which formerly was limited to thirty tons, was increased to over forty, or, over ten tons' weight on each driving-wheel.

Here, however, came in the question of road-bed, rail, and bridges, as there are but few roads in the country that would permit the use of an engine with such weight located on four drivers. In this case, however, the matter had been fully provided for and extensive alterations had been made to many bridges, a large amount of work done on the road-bed, and the old and lighter form of rail removed and replaced with the standard 80-pound section. To increase the tractive power of the engine the cylinders were enlarged 1 inch in diameter; being formerly 18×24, they were now made 19×24.

All these changes had vastly increased the height and weight of the engine, and by some faint-hearted friends the criticism was freely made that its use would be destructive of roadway, tracks, and bridges. These objections, however, were more than met by a departure from the usual and by original methods of suspending the engine on its springs. Formerly the springs were placed on top of the driving-boxes; in this case they were located beneath them and connected with equalizing bars, thus allowing the use of a longer and more elastic spring than was formerly used, and it has been demonstrated that these engines are less destructive to road-bed and rail, are freer from the swaying motion usually found in engines hung from above the driving-boxes, and ride smoother and more comfortably than any in the service.

Of course, to obtain the speed that was sought, it was desirable to increase the diameter of the driving-wheels; but this was not done at first, nor until it was ascertained how successful had been the efforts to increase the boiler capacity of the engine. When it was found that this increase was ample, and even more successful than had been hoped for, the driving-wheels were changed and the new ones of 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, or 8 inches larger than the old ones, were attached. The gain in speed is most apparent and can well be appreciated when it is remembered that the large driver makes 29.51 less revolutions in a mile than the small ones. On a trip from New York to Albany the decrease in the number of revolutions by the large 6 foot 6 inch wheel would be 4,219.93, an equivalent of 86,154.09 feet, or a saving of nearly $16\frac{1}{3}$ miles. From New York to Buffalo the saving would be nearly $50\frac{1}{100}$ miles.

With a locomotive such as this for motive power it is not a difficult matter to run profit-paying passenger trains over long distances at a running rate of over a mile a minute; this, of course, assuming we have proper character of road-bed and rails and approved appliances to insure safety and rapid speed.

That the speed of passenger trains in this country is destined to rapidly increase in the near future seems certain. There is nothing in railroading that renders such large and quick returns to the management as catering to the wants and desires of the travelling public. Nothing so fully exemplifies this as the immense change that has taken place in the past five years in the equipment of through express trains from the seaboard to the West and Southwest.

The luxury and comfort that can to-day be obtained on one of the many limited trains passing over any of the great trunk lines, is in strong contrast to what was furnished five or six years ago, and it would seem that there was not much room for further improvement in that direction. What the public are now seeking, and what will certainly be furnished, is fast time; and that this is appreciated by railroad managers is well evidenced by the large sums that are now being spent to perfect the roadways of the more important lines.

One word, in closing, in regard to the alleged danger of the fast train. It is most emphatically untrue that it is more

dangerous than other trains. Those familiar with the subject will agree that the very reverse is the case. As an eminent English authority writes, "With picked engineers, trainmen, and firemen, with the best and newest rolling-stock and the most perfect engines the company possesses, with every signalman and flagman all down the line on the *qui vive*, it is difficult to see where there comes in any special source of danger." And in addition to this, it must be remembered that fast trains such as are now being run on many roads in this country would be simply impossible without the vigorous discipline, the constant energy, the keenest exactitude, and the care and attention to the details of the service that is the surest and most effective guard against accidents.

A GIRL OF POMPEII.

By Edward S. Martin.

A PUBLIC haunt they found her in:
    She lay asleep, a lovely child;
    The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay
    The universal law suspend,
    And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
    Around her girlish figure pressed,
    Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
    Comes this dear maid of long ago,
    Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure,
    That form shall fate of flesh escape,
    And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A PERSON who had been invited to invest a sum of money in a project which promised gratifying returns, was disposed to do so, but bethought him to advise first with an investor of large experience. The investor's advice was adverse, partly because he learned that his inquirer had no money in hand and convenient to lose, and partly because the project did not altogether please him. One of his objections that impressed the inquirer was this. He said: "It is not listed stock, and not easily marketable. If it starts to go wrong, you can't get rid of it. Now, if it were something that you could dump on the market when it began to weaken, you could get back part of your money at least."

Now, the adviser was a man in whose integrity the inquirer had very great confidence, for he knew him to be a church-warden, as well as president of a bank. He noted, therefore, as a thing fit to be remarked, that a man of whom more than ordinary scrupulousness was to be expected took it as a matter of course that an investor whose investment seemed likely to prove disastrous should get out from under it with the least possible delay, and try to let the loss fall on someone else. He didn't mind this sentiment in the bank-president, but in the church-warden it seemed a misfit, as being contrary to the Golden Rule. Yet he was perfectly aware that it was a sentiment of all but universal prevalence, and that it was exceedingly unbusinesslike to cavil at it. So he went his way and eventually took two-thirds of his friend's advice, in that he only invested in the project that he was considering a third of what he originally hoped to put in. It happened just as the bank-president said, that when the bottom fell out of the project (which happened cruelly soon) there was no getting rid of that stock at any price. But, so far as that went, the investor averred to himself that he was glad of it, and he really got a good deal of solace out of the feeling that whatever was the size of his financial misconception, at least he was going to pay the whole cost of it himself. Moreover, he has the stock still, and whatever possibilities are left in it are still his.

It is a very common thing for people to lament that they did not get rid of this or that property before its value depreciated. Of course, what they are really sorry for is that they could not have contrived to saddle their loss on some one else. It is a sign of the imperfection of contemporary benevolence that good people should have such feelings and should regard them as matters of course. They are humorously unchristian. The utmost the average contemporary moralist enjoins is that a man shall not "unload" upon his friends. He cannot so much as imagine a scruple about selling out cadescent stocks in open market.

It will not be so when the millennium comes. Property will continue then, as now, to fluctuate in value, but the prospect of a depression will no longer strike the owner as a good reason for selling out. His superior moral sense will then, as now, be profitable to his estate, since property doesn't always depreciate as much as is ex-

pected, and often in the end it recovers more than it lost. But the great advantage from a business point of view of the perfected altruism will be emancipation of the altruist from panic and all its consequences, since the man who is more ready to accept his loss than to pass it on is not to be scared into a foolish sacrifice by the shadow of it beforehand.

In the book of criticism which Mr. George Saintsbury has just translated from the French of the late Edmond Scherer, Scherer nowhere better proves his breadth than in the essay on Wordsworth. For any foreign critic, and particularly for a Frenchman, Wordsworth is a supreme test. The critics of his own race and tongue have not found it easy to come into the sympathy with him that is requisite to a large and worthy appreciation. Scherer, however, has been able to do so to a degree that calls out especial mention from Mr. Saintsbury in his introduction, and the result is a study of Wordsworth full of interest and suggestion.

In a criticism of Wordsworth the central point must always be the interpretation put upon Wordsworth's relation to nature; and here Scherer has a passage particularly worth attending to. Wordsworth, he says, "is the poet who has most profoundly felt and most powerfully expressed the commerce of the soul with nature, the dialogue of the human mind with the spirit of things, the 'obstinate questionings' of which he himself speaks, the vague disquietudes of a creature moving in 'worlds not realized,' the high instincts which surprise ourselves." This Scherer offers as an enlargement of a definition of Matthew Arnold's, which, he thinks, "is not enough to characterize the poet's highest inspirations," though it "suits the Wordsworth of the pastorals." But Scherer's own definition, I fancy, will be found most pertinent when one has Wordsworth's pastoral quality most in mind. The heart of it—that phrase, "the vague disquietudes of a creature moving in 'worlds not realized'"—is a good account of the whole body of pastoral poetry; and one marvels a little that Scherer, come so near the subject as he is, entirely passes over the connection of Wordsworth's verse with the general body of pastoral compositions.

Arcady never arose out of sheer gladness of heart and lustihood of fancy. To the poetic imagination the difficulties, depravities, and insufficiency of actual life have always been especially manifest and oppressive. But the poetic imagination at its best never rests in discontent, in the mere apprehension and recital of woes. It is creative and seeks a remedy, or at least a refuge. From the first it has found some approach to that peace and sincerity which it cannot do without, but which actual life seems to deny everywhere in nature. Thus the poet's favorite haunt has always been the vales and the groves, the flowery banks and the green fields. But nature wholly unpeopled still failed to satisfy, and so the poets, in their aspiration after earthly perfection, fell to colonizing their placid retreats with the children of their fancy. Thus came Arcady—the land of fantastic shepherds and shepherdesses, where everybody was honest and simple, where the tending of sheep was but a pastime, and the chanting of madrigals the chief pursuit. It arose out of "the vague disquietudes of a creature moving in 'worlds not realized.'"

It was already a remote, rarely visited country, when Wordsworth was born; and he was not behind his age, rather in advance of it, in his poetical and spiritual impulses. By being in advance of his age he experienced even more than the poet's usual affliction of heart over the ordinary ways of men, and he went for consolation where the poets before him had gone, to nature. The impulse thither, it is true, was greatly strengthened in Wordsworth by rural birth and breeding. But the end sought—rest and soothing for a spirit that craved them intensely, and found nothing but sorrow in the world at large—was the same with him as with others. And he, too, found that nature unpeopled would not suffice. But he did not undertake to bring in a perfectly new race of his own creation. He took the shepherds and shepherdesses that he found already there. Remarking the development from his love of nature of a "love for the human creature's absolute self," he says:

> And shepherds were the men that pleased me first.

And he adds that these were not such shepherds as Saturn ruled, Shakespeare

found in Arden, or "Spenser fabled;" such as have

> Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
> A bright tradition of the golden age.

But the shepherds that he found, Wordsworth did not scruple to make over. Their actual "vice and folly, wretchedness and fear," he confesses that he "little saw, cared less for;" and they became to his mind and under his hand

> Far more of an imaginative form
> Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
> For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour,
> In coranal, with Phyllis in the midst.

Thus Wordsworth lived in as complete, though not as fantastic, an Arcady as that of the elder bards; and one who went in search of his country with the eye of sense only would have as vain a search as if he sought the country of Colin Clout. Nor does Wordsworth's promise to become a much more popular resort than the earlier Arcady. Those who can abide there with honest delight are for the most part the same chosen few to whom even Gabriel Harvey, wielding the pipe of Pan, is a spectacle not wholly ludicrous.

Of course if a thing isn't so, the more reasons a man knows that prove that it must be so, the farther he is from the truth and the less chance there is of its percolating into him. Thus, when bleeding was the great medical cure-all, the worthy physicians who knew exactly why it must be the one indispensable remedy were really in a more hopeless bog of ignorance than people who knew nothing about medicine at all, but simply regulated their practice by the light of nature. Every man to his trade is a maxim that we habitually respect, in that we don't send our horses to a carpenter-shop to be shod, nor employ a gardener to look after the plumbing. The man whom we expect to be conversant with horseshoeing as a contemporary art is the blacksmith, and the person with the requisite skill and appliances for dealing with lead pipes is the plumber. But if the contemporary art of horseshoeing has a radical flaw in it, the carpenter, whose mind has not been prejudiced by mistaken instruction, nor his natural gumption perverted by malpractice, may be a likelier man to detect it than the blacksmith. And so the gardener may see that the plumber's pipes are unsafe, the plumber's argument, and usage among the best plumbers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Experto crede is sound advice, and ninety-something times out of a hundred we take it and do well. The other odd times either we take it and don't do well, or we take it with misgivings, or we don't take it at all. The world's experience has taught that in certain kinds of cases the wisdom that has finally justified itself has been the wisdom of the unlearned. The babes and sucklings of knowledge have hit upon the truth that the doctors have not been able to see. And so, ordinarily sagacious people come to make instinctive allowance for the prejudices of learning, as they do for what the unlearned don't know. A valuable pocket of knowledge on some particular line of investigation is often acquired, like ambergris in whales, at the cost of a considerable degeneration of the rest of the creature. Even so great a man as Darwin had to give up such intellectual valuables as his taste for music and his interest in religion in exchange for what he learned about deep-sea fishes and the habits of earth-worms. Medical specialists, especially, come in for a degree of chastened mistrust, and are in danger of being regarded as intellectual cripples whose minds, from too incessant application to one class of phenomena, get a list, as the mariners say, in that direction.

The point of all of which is, that humanity has a rational ground for appeal from all the high intellectual courts. Not only does perfect wisdom not lie in even the highest learning, but the cultivation of microscopic powers of the intellectual vision has a recognizable tendency to make the cultivator intellectually near-sighted. It is a tendency that was recognized the other day by the Secretary of the Treasury when he told the New York financiers, at a Chamber of Commerce dinner, that he was not satisfied that their opinion was infallible as to the effects of the coinage of silver. The same tendency is tacitly recognized day by day when we wonder if some person on whose insanity the experts have pronounced is really demented or not; or if

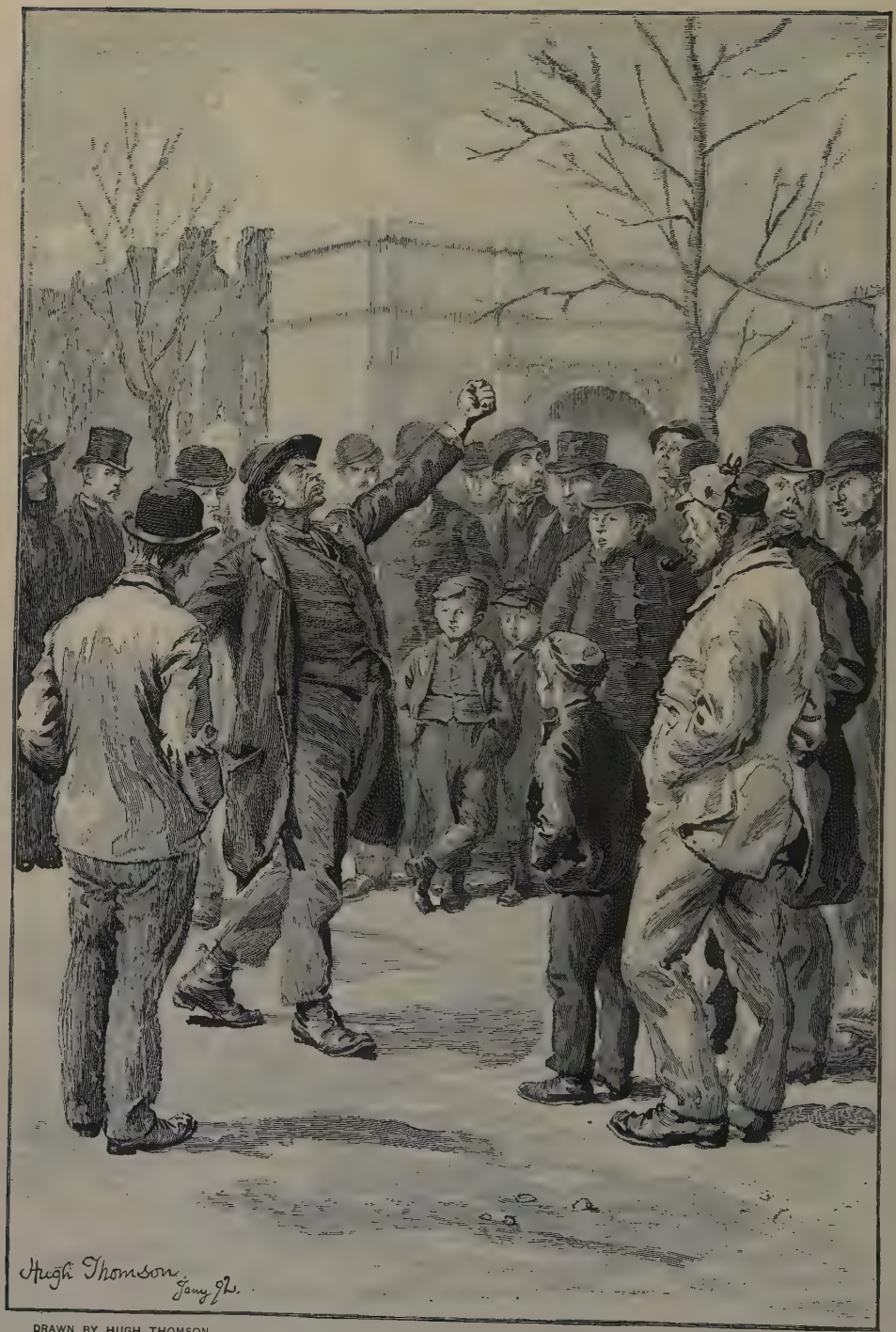
there is really virtue in a remedy that the doctors say is bogus; or if there really are ghosts after all, or miraculous cures, though science says there can't be; or if the doctrine of evolution is a mistaken hypothesis, in spite of all the wise men who believe in it.

In every-day practice it is wise for us to listen deferentially to the men of highest learning and to act upon their advice, but it is neither necessary nor even advisable to let the voice of authority wholly extinguish our speculations, since great practical benefit has come to the world in time past from the faith of the unlearned, and imaginings which authority has ridiculed have finally worked out into marvellously fruitful results.

When Arthur Balfour—the "bloody and brutal"—Chief Secretary for Ireland of the English Government of the day, went up to Glasgow to deliver his address as Rector of the University, he chose for the title thereof "Progress." The title was slightly misleading, since the purpose of the address was to show how little adequate ground there is for the belief that there is, on the whole, any such thing as progress. With the soundness of the argument I am not now concerned. I incline to the opinion that it is a theory to which the inborn optimism of Americans renders them indifferent. But no one, I should say, can be indifferent to the fact that this still young man, in the situation he has made for himself, could find the time, the disposition, and the strength to submit such an argument. Mr. Balfour is the one man on whom nearly all the anger aroused by the Irish question is necessarily visited. He is officially commissioned, if I may say so, to take it in the House of Commons, and while he could not well avoid it, he has in fact rather courted it. In addition to this, which would seem a sufficient strain on his nerves, he has direct responsibility for a great amount of delicate, difficult, and complicated business. Despite it all, he appears before the Glasgow students with the air of a man whose life is passed in the study of philosophy, science, history, and discusses with a firmness and breadth of grasp, a clearness and symmetry of statement, and an elevation of tone that would be remarkable even in a student, a subject at once recondite and vast.

It is noteworthy that his immediate predecessor in the office of Irish Secretary, Mr. John Morley, of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and his present most formidable opponent, is also a thinker and a writer in fields that might be supposed to engross his energies. Lord Roseberry, another politician of high rank, deeply engaged in the intricacies of the new municipal system for London, has just published a brilliant and original study of the life of the younger Pitt; while Mr. Gladstone is famous for his "diversions" in the direction of literature.

Certainly the fibre of the race is not more relaxed on this side the water. And if we ask why our scholars are rarely politicians, and a still smaller percentage of our politicians are ever scholars, we find ourselves facing a wide problem. It may be that the inveterate decentralization, or rather the failure to centralize, of our politics has something to do with it. Then, too, the literary mind, if I may use that term, shrinks from activities that do not possess considerable definiteness of method and of principle. When once engaged in such activities it is often bold enough, and feels the temptation to break through or extend the limitations. But it does not willingly engage itself in a field where there are no limitations, and these are very few in American politics. Mr. Bagehot somewhere defines the English parliamentary mind as one that hesitates to concede wholly even that two and two make four, but persistently refuses to act on the assumption that two and two make anything but four. But the American Congressional mind is ready to submit to an election the question whether they do not make three or five, if the advocates of either seem to "hold the balance of power." From the arena where such questions may be gravely discussed the scholar is not unnaturally absent.



DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

SOCIALISM IN HYDE PARK, LONDON.

(A meeting on Sunday afternoon, near the Marble Arch.)

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. APRIL, 1892. No. 4.

THE POOR IN GREAT CITIES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE article which follows is the first of a series—by authors whose work embodies personal experience and close and sympathetic study, and by artists whose drawings have been made among the life they represent — upon one of the most vital and (what is by no means the same thing) one of the most widely-discussed subjects of the time. It is, indeed, the central subject of all social questions; for all of these, under whatever name, deal with the means of improving the conditions of life and with the relief of suffering as the necessary forerunners of all other reforms; and whatever may be the difficulties of those conditions, or the amount of that suffering in rural communities or among special classes away from towns, it is only in the centres of population that they present their great general problems to the observation of all people alike, and compel an answer to the question of their remedy.

Any series of papers on the Poor in Great Cities will have had many predecessors—has indeed in England a whole literature behind it, of whose master-

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pieces some show their practical results to-day in different individual directions, and some have become, so to speak, the literary classics of their subject. The famous series in the London *Morning Chronicle* in 1848, on "London Labor and the London Poor" (perhaps the first to attract wide attention), the "Parson Lot" papers of Charles Kingsley, the publications of the group of men of whom Frederick Maurice was the centre, and a long succession down to the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" in our own days, are of the former class; passages in Carlyle, "Alton Locke," and of late years Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," are in the latter. All of them dealt with the suffering and the problems of a single city; and all but the last named in each list dealt with conditions altogether different from the present. Each was an appeal to an unawakened audience; and each had a condition complicated by centuries to show in colors that could not be too dark, without any remedial experiments to discuss—for none worth the name had been tried; and without any comparisons of its facts with others—for none had been made.

The conditions are quite different now. Awakening is not needed. Every thinking man has thoughts upon this matter. And along with this realization has come practical experiment, in many places and on an immense scale, toward its solution. Americans especially are to be congratulated on the fact that they receive the question, at the moment when the conditions of their large cities begin to make it vital to them, with much of the light of older experience upon it, and (even with the peculiar difficulties with which unrestricted immigration complicates it), in by no means its most hopeless form. It is at our doors; but not in a shape, if we recognize fully its difficulties and take hold of it in earnest, where we may not hope to prevent its dominating us in any sense. We have Mulberry Street tenements and "Hell's Kitchens," sporadic and the growth of a generation or two; it is largely our own affair whether we shall some time have Tom-All-Alone's as a permanent institution, or the century-old sediment of Whitechapel.

What we need to know is what is doing, here and elsewhere, in the general and efficient activity that has been the growth of the last few years; and especially, what are the facts with which our own efforts are to deal, and how facts elsewhere compare with them. It is hoped that the present series will tell this with a new vividness and force—the vividness derived from actual experience among and keen sympathy with the poor, and the force from a strong conviction of the fitness of this moment for intelligent and vigorous effort. The contributors of the articles—varying in literary experience from Mr. Besant to those who now write for the first time publicly upon the subject—have that qualification and conviction in common.

If a word need be said as to the illustration of the articles, it may best be an assurance of its accuracy, since its other qualities, it is hoped, may be made to be their own commendation. The artists who have co-operated in the series have made their studies in the places and among the life described, by sketches and by drawings after photographs made under their own supervision or the author's.

Among the articles in this series, to be published in later numbers, are the following: "A London Riverside Parish," by Walter Besant; "Life in New York Tenements, as Seen by a City Missionary," by Rev. William T. Elsing, Minister of the DeWitt Memorial Church, New York; "The Children of the Poor in New York," by Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives;" "The Andover House Work in Boston," by Professor William J. Tucker, of the Andover Theological Seminary; "Among the Poor in Chicago," by Joseph Kirkland, author of "Zury;" "The Schools for Street Arabs in Paris," by Edmund R. Spearman, an English authority; "The Poor in the Great Cities of Italy," by Madame Mario; and "Laws and Agencies to Protect the Poor and Prevent Pauperism," by Oscar Craig, President of the State Board of Charities, New York.

THE SOCIAL AWAKENING IN LONDON.

By Robert A. Woods.

THERE is a place in London — as Leadenhall Street, coming from where the East India House was, runs into Aldgate—where in a few steps one parts company with the decreasing number of merchants and clerks, and is swept into the strange current of East-End humanity. One feels a sudden chill, as when passing out of a warm breeze into another with a touch of coming winter in it. Aldgate is still, almost as distinctly as when the wall stood, the limit in that direction of the old City of London; while the movement of life from the East End turns sharply to the north there, going up through Houndsditch, the region of old clothes, trafficked in through brokers and exchanges after the manner of other lines of commerce.

From this point several miles eastward, from the water several miles northward, live a million people, whose existence is very largely taken up with a close struggle against poverty. A hundred thousand East Londoners rise each morning with little or no assurance as to where their daily bread may come from. Another great region, equal in size and population to the East End, and on a par with it as to social conditions, stretches off to the south from the river Thames. So much of London may fairly be said to be given over to poverty. But this is not to say that poverty is absent else-

Auctioning Fish in the "Bitter Cry" District of London.

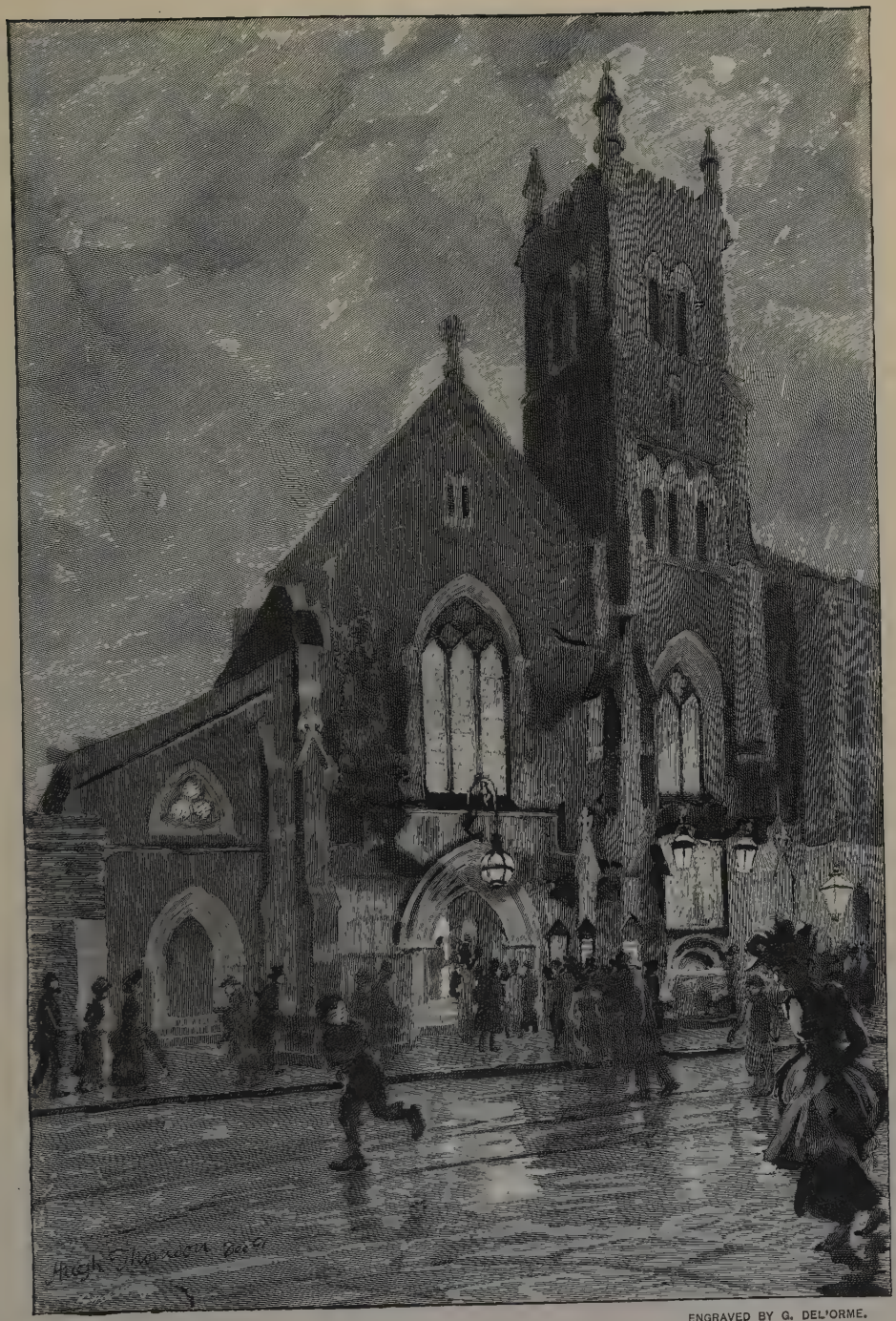
where. It is never far away in London. The Seven Dials, like the Five Points in New York, has lost its old identity; but such regions as Chancery Lane still remain, and St. Luke's, and even the quarter which stands in contrast to the nation's historic glory at Westminster.

Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and Warden of Toynbee Hall.

But the East End will still continue to be thought of in a special way as the nether London. It has a clearly marked life of its own. South-London life is characterized by a pathetic monotony. East London has its gloom lit up by many picturesque features. A walk down the broad High Street on a Saturday evening, among the dockers, with their slouched caps and flannel neckcloths, the factory girls in their plumage hired by the week, and the many curious types of people — gazing into the glaring shop windows; inspecting and variously testing the wares of the booths set up by the roadside, which have gone far on the way of all earthly treasures, moth-eaten, rusted, if not indeed stolen; listening to the noisy fakirs; or joining in the sports of the improvised fair — gives one a strong sense of the romantic side of existence in the East End.

It is this quality, in addition to the extremity of its need, that has done so much toward making East London, for the world at large, the classic ground of poverty. The new efforts for the elevation of East Londoners, of which nearly everyone has by this time heard the rumor, are confirming the claim to an undesirable pre-eminence. Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace are now entered in Baedeker, and one wonders whether the majority of their visitors are not made up from the one hundred and fifty thousand Americans who in the early weeks of summer populate the great hotels and the lodging-houses of Bloomsbury. It is a good thing if it is so. In America they are kept from a full sympathy with their poorer brethren not only by the barrier of different social position, but by the more impassable barrier of alien race. In London the faces of the poor have the familiar Anglo-Saxon lineaments. One of the unsuspected reasons for that home feeling which all intelligent Americans experience in London is that there they are able to see themselves in tatters. It is this fact especially which causes the average American to return from even a carriage ride in the East End with some new care for the men and women who have to pass their lives in a great city's closely crowded quarters.

The little tract, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," which in 1883 precipitated the agitation as to the condition of the poor, took its facts very largely from South London, from a region where the London Congregational Union has one of its outposts. Collier's Rents, as it is called, seems like an eddy in the vast current of London life. It has drawn in those who could hardly

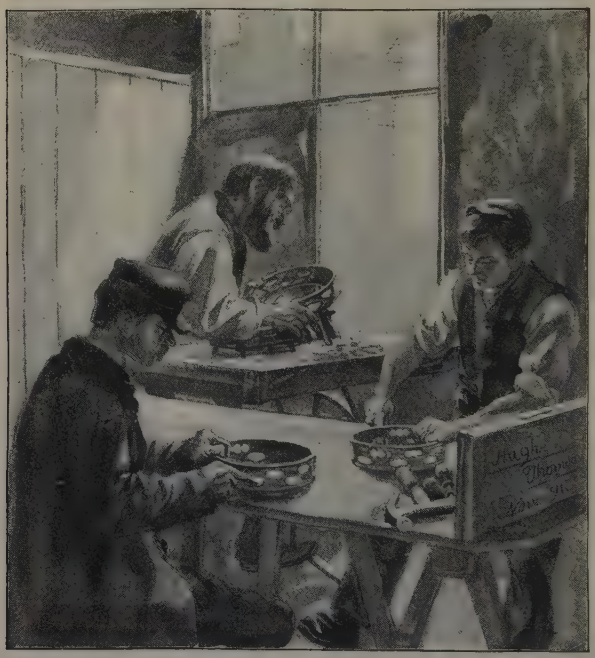


DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON. ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

St. Jude's Church at "Worship Hour," 8.30 p.m.

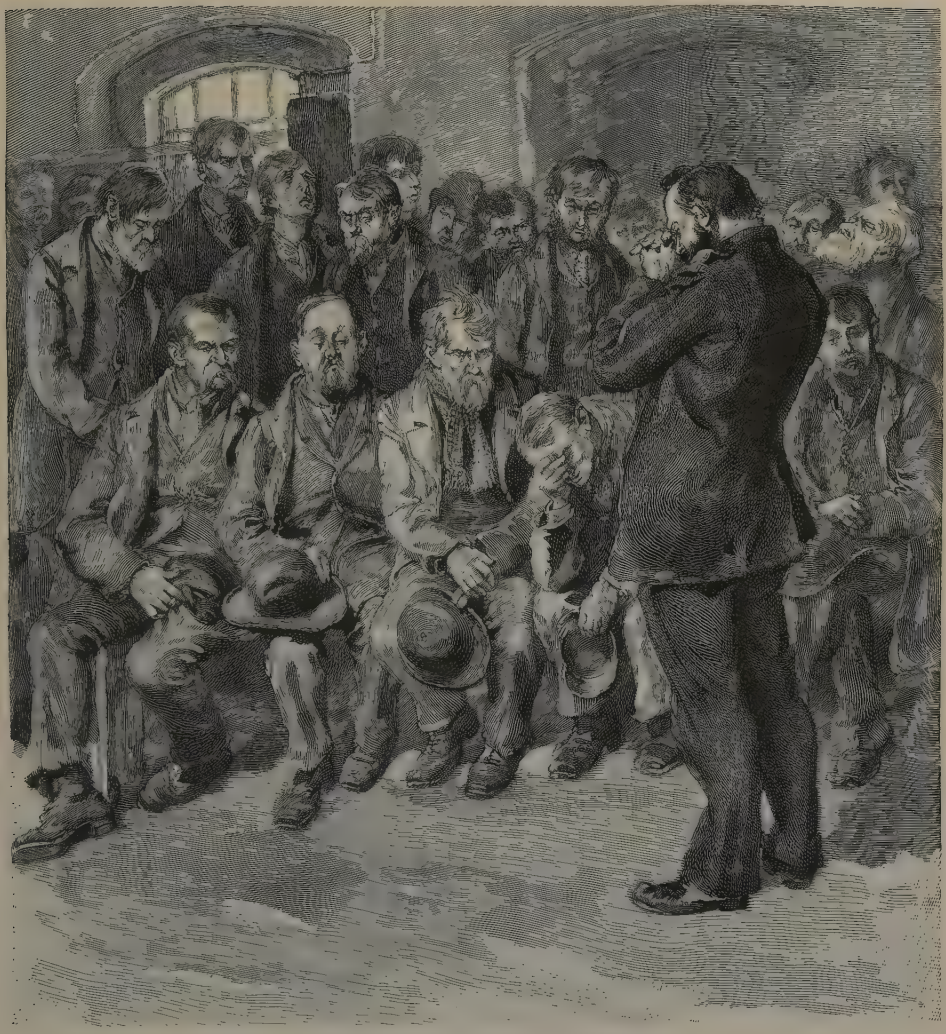
float with the tide. It is at a distance from any main avenue of travel. Long Lane is its thoroughfare and avenue of trade in stale provisions; and its side-openings are noisome alleys and dark, winding passage-ways. A night journey through Collier's Rents, under the guidance of a missionary, gives one enough to see to assure him that the picture of existence given in the tract is in no way overdrawn. One also has the feeling that English people, in their concern brought on by the knowledge of such a state of things, have not estimated too greatly the shame of it, and, in the higher sense, its danger.

The social awakening began in an agitation. All classes were moved by it. The state of the London poor was felt to be to English civilization something like an imputation of failure. It touched British pride, and, by the very greatness of the difficulty, stirred that wonderful reserve energy which distinguishes the British race. Each of the various elements in the life of London felt the summons. And so the social awakening has several phases. It includes one of the most significant labor movements in the whole history of labor since the Egyptians lost their Israelitish slaves. There is a social movement from the universities; there is a social movement in art; a strong social movement in politics; and a social movement, having much of the impulse of original Christianity, in the Church. These all, according to English nature, go their several ways. They know little about each other. They do not hold joint conventions, nor organize bulky federations—each sacrificing much of what makes it worth while, in order to unite with the rest. Each is rather inclined to minimize the influence of the others. And yet they are having a united influence which is bound in a large degree to make over the life of London, making it prolific in resources for the educational and moral advancement of the people, and for comprehensive economic and political administration.



Making Tambourine Frames at the Salvation Army Factory, Hanbury Street.

The East End of London as a field for work among the poor was in undisputed possession of the Church, at least from the time of the Franciscans, who had a mission station just inside the wall, down to the present generation. If its work has but slightly met the problem of London poverty, it has at least held its ground until in these last days there has begun to be a feeling that other elements in society also owe a debt to the two great cities of the poor which are included within the limits of the metropolis. The Church, in all its branches, is meanwhile learning to magnify its office to the people. It finds that those whose life is almost filled with the struggle for physical existence, who know as yet hardly anything about the human side of life, are in no way the fit objects of a merely religious ministry. They must be sought



Prayer Meeting at a Salvation Army Factory.

where they are. They must be helped toward a healthier and happier state of being, before they can be sensitive to appeals to the finer nature. And so churches in the poorer parts of London are fast coming to fill the highly Christian use of centres for every influence toward the better life. So far as he has light and power, a clergyman in East or South London is, in a very deep sense, eyes to the blind and feet to the impotent. In another point of view, he often shows much of that new kind of statesmanship which aims to organize a body of people, larger or smaller, for the enjoyment of all that anywhere makes life more fully worth the living.

The churches of the Establishment in London enter upon their social work with the great advantage of the parish system, by which each church has a definite responsibility for a certain district; and of the long tradition which makes it natural for a church to have a number of workers with a variety of occupation. But otherwise they are not more forward than the Nonconformist chapels and mission societies, in entering upon the new duties which new occasions have brought.

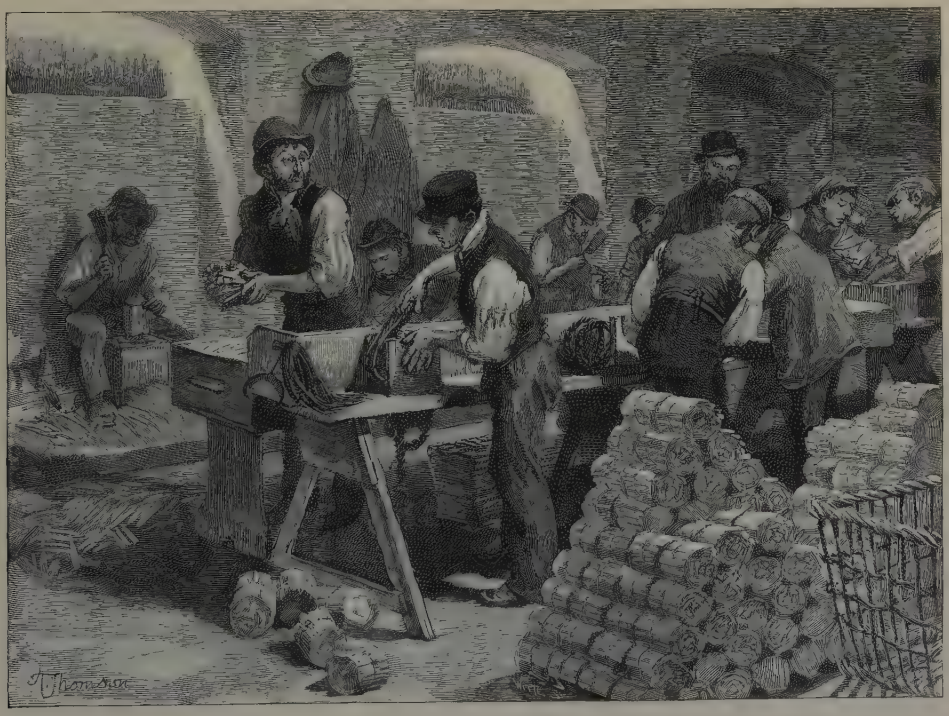
Everywhere the work of charity—which has always been a conspicuous part of the activity of Christian churches—is being done with increasing wisdom and effectiveness. The sick among the poor are ministered to by regular visitors, and in many cases by trained nurses assigned to special districts. Social clubs for men, for women, and for young people, relieve the hardness and monotony of existence from day to day, and counteract the fascination of evil. Some churches invite trades-unions to meet in their parish rooms, and thus save them from accepting the hospitality of the public-house. The matter of recreation is being taken up in a way that our Puritan churches in America can as yet but dimly appreciate. Of two very ritualistic churches, one has occasional dancing in its parish house, which seems none the less enjoyable on account of the young cassocked ascetics who stand solemnly by; and another, in a criminal quarter, has a large boys' club, with new applicants constantly begging to be admitted, whose main feature is prize sparring contests. At St. Jude's Church, in Whitechapel, of which the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, founder of Toynbee Hall, is the vicar, there is every year a picture exhibition lasting for three weeks, including Sundays, which was visited the last time by seventy thousand people. This same church has a unique musical service called "The Worship Hour," on Sunday evening, at which the seats are nearly all taken by an audience including even some of those hapless castaways of humanity, such as are seldom seen in church, even in East London. From this kind of service, and the frequent organ recitals, and oratorios given in churches, to the brass-band concert which forms part of the exercises at the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's great Wesleyan West-London Mission, and even to the timbrels of the Salvation lasses, music is found to be one of the essential means of grace.

General Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.)

It goes almost without saying that the churches in London are still far from meeting the critical facts of life under the extremes of poverty and degradation. The Salvation Army, with all its grotesqueness, stands for a sympathetic and thorough-going attempt to meet these facts, before which the churches are standing powerless. The Army acknowledges the failure of merely evangelistic methods. And now first for London, afterward wherever its soldiers go, the enthusiasm of this unique and wonderful organization is to run

in the channels of social activity. Ever since 1884 the slum sisters have been freely going in and out like sweet angels among the haunts of the lost. For as long a time, the prison-gate brigades have been setting discharged convicts on the way to manhood again. But the large scheme of the book "In Darkest England," of which an encouraging yearly report has just been published, is intended to be a comprehensive mission of helpfulness to all the elements of people in the lower social grades.

The food and shelter depots, which have displaced the meeting-halls in several instances, take care of those who are without other resort, at a charge of fourpence for supper, lodging, and breakfast. Thence the men are introduced into the Army's factories and workshops, where they are put to wood-chopping, mat-making, carpentering, and other industries. The women are employed at sewing and laundry-work, and in the match factory. There are homes specially provided for the wards of the slum corps and of the prison-gate brigades, where they are given work suitable to their skill and strength. The general city colony has already found its outlet in a large rural community, which is to be a training place for farm work and shop work; for the different tasks which the living of life imposes, and for some of the consolations which it affords. Aside from the united force which the discipline of the Army gives it for undertaking such a movement, its followers, more than any other type of person in these days, are moved by a passion for the outcast and distressed. In the presence of so rare a feeling of humanity, the technical objections that have been urged against the scheme have seemed rather empty.



Making up Bundles of Firewood at the Salvation Army Factory, Hanbury Street.

One cannot but believe that there is a suggestion in this scheme of other better schemes which shall lead us toward that devoutly to be wished consummation, the abolition of poverty, of which, even so judicious an authority as Professor Marshall bids us not to despair.

The effort to reduce to the semblance of a system the almost infinitely various and numerous charities of London has been continued through the past twenty years with really encouraging success. Every district in the metropolis has, in addition to its public relieving office, a head-quarters for the administration of voluntary charity. The district secretaries are coming to be persons of special skill and training. Each local committee is composed of representatives of the charitable agencies at work in its district. In the East End the members of committees are largely men and women who live in other parts of the metropolis, but take up a sort of partial citizenship in one or another poor district. The influence of charity organization in banishing beggary and whatever would confirm the poor in pauperism has been very marked. It is almost a part of popular ethics now in London to refrain from giving without due investigation. And many have arrived at the higher stage where they can see the importance and the human interest of learning for themselves how the poor live, and of helping them as their deepest needs require.

Charity organization is taking a wider scope as it progresses. It is making its framework available for those better forms of charity which have to do with prevention. It has given a clue to various associations for befriending children and young people. Among these is the Country Holiday Fund, which, every summer, sends twenty thousand slum children singing through the underground tunnels on their way to the sunny fields. The Charity Organization Society also lends facilities to a most useful society which is taking in charge the question of the sanitary conditions of tenement-houses. Indeed, the newer tendencies of organized charity begin to impart to this kind of work a kind of attraction such as one has not been able to feel before. The leaders are now going forward in the attempt to make each district committee include representatives of every agency working in any way for the bettering of the local community — churches, schools,

The Work of the Country Holiday Fund.

(Underground train filled with little gamins singing "Annie Rooney.")

parish officials, relief societies, workingmen's provident organizations, trades-unions, co-operative stores. With the combination of these forces the aim is to have each committee take in hand the whole social situation in its own district, endeavoring to bring the people to a true understanding of this situation, and to a willingness each to do his share toward making existence in that district wholesome and enjoyable.

With this comprehensive system, centred in one metropolitan council, it becomes possible for the Charity Organization Society to wield a considerable influence upon matters that affect the conditions of life in London. There is only one regret about it all. It is that the methods of the Society lack, to a degree, the element of sympathy. So much of its work has all along had to do with curbing harmful sentiment, that it is likely to be suspicious of sentiment in any form. A man holding a high position in the Society, who acknowledged the difficulty, is responsible for the statement—which I hope it may not seem unchivalrous to repeat—that the women members of the committees were oftener unsympathetic with their "cases" than the men. The explanation of this anomaly seems to be that when the finer feelings are put under restraint, as must be in the administration of charity, women come more completely than men under the letter of rigid precepts.

The special signs of the social awakening among the more favored classes are to be found not so much in the development of previously existing agencies as in the making of new experiments. These at first are necessarily on a small scale, and affect only their own particular localities. But already the success of some of these experiments has suggested that it is practicable to repeat them in the different working-class districts of the metropo-

lis. As a result, there are now taking their place in the life of London new kinds of profession, new forms of institution, new lines of education, new phases of literature. How much it means for the future that the idea of social duty and an interest in social activity are beginning so largely to give character to thought and work at the universities!

The social movement originating at the universities has had a quality of the moral picturesque from which neither cynicism nor fashionable cultivation has been able to take away the charm. The appeal to the imagination which it has made has exercised a most potent influence in removing the impression that work among the poor was dulness and weariness, and that utterly. The power to make social service truly interesting, one might almost say has been the determining factor in the present great changes that are going on in England. It was this power that constituted the great distinction of John Ruskin. Every department of social activity in England has been stirred by his message. The men who founded the first university settlement are in a special sense his followers.

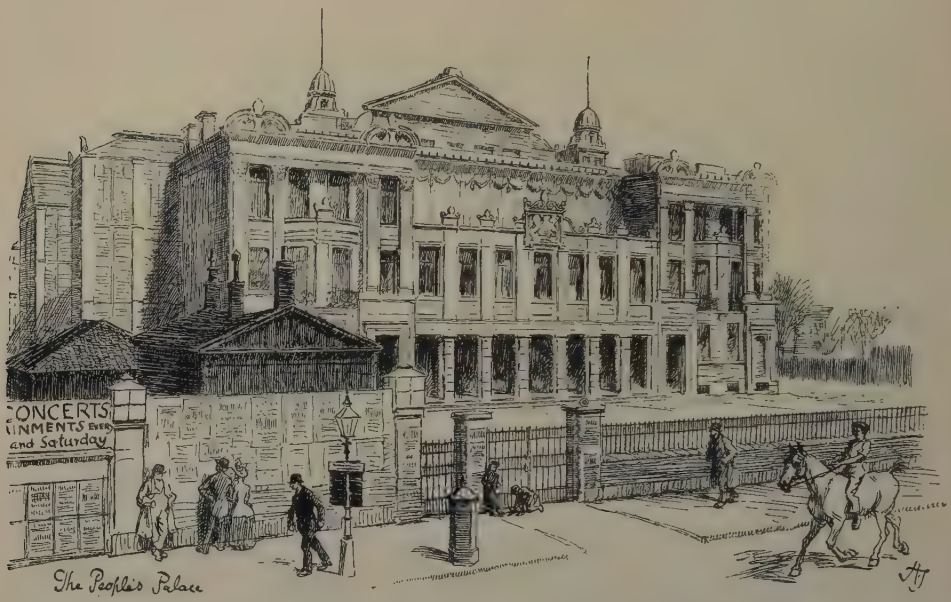
But the settlements stand for certain principles that are quite out of the scope of the criticism that is always waged against the sentimental side of such a movement. They stand distinctly for the fact, not before accepted, but now growing more and more clear, that social work demands the close, continued care of men and women of the best gifts and training. They show that if society would start afresh the glow of life in its far-out members, it must bring there the same fulness and variety of resource that is needed to keep life glowing at the centre. They are also the beginning of a better understanding of the truth which is

confessed, but not believed, that where one member suffers all the members suffer with it. In a just view of the case, the massing together of the well-to-do over against the poor, neither group knowing how the other lives, involves as great evil to the one side as to the other.

In 1867 Edward Denison, a young Oxford man, born to that inclination toward public duty which characterizes the high-class Englishman, conceived the purpose of endeavoring to meet some of the problems of poverty by taking up his abode in the midst of the poor. He went into the parish where John Richard Green, as vicar, was heroically at work. Denison died in a few years, and in 1875 Arnold Toynbee, a young tutor at Oxford, first took up his residence in Whitechapel during the long vacation. Several summers were spent in visiting as a friend among the people and joining with working-men in the management of their clubs. But failing health compelled him to relinquish his social work, and in 1883 he, too, came to an early death.

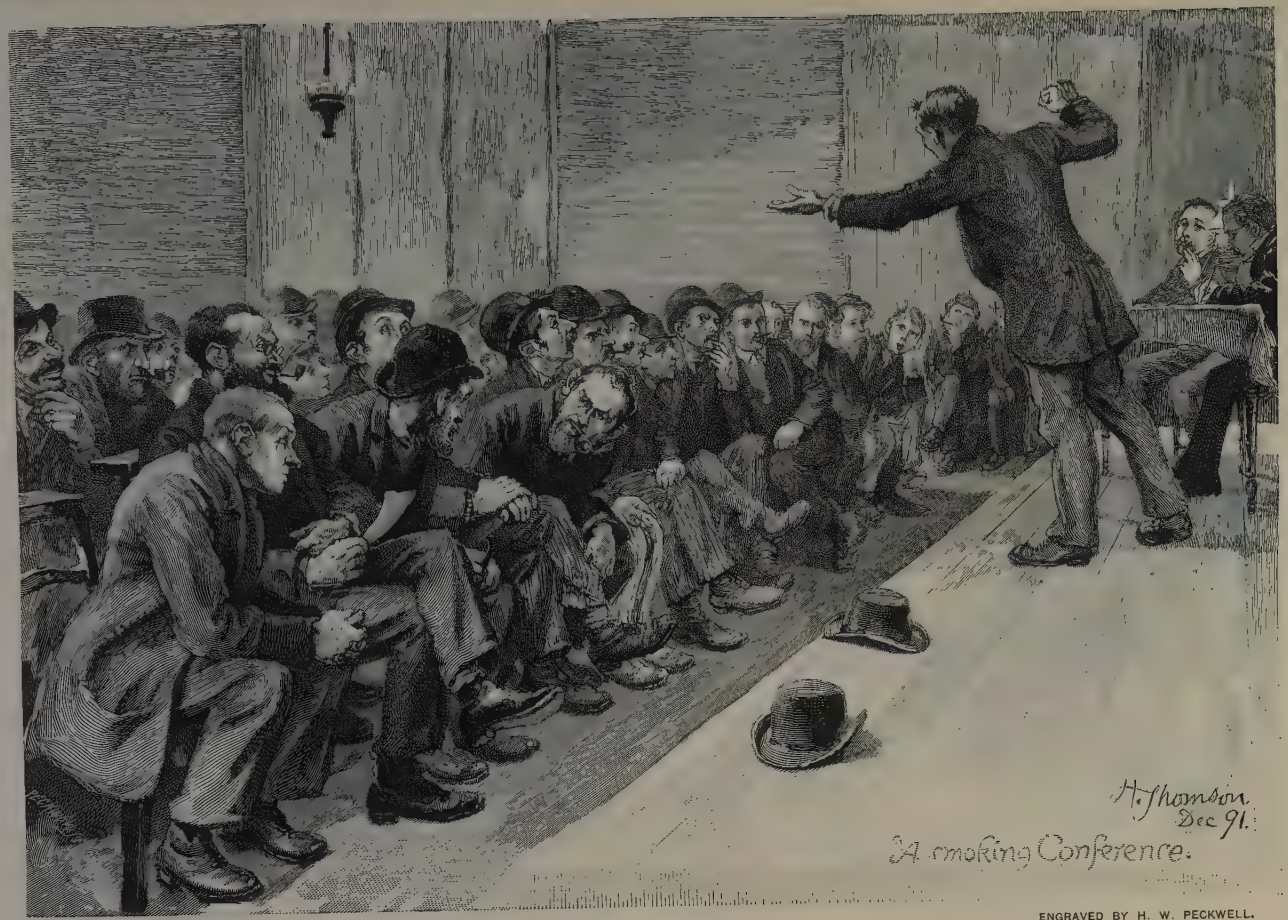
It was just when Toynbee's friends at Oxford were planning, in devotion to his memory, to take up some of the work which he had left unfinished, that the feeling of anxiety caused by "The Bitter Cry" was at its height in London. And Mr. Barnett, who had been working for ten years in Whitechapel, came to Oxford and met this little circle in a college room. He told them that it would be of little use merely to secure a room in East London where University Extension lectures might be given, as they were thinking of doing. He said that every message to the poor would be vain if it did not come expressed in the life of brother-men. With this, he proposed his plan for a

settlement of university men, where a group should reside together, and make their home a living centre of all elevating influences. There was that touch of inspiration about the plan which is able to bring into form and substance a somewhat vague and transcendental idea. A small settlement was at once begun in temporary quarters. The co-operation of Cambridge was soon secured. In a little more than a year a suitable building was completed, and the work of Toynbee Hall began.



Toynbee Hall is essentially a transplant of university life in Whitechapel. The quadrangle, the gables, the diamond-paned windows, the large general rooms, especially the dining-room with its brilliant frieze of college shields, all make the place seem not so distant from the dreamy walks by the Isis or the Cam. But these things are not so much for the sake of the university men as of their neighbors, that they may breathe a little of the charmed atmosphere. For this purpose Toynbee Hall becomes a hospitable home. All that it includes of earnestness, learning, skill, and whatever may rise out of a spirit of friendliness, is meant to be put at the service of the people of the East End. Every one that is in any way in relation with what goes on at the Hall, is now and then the guest of the residents at some informal gathering. Particular provision is even made that the residents may ask their new-made friends to break bread with them.

The fifteen or twenty men constantly at the Hall, together with a considerable body of associate workers, by the skilled direction of Mr. Barnett, have been able to accomplish some valuable results for the improvement of politics and social life in Whitechapel. There is a public library in Whitechapel today — beside the Toynbee Hall library —voted for by the local constituency as a result of political canvassing from Toynbee Hall. The great improvement in facilities for housing the people, in the administration of charity, and in the respect for law and order, shows striking results of the work of the warden and residents. As for the increase of the healthful pleasures of life which has been brought about in that joyless region, it is alone enough to justify the faith of the founders. The lines for a people's university are being broadly and soundly laid. A long list of courses of study is carried through, to the advantage of thirteen hundred



DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON.

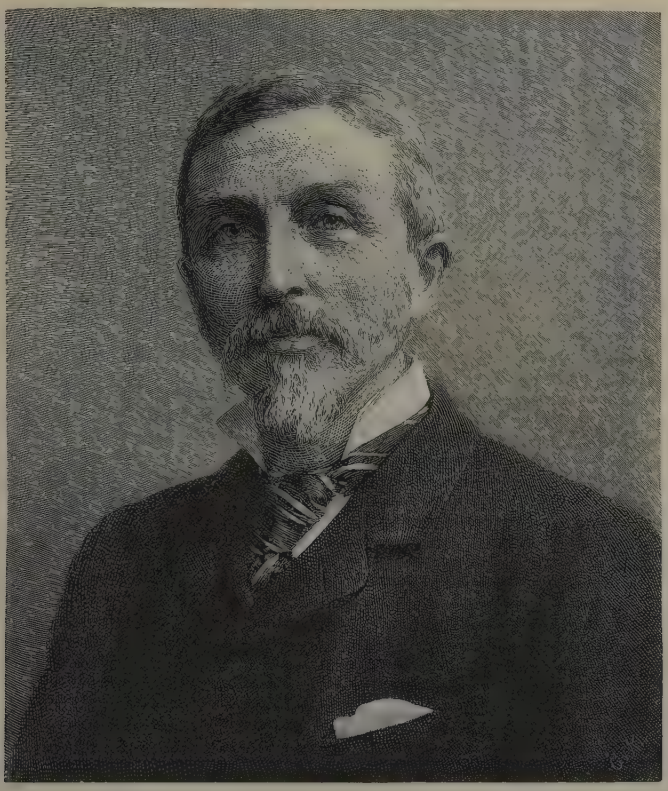
ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

students, male and female. The facilities for study are gradually being improved, and there are now two houses adjacent to Toynbee Hall where forty young men, members of the classes, live a kind of college life. In addition to all the classes, each week during the winter there is a concert, two popular lectures, and a smoking conference. At the smoking conference specimens appear of nearly every sort of East Londoner—all brought together by the general instinct for debate, which is only a turn of the old unconquerable spirit of the Briton.

The second settlement—the Oxford House in Bethnal Green—took a more distinctly religious basis. In addition to carrying on many efforts similar to those at Toynbee Hall, the Oxford House men enter actively into the work of the neighboring churches, preach out-of-doors, and have Sunday services and addresses in their own hall. The University Club, which is carried on under its auspices, is the most successful working-men's club of its kind in London. It has about fifteen hundred members, and includes a great variety of features. It is kept from being lost in its extensiveness by having the constant support and direction of Mr. P. R. Buchanan, a City merchant, who lives in Bethnal Green with his family for the sake of entering into an intimate, helpful relation with working people. The club building has thus far been the head-quarters of the larger activities of the Oxford House, and the residents have occupied a disused parish-school building. But they expect by midsummer to enter the new Oxford House, which will be well suited to all the needs of the settlement.

The Library of the People's Palace. (From a photograph.)

In various parts of London there are college missions, some of which were carried on before the university settlements were established. Altogether they number more than twenty. In most cases a mission is merely kept going by funds from the college or preparatory school for which it is named, the missioner being a graduate; but now the missions are more and more coming to have groups of residents. For the rest of the settlements, there are: the Women's University Settlement in Southwark, which has suggested the Mayfield House in Bethnal Green; St. Jude's House in Whitechapel, and a new women's settlement in Canning Town; the Mansfield House, begun by Oxford Congregationalists in Canning Town, and Browning Hall, begun by Cambridge Congregationalists in Walworth; a Wesleyan settlement in Bermondsey; and Mrs. Humphry Ward's University Hall, at a little distance from the British Museum. Some educated young Jews have recently proposed taking quarters in the midst of their brethren of Rag Fair and Petticoat Lane. And no man can see where the end will be.

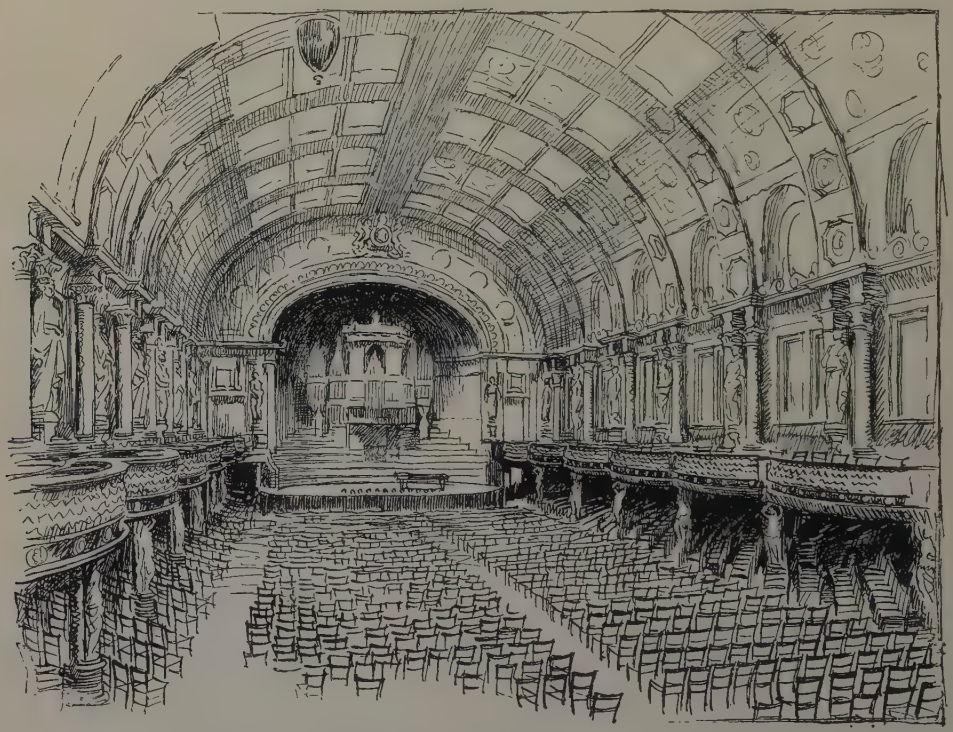


Charles Booth, Author of "Labor and Life of the People."
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.)

The novel philanthropy which has attracted the greatest attention is that of the People's Palace, which is the result, in the first instance, of the turn given by Mr. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" to a bequest that had already been made for establishing an institute for working-people in East London. The People's Palace is essentially an institution. At Toynbee Hall they resent the term. The People's Palace is now not much different from a great technical school, where boys and girls may receive instruction in nearly all lines of art and skill. It has ample facilities for rec-

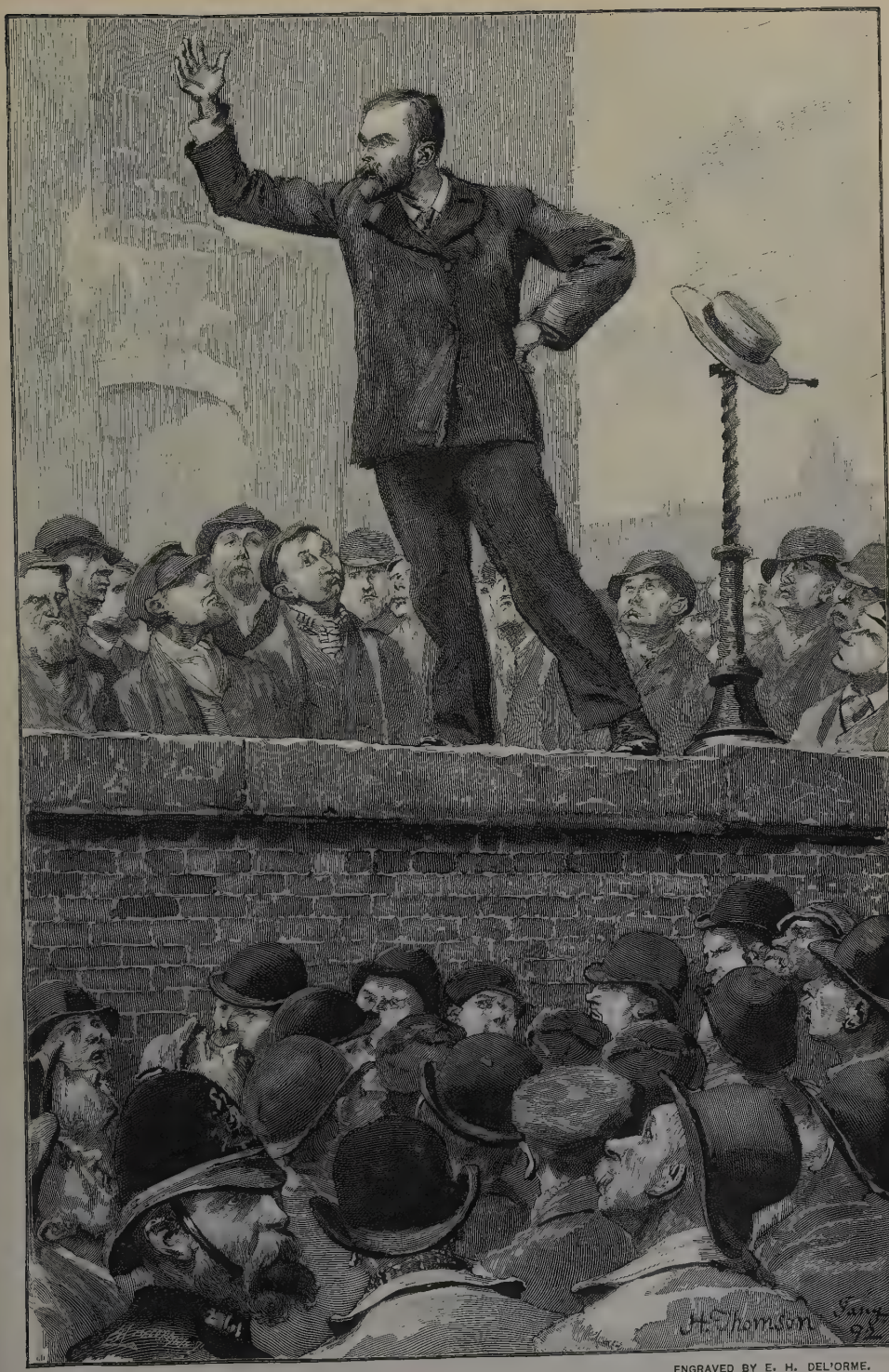
reation — a gymnasium and swimming-bath, one of the most beautiful halls in London for concerts and other entertainments, a large winter garden, and a well-supplied library and reading-room. The People's Palace, under the care of Sir Edmund Currie, was conducted so that it seemed to be filling out the dream with which it began. But too much was attempted at once. It became involved in financial difficulties, and necessity constrained its managers to seek the powerful aid of the Drapers' Company, one of the old City guilds which exercise a perfunctory charity as a tribute for being permitted to continue a rather luxurious existence. The management of the Palace is now directed from the office of the Institute" in large letters, and "The People's Palace" in small.

Yet one ought not to make too much of the partial failure of this noble scheme. The People's Palace, as it is, brings a great enlargement to life in the East End. And there is still sufficient reason for believing that the idea, as it was at first held, is a practicable one. It is indeed determined upon that the plan shall be undertaken in London on a very extensive scale. The Regent Street Polytechnic, through the generosity and devotion of Mr. Quintin Hogg, has achieved a settled success at the points where the People's Palace has, up to the present, failed. And there is now in hand a plan by which a part of the vast accumulated



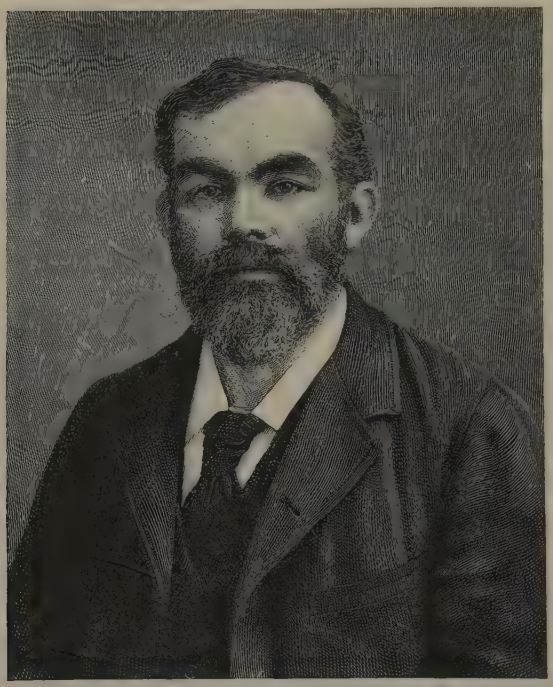
The Queen's Hall in the People's Palace
from a photograph

Drapers' Company, and shows that lack of appreciative sense which one might expect under the circumstances. The circulars have "Drapers' Company's resources of the old City parishes is to be given for the purpose of establishing a polytechnic in every considerable district of the metropolis, putting each



DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

John Burns addressing the Dockers on Tower Hill.



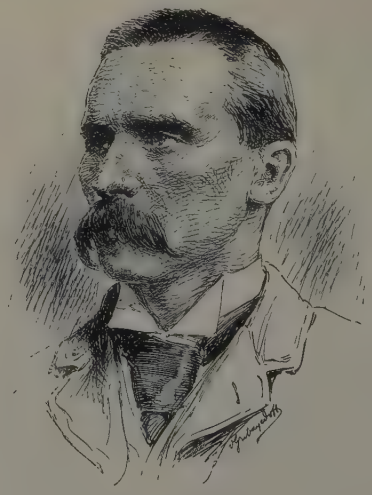
John Burns.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

one, to a large extent, under the responsible control of people living in the district, or in some way connected with its interests. It is not too much to hope that, gradually, through failures and successes, all the more gloomy regions of London shall be lit up with veritable Palaces of Delight.

The university settlements and the polytechnics in their work draw deeply upon the æsthetic impulse for ways of cheering and elevating the poor. But quite apart from them is the unique movement which begins distinctly from the artist's point of view. Ruskin is its prophet. It has two quite different, though not mutually exclusive, phases. On the one hand is the effort, which has a strong element behind it in the artistic circles of London, toward social reconstruction as a necessity if the mass of the people are ever to be saved from the degradation that comes from surroundings of wretchedness. Among its supporters are, William Morris, revolutionary socialist; Walter Crane, moderate socialist; and Burne Jones, socialistic radical. On the other hand is the simpler and more immediate programme for "bringing beauty home to the people." The Kyrle Society makes this its special object. The members of the Society busy themselves with adorning working-men's clubs, girls' homes, and mission halls. Some beautiful mural paintings have recently been executed in such places. There is a musical section which gives concerts and oratorios in working-class districts; a branch for the distribution of good literature; a branch which works actively for securing and beautifying public parks and open spaces, and seeing that they are managed for the enjoyment of the people. The Kyrle Society is under the special direction of Miss Octavia Hill, who has carried on such a courageous warfare against the evils of London poverty for almost a generation. It includes in its membership many leading artists and patrons of art.

By far the most stirring social developments in London, during the last five years, have been in connection with strikes and socialistic agitation among



Tom Mann.

the working-men. There is an intenseness and reality about these facts there, even to the minds of people in the upper classes, which can be but dimly understood by those not living on the scene. In London, more than in any other great city in the world at the present moment, different social creeds, are committing themselves definitely to the cause of the fourth estate in its demand for justice. Many of these persons have themselves felt the bitterness of poverty; others have been moved by a more distant sympathy. But it is certain that the

A Lecture at The Fabian Society, Essex Hall
A question from the Rear.

the near interests of the majority of the people are slowly rising into a solitary prominence. And the main tide of the influence toward democracy comes not by the way of charity of any kind, but directly out of the working-class itself. Close alongside the working-class movement, and often mingling with it, is the increasing tendency among men and women, not of the labor ranks, who, with radical social attitude of a large body of educated men and women in London comes not merely from what others have suffered. They belong to what is called the "literary proletariat." With the ever greater crowding of the professions in the metropolis, especially as women are increasingly entering into the competition of one form or another of intellectual work, there is a con-

DRAWN BY HUGH THOMSON.

Dramatic Entertainment at the Boro' of Hackney Workingmen's Club.

stantly growing number of persons of trained mind and delicate sensibilities who find themselves hard pressed in the struggle. Even after success in it, the keen remembrance of its pangs lingers. Events have already shown in London, and are bound to show still more clearly, the profound significance of this personal sense of social wrong which is creeping in among those who have the power that knowledge, skill, and influence give them to attack what they find to be false in social conditions.

London has been behindhand in the matter of movements of importance among the artisans. It is among the strong, self-reliant North-country men that the old trades-unions and the co-operative stores have made their great attainments. The working-men of London are of a less sturdy race, though that is in part because the industries of the metropolis call for skilled labor in a smaller proportion than do the northern towns. In general, the northern towns have the factories; London, the warehouses and the docks.

In 1886, under the lead of the Socialists, who were then more violent and less powerful than they now are, the agitations of the unemployed began. The unemployed represent the two or three most helpless grades of poverty. Some of them belong to the idle and vicious, but a large proportion of them are willing to work according to their power. At any rate, it appeared clearly enough that they represent a serious problem. Trafalgar Square, at one of the main centres of traffic, was made a forum for the expression of their demand for the means of subsistence. These meetings took so threatening a turn that several efforts were made by the police to disperse them. They continued intermittently during three years. In addition to the Trafalgar Square demonstrations, there were parades to district poor-houses; church parades in which Lazarus came to the portal that Dives, going in to worship, might see him; and even some riotous marches in which the windows of clubs in Pall Mall and of shops in Piccadilly were made havoc of. By the summer of 1889 these agitations had died away. But the temporary lull merely gave time for shifting the scene of action to the principal seat of the difficulty at the docks.

The long miles of docks down along the north bank of the river, beginning at the Tower, which are so great a source of England's wealth, contribute to East London life little more than a grudging partial support to the vast body of casuals and hangers-on whom they bring there. They are the last miserable hope of the unfortunate and shiftless of every calling. A certain number of men are regularly employed. After that, however, it is open to every man to come with the rest in the morning, and join with them at the dock-gates in fighting like wild beasts to see which ones of the number shall get in to secure a day's work — every man's hand against his brother, with bread and starvation for a wager. The dock-owners had been taking advantage of this situation by paying a miserable pittance by the hour, sometimes even dismissing men in the middle of the day, thus getting the full use of men's fresh force.

Things became so unendurable that some of the stronger spirits among the dockers decided to ask John Burns, who is a skilled mechanic, to come and see if there was not some help for them. Burns had just been leading a successful strike of gas-workers; and, before that, had been one of the speakers at Trafalgar Square. In the face of seeming impossibility, the men being wholly undisciplined and completely dependent upon their employment for the bare necessaries of life, John Burns determined to call out the thousands of dock-workers of London. It was an act of surpassing courage. It was not mere reckless daring. He saw that the market was rising, so that the dock-owners could with difficulty hold out against the demands of commerce. He knew from recent strikes, especially from one in which the woes of the match-girls had been brought to light, that public sentiment was turning strongly toward the support of down-trodden toilers. And he believed that the working-men of England would uphold him with their hard-earned shillings. These things all acted in his favor. Large

quantities of relief-supplies were sent in by the people of London every day. More than a quarter of a million dollars were contributed to support the strike. English trades-unions gave ninety thousand, and twice that sum came by telegraph from Australia. The rest of the work was accomplished through Burns's marvellous power to hold great masses of men with his voice —there were over one hundred thousand men on strike at once — and through the statesmanlike inner direction of the strike by his friend and fellow-craftsman, Tom Mann. After six weeks of daily speaking, systematic distribution of food and strike-pay, proposing and rejecting of overtures, and withal no little apprehension on the part of good citizens of some violent disturbance —the great strike was won, and a beginning made of the organization of the great army of the unskilled, which has progressed steadily from that time to this. In less than three years the Dockers' Union, and two other unions of the unskilled, have come to include upward of three hundred thousand men in the United Kingdom. Under the general name of the New Trades-Unionism, with Burns and Mann for leaders, they have won continual victories, extended aid to weaker unions, pushed their policy to the front in the Trades-Union Congress, and gained a political power which will give them at least John Burns for a representative in the next House of Commons. If John Burns and Tom Mann should both be elected Members of Parliament, there would be among the nation's legislators no men of truer hearts and more temperate lives, and few of greater native ability than these heroes of the masses.

Organized Socialism, out of which the movement of the laborers sprang, has, as a result of this success through peaceful methods, become steadily more moderate. One hears, even in Hyde Park, where, on Sunday afternoon, advocates of every cause hold noisy rivalry, less of fiery harangue and more about uniting for the sake of keeping up wages and of putting representatives into the County Council and into Parliament. William Morris's Socialist League, which still represents the poet's impatience of all mechanical methods, and clings to his fantastic revolutionary hope, has been growing weaker and weaker, until it has now dwindled almost down to the single group which has a meeting in a hall back of Morris's house, in Hammersmith, on Sunday evening, and sups in common afterward.

The rising tide of Socialism in London, so far as it goes in the channels of organization, lies in the progress of the Fabian Society. This unique association of Socialists is now in the seventh year of its existence. It has about two hundred members, most of whom are cultured people. Mr. Grant Allen, a year or two ago, deserted the banner of Mr. Spencer, and became a Fabian. Mr. Walter Crane is on the list of lecturers. The Rev. Stopford Brooke gives his adhesion, and occasionally takes up his strong poetic prophecy at Bedford Chapel, with denunciation of the present state of things, and aspiration toward all that can lead to a better.

Pursuing the policy of masterly delay which the old Roman advocated, the Fabian Society has exerted a marked influence in London through its fortnightly meetings, its tracts, and the volume of essays by its leading members. These essays, which have had a very large sale, were first given as lectures at the Society's meetings, and may be regarded as the best published exposition of Socialism from the point of view of enlightened Socialists. The Society is gradually coming to be a political power in the metropolis. This is partly because some of its leaders have become acknowledged specialists as to questions of advanced municipal administration; but it is more largely because of a series of campaigns in the workingmen's clubs. There are two hundred of these in London, on a wholly independent basis. Outside of the entertainments which are provided, the members of the clubs seem to be most attracted by political and industrial discussion. At least once a week in all the larger clubs some person is present to lecture. The men smoke their pipes, drink beer out of huge pewter mugs, and listen. The Fabian Society has detailed a

group of its ablest speakers for this special service, and the result has been, through influences direct and indirect, that the working-men of London—who but a few years ago all supported Mr. Bradlaugh and his unsatisfying political radicalism—are now well-nigh unanimous in favor of the programme of immediate social legislation which the Fabian Society is proposing.

The variety of social work in London is, it is true, almost endless, and each department has but little relation with the others; yet it would be far from the truth to represent the general social situation as being a mere confused mass of expedients, of turnings hither and thither. In fact every year shows in metropolitan life a marked increase in the aggregate result of philanthropic and industrial movements. It is certainly a new and remarkable exhibition of the English power of achievement that, notwithstanding the vastness of the problem, and its intangibleness, and the plausible claims of superficial reform, the steady impulse from the beginning, on nearly every side, should have been toward attacking the problem at its centre, and toward devising broader plans of remedy as rapidly as the working out of any actual results could suggest them.

The governing bodies of London are showing themselves ready to undertake large social schemes based upon previous approved experiments. The County Council, by its fair way of treating men working under it, has established a "moral minimum" for wages, and a "moral maximum" for hours. It has greatly developed the "lungs" of London—the parks, open spaces, and playing fields. In the way of new kinds of municipal administration the Council has in charge a very large building enterprise in Bethnal Green, for model tenement-houses which shall accommodate several thousands of people; and it has recently voted to assume control of one of the leading tramway lines. The School Board requires all of its contractors to comply with trades-union conditions as to wages and the length of the working day, and provides dinners for ill-fed children at the schools.

The extensive investments of private capital, for the sake of improving the housing of the working-people, have resulted in completely wiping out many unsanitary and criminal quarters. In nearly every part of London one now sees great model tenement-houses, constructed after the most recent patterns, and sometimes with much architectural beauty. The buildings give a return of four or five per cent. on the capital. The coffee-houses of London, besides being one of the best of temperance measures, have proved advantageous business investments. Even the newest form of peoples' café, the Tee-to-tums, are conducted so that expenses are covered. These unique institutions are the creation of Mr. P. R. Buchanan. They combine the features of a coffee-house, supplying a variety of good food and non-alcoholic drinks, with those of a club, having numerous facilities for improvement and recreation. The patrons of each Tee-to-tum are organized by skilled social workers, who direct their amusements. Mr. Buchanan well illustrates the new type of man now coming forward in England, who, with intelligence, means, and energy, shall devote himself and his possessions to working out plans for widening the circuit of life for the toiling majority of his countrymen.

Of this same fine public spirit is Mr. Charles Booth, a wealthy merchant, who at the time when feeling was highest went alone to the East End and took lodgings for the sake of making a careful study of the whole situation. Enlisting the aid of some able young students of economics, and engaging a regular staff of clerks, he began his great work, in which he is putting together a most painstaking, unbiassed, and lucid account of the labor and life of the people of London. Two volumes, of which Mr. Booth, with undue modesty, stands merely as the editor, have already appeared, giving a close description of the homes of the poor in different degrees of poverty, and of the condition of work at the different trades. With these volumes are colored maps indicating the character as to poverty and wealth of every street in London. The remainder of the work will treat of all the trades-unions and organizations for self-help among work-

ing people, and of the efforts toward social improvement in the way of charity and philanthropy.

With the publication of these volumes the social problem of London begins to be understood and realized in its length and breadth. "The Bitter Cry," the agitations of the unemployed, and the great strike, served to arouse the sense of social responsibility. The efforts of many sorts and conditions of people, with diverse points of view and concerned about different social evils, have gradually been showing the methods for success under specific conditions. And now comes this quiet, patient man, having worked along through the years of turmoil and novelty, trusting implicitly to the truth which the facts might express, and presents the whole of the metropolis as an intelligible object of social study, and makes it easy to see how in each neighborhood, according to its needs, there may be free course for whatever agencies have been found to be of value in any other.

The first stage of the social awakening is over—that of scattered experiments and of general investigation. The next, and even more significant stage, the stage of expansion, is already entered upon. There is sufficient reason to expect that the County Council will not stop in its undertaking of social administration in the interest of the people, until it has assumed the complete ownership and direction of the gas and water supply and of the tramway lines. The replacing of large unsanitary tracts of buildings with model tenement-houses, will have to be continued in several other places after the work in Bethnal Green is completed. There is coming to be a marked increase of efficiency in the local parish boards, which are charged with executing the laws for sanitation and poor-relief. The co-ordination of all more obvious charities, and their comprehensive working in each district, will go on until there shall be as well organized checks against pauperism as there now are against crime.

With the field in general thus laid out, there is already full promise that each considerable section of the metropolis will have at least one public institution for the recreation and higher education of the people. The churches and the university settlements may be looked to for the gradual development of all less formal and more personal influences toward making life healthier, happier, nobler. Meanwhile the long, slow struggle of the working-men, rising into dramatic interest in its fitful outbursts, is destined to bring them to a position of independence, and in so strong and pure a democracy as the County of London, ultimately, as they become worthy of power, into a position of control.

AN EGYPTIAN BANQUET.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

A CROWDED life, where joy perennial starts;
The boy's pulse beating 'mid experience sage;
Wild thirst for action, time could ne'er assuage;
Countless sad secrets, learned from weary hearts;
New thresholds gained, as each full hour departs;
Long years read singly, each an opened page;
Love's blissful dreams and friendship's priceless gage;
A name grown famous through the streets and marts;
Knowledge advancing; thoughts that climb and climb;
Aims that expand; new pinions that unfurl;
Age that outstrips all promise of its prime;
Hopes which their prayers at utmost heaven hurl;
—Till in an instant, in a point of time,
Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

IV.

IT must have been about three months later, toward the fag end of the season, when Josephine said to me impressively one evening after our return from some festivity:

"If a woman is really in love with her husband she cannot expect to have a very good time at a party. She may enjoy herself after a fashion, but in order to thrill as she did as a girl it is necessary to be interested more or less in somebody else. Which proves," she continued, turning her face fondly in my direction, "that you are a dear, darling duck."

I was detaching a rose-bud from the lapel of my dress-coat at the moment, and was therefore too busy to acknowledge this compliment appropriately; but I took upon myself to inquire what she proposed to do about it.

"I don't see that I can do anything, that's the difficulty," she answered dolefully. "So long as you continue to be tolerably nice, I suppose that I must be content to be more or less bored when I go anywhere; not always aggressively bored, perhaps, but comparatively so, considering the nice times which some married women seem to have. If only I were able to flirt," she added, with a despondent little sigh, "I should get on famously."

I begged her not to abstain from anything of the kind on my account.

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear," she said. "The melancholy fact is I have tried already and failed — failed signally."

"Tried what?"

"Tried to flirt, Fred. I have tried desperately; but it is no use. I will confess that for purely social purposes I have done my best to imagine that I hate you, and have stuffed my ears, metaphorically speaking, with cotton wool so as to obliterate you from my inner consciousness; but it has been a ghastly failure; you would keep popping up in my mind just as I was beginning to become a little interested. Hence my conclusion, at which I have arrived gradually and with great reluctance. Kiss me, dear."

It had not escaped my observation that up to this time Josephine had been exceedingly non-committal regarding the mild succession of receptions, dinners, and other evening entertainments which we had been attending. In fact she had been inclined to put me off with an evasive answer whenever I inquired whether she had enjoyed herself. Consequently I had divined that she was by no means carried away by her intercourse with the gay world. But I had not been prepared for these gloomily philosophical deductions, which were peculiarly interesting to me from the fact that they were more or less germane to my own.

"In case my death would be any accommodation——" I began.

But my wife interrupted my would-be flippancy to say: "I am not com-

plaining, mind you, Fred. There are plenty of women of my age who don't have half so pleasant a time in society as I do, but—but—" she added, with an amused laugh, "it has taken me until now to get accustomed to the idea that it is impossible for me to enjoy myself as I did as a girl. The flirting was the last resort, and now that has failed. Fred, you must be very good to me for the rest of my life.

"You see," she continued, presently, with a soliloquizing air, "when I went to a party before I was married there was always someone on whom I could count to speak to me before the end of the evening, and for whom I was secretly on the lookout, as it were. There were apt to be certain men who, without being in love with me necessarily, were so far disposed to drift in my direction that I was kept perpetually buoyed up while talking with stupid people by the hope of seeing them, and absorbed after they did speak to me by delightful uncertainty as to the future. But now there is no uncertainty at all; everything has happened that can happen; a view of the case which never occurred to me until lately when I was trying to realize why I didn't find society more interesting. I did have rather a good time at Mrs. Badger's reception, and the first two or three subsequent parties from the sheer novelty of seeing people again after so many months. Everyone was very cordial, and what with the lights and the dresses and the joy of being able to waltz again I didn't miss the fact that no one was particularly devoted to me. But as time went on and the novelty wore off I began to be painfully aware that though my men friends of by-gone days would be ready to jump overboard to rescue me in case I was in peril of drowning, or to get up a subscription for me if in pecuniary distress, I couldn't count on them to take the least genuine interest in me or to talk other than the dreariest platitudes. They were superficially polite enough, and now and then one of them would take me out in the german and give me a woolly lamb or a tinsel star" —indicating a small collection of toys of this description on her dressing-table, husbanded for the benefit of baby —"but almost invariably I was made to feel when one of them strolled up to me with his hands in his pockets and emitted a few commonplace sentences, that he did it out of charity, and that he meant at the same time politely to give me to understand that having made my choice I must abide by it and not expect any very great exertion on his part. I was provoked by this at first, but after reflection I realized that I had no real right to complain; yet finding it excessively dull to pass evening after evening in this wise I was spurred to discover a remedy, and the remedy dawned upon me one day all of a sudden when my gaze happened to light on Mrs. Gregory Scott and Philip Blair looking into each other's eyes in an alcove. 'There,' said I to myself, 'is a married woman who really enjoys herself.' And I reasoned in the same breath, 'It is because she is able to forget that she is married.' And then, Fred, if you will believe it of me, I caught myself asking whether I also couldn't manage to lay the flattering unction to my soul that I was nobody's wife, and forget you, if only for an evening or two. Not that I wished to consign you to oblivion for all time, as I am afraid that Mrs. Scott has practically done in the case of Gregory; but I was painfully conscious of an immediate intention to try to become a little more like my old self, cost what it might."

"While it is doubtless a less simple matter to obtain a divorce in this commonwealth as compared with many of the Western States, still I think, my dear, that any judge——"

"Wait until I have finished, Fred, and when you hear how utterly I was disappointed, you will agree that I have been punished sufficiently. After making up my mind to carry out my fell design, I cast about me for a victim on whom to exercise my powers of fascination and an opportunity for exercising them. Among the men I used to know before we were married, Reginald Robbins has been the least indifferent since. I never knew him very well, but I have always rather liked him, and he has been growing steadily handsome, so when he happened to speak to me at Mrs. Sloane's musicale a few evenings

later, I said to myself, 'Why won't he do?' He has naturally a gallant manner, and somehow it seemed to me that evening when he bent down to speak to me that he had quite the air of devotion. At any rate, I tried to appear correspondingly gracious and glad to see him, and I astonished myself by the spritely, not to say flippant, style of my conversation. I felt my heart going pit-a-pat from excitement at my efforts, and I kept saying to myself, 'Now you mustn't think of Fred, or baby, or anybody, but just go ahead and enjoy yourself.' As for Mr. Robbins, he looked astonished himself at first, then puzzled, and then a strange gleam of animation came over his features, and he gazed at me in a way which showed me that he thought he understood. Someone began to sing an ardent, tremendous piece from the Italian, and through it I was conscious of his eyes riveted upon me, and when the song was finished he bent down and whispered in my ear in the confidential fashion which the men who are devoted to other people's wives ordinarily assume. What he said was commonplace enough, but the way in which he said it sent the blood flying to my cheeks. I felt that everyone in the room must be looking at me, and I was conscious of thinking how disagreeable it was, and was glad to have him just then offer me his arm to take me into supper. At supper he was my devoted slave, and I employed the intervals while he was gone to get me things in soothing my ruffled spirit and trying to persuade myself that I found him entrancing. Fortified by a glass of champagne, I submitted to take his arm again and be led away from the world at large into the conservatory, where we established ourselves mysteriously in a corner as I had often seen Mrs. Scott and my other prototypes do. On the way he let fall two or three complimentary speeches, each one of which affected me like so many bits of ice dropped down my back, in spite of my predilection to find them charming, so that when we faced each other after sitting down I felt like a ramrod. Still determined to persevere, I resolutely wreathed my face in a complacent smile, and put my hands, metaphorically speaking, over my ears to shut out the still, small voices which seemed to be whispering, 'What a fool you are, what a fool you are!' Then he began to talk, giving me to understand, in a low, confidential tone, that his life was not what it might be for the lack of a controlling influence, and ever and anon he would bend his dark eyes upon me in an ardent way, ostensibly in search of the sympathy which I was expected to bestow, and indicating, as plainly as could be, short of actual speech, that I might become that controlling influence if I would. Here was exactly the situation I had longed for; and yet, struggle as I would to pump up a corresponding degree of enthusiasm, I found myself sitting tongue-tied and coldly indifferent. My emotions of disgust had given place to mockery, and instead of being absorbed and thrilled by the confidences of my victim, as I had expected, I was conscious of thinking how ridiculous he was, and I could not help comparing him with you and reflecting how infinitely nicer you were in every way, and what a goose I was to be sitting there. All this, my dear, when I ought to have been yearningly interested and encouraging. You may imagine what a come down it was for me. I had wished with all my soul to be sympathetic and to thrill with the pride of conquest, and the outcome was that while he murmured to me about his past life I could scarcely keep my eyes off his nose, which he has a way of twinkling like a bunny rabbit, a peculiarity I had never noticed before. It was simply terrible to be sitting there scrutinizing him in cold blood after leading him on; and yet the intenser he became, the more hilarious I grew inwardly, and I don't know what would have been the upshot — I am afraid I might have laughed in his face — had I not happened to spy you in the distance and sprung to my feet saying that you were looking for me. An expression of surprise and disappointment came over my victim's features at my abrupt termination of our *tête-à-tête*, but he whispered with eager earnestness, 'On what afternoons shall I be likely to find you at home?' seeking at the same moment to retain my hand with an endearing pressure, a symptom

of his regard so little to my fancy that, looking him steadily in the eyes, I answered, with a cold precision which he could not mistake: 'I am never at home in the afternoon, Mr. Robbins.' Poor fellow! His devotion to me since has been limited to very distant bows; but I—I am a blighted being, Fred; and, as I said to you just now, you will have to be very good to me for the rest of my life. And I am getting gray, to cap the climax," Josephine added, holding up to the light for close scrutiny a single long hair detached by the sweep of her comb.

As I have already hinted, these observations on the part of my wife were of peculiar interest to me at this time, for I was in process of mulling over in my mind my own experiences of society as a married man. Having admitted that she was much to be pitied for the forlornness of her state, I ventured to remark, with a tentative air:

"Does it not seem to you, my dear, little short of inhuman that married people should be incapable of deriving pleasure from the society of their fellow beings of the opposite sex merely because they happen to be devoted to each other?"

"It is true of you, then, also?" queried Josephine, with a little gush of happiness. "I was not sure how it would be in the case of a man."

"I was stating the problem hypothetically," I replied, with gravity. Josephine regarded me narrowly, and said she had noticed that I had been singularly non-committal.

"Surely I have complained often enough of being bored," I answered.

"At first, perhaps; but recently I have been struck by the fact that you were perking up. Who, pray, gave you that rose-bud?" she added, indicating the single trophy which I had carried away from the german of that evening.

"Mrs. Guy Sloane."

I spoke with an affectation of indifference which was inconsistent with the confusion of my cheeks.

"Precisely! I have no doubt," continued Josephine, with sardonic deliberateness, "that she would be very proud to add you to her collection."

To the married man the members of the society in which he moves possess an identity more distinct than for the young buck who still fancies that he may any day set out on an exploring expedition to the North Pole, or decide to settle in Seattle. The Benedict arranges them and dockets them in his mind's eye with much the same unconscious cerebration with which the accustomed whist-player sorts his hand. To a discriminating taste Mrs. Guy Sloane is unquestionably the most attractive and interesting of all the young married women who are socially significant in the society to which Josephine and I belong. She is not a flibbertigibbet and purely volatile like Mrs. Gregory Scott, nor aggressively worldly like Mrs. Willoughby Walton; but she lacks neither the piquancy and dash of the one nor the enterprise, graciousness, and magnificent proclivities of the other. Mrs. Scott is a rampant waltzer, and when there is no dancing to be had is perpetually in corners. Mrs. Walton is nothing if not ultra fashionable. Her costumes are marvels of the dressmaker's art, if somewhat scantier than occasion requires. She entertains superbly, participates ardently in everything in vogue, from a grand reception to a mysteriously conducted Chinese theatre-party, and manages at the same time to inspire more or less curiosity in the social mind as to the nature of the intimacies which she wages with successive members of the male sex. But no breath of scandal has ever dallied with the name of Mrs. Guy Sloane. She is no less genial in her tendencies than Mrs. Walton; her establishment is even more complete in that it is artistic and original. One who dines with Mrs. Willoughby may count on caviare and terrapin, but it is only at Mrs. Guy's that you are liable to hear the centrepiece of flowers suddenly discourse sweet music, or find yourself masticating a genuine Japanese repast — snails, seaweed, raw fish, and saki water—served by maidens from the far East on their bended knees, after the most approved Oriental fashion. But it is not merely that Mrs. Guy is delightfully unconventional; a more salient charm is the

refined and refining cast of her intelligence. She is a patron of the arts, a student of books, and a promoter of culture; she is prodigiously prominent in philanthropy and tenement-house reform; celebrities from abroad bring letters to her, and her domestic circle of admirers includes the brightest minds of the community.

Unlike Josephine, I had returned to society free from roseate anticipations and almost under protest. I had not expected to be amused, and even my untoward experience with pretty Polly Flinders left me pensive rather than sore. I drifted aimlessly from house to house, nursing the scarcely concealed consciousness that I would infinitely rather be at my own fireside with the wife of my bosom than gallivanting in the gay world. In talking to the unmarried girls I labored under the dread that I was obstructing prematrimonial billing and cooing, and I found the average married woman of Josephine's age complacently ruminant as a milch cow and disposed to enthusiasm only at the mention of her husband's name. However much you may admire a man it is scarcely exhilarating to be obliged to listen to a recapitulation of his virtues and opinions until you are enabled to stifle the flow of conjugal eloquence with chicken-salad and a roll. After two or three experiences of this kind I suffered myself, by way of preference, to be buttonholed, on the plea of a glass of champagne, in the supper-room after nearly everybody had left it, by Gillespie Gore, whose views on the tariff, though wearisome, are encyclopædic; or I would establish myself by the side of some middle-aged mother so absorbed in keeping an eye on her daughter as to be unaware if I was passably somnolent.

But the most devoted husband must feel impelled at last, by dint of purposeless drivel on his own part, if by no other motive, to try to make the best of a distasteful situation. Heaven knows I had no inclination to flirt with anybody, as did my darling, according to her own confession, and not once did it occur to me that I wished myself unfettered by the vows of marriage. I was too radiantly happy to desire to obscure or blot out for a moment the image of Josephine from my social retina. But, on the other hand, I was distinctly weary of wandering from drawing-room to drawing-room without a purpose, and just as Josephine's attention gradually centred itself on certain women with a view to emulating their behavior, my starved state of mind turned for recreation and companionship in a similar direction.

The three women to whom I have already alluded stood out conspicuously from the rest as the leading social spirits of the hour. I hesitated briefly between them, but only briefly. A few words with Mrs. Gregory Scott sufficed to convince me that though she might grow in favor with me, I should never do for her. We had been acquaintances in former days, before either she or I were married; but we had never been particularly sympathetic. She had been inclined, I think, to regard me as a little slow, and though she received my present advances graciously enough, her small, snapping eyes seemed to say that whoever aspired to stand high in her regard must be in attendance early and late, be prodigal of flowers and small attentions, be ready to fetch and carry and make himself generally useful. My need was companionship, not servitude; accordingly I made my bow and turned elsewhere.

On the other hand, Mrs. Willoughby Walton, with all her social prestige, impressed me as aspiring chiefly to reproduce the type of fashionable woman who figures in the pages of contemporary Parisian fiction; and just as the bastard imitations of the French novelists written in our mother tongue seem to me wholly to lack the fascination of their Gallic prototypes, the reflection was forced upon me that I should find an affair with Mrs. Willoughby no less insipid than compromising. The world may pardon a man who is enthralled by a woman who knows no scruples, but it justly jeers at one who dangles at the heels of a woman who merely pretends to be bad. The trouble with Mrs. Willoughby Walton is that she only makes believe; she does her very best to let people suppose that she is stupendous-

ly immoral, and yet the world is well aware in its secret soul that when brought to the scratch she has the virtue of a nun. In her case all is smoke and there is no fire. She reminds one, by her general attitude of depravity, of those nervous, fiery-looking steeds which snort and sidle and caracole and champ until they reek with foam, but which can never be induced to run away. Women of her type are, so to speak, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. Indeed it would seem not altogether unfitting if the Deity in His infinite wisdom were to consign them in the great hereafter to a limbo, neither heaven nor hell, similar to that which confined the caitiff choir of angels in Dante's Inferno, who neither were faithful to God nor rebellious.

"The heavens expelled them not to be less fair,
Nor them the nethermore abyss receives,
For glory none the damned would have from them."

But, as I have already intimated, no charge of indiscretion had ever been brought against Mrs. Guy Sloane. As I watched her furtively I recognized that she was neither shallow nor fast, that she was alike cultured and uncompromising. I may have reflected also that Josephine, though eminently intelligent and well educated, did not profess to be a clever person, and that it would be interesting to discuss the phases of advanced thought with one who manifestly aspired to keep abreast of the times. Since my duty to my wife and the world at large required my occasional presence in society, why not seek companionship with so edifying a personage, instead of kicking my heels in semi-somnolence? In my bachelor days, although we had been acquaintances, I had rather avoided Mrs. Sloane from the fatuous diffidence which often restrains a youth from accosting a woman of so much consideration. It was consequently delightfully reassuring that she should receive me without a trace of haughtiness or reserve on the occasion when I made my first advances to her. We talked together only for a few minutes before she was appropriated by someone else, but later in the evening, while I was standing aimlessly among a group of other husbands waiting for their wives, who were dancing the german, she chose to beckon me forth to receive the rosebud which it was her privilege to bestow. After conducting her to her seat I lingered for a few minutes in conversation, and when I rose to go she said, with sweet, frank graciousness, which withal savored of confidence:

"Do come and see me."

Hence it was that when Josephine unbosomed to me the conclusion at which she had arrived, I inquired if it did not seem to her little short of inhuman that married people should be incapable of deriving pleasure from the society of their fellow beings of the opposite sex merely because they happened to be devoted to each other. I had made up my mind to call on Mrs. Sloane, and so far as my own sex was concerned was not altogether prepared at this juncture to agree with my darling.

V.

"Come and see me" is the supplicating formula ever on the lips of the married women with social proclivities. The other woman's husband to whom it is addressed instinctively replies that he will make a point of doing so, but in nine cases out of ten never goes. Verily, if a married man were to try to sip afternoon tea at every hearth where he is confidingly invited to make himself at home, he would soon be bankrupt in days and hours.

To the married man who is busy down-town all day an afternoon call is a serious circumstance. It involves feverish hurry, if not the expense of a cab, in order to get up-town and make himself presentable before it is too late. You bound up-stairs two steps at a time, change your shirt, boots, and necktie, slip on a black coat, and deaf to domestic outcries, bolt from the house, and at about a quarter past five halt, perspiring and breathless, at the desired threshold.

You find your hostess in an artistic drawing-room, where a freshly-kindled wood-fire sputters invitingly and the waning daylight has given place to a

pink or saffron atmosphere provided by a trio of lamps with festive shades. You are likely, if the house-maid be careless, to detect a faint aroma of kerosene, otherwise of violets. A posse of spotted china dragons gapes at you from the fireplace, and an array of small silver ornaments twinkles at you from low plush tables; you catch a general glint of vellum-bound volumes and photographs of wan-eyed women in queer frames, and sundry sepia etchings on the wall, and a variety of brilliant-hued cushions disguising the discomfort of numerous quaintly-fashioned chairs and sofas, and forth from her shadowy corner the mistress of it all, blithe, sinuous, and gracious, stretches a welcoming hand and waves you to a seat with soft-toned greetings.

You recite the current news of the hour while the mechanical, mysterious man-servant establishes the burnished urn and the Japanese tray resplendent with the daintiest silverware and cups and saucers. In silence you watch your hostess saturate the tea-leaves with sphinx-like preoccupation, as though she were performing a sacrificial rite, and it is only when she has left the chemical process to fulfil itself and has dropped back among her cushions that you feel words to be seemly. And then you talk, you and she also—talk of anything and everything, of the book of verses close to her hand, of the ethical considerations governing divorce, of the latest phase in art, of Christian science, of Heine, of the sweating system, or of the Australian ballot law. The conversation flows with the quiet intensity of a river, the battle-door and shuttle-cock of argument proceeds with delightful agility on either part. You marvel at your own fluency almost as much as at the felicity and cleverness of her diction, and you realize that you are being spurred to put your best foot forward. You are conservative, naturally, being a lawyer, and as a man of the world inclined to be sceptical and materialistic; she, on the other hand, leans toward ideality, or truth, as she delights to call it, and she rebuts the blows of your cold logic with fervid syllogisms. A Christian worshipper, she yet has a warm corner in her heart for Buddha; an allopath and, in her own words, a humble devotee of science, she smiles like a seraph at mysterious cures; and her interrogative eyebrows perpetually fend from satire the splay-foot of the impressionist.

How deftly she remembers your prejudices in respect to cream and sugar when the chemical process is complete and she proffers you a cup of tea! A man's wife may live to be a hundred and yet never be certain whether he takes one lump or two; women like Mrs. Guy Sloane need to be told but once. And while you dally with your cup and munch a delicate shred of bread and butter or a biscuit of evanescent and fairy-like thinness, she pursues her argument with a glib and wistful intensity which holds you in its thrall until another visitor arrives or the tones of the clock warn you that your dinner hour is approaching.

"You will come again soon," she says, wistfully, as you bow low over her outstretched hand, and you murmur that you assuredly will, and as you scurry home, so as to be in time for the family mutton, the odor of violets is in your nostrils and you shrink from ugliness and squalor (pronounced squālor) with the sensitiveness of one whose æsthetic instincts have been gloriously catered to.

So it is the first time and the second, and so it is substantially the fifth, and then there comes a change; a gradual one, but nevertheless a change, and on her part, not on yours. You have found each recurring call as enjoyable, if not more so, than the last, and have come to regard these five o'clock meetings as one of your most agreeable diversions from workaday routine. She has lent you books bristling with modern thought, and you have read them, and you have bent the full blast of your intelligence on the tenement-house problem and the development of the stage, and learned to distinguish between an artist and a painter, so that you are a perfect arsenal of eager, combative opinions on these several subjects. Yet you are asking yourself why it is that, though you are far better equipped and consequently a much

more interesting companion than at first, she manifests a certain listlessness while you are talking, and instead of appreciating and endeavoring to answer your subtleties shows a disposition to avoid discussion. She wears, too, an air of gentle, cold melancholy, as though she were disappointed in you, which is puzzling and disconcerting. You interrogate your inner consciousness as to how you can possibly have offended her, and you remain nonplussed. It seems to you, as she sits toying with her teaspoon, that her eyebrows have become almost scornful. What is the matter? What have you done?

But for Josephine the cause might never have been revealed to me in my own particular experience with Mrs. Guy Sloane. As it was, I remained completely mystified until our intimacy had faded into commonplace acquaintance. There was never any breach between us, never a disagreeable word; yet little by little the emanation of her chilling, listless disdain reduced me to wondering silence. Conscious that my conversation was listened to with perfunctory politeness, I became tongue-tied and moody in my turn, and so far ill at ease that on one occasion I devoured involuntarily the entire supply of thin shreds of bread and butter, whereupon she summoned the mysterious man-servant, and with a haughty, pitiful smile bade him bring a fresh relay. There was a perpetual sadness in her expression which told me more plainly at each successive meeting that I had been weighed in the balance and been found wanting, a sadness which seemed to imply that she had put her trust in me in vain. At one of our last interviews, when she was more than commonly plaintive, and I was beating my brain to discover the cause of my unworthiness, I asked myself the question, if it could possibly be that she expected me to clasp her in my arms and fold her to my breast after the manner of M. de Camors and other worthies; but I dismissed the idea as out of the question. Had it been Mrs. Willoughby Walton—*absit omen;* but it was sacrilege even to formulate such an idea concerning Mrs. Guy Sloane.

"She would have screamed if you had, and there would have been a terrible scene, and she would never have spoken to you again," said Josephine, when I laid the matter before her. "Still she would have forgiven you in her secret soul, which she will never do now," she added, with gentle jubilation.

"What have I done?"

"Done? You have committed, Fred, the unpardonable sin—to a woman—of seeming more interested in the subjects you were discussing than in her, of forgetting her in your enthusiasm for a notion or idea."

"But she was interested in the subjects herself at first, fully as much as I. It was her enthusiasm which aroused mine."

"Poor simple innocent! Are you so guileless as to suppose that a woman like Mrs. Sloane is content to have a man call upon her once or twice a week simply to discuss subjects? I grant you that she is interested in subjects, or rather that she interests herself in them, but they are by themselves merely so many husks in her intention. I can see you, Fred, completely engrossed in the consideration of some grand problem to the utter forgetfulness of everything else, and under the goad of genuine conviction pouring out a torrent of speech with the impetus of a steam fire-engine; I can see you, dear, I can see you. And you flattered yourself, I dare say, that your logic was unanswerable and that your argument was knocking hers into a cocked hat, and you never dreamed for one moment of the cold shower-bath effect which your magnificent harangue was having upon her sensibilities and hopes."

"Hopes of what?"

"Don't interrupt me, Fred, and don't misunderstand me. Mrs. Sloane is a woman whose good name is above suspicion. As I said to you a minute ago, if you had kissed her she would have screamed and been mortally offended; an avowal of passion would have shocked and distressed her irreparably, for she never harbored such an expectation in her life. But, on the other hand, in admitting you to her intimacy she had definite hopes which you have failed to satisfy; hopes of sympathy, of mutual confidences as to

your and her most secret and personal affairs, of inducing you to substitute her for me as an intellectual companion so far as was compatible with entire respectability; all of which might have been extremely harassing for poor me had you not been the delightful, obtuse, true-to-your-own-dear-wifey darling that you are. In short, Fred, she asked for bread and you gave her a stone."

"In other words, she expected me to fall in love with her?"

"Call it 'sympathize with her;' 'love' is such a strenuous term. She expects the individuals who belong to her collection to be sympathetic, that's all. She and her husband, though they preserve outward appearances, agreed to disagree long ago, as everyone knows; and accordingly she is lonely, poor soul (what would she say if she knew that insignificant little I had ventured to pity her!), and in her loneliness she reaches out after other women's husbands for sympathy, somewhat as the cuckoo usurps the nests and sucks the eggs of other birds. She's a sort of social cuckoo, Fred, but of the most refined, fastidious, delicate kind. She would be incapable of creating a scandal in the heinous sense of the term, and had she succeeded in getting you into her clutches your duties would not have been severe. You would have been expected to divine that she was unhappy—she would have given you to understand it in a variety of ways without ever condescending to tell you so in express words—and to imply by your manner that did not other ties on her side and yours forbid, matters might be very different. You would have been expected to hint at my little failings without actually mentioning them, so as to give her an opportunity to rhapsodize exaltedly on the sternness of fate and the pathos of disjointed wedlock. You would have been expected to follow her moods—to rejoice when she was glad and to be lugubrious when she was depressed — and to be at her beck and call sufficiently to be willing to fill places at the last minute at her dinner-parties (by which means she would be able to dispense with my society excepting on the one or two formal occasions in every year when she would invite us both together), and to pass examinations on the marked passages in the books she lent you. And in return, Fred, she would have vouchsafed you on every occasion her most yearning smile and her most gracious hand-pressure, and she would never have wearied of holding forth to you, beside her dainty tea-table by subdued lamp-light, upon all the osophies."

"Dearest," said I, as Josephine, having concluded her exposition, regarded me with a suspicion of mockery in her dark eyes, "you should have put me on my guard; you should not have subjected your Frederick to such untoward liabilities."

"So I did. I warned you at the start — the evening she gave you the rose-bud—that she would be proud to add you to her collection. But what use would it have been to warn you?" Josephine added, eating her words with the sweet complacency peculiar to the female logician; "you would not have believed me. Have you forgotten your haughty refusal to subscribe to my proposition, that married people who love each other cannot expect to have a very good time in society?"

"And I have suffered for it," I replied, meekly.

"We have both of us suffered in making the discovery; but it is a genuine discovery. Hold up your right hand, Fred, and repeat after me to show that you are thoroughly contrite and convinced: Married people—who really love each other — cannot expect to have—a very good time in society."

I did as I was bid, and I was tempted to add a heart-felt amen, which evidently suggested to Josephine that I had derived from her formula hopes of emancipation beyond her purpose, for she hastened to add, with distinctness:

"All the same, we shall have to continue to accept invitations now and then; we owe it to ourselves and to baby to do so. And I am rather inclined to think that, having once and finally dismissed all roseate anticipations and made up our minds to expect very little, we shall really enjoy ourselves tolerably well."

"Just as people who have lost a leg gradually find life bearable in the teeth of being obliged to hobble."

"What an unpleasant analogy, Fred! No, dear, I expect to reap my enjoyment from the consciousness of how very much nicer you are than other men and from being glad that it is so."

VI.

Said my predecessor in ownership of the house which I occupy, as we were walking away from the registry, just after the title had passed, "You asked the other day why we wished to move, and I told you we needed more room. That was true enough; but the controlling reason is my wife's conviction that we shall never have a boy so long as we live in that block. She began saying so when our fourth girl was born, and we have five girls now. It is a girl block. We have lived there eight years, and during all that time there has been but a single boy baby born in it, and he died within twenty-four hours. As I tell my wife, by moving we can only have another girl at the worst, and on the other hand a change may break the succession. But very likely you prefer girls."

My preferences on this score at that period were very vague, yet, in spite of my freedom from superstitions in general, I could not avoid the reflection that it would have been more considerate of my vendor to mention this flaw in the title before the papers were passed, if he felt it incumbent upon him to do so at all. Accordingly, when my wife divulged to me, one day about a year later, that the couple in question, who were living in an adjacent street, had been blessed with twins, and girl twins at that, I was ungenerous enough to wave my dinner napkin around my head and to chant a pæan.

"Perhaps that will remove the spell from our block," said Josephine, yearningly.

"Who knows?" I answered, snatching at the suggestion, for, to tell the truth, by reason doubtless of the very fact that ours was said to be a girl block, we had both set our hearts on having a boy. And although the appalling character of our predecessor's statistics had been somewhat modified by the discovery that of the twenty houses in our row several were occupied by old maids, and one by an elderly single gentleman, and several more by people who had no children at all, and at least four by couples whose children were too old to have been born within the specified eight years, the most searching investigation on the part of Josephine had failed to invalidate his testimony regarding the gender in the households where there had been births. As a consequence she had confided to me more than once that she felt in her bones it would be a girl, and, though I wore a confident front in her presence, the serenity of my brow could not always dispel the haunting recollection that I had seen men at the club lose a dozen games of whist running by obstinately sticking to the same seat. Analogously, was it not highly probable that by braving destiny I had entailed upon myself a long line of daughters?

The birth of little Fred in the teeth of local tradition and parental foreboding was followed at a comparatively short period by the arrival of another son, whose angelic presence — such is the contrariness of human nature — evoked from his mother, after she and he were comfortably out of the woods, an insinuation to the effect that there might be too much of a good thing.

"You mustn't think for an instant that I would wish baby to be other than the sweet little cherub he is" — these were her exact words — "but if we should ever have another, Fred, I do hope it will be a girl."

"If we should have another!" The tentativeness (as the novelists say) of the expression betrayed that even Josephine, with all her eagerness for a daughter, was not without some qualms on the score of adding to our joint parental burdens. It is a common device, both among people who have nothing to do and those whose mission it is to stimulate thrifty instincts in the young, to call attention to the enormous sum total of pennies which results from beginning with a penny, and

then doubling the penny, and after multiplying the product by two to continue doubling the successive multiplications once a day for a calendar month. The product is in the millions, if not billions. While it cannot be said that the responsibilities and expenses of the modern parent mount upward with quite the same fatal facility as in the case of the pennies (let the unmercenary or merely arithmetical substitute horse-shoe nails), there is certainly considerable analogy between the two processes. Leaving aside as too pathological for mention the circumstance, including a monthly nurse at ever so much a minute and meals by herself, which attends the ushering into existence of each successive little stranger, the modern paterfamilias may be said to lay the apex stone of his inverted pyramid by the purchase of a baby-carriage—to be relined and refurbished for each new-comer. And then, O ye gods! mark how the pyramid mounts and spreads! From the baby-wagon to the rattle and the woolly horse; from the woolly horse to the balloon, the tricycle (or a doll which will shut her eyes), and two extra quarts of milk daily; from extra quarts of milk daily to extra chops and eggs daily, boots and shoes, the kindergarten, rabbits, and puzzling interrogatories to be answered concerning the Infinite; from puzzling interrogatories to the safety (?) bicycle (or a doll which will talk), manual training in carpentry, the dancing academy, and patent-leather pumps, plates for the teeth, the whooping-cough, a miniature steam-engine (or a doll's house which is broader than the door-sill), and a detective camera; from a detective camera—prithee, is it not a goodly pile already? And yet its proportions are still but a tithe of what will follow. Upward and ever broadening mounts your pyramid until its surface rivals in magnificent area that famous hat of the Quangle Wangle Quee of Leer's ditty:

"For his hat was one hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons and loops and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee!"

Verily the married man of to-day with a rising family becomes frightened if he allows himself to ponder the situation. He lies awake at night and is disposed to offer a chair to every life-insurance agent who intrudes upon his privacy. And, as Josephine often says, the worst of it is, there is really nothing to be done about it. Would you have the children wear the same thin flannels all the year round? Do you relish the idea of seeing little Fred arrive at man's estate with crooked front teeth, when by the outlay of a few paltry dollars at the present time they can be made regular as a palisade? Are the sons of Tom, Dick, and Harry to be sent to a summer school in the Adirondacks and ours made to breathe sea-air all the year round? Is little Josephine to go without a kodak when her dearest friend, Polly Dolly Adeline, is pressing the button from morning until night? Assuredly not. Against luxuries we turn a stony countenance; but who will deny that warm underwear, regular front teeth, occasional change of atmosphere, and development of the artistic instincts are not necessaries which parents are bound to provide for their offspring?

When destiny finally matched our two boys with a sister apiece — not twins, thank you—discussion between us as to whether sons or daughters are more to be desired became in a certain sense futile for Josephine and me; and yet the theme is one which crops up between us with tolerable frequency from the very reason that we are confronted by both horns of the dilemma.

"I don't think I should have had any particular preference at the beginning for a boy rather than a girl but for that horrid man," said Josephine, on one occasion. "Of course when he tried to make out that this was a girl street, I became just crazy for a son. Perhaps it *is* rather more satisfactory on the whole to have a boy at the head of the family; he is impressed early with a sense of responsibility, and that he must look after his sisters for the rest of his life. However, it doesn't matter very much which comes first, provided you have both. But if you could only have one kind and you had to choose which—fortunately it is decided for us—I should

find frightful difficulty in making up my mind. For your sake, Fred, I suppose I should choose a boy. I know it is popularly asserted that fathers are fonder of their daughters than their sons; but, on the other hand, nearly every man has a sneaking vanity to preserve the family name from dying out, which would determine him if it came to a choice."

"It might be preferable to have the family name die out rather than to see it dragged in the dust. There is always that risk with sons," I answered, with sententious gravity. "In our walk of life a girl cannot readily misbehave herself to any appreciable extent."

"You would not, however, allow anyone else to suggest the possibility that your boys could turn out badly," said Josephine. "On the contrary, although you have never said so in precise terms, I am sure you will be disappointed in your heart of hearts if one, or both of them, does not prove very remarkable—a Michael Angelo, or a Darwin, or President of the United States."

"Rather than see a son of mine President of the United States——" I began, diverted from our theme by the invocation of the standard spectral hope which is used to prod the imagination of every youth in the country; but Josephine interrupted the ancestral curse trembling on my lips by remarking, succinctly:

"Nonsense. You don't believe a word you are going to say, Fred." She continued, with a reflective air, "I admit that girls are not liable to fail in business, or forge, or drink more wine than is good for them. On the other hand, men can take care of themselves; but what is there more pitiable than a decayed gentlewoman? It is all very well to consider the enlarged sphere for feminine activity, and try to comfort one'sself by the thought that they can be hospital nurses, or amanuenses, or reporters, or doctors, or even theatrical managers—I am confident that my girls would shine in any of these capacities if it were absolutely necessary—but I, for one, can't persuade myself that they are intended for that sort of thing, and I am morally certain that you men will see that they do not grow rich and famous too rapidly in the work to which they are called. It may be that my great-great-granddaughter will be President—not 'lady' President, if you please—of the United States. But that is a long way off, and in the meantime I should prefer to have my daughters and their daughters protected by a bulwark of railroad shares from the cold world of competition in manual or mental labor. Decayed gentlewomen were pitiful enough when they were able to eke out their livelihood by putting up peaches and plums and strawberries; but now that preserves—and really just as good preserves—are put up at factories by the wholesale, they must starve if they stay at home. Oh, Fred, I sometimes think that you ought to alter your will so as to leave everything to the two girls; but then I recollect how important it is also that boys should have a little something, so that they need not sacrifice their natural gifts and tastes to the exigencies of bread and butter. A few hundred dollars a year might be the determining factor which would enable one of them to become the second Michael Angelo or Darwin of your fancy, instead of a humdrum bank president, or lawyer, or doctor."

Although I, for one, have not quite such inflated notions regarding the evolution of my sons as my wife would make out, nevertheless the married man who has renounced delusions on his own account feels at liberty to indulge his imagination to some extent on the subject of his offspring. Not merely the married man, but the married woman also. Whatever Josephine may asseverate to the contrary, I am confident that she cherishes quite as ardent hopes as I on the score both of her boys and of her girls. We may be a pair of fools, but we cannot avoid a secret conviction that little Fred has a remarkable head and brow which suggest the contour of a Webster, and that our second daughter is likely to take drawing-rooms by storm if her features preserve their present exquisite regularity until maidenhood. Then take our younger boy. I admit that he has neither the masterly physiognomy nor the commanding aspect of his brother, but it is from just such habits of ab-

sorbing industry and from just such original traits that the capacity of a—a—well, call it a Michael Angelo or a Darwin and be done with it—is developed. Then again there is our elder daughter. She could not be called handsome to-day perhaps, but those who deem her plain and say that she is all legs and arms may well afford to bear in mind the story of the Ugly Duckling which from being the butt of the barn-yard proved to be a swan. And even if she fail to be strictly beautiful, a girl with her serene intelligence and vitalizing enthusiasm is almost certain to make her mark in this era of feminine progression.

When comparing mine with other children I freely confess to a sensation of pride, which Josephine has assured me is common to parents in general. She declares that our opposite neighbor, who has seven girls—a listless, lanky set—is not a whit less proud of his progeny than I of mine. I could scarcely believe this to be the case until I happened to condole with him one day, when we were walking down-town together, on the size of his family and the circumstance that he had no sons. To my astonishment he replied:

"Bless your heart! I wouldn't part with one of them. And between you and me and the post, my dear sir, there are not seven other girls their peers in the entire country. Boys? If I had a son I should live in constant dread that he would blow his head off or be drowned while he was growing up, and when he was grown up that he would go to the demnition bow-wows. Boys? No, thank you, neighbor."

Two or three rebuffs of this kind have inclined me to believe that whatever the predilections of parents beforehand, they accept the inevitable with a fortitude which soon becomes fond devotion to their fate. I have rarely seen seven less attractive girls; yet when I say so to Josephine she is apt to taunt me with the insinuation that our friend across the way probably entertains similar views on the subject of our darlings.

"But in the first place, my dear," I murmured, "we have four, two boys and two girls—an ideal combination—and he has seven long, lanky girls, and no boys at all."

"He has told you plainly that he would not part with one of them for the world, and that he abhors the sight of a boy, and he is thoroughly in earnest in what he says."

"Surely, Josephine, you don't maintain that there is any comparison in point of looks, manners, or brains between our children and his?"

"Not the slightest, Fred. You know my opinion regarding those girls perfectly well; but you can't blame him, poor man, for not seeing that they are an unattractive, homely set any more than people would be disposed to blame you because you are convinced that little Fred will some day set the world afire."

"But he is likely to; or—er—if not to set it afire exactly, to——"

"Of course he will, the darling!" broke in my wife, with a bubbling laugh. "You are too delicious for anything, Fred. You insist not only that your geese are all swans, but you expect the world to agree with you. Now I am just as confident as you that our children are remarkable, and no amount of argument could abate a jot or tittle my faith in their future; but at the same time I have not the hardihood to demand that other people should take the same view. You are a veritable parental ostrich, Fred; quite as complete a one as your friend across the street, who is very likely at this moment to be priding himself on the fact that none of his seven have red hair, and pitying us because David and Josie have conspicuously gory locks."

"Pooh!" I answered, stiffly. "Josie's hair is a beautiful shade of auburn; any one of his girls might be proud to have hair like it. And as for David's, it is a good, honest color, if it is red."

"There you go again, my dear. So are blue and green honest colors, and yet you could scarcely call——"

"Pshaw!" I interrupted, with a slightly irritated air. Even Josephine has a way of arguing at times which is decidedly nettlesome.

Faults? Imperfections? There are days when the most completely infatuated father looks gloomily askance at

his offspring; when it seems to him that their disadvantageous points stick out so prominently as to overshadow their attractions, and he almost wishes they had never been born. A cold in the head, an unbecoming costume, or nothing at all will transform my namesake into a stolid-looking little ruffian whom I find difficulty in recognizing; and as Josephine says, the children are sure to look their worst when you wish them to look their best She declares that I always select the most unpropitious times for exhibiting them; for instance, just after they have finished supper or been on their hands and knees in the nursery all the afternoon, and she is disposed to rate me for exhibiting them at any time on the ground that nine people out of ten who come to the house would prefer not to see them. However this may be, I have noticed that, whereas they will be excruciatingly polite to any chance person who happens in, they seem to take a fiendish satisfaction in ignoring or merely grunting at your bosom friend or the judge of the Supreme Court whom you have asked to dinner. And if, by some happy freak, they acquit themselves creditably so far as manners are concerned, is not one invariably tempted to apologize for little Fred's suddenly developed squint or Winona's unusual lack of color?

It is on the occasions when the children are looking and behaving their worst that visitors are most apt to call attention to their resemblance either to my wife or me. However much you may inwardly resent such an imputation at the moment, it is not easy in these days, when the law of heredity is on everyone's lips, to escape noting with considerable horror, as time goes on, the reproduction of your own or your mother-in-law's peculiarities. When Josephine says that little Fred will not sit up straight at table because he inherits my rooted tendency to sprawl, I am apt to reply, if in a pesky mood, that David gets his red hair from his maternal great-grandmother. In this matter of inherited traits, be it said, a man can bear with far more complacency the reappearance of his own ancestral failings than those which appertain to his wife's family tree. Though there may be room for argument as to whether little Fred's furious temper (he had a way when small of lying on his back and kicking at the least provocation) was transmitted through Josephine's blood or mine, there is not the slightest doubt that our eldest daughter derives her double chin from the old lady, my wife's great aunt, whose portrait in a turban hangs in our dining-room. If it be tolerably dispiriting to note one's own foibles coming to light in the second generation, it is far more so to encounter idiosyncrasies with which you have no association, and for which, therefore, you keep no tender spot in your heart. I have a fellow sympathy with little Fred's tendency to sprawl, and his disinclination to get up in time for breakfast; but I tell Josephine, when she accounts for Winona's abhorrence of oysters by the tradition that two of her own aunts could not abide shell-fish in any form, that they were a precious pair of donkeys.

"If they were your aunts, though," said Josephine to me one day with some warmth, "you would think it the most natural thing in the world, just as you always grandiloquently describe your ancestor who used to execute people as 'the sheriff of the county,' whereas, if he had been mine, you would be sure to speak of him as a common hangman."

There are occasions when Josephine betrays a degree of excitement disproportionate to the necessities of the situation.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW PARKS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

By E. S. Nadal.

IN April, 1883, the Legislature of New York passed an act authorizing the appointment of a commission to select one or more parks beyond the Harlem River. This commission was duly appointed, and they marked out the sites of the three large parks—Pelham, Bronx, and Van Cortlandt—and of the three little ones—Crotona, Claremont, and St. Mary's. [See Map of Parks, page 453.] In June, 1884, the Legislature passed an act giving possession of these parks to the city of New York and directing the Supreme Court to appoint a commission to appraise the lands. This was done, and the lands became the property of the city at a cost of about $9,000,000.*

There was much opposition to the measure. It was claimed that the purchase of the parks would be a heavy expense to the city, and that the money was needed for other objects. Certain legal and constitutional objections were urged against the scheme. One was as follows: By the constitution of the State a city cannot issue bonds to more than ten per cent. of the value of its total assessable real estate. The value of the total assessable real estate in 1885 was estimated at $1,203,491,065. The gross debt, as it was called, of the city at that time was $131,601,103. If the parks were to cost $10,000,000, and bonds to that amount were to be issued, the city debt would be more than ten per cent. of the total assessable real estate. But of this gross debt more than $38,000,000 were city bonds, which had been bought up and paid for, and which were part of the Sinking Fund. The Court of Appeals took the side of the friends of the parks, and decided that a debt once paid has no existence, and that the true debt of the city was its net debt. The actual debt of the city was therefore something over $93,000,000, which left an abundant margin for a sufficient increase of the indebtedness to pay for the new parks.

Another objection was this: One of the proposed parks lay outside the city limits. The act of the Legislature empowered the city of New York to condemn and take possession of property in Westchester County. It was alleged that Westchester County was as much outside of the control of New York City as Erie County, and that the Legislature could not confer upon the city of New York the right to condemn and take possession of property outside of its own limits. The decision of the Court of Appeals was against this plea, and the act of 1884 was maintained intact.

To the objection that the money required for the purchase of the new parks was needed for other objects, it was answered that the acquisition by the city of the parks would raise the value of real estate in their neighborhood, and that the city would profit by the increased taxable value of the property. This was shown to have been the case in regard to Central Park. That park was bought in 1856. It extended from Fifty-ninth Street to 106th Street. The part extending from 106th Street to 110th Street, which was the creation of Mr. Andrew H. Green, was obtained in 1859. From the increased taxable value of the property near the park, the city was able to pay both the principal and interest of the Park bonds, and to have $17,000,000 over. This property increased in value thirteen times between 1856 and 1881. Of course this rapid rise was due in part to the peculiar shape of New York and the increase of population; but the Park no doubt had a great effect upon it.

* The area of the districts acquired is as follows:

	Acres.	
Van Cortlandt Park	1,069	65.100
Bronx Park	653	
Pelham Bay Park	1,740	
Crotona Park	135	34.100
St. Mary's Park	25	35.100
Claremont Park	38	5.100
Mosholu Parkway	80	
Bronx and Pelham Parkway	90	
Crotona Parkway	12	
Total	3,848	39.100

But the friends of the new parks were able to adduce the experience of other cities in support of their belief that parks would be a profitable investment. The Secretary of the South Park Commission of Chicago wrote that the immediate effect of the location of parks was to "double and quadruple property." The Boston Commission wrote that the "Back Bay Park is not a tax upon the city at large, but the increased taxes from the surrounding property pay its cost." Other towns have had the same experience. The expectation of the friends of the new parks has been realized. Since the purchase of the property the ratio of taxation in the neighborhood of these parks has risen.

The Commission for selecting the parks consisted of Luther R. Marsh, President; Waldo Hutchins, Louis Fitzgerald, Charles L. Tiffany, George W. McLean, Thomas J. Crombie, William W. Niles, and John Mullaly, Secretary—nearly all of whom had been active and conspicuous in the movement from the beginning. The press gave very effective assistance. That the measure was ultimately carried through was due largely to the energy of Mr. Mullaly.

The region of country in which the new parks lie has a history worthy to be briefly recalled. The land comprised in Pelham Park was originally the property of the family of Pell. Thomas Pell, of Connecticut, obtained a grant of land in this neighborhood from the Indians in 1664. Pell had obtained license to make the purchase from the authorities of Connecticut, but this region of country was in dispute between the Connecticut English and the Dutch of the New Netherlands. And the Dutch do not appear to have acknowledged the proprietorship of Thomas Pell. When the English got possession of New York, Pell's purchase was confirmed. Thomas Pell died in 1669, and was buried in Fairfield, Conn. He willed his property to his nephew, John Pell, in England, the only son of his only brother, the Rev. Dr. John Pell. This John Pell, who was supposed to have been lost in his yacht off City Island in 1702, was succeeded by his son Thomas, whose descendants were proprietors of Pelham down to the time of the Revolution. Joseph Pell, the fourth and the last Lord of the Manor, as he was styled, died in 1776. There are many descendants of this family.

But there had been before Pell another proprietor. This was Ann Hutchinson, who in 1642 had, with her family, fled from the persecutions of the Puritans, and settled down in this dangerous and solitary place. Here she and her family were murdered by the Indians; a young daughter alone escaped, who was carried off. Her old Puritan acquaintances appear to have taken her melancholy death as evidence of the Divine anger at the woman's heresies. One of them, remarking that such outrages by the Indians were rare, says: "God's hand is the more apparently seen herein to pick out this woful woman to make her and those belonging to her an unheard-of heavy example of their cruelty above others." The stream south of the park is called Hutchinson Brook, after Ann Hutchinson. It was formerly called Black Dog Brook.

Bronx Park is, of course, named after the river. The Bronx River was named after a settler, Jonas Bronk, who resided on the bank of the river. It is probable that he built a mill and laid out a farm, as early as 1639, about three miles from the mouth of the Bronx, and just opposite the village of West Farms. Here was situated the Lydig property. Mr. Lydig's house is no longer standing. The property of Mr. Lorillard in the park has upon it a substantial and handsome house.

Van Cortlandt Park is so named because it includes the property belonging to the family of that name. A house built by this family about the middle of the last century is standing, and will no doubt be preserved. The house was for a time Washington's head-quarters, but was for a much longer time in the possession of the British and the Hessians. This property must not be confused with another Van Cortlandt property, which is in the town of Cortlandt, in the northern end of Westchester County. The ancestor of the Van Cortlandts was attached to the military service of the Dutch West India Company,

Treaty Oak, on the Pell Place, Pelham Bay Park.

and came to New York in 1637. He remained in New York and became one of the most considerable and prosperous men of the town. His property in Westchester County he obtained from the Indians, and he was confirmed in possession of this by the English, when the New Netherlands became a province of the British crown. The English made the property into a manor, of which the Van Cortlandts had the lordship. The lords of Cortlandt had the privilege of

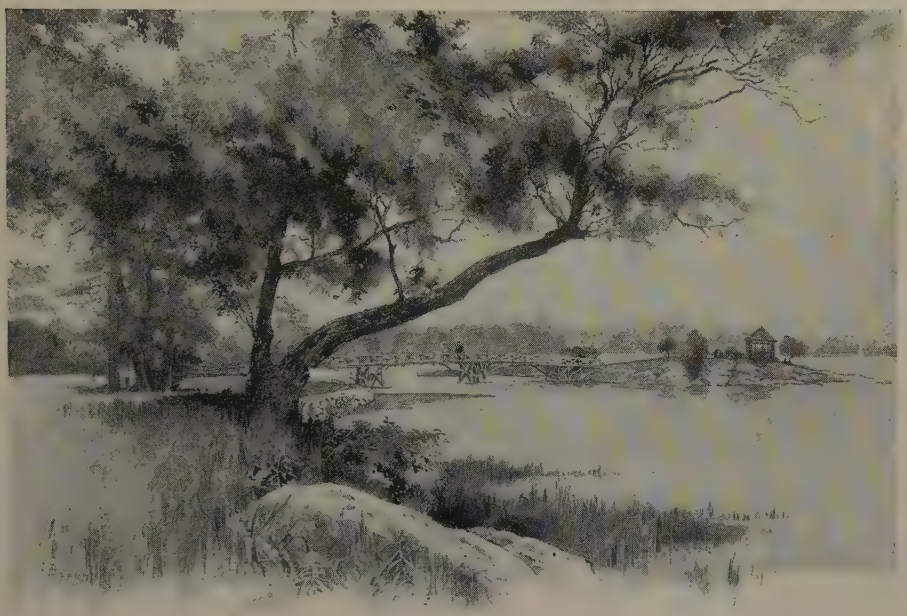
sending a representative to the Provincial Assembly, and the manor was held by a feudal tenure, for which the rent of forty shillings was paid annually to the crown on the feast-day of the Annunciation. The property now composing Van Cortlandt Park was originally in the possession of Jacobus van Cortlandt, and has remained in the hands of his descendants down to the time of its purchase by the city. The late proprietors, however, were descendants through the female line, who had assumed the name of Van Cortlandt. The house just referred to was built in 1748 by Frederick van Cortlandt, who refers to it in his will, written in 1749, as "the large stone dwelling-house which I am about finishing." Two eagles surmounted the posts of an old gateway, which are said in Bolton's "History of Westchester" to have been spoils taken from a Spanish privateer, and presented to the house by a British admiral. These eagles have disappeared since the sale to the city.

Of the occurrences which took place during the Revolution on the ground now occupied by the new parks, perhaps the most important were the battle at Pelham Neck and the manœuvres which preceded Washington's movement on Yorktown. The battle at Pelham Neck took place on October 18, 1777. In this fight the British much outnumbered the Americans. The British force of about four thousand was the advance guard of the army of General Howe, whose brother, Admiral Howe, commanded the fleet in the Sound. The British troops landed at Throgg's Neck and were on their way northward to New Rochelle. A body of some eight hundred Americans opposed them. This little force was disposed in detachments behind successive stone walls. The British, who were not expecting resistance, advanced and were fired upon with considerable effect by the ambuscade behind the first stone wall. The detachment then fell back upon that at the second stone wall, where the British,

Stinnard House, Pelham Bay Park.

who had expected no further resistance, were received by a still more disastrous fire. The manœuvre was repeated several times, with the result that the British loss was very heavy, being said to be

vaults the records of the city, for fear of their seizure and destruction by the British. In connection with Bronx Park, people, in looking at the little stream, will be sure to recall the fami-



Summer House, Ellis Place on the Sound, Pelham Bay Park.

as high as a thousand men, while that of the Americans was only twelve. The British force was moving northward in the direction of White Plains, at which place, a few days later, they gave the patriots one of those drubbings, the story of which is so depressing to the American school-boy.

It was upon the ground near Van Cortlandt Park that Washington, by his manœuvres, deceived the British at New York as to his intended movement upon Yorktown. Vault Hill, upon which it is related Washington lighted camp-fires and ostentatiously displayed a few troops while the great body of his forces were on the march southward, is in Van Cortlandt Park. Vault Hill was so named because it was the burying-ground of the Van Cortlandts. The vaults of this cemetery served a curious purpose in 1776; Augustus van Cortlandt, who at that time held the office of clerk of New York, secreted in these

liar tradition about the British fleet which was ordered to sail up that river.

The old houses which have been bought with the parks, and which will be left standing, recall a social life which has long ceased to exist. The leading Dutch and English families in the neighborhood of New York had, down to near the middle of this century, very much the position of small *noblesse*. Singularly little remains by which people of the present day can tell just what kind of people they were and what sort of life they led. Very little in the way of novels or sketches exist to give an idea of that society. But little correspondence of the period has been published. The life led must have been a curious compromise between diverse and incongruous elements. Many of these people had all the essentials of refined life—education, competence, and traditions extending through several generations

of life in this country, and some of them could boast of a gentle origin and connections in the old lands. The best of them, no doubt, shared with the upper classes of European society those fine manners which have disappeared, or are disappearing, all over the world. But the old society of the neighborhood of New York, and which I have described as a sort of *noblesse*, had certain peculiar features and relations. It is evident, from some of the old houses, that the life was exceedingly simple, not to say narrow. Many of the people, no doubt, were uneducated. The men, especially near the city, were usually merchants or in professions. In Europe, arms, or some other employment in the service of the state, is the only occupation possible for men of this class. But it was not so here. A few of the men lived the life of country gentlemen, but most of them were in some sort of business. There exist, no doubt, plenty of letters — of course the best material from which to construct a truthful impression of a society which has passed away—and these, when properly studied, will afford a representation of an interesting social condition, the most striking quality of which perhaps will be a curious compromise between inherited or imitated European ideas of class distinction upon the one side, and the inevitable facts in the life of a new country upon the other.

This region has, then, recollections interesting to the observer of politics and society. To the poet, on the other hand, perhaps the most significant associations of any piece of American soil are those which connect it with its aboriginal inhabitants, its primeval forests, and those ancient facts of history written in the face of nature. The American Indian is a monotonous creature, when considered only as a scalper and torturer. When associated with sentimental notions untrue and foreign to him, he is also tiresome. But the truth is always interesting, and the Indian becomes attractive when we consider him as what he was, a being with nothing above his head but the sky, and nothing beneath his feet but the grass. The Westchester country has a great deal of Indian history. In preparing the parade ground in Van Cortlandt Park, about a hundred skeletons were dug up, presumably Indian, from the shape of the skulls.

The changes which the vegetable and animated life of this region of country have undergone would make a good subject of study. Within two centuries wolves have been a great pest in this neighborhood. The Provincial Assembly enacted that in the county of Westchester twenty shillings should be paid for a grown wolf killed by a Christian, and ten shillings for one killed by an Indian, and half that sum respectively for a whelp. The remains of wolf-pits are still, or were very recently, to be seen not far from Pelham Park. Besides the deer, the wild turkey existed in great numbers on the verge of the forest. It is said that flocks of them used to fly from the ridge west of Van Cortlandt Park across Tippett's Brook to a hill east of this little stream. The flight was always begun by a large black cock, and was made at sunset. The leader gave the note and the flock were at once on the wing. Beavers were at one time very common on the Bronx. The last of them was seen there about 1790. It is said they at one time changed the course of the Bronx by a dam. Of course beavers knew how to build dams long before men did ; if the current was feeble they saved themselves trouble by building the dam straight across ; but, if it was strong, they built the dam in a convex shape, so as to resist the strength of the water. It was therefore possible to tell the force of a stream from the shape of the beaver dams.

The vast primeval forest which once covered this country may still be studied among the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. Scarcely any vestige of this forest remains in the Westchester neighborhood. There are great trees, which perhaps in their infancy may have seen it. But they do not resemble the tall columns of the ancient woods, which, owing to the pressure upon them of other trees, did not throw out great branches laterally, and which, because of the want of sun, had, except at the top, a scant leafage ; those trees sought the sky, growing upward rather than outward. The ancient woods were very august and noble tem-

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

The Pell House, Pelham Bay Park.

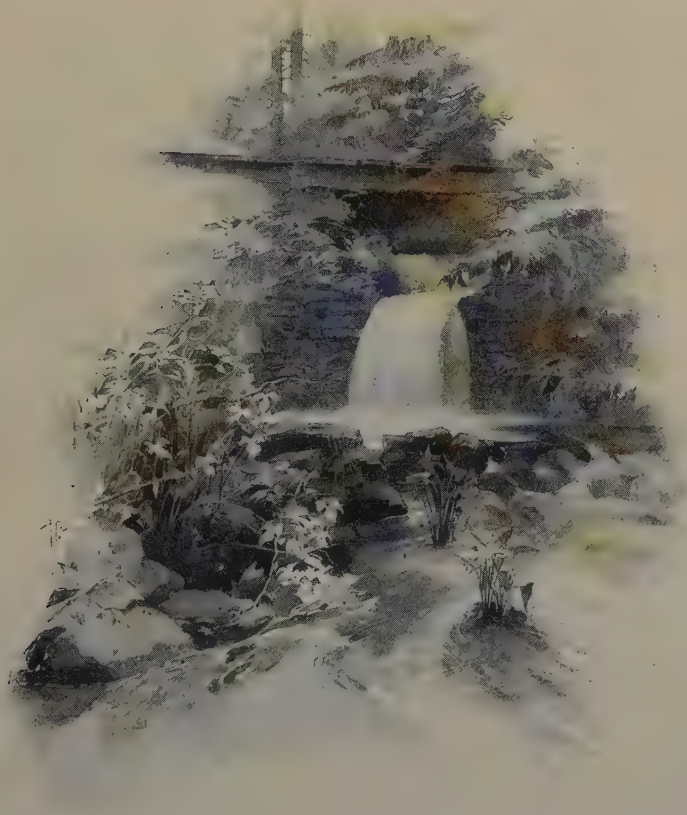
ples, proper places for Druid worship, but I doubt if they would have been so suitable for a public domain as the new parks are in their present condition. It is said that the old woods were silent, that the birds only sang in them near the clearing and cabin of some settler. The present parks, with their green grass, dog-wood, and lilacs, are better suited than these sublime scenes would have been to a townsman out with his family for a day's recreation. The parks treat him sufficiently to the "surprises" of nature, a word of which the poets are never tired. He finds on each new visit that the grass and leaves are really green, that in May this green has an orange hue, and that birds really do sing. Nature as modified by man is better suited to the general run of people than aboriginal nature. The orchards in the park are sure to be a general source of pleasure. The Japanese think much of cherry-blossoms, make great use of them in their parks, training them into all sorts of festoons. The Puritan apple-blossom is, no doubt, less tractable; but what is more characteristic than an old-fashioned, good-for-nothing apple-orchard, beset, when in blossom, with bees, and conscious of the neighborhood of a cheerful and many-colored brook? There are many of these orchards in the parks; we presume, of course, that they will be kept, and that even the stone walls will be left standing.

The new parks are natural parks. This is, of course, a great economical advantage. The constructors of Central Park have had very untractable material to deal with. The same thing may indeed be said of the city of New York. I have heard Mr. Green say that it has cost more to get New York in readiness to be built on than it has cost to build Philadelphia. Very little need be done to the new parks. The only considerable work proposed is upon the parkways, six hundred feet wide, connecting them. They are to be laid out with two or three rows of trees, grass-plats, carriage-roads, and foot-paths, etc. It would, no doubt, be well to have a bridle-path, or a space left which might become one, when needed. It is certainly an advantage to have a bridle-path by the side of a carriage-road. This is a great need in Central Park. The bridle-paths there are very pretty, but there should also be bridle-paths alongside the carriage-roads. People on horseback like to see the carriages and their occupants. In Rotten Row, for instance, the crowd always is at the end where the carriages are. I

Lydig House, Bronx Park.

(From a painting in the possession of Judge Charles P. Daly.)

may here be allowed a moment's digression to say that it is still possible to correct this mistake in Central Park; by lowering the bridle-path east of the Reservoir a ride can be had superior to Rotten Row. The space between the Reservoir and Fifth Avenue is ample for a ride, a drive, and foot-paths. I have the authority of the Superintendent of the Parks for the statement that this change would be entirely practicable.



Falls on the Bronx River, near the Lorillard House.

It may not seem to come within the scope of this article to consider the propriety of certain purchases of park lands which have been proposed, but have not yet been consummated. Some of these propositions, however, have been very interesting. One very grandiose and picturesque idea has been to buy up the water-shed of Croton Lake and make it into a public park. The population in this valley is increasing, and it is feared that, with the building of villages on the banks of the lake and its tributary streams, the sources of the water-supply of New York may be contaminated. It is said also that this region has great advantages for a public park. It has beautiful scenery. It has hills from one thousand to one thousand two hundred feet high. It is full of lakes; there are perhaps twenty-five of these little lakes. Croton Lake is itself a pretty sheet of water. The word has such prosaic associations, such a suggestion of spigots, that it is somewhat difficult to understand that the familiar element might in its native region, if in sufficient quantity, have the properties of reflecting moonlight and exciting pleas-

ure in the minds of poets. Ex-Mayor Edson considers that either the water-shed, or the land a quarter of a mile back from the streams, should be bought. It is alleged against the proposition that it is not practicable. The water-shed contains some three hundred and seventy-eight square miles, or some thirty-seven thousand acres. To be sure, this is not so big as Fontainebleau, but it is pretty big. It would cost perhaps ten million dollars to buy the land, and the city may not be able to spend that much for such a purpose. The population is estimated, on what appears to be a good authority, at twenty-five thousand. These people would have to be deported something after the manner of the Acadians in Longfellow's poem.

Lorillard House, Bronx Park.

Another proposition for the purchase of park land, and one to which less objection may be made, is to set apart land in the extreme north of Manhattan Island. This is now a particularly beautiful piece of country. It is very high and rolling, and the view which it commands of the Hudson and Harlem Rivers is really noble. Its natural features will, of course, soon be effaced, unless it should be very quickly bought up for the public use. If the reader will look at the map, he will see that there is need of a park area in that neighborhood. The east side of New York is fairly well provided with parks at present, but on the west side there is very little park land between Central and Van Cortlandt Parks. He should some day take the cable car from 125th Street and see for himself what charming scenery and what a fine prospect the northern part of this island affords. There is little fear that we shall have too much park land. New York, as compared with the other great cities of the world, is even now not particularly well provided with parks. These propositions, especially that about the Croton water-shed, may seem ex-

travagant, but things which seem a little wild and foolish as propositions have a way of looking very sensible and quite right when they have once got themselves done. The fact that the old-fashioned American freedom of access to private property is every day being more and more curtailed should incite us to provide ourselves betimes with public lands.

In reading the history of the purchases of public lands, one is reminded of the story of the Sibylline books. Delay means either greatly increased expense or a lost opportunity. In 1807 De Witt Clinton, who was then mayor, proposed the purchase of a park bounded by Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets and Third and Seventh Avenues. This park will be seen on the map of that year as a parade ground. But the people of that day did not appreciate Clinton's suggestion. All that is now left of his proposed park is Madison Square. The late Judge Ingraham, who was a member of the Board of Aldermen, was a man of wise perceptions. He recognized that New York needed to preserve a broad avenue northward for railroads and commerce, and he proposed widening Fourth Avenue, which is the old Boston Road, to one hundred and fifty feet and constructing a wide thoroughfare through the Bowery to Broad Street. But he could not get the Board of Aldermen to acknowledge the wisdom of this measure. Both of these propositions, particularly the latter, would have been of great service to New York if they had been carried out.

It is intended to introduce into the parks certain public institutions. In Bronx Park it is proposed to establish a botanical garden. The Legislature has passed a bill incorporating a society to establish and control such a garden, and directing the erection by the city of the proper buildings, when the society shall have raised $250,000. The objects of the garden will be to

On the Bronx River.

cultivate and to display such plants of our own country and of the world as can be grown out of doors; to display native and exotic in-door plants; the investigation and study of the vegetable kingdom; the supplying of other parks and public gardens with plants, and of the public schools with specimens. The great success of the Kew Gardens is one of the strongest considerations in favor of such an enterprise here. Kew is a great school for gardeners. It supplies 120 institutions of learning, of which 100 are common schools, with 3,000,000 plants; these plants are sent out in wagons. As evidence of the attraction which flower exhibitions have for people at large, it is said that more than a million people visited the Kew Gardens in 1890. At a late flower exhibition at the Madison Square Garden, in New York, there were 27,600 visitors during the five days, at an admission price of a half-dollar.

It is not known to everybody that New York had a botanical garden as early as 1801. This was the Elgin Garden, established by the generosity and zeal of Dr. David Hosack. Its site was near that of the Catholic cathedral, at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fifth Avenue. The spirit of science was very active in the United States in the early years of the republic, and many learned institutions and societies were started. Dr. Hosack's adventure was one of these. Hosack was the Professor of Botany in Columbia College. His custom was to use the garden for the instruction of his students. Dr. John W. Francis, who was one of his pupils, says that it was the professor's custom to conclude his spring course of lectures by a strawberry festival, which took place in this garden. "I must let the class see," said the teacher, "that we are practical as well as theoretical. Linnæus cured his gout and protracted his life by strawberries." "They are a dear article," observed Dr. Francis, "to gratify the appetite of so many." "Yes, indeed," he rejoined, "but in due time, from our present method of culture, they will become abundant and cheap. The disciples of the illustrious Swede must have a foretaste of them, if they cost one dollar a piece."

But the city was scarcely in a condition in the first decade of this century to support such an institution. The State bought the ground after the war of 1812 and gave it to Columbia College, on condition that the garden should be kept up, and that the college should remove there, whenever it did remove. The college was, later, relieved from these conditions. The property extended from Fifth Avenue nearly to Sixth Avenue, and from Forty-seventh to Fifty-first Streets. This property is now the principal source of the college revenues.

The suggestion is made that a zoölogical garden be established in Pelham Park. This site would be as good as any in the new parks, and would be especially favorable for marine animals and the maintenance of an aquarium. There would be an advantage in having it definitely settled that a zoölogical collection is to be made in one of the new parks, if for no other reason than to put a stop to the attempts every now and then made to take up some new part of the Central Park for this purpose. This attempt has been made with singular pertinacity in the face of repeated expressions of the public disapprobation of such a measure. For the proper housing and exhibition of a really good collection of animals a great deal of ground is required, and this cannot be spared in Central Park. As long ago as 1859 a serious effort was made to establish some such zoölogical collection as is now contemplated in the new parks. The plan was to place this institution under the control of a private corporation. Such institutions in Europe are, with scarcely an exception, administered by private societies. It was, however, intended that the society should have such assistance from the city as might be judiciously given, just as is proposed in the case of the Bronx Botanical Garden. This enterprise failed for the reason that the incorporators were not got together within the time specified by the law. The project might now be renewed to advantage, and no doubt will be.

The subject of the new parks has relations to those of the tenement-houses

and rapid transit. The new parks will be used by the poorer classes for excursions and picnics, and they will also be of great service and attraction to them if, in the future, they should get more, when they are out of work they are paying the cheaper rent and do not have the expense of transit. But whatever may be the disposition of the occupants of the tenement-houses, they have

Van Cortlandt Lake in Van Cortlandt Park.

homes in the neighborhood of these parks. People who have made a study of the tenement-house question say, in contradiction of the usual cynical opinion, that the poorer classes are willing enough to live in separate houses in the suburbs, where such houses can be obtained; but that the expense of transit and the length of time occupied in getting between their houses and their places of work, are obstacles in the way of removal to the suburbs. The expense of transit is not a great consideration, because they more than make up for that by paying less for rent; furthermore not been able to go into the country, because there are no houses to accommodate them, and because the needed facilities of transit have not been provided. Of course the two subjects of transit and lodging are closely related, for the lodging will not be provided until the means of transit has been secured. Should such arrangements be made as will enable the poor to live near the new parks, the parks will be a great pleasure and service to them. Of course the land immediately about the parks will be too expensive to be occupied by the houses of the poor, but they will be near

The Bronx River, near Lower End of Bronx Park.

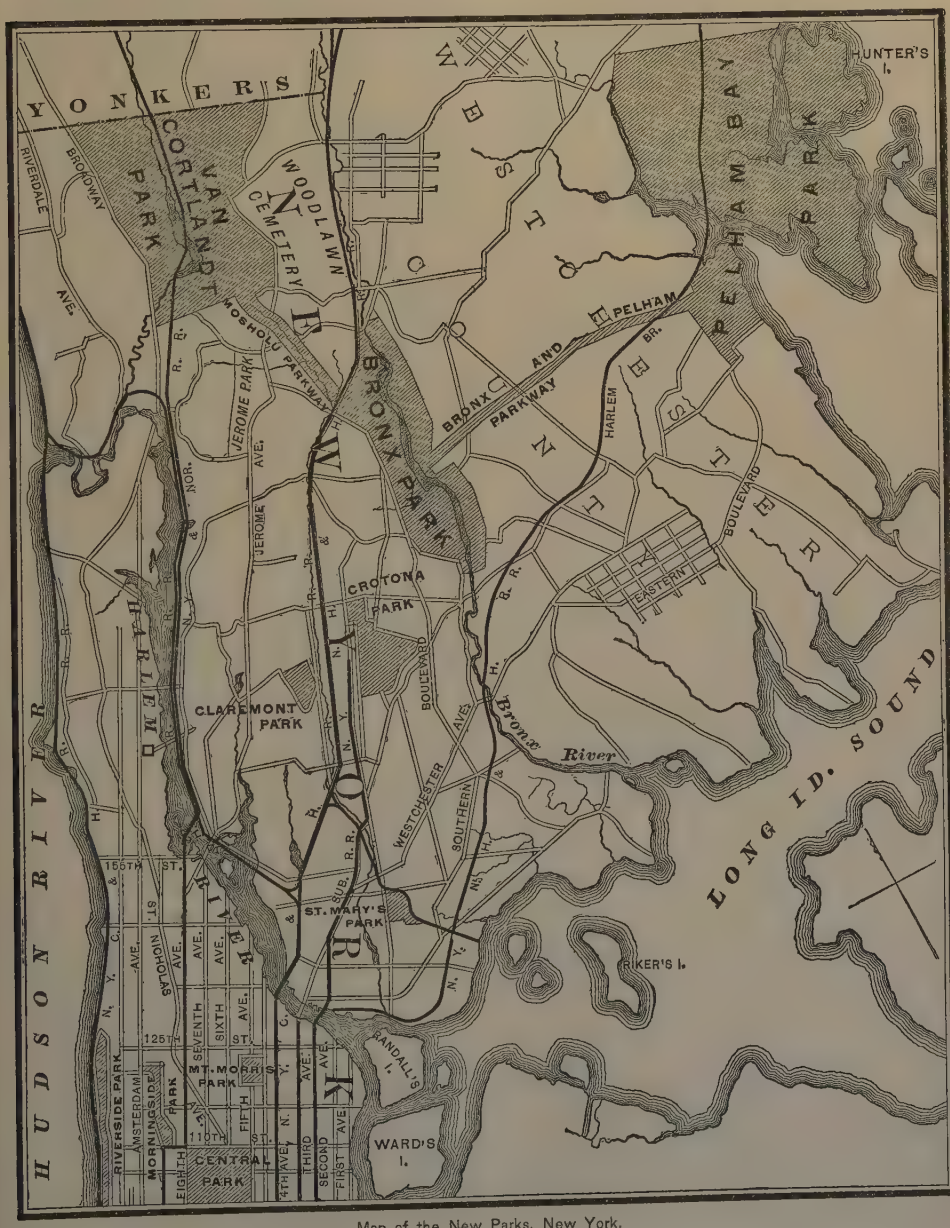
enough to the parks to use them and enjoy them. Pleasant approaches to the parks from the districts occupied by them might be provided. This, by the way, is a subject now receiving a good deal of attention in England There the movement is toward the preservation of lanes and by-ways. As everybody knows, English towns are full of pretty lanes, and they are much enjoyed by laboring men who are out with their families for a Sunday afternoon stroll. It is proposed to preserve a certain number of those that lead from the districts occupied by the poor to parks or great thoroughfares. It is true that in this country we have not many pretty lanes to preserve, but pleasant roadways laid out with trees and grass may be created.

The immediate service, however, of the parks to the poor of New York will be to provide them with places for excursions. There are already sufficient means of transit for the parks to be used in this way. There is access to Van Cortlandt Park by the Northern road, which is an extension of the Sixth Avenue Elevated. The Suburban Elevated, which is the extension of the Third Avenue Elevated, separates Claremont and Crotona Parks, the latter, by the way, a truly classic glade. Bronx Park is but a short distance further on, and may be reached by the Harlem Railroad. Pelham Park may be reached by the Harlem branch of the New Haven Railroad.

Upon the subject of railways it may be remarked that the extension of the elevated system, and the building of the new projected underground railroad, will have the effect of lowering the rates for suburban travel on the New York Central and New York & New Haven railroads and their branches. The Rapid Transit Commission has decided upon an underground railroad to Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and a tunnel or a viaduct thence to the city limits. Of course the

financial difficulties of a surface or elevated railroad through the built-up part of the city may be insurmountable, but there can be no question that travelling in the open air is, for reasons of health, comfort, and pleasure, greatly to be preferred to travelling in a tunnel. It would be a pity, therefore, if the road beyond Spuyten Duyvil, and even through as much of the upper part of Manhattan Island as is not built up, should not be in the open air.

For access to the parks, however, the people of New York are not dependent upon railroads, for the pleasantest means of approach is, of course, by



Map of the New Parks, New York.

boats. It is said there are some two thousand societies about New York which might use these parks for excursions.

As has been said, it is proposed to leave the new parks as they are. No doubt the less done to them the better. It will be, however, as well for the public to keep on the lookout against an officious disposition on the part of those in charge of them. On my first visit to Pelham Park I found a tall tombstone which had been erected over a trotting-horse—Stella—belonging to the late Dr. R. L. Morris, with this inscription, the wit of which, of course, consists in the slang use of the English word "traveller:" "Equa celerrima, Stella, obiit—Siste, viator, major viator hic jacet," "The very swift mare, Stella, died—pause, traveller, a greater traveller lies here." This tombstone has since been removed—not a very intelligent proceeding.

One important thing remains to be done, which, indeed, has not yet been contemplated, namely, to connect Van Cortlandt Park with the Hudson River. It is a great pity that this park does not go through to the river. As the system of parks skirts Long Island Sound on the east, there would have been a special completeness in having it extended to the Hudson on the west. But there should, at any rate, be a parkway to the river. A parkway laid out as it is proposed to arrange the Mosholu parkway, having also spaces for cables of electric cars, could be obtained without any great difficulty or expense. It would then be possible for people to sail up the Hudson in the morning, land in Van Cortlandt Park, cross from Van Cortlandt Park, through Bronx Park, to Pelham Park in some kind of conveyance, and sail homeward by the Sound and the East River in the evening. This is, of course, in the future. But excursions from New York may land at Pelham Park as soon as the docks are built. They should have been built last spring. The explanation given for the failure to do this is a doubt as to the claim of the city to the water-rights. But the right, supposing there be a doubt about it, lies between the city and the State. An arrangement may easily be made by which New York may at once avail itself of Pelham Park for excursions.

It has hardly been possible to give an idea in words of the general features of the parks beyond saying that they are a very pretty piece of country, lying between the Hudson and the Sound, much like any other piece of perfectly natural country in the same region. Variety is their most remarkable quality. It would certainly be difficult to find, further north and east, within equal limits, a stretch so various, with noble and famous river scenery on the one side, on the other a beautiful arm of the sea between glittering margins of sand many miles apart, and midway, in Bronx, a charming woodland watered by a pastoral rivulet. In general position the parks have been extremely well chosen. It may be that their boundaries, which sometimes cross the tops of hills rather than skirt the foot of them, might have been better fixed, had the work been done by skilled engineers and landscape gardeners. But the task of getting the parks at all was very difficult of accomplishment; persons in charge of difficult undertakings cannot always wait to accomplish them in an entirely ideal manner. At any rate the public has the parks. We say their position has been admirably chosen; they are diversely situated. Crotona and Claremont, two beautiful pieces, are in sight of the apartment houses. In rural spots very near to cities, no matter how little they may have been touched, there is always a sense of sadness. You notice this in Claremont and Crotona, and even in Bronx. It is as if the dryads were conscious that their days of occupation were numbered, had received notice to quit, and were only holding over forlornly at the will of some harsh evictor. Now that they have been taken under the public protection, and, as it were, have been put upon a reservation, let us hope they will be more cheerful. Van Cortlandt is, to our notion, the least interesting of the parks. It is, therefore, just as well that the parade ground is here. The military spirit is impatient of obstructions; it wishes the wood or the hill that is in the way to come down.

But Van Cortlandt has its pretty features, and, in the interest of the trees and shrubbery the civil powers may wisely keep a jealous watch upon martial encroachments. The most remote of the parks, and perhaps the most beautiful, and, owing to its situation upon the water, the most useful and valuable, is Pelham. All of these parks have about the same proportion of woodland and pastoral country as other parts of the same region.

"GOLDEN MASHONALAND."

By Frank Mandy.

[MASHONALAND, which, in the past two years, has frequently been the cause of political complications in South Africa, is spoken of as the "future gold field of the world." The region is named after an African tribe, the Mashonas, and lies between the Portuguese boundary of the Sofala coast district on the east, and the Matebele country. Lo Bengulu, chief of the Matebeles, has conquered the Mashonas, and claims a sort of sovereignty over them. Through the efforts of Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, the Chartered Company of South Africa, known as the British South Africa Company, was organized in 1889 with the Duke of Fife as President. This commercial company was conceded by the British Government great political powers, and a monopoly of the resources of the whole territory north of 22° south latitude and east of 20° east longitude — a region including Bechuanaland Protectorate, Matebeleland, Mashonaland, and an undefined region north of the Zambesi. Over Mashonaland the Portuguese claimed a right by treaties with that tribe, but by the abortive Anglo-Portuguese treaty of August, 1890, this country, with a vast area beyond it, extending to the Congo Free State, was acknowledged to be British. Early in 1891 fresh troubles broke out between the Portuguese and the British South Africa Company. Open hostilities were imminent, when Lord Salisbury offered terms to the Portuguese Government that were more favorable than the treaty of 1890, relinquishing 50,000 square miles north of the Zambesi. South of the Zambesi the British South Africa Company are allotted an enlarged territory, but the Portuguese still retain a part of Manicaland. This treaty was signed in June, 1891. Lo Bengulu at one time signed a document which, it is alleged, gave the Chartered Company a monopoly of lands and mines in Matebeleland and Mashonaland, but he has since denied it and returned the gifts of money and rifles made by the company in accordance with the agreement. The work of the Pioneer Corps, which is described in the accompanying article, was to open up Mashonaland, establish a permanent roadway, and prepare the region for settlement. Despatches in December, 1891, announced that a railroad from the river Pungue, twelve miles from Beira, on the Indian Ocean, to the gold diggings in Mashonaland, is underway. A number of routes were surveyed, and the one chosen will be less than 200 miles in length. The British South Africa and the Portuguese Mozambique Companies will construct the line together, and building will begin in April, 1892. One hundred miles of the route will be completed, it is believed, by the end of December. Mr. Frank Mandy, the author of the accompanying article, is an acknowledged authority on Mashonaland, having first visited the country about fifteen years ago, and for the past eight years he has been familiar with both Mashonaland and Matebeleland.]

Just two years ago, I delivered a lecture in Johannesburg on "Matebeleland and its People;" and repeated it a few weeks later in Cape Town. The lecture was then published in pamphlet form, and was very favorably received by the public. I have reason to believe

that it directed the attention of many toward Mashonaland, and numbers of people have since gone to that country, attracted thither by the account I had given of its resources.

Before proceeding further I wish your readers to understand that I am not in the service of the Chartered Company; nor, except for the short term during which I was attached to the "Pioneer Corps," have I ever been, even indirectly, an employé of that Company.

I had the honor of holding a commission in the "Pioneer Corps," and accompanied that little force on its march to Mashonaland. After its disbandment at Fort Salisbury, in September last year, I spent eight months prospecting and travelling in that country; and have seen it under new aspects and conditions.

Before that, neither I nor anyone else had ever remained a summer through in Mashonaland; and in the course of this article I will try and give your readers a faithful account of what I observed there, telling them not only of its wonderful resources, but laying bare the drawbacks which the settler will have to contend with.

I will begin by giving a short account of the "Pioneer" march and the occupation of the land.

The Pioneers numbered about 150 men, drawn from every part of the Cape Colony. Almost every district was represented in the force. Made up as it was of young Africander farmers, and men originally from England, but who had spent the best years of their lives either farming, hunting, or prospecting in almost every part of South Africa, the corps could hardly have been improved upon for the work it had to do. The predominating feature in the character of all the men was a spirit of self-reliance. It was a corps of crack shots; almost every man a sportsman, and as much at home in the trackless forest as a schoolboy in the foot-ball field. Each one knew the very risky nature of the venture, and all went into it with eyes wide open.

Our little band mustered on the banks of the Macloutsie River early in the month of June, 1890, and it was at first intended that the "Pioneers," under the command of Major Johnson, the founder of the corps, were to proceed alone to Mount Hampden; and when the road was made, to be followed by a strong body of the Chartered Company's police. But at the last moment this programme was changed. General Methuen, who had been sent by the High Commissioner (Governor Loch) to inspect our force, decided that we should be accompanied by two troops of the British South Africa Company's police; and placed the whole expedition under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, an imperial officer.

The result of this change was, the Pioneers became soldiers. But no amount of red tape, nor that training which turns men into machines, could stamp out of our men their one great predominating characteristic — individual self-reliance.

Very soon the Pioneers mastered the simple mounted infantry drill; and the force received very flattering encomiums from the General, who seemed much amused at the respectful familiarity with which he was treated by some of the men.

There was a grand field day; the General had drawn up a plan of campaign; thirty wagons and the entire armament of the Pioneers were ordered to be on the march, exactly as if they were engaged on the serious work of going through an enemy's country, exposed to danger of attack on every side, and at any moment. The column was trekking through dense "bush;" scouts in front and rear; flanking patrols on either side. The General rode round with his staff, to see how the line of march was guarded. While on one flank, he observed a single pioneer some few hundred yards to one side of the advancing wagons. Riding up, he accosted him: "What duty are you performing?" "I'm one of the left flanking party," said the Pioneer. "Now, supposing this were real," said the General, "and you were ordered on flanking patrol; how far from the column would you go out?" "Well," said the man, glancing round at the dense forest through which he could not see more than twenty yards in any direction, "I should go about

four or five hundred yards away." "If I were sent out as you," said the General, "I would go four or five miles away." "Would you?" the Pioneer said; "then if *I* were you, I wouldn't."

The discipline of the corps was perfect; no man wanted forcing to do his duty. Each one knew what had to be done, and did it thoroughly. I must say a word here for the Chartered Company's Police; they are a body that few countries in the world could raise. In physique, in intelligence, and in their skill with the rifle, it would be difficult to find their equals in any other military force.

The little band of Pioneers and two troops of Police made their final plunge into the unknown on July 1, 1890. On the day previous they had crossed the Tuli River, and at four o'clock on the following morning the force silently broke "laager," and streamed away into the dense forests of Mopani and thorn, through which the road had to be cut for the greater part of the first two hundred miles. B Troop of the Pioneers had started nearly a fortnight before, and had already cut some forty miles of road, and awaited the column at the Umzingwane River. After this, the road-cutting party always managed to keep a day ahead of the column. Some of Khama's men assisted in this road-making in the heaviest parts; but the Pioneers practically did all the work.

The chopping troop ahead was always protected from surprise by scouts and patrols, and it came very hard on men who had been toiling with the axe all day, to have to mount guard at night; but all was cheerfully done. Behind marched the main column. Laager was broken at four o'clock every morning. First went the advance guard, with flankers on either side several hundred yards away; some six or eight hundred yards in their rear marched the main body of the advance guard with the Maxim gun; connecting links put the two bodies in communication. After a short interval came the Pioneer artillery troop, with two seven-pounders; then marched a troop of Police immediately ahead of the wagons, which trekked slowly in a double line; for the Pioneers had cut two roads as near as possible parallel, about twenty yards apart. This shortened by one-half our long train of eighty-nine wagons. Following in their rear, came another troop with the Gardiner gun; then a line of connecting links, and finally the rear guard. The entire line was protected on either side by flanking parties; and scouts and patrols were out a long distance ahead, on our left and in the rear.

It was thought that by these precautions we should avoid being surprised, and would have plenty of time to form laager in case of attack. In a wonderfully short time, everyone fell into the routine of the march, and knew exactly what to do. Laagers were formed in the shortest time possible and without the least confusion; and just as easily and rapidly the column was again placed in motion. After the night laager was formed, the horses were picketed and fed, and the various messes prepared their food. Supper over, the assembly sounded, all stood to their arms, and the entire force was told off to the wagons at which they were to sleep, and in case of attack to defend. All night steam was kept up in the engine; and at intervals the powerful electric search-light sent its mysterious white bands of light into the dark woods around.

And so it went on from day to day, the column winning its anxious way mile after mile, with an occasional scare, but unmolested. Our hardy band of choppers ever in front, cutting a double road through dense forests where never a track had been made; making drifts through numberless spruits and rivers; and all this through a country unknown to every man on the expedition.

Although Lo Bengulu and most of his principal Indunas were favorable to the march of the whites through his country, the powerful young regiments were in a very excited state. I have since heard from men who were at Bulawayo (the Matebele capital) during our march, that a large part of the nation firmly believed our intention was to get around to the north of their country, from which side there was an easy entrance, and from thence invade Matebeleland. So convinced were they of this, that regiment after regiment came up and clamored for permission to go down and

"wipe" us out, while still in the densely wooded mountainous lowlands of the Banyai. At last they declared that if the king remained longer passive, they would take the matter into their own hands. Lo Bengulu then carried out his usual policy, and allowed himself to be swept along by the stream. He sent three Indunas, accompanied by Mr. Colenbrander, to order the column to turn back; but he sent them to Tuli, knowing full well the column had already reached Lundi.

The king's words were: "I say to you, turn back, there is no road where you are going. Do you imagine the Matebele only can bleed? Are the white men made of stone, that their blood won't flow? I say to you turn back at once. If you continue to advance after hearing these, my words, the consequences be upon your own heads; for few, if any, of you will ever return to tell your friends what has happened."

This warlike message kept the people quiet, and gave our force time to reach the open plateau of Mashonaland unmolested. Colonel Pennefather's answer to this ultimatum was: "I am the Queen's man; she has sent me to see Rhodes's people safe in Mashonaland; being a soldier, I must obey my orders, and pay no attention to your message."

At last, on August 13, 1890, the little column emerged from the low country onto the Mashona plateau, by the now well-known Providential Gorge; a wonderful outlet through an almost impassable barrier of mountains. It is twelve miles of a gentle ascent; the pass does not wind, and there was plenty of room for the double line of wagons; not an obstacle except the thick forest through which the roads had to be cut. It is the only outlet that admits of a wagon-road for many miles on either side; and wonderful to relate, we struck it exactly in our track.

When the beautiful uplands of Victoria were reached, a feeling of great joy and intense relief spread itself through all ranks; the heavy burden of anxious expectation of attack, under which all had marched since leaving Tuli, dropped like a weight from each and all; and its place was taken by a light-hearted sense of security.

A halt was called here to rest the tired cattle, and allow Sir John Willoughby, who was close behind with a third troop of Police, to overtake us. Fort Victoria was built on some commanding ground at the head of the pass, and garrisoned by one troop of Police with a Gatling gun. After nearly a week's rest, the column again started. Our march was now through comparatively open "veldt;" and on account of the height at which we were—always more than four thousand feet, and sometimes more than five thousand feet, above sea-level—the air was cool, and at night keen and cold. Even here we had a few scares, caused by the timidity of the Mashonas, ever on the lookout for a Matebele raid. But all went well. One hundred and thirty miles to the north of Victoria, another halt was called; the Pioneers built Fort Charter between the heads of the Umgezi and Sabi Rivers. Here we dropped another troop of Police, and again pressed forward. Seventy miles more, without a hitch or scare, and our column, reduced to the Pioneers and one troop of Police, reached the plains of Salisbury—about twelve miles to the south of Mount Hampden—on September 12, 1890.

Immediately on arrival, the Pioneers set to work to build a fort; the ground was tough and the work hard; but on September 29th, the fort was finished and handed over to the Police. On the 30th our little party of Pioneers was disbanded; wagons and oxen lent to parties of six; and by the evening of October 1st not a Pioneer was left at Fort Salisbury. North, south, east, and west they had scattered, eager to find the gold which was to repay them for all their risks and hardships.

Looking back, it seems difficult to believe that our convoy of eighty-nine heavily laden wagons had succeeded in traversing four hundred miles, from Tuli to Salisbury, the greater part of the way through thick forests, over numberless spruits and rivers, the drifts through which had all to be made, and through a country unknown to every man, in the short space of nine weeks. Our guide, Captain F. C. Selous (the well-known hunter), did wonders. I am

sure no other man could have piloted us as he did, his mere presence gave the men a sense of security. Besides being guide, he was the head of the Intelligence Department, and his scouts (the pick of the Pioneers) were ever out, several days journey in front, to the west and in the rear. When most of the difficulties had been overcome, and we were within seventy miles of Mount Hampden, Selous, much against his will, left the column to proceed on a mission to the eastward. When the news of his departure spread through the laager, a sense of insecurity began to take hold of the men, and many prophesied disaster from the change. We started with a new guide; but like a rudderless ship, whichever way the column turned it came to grief. So much confusion and delay was the result, that Selous was sent for, his mission to the east postponed, and to the joy of all he resumed his post of guide.

The two men to whom, beyond all others, the wonderful success of this expedition is due, are Major F. Johnson and Captain F. C. Selous. Although Major Johnson was not in supreme command, yet his wonderful power of organization, in the formation and supplying of the expedition, made itself felt, and was a most powerful factor in bringing about the perfect success which attended our march. In saying this, I do not seek to lessen any credit due to Colonel Pennefather; but his work was plain sailing compared with that accomplished by Selous and Johnson.

I will here try and give a short sketch of the countries through which we marched, between Tuli and Salisbury.

The first fifty miles after leaving Tuli was through a dense forest of Mopani and thorn, uninteresting and flat. But after crossing the Umshabetsi River we entered the beautiful country of the Banyai. Magnificently watered by noble rivers, such as the Nuanetsi, the Lundi, and Toqwi; and by numberless streams and fountains, springing from the bases of the thousands of granite hills with which the land is filled; possessing a soil rich as the heart of an agriculturist can desire; the Banyai country is in truth very lovely. Travelling through it, one can never cease wondering at the grotesque bald masses of granite which rear their polished heads hundreds of feet above the surrounding country; their sides almost perpendicular and quite unscalable; their bases densely wooded with trees almost as quaint and grotesque as themselves. Here and there the baobab throws up its bare gnarled arms like some damned monster writhing in agony—reminding one of the trees in Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

Away on the tops of seemingly inaccessible granite piles, can be seen the huts of the timid Banyai, looking no larger than ant-heaps; and beside them, the inhabitants, small in proportion, as they peer down at the strangers passing through their land. These poor creatures have lived for many years in constant dread of the Matebele, under whose fierce sway they exist. They pay yearly tribute to Lo Bengulu; and woe betide the unlucky village that cannot satisfy the tax-gatherers — slaughter of the men, capture and slavery of the younger women, and plunder of everything the bandits can lay their hands upon. They never dream of resistance, and this seems strange; for these low-country Banyais are a sturdy, well-developed race.

But this lovely country is not yet fit for occupation by white men. The summer is very unhealthy, and almost all the deaths which have been debited to Mashonaland must be placed to the account of Banyailand.

After climbing out of the Banyai country, and during a few days halt, I visited the ruins of Zimbabwe, rather more than fifteen miles to the southeast of Victoria. A few hours ride through a charming country brought us to a high mountain upon which we could see extensive fortifications. The natives poured down, armed with bows and arrows and assegais, to greet us. The chief, after extracting a waistcoat, a pound of powder, and half a dozen yards of calico from us, sent his son to guide us to the ruins. Following a footpath round the western base of the mountain, we found ourselves in an open hill-enclosed space; and close in front was the wonderful, mysterious circular building, the most imposing of these puzzling ruins. The southeast

face, which was evidently the front, is the most carefully finished, the curve of the walls being perfect. The masonry is very good, and considering the materials used, would be a credit to any master-builder of to-day.

The whole structure is faced, both inside and out, with flat pieces of granite which have flaked naturally from the immense outcrops in the vicinity. These flat flakings have been broken into equal-sized slabs about a foot long by nine inches broad, and about an inch thick. The walls are thirty feet high and of immense thickness, tapering toward the top. I don't know how thick they would be at the base; but two bullock wagons could stand abreast on the top. They are not plumb, but curve outward like the sides of a bowl. Though none of the stones are hewn or shaped, the walls are beautifully finished; and nowhere is there a space into which I could get my little finger. No mortar was used. So perfect is the state of preservation that the structure might have been raised yesterday. No sign of the wear and tear of time on the stone, the edges sharp as if just broken off the parent slab.

For a third of the way round the top, on the southeast face, runs a sort of frieze or ornamentation, looking from below about a foot in depth. This was effected by courses of stone let in on edge, and forming a diamond-shaped pattern. The hollows of the diamonds are filled with reddish-colored tiles, and this throws the scroll work into strong relief, making it very effective. The size of the building is, I should guess, about half that of the Colosseum at Rome.

Originally there was but one entrance, and that in the eastern face opposite the high fortified mountain. This gap was about two feet in width, and was approached through a labyrinth the walls of which are now in ruins; but when perfect, the building could have been entered only through a sort of Hampton Court maze, and without a guide must have been difficult. Entering by this, the regular doorway, you find yourself on a sort of raised gallery which runs round the eastern wall in the interior of the building. From this gallery you can see amidst the shrubs and undergrowth ruins of what seem to have been dwellings.

This wonderful building had no windows, no roof, and but one narrow entrance. Inside there is a bewildering tangle of the most luxuriant vegetation imaginable. Huge trees reared their massive trunks, and flung their richly foliaged branches in every direction; and hanging from them in a perfect lace-work, were hundreds of delicate vines and stouter lianas. The air was moist and warm like the atmosphere of a hot-house; and the light dim and subdued, as in a Gothic cathedral.

Breaking his way through the thick undergrowth, our guide led us to the southeast end of the "*temple*"—(for such it must have been). Here rose a massive cone-shaped column, built of small granite blocks. It rises to a height of thirty-four feet, in form like a huge champagne bottle cut off at the shoulder. At its base were steps leading up to a platform about six feet above the present level of the ground. Close alongside is a smaller pillar, cut off flat about breast high, giving one the idea of an altar. But the wealth of vegetation makes it very difficult to see things well. You can't step back and take a distant view of this column—a few yards, and the whole is shut out from sight. We had to stand right under, and I came away with a decided pain in my neck from looking straight above me.

Toward the western end, amidst the vines and tangled shrubbery, we found two large but narrow slabs of granite, curved like the rib-bones of a whale, and so planted in the ground as nearly to form an arch. Upon these we eagerly searched for some inscription or carving; but here, as everywhere, the page was blank. Not a sign, nor a clue anywhere; no sculpture or carving could we find in our hurried search. It was tantalizing and unsatisfactory, for only wild and baseless guesses could be made at the age or origin of these mysterious ruins.

We had spent so much time in examining this old temple, that we found now there was none left to climb the mountain and inspect the ruins there. From below we could see a very massive wall more than twenty feet high, surmounting a steep and quite unscalable krantz; and numbers of other walls on various parts of the mountain. Its

Map of Matebele Kingdom, Mashonaland, and adjoining Provinces of South Africa.

northern face had been cut into eight terraces, which had been built up with stone-work. And altogether the mountain showed unmistakable signs of having been a citadel of immense strength. The ancient city must have been built on its sides and on the plain at its base.

Four hours had flown like so many minutes, and we were obliged to tear ourselves away and start for Fort Victoria, which we did not reach till late at night.

The next two hundred miles, from Fort Victoria to Salisbury, was over a lovely country, splendidly watered and well wooded, with a very rich soil in most parts. Our guide kept the ridge between the Zambesi and Sabi watersheds; on either side were the fountain-heads of some of the largest tributaries of these two rivers. These fountain-heads are bogs and morasses for some considerable distance. Every valley is sodden with springs. When this country is occupied it will be necessary to open up these fountains, and dig furrows to form channels for the waters which at present only ooze through the soil. By this means the valleys will be drained of their superfluous wet, and lovely streamlets will replace the treacherous bogs.

The beauty of the landscapes during this part of our march, was heightened

by the brilliant tints of the spring foliage. The forests of the Mashona plateau are composed of two species of trees; the Goussi and the Machobel. The peculiarity of their growth is, that from the first bud to the full mature leaf, they exhibit every shade, from the deepest crimson to the palest rose, and from the lightest orange to the deepest green. As these trees do not all mature at the same time, there are three months in the year when the woods are masses and combinations of the loveliest hues imaginable. These grassy highlands were decked with many varieties of most beautiful flowers. Loveliest of all, in the estimation of every one, was a glorious little blossom something like a hybiscus. It grows on a tiny little plant amidst the grass, and all over the veldt, at intervals of only a foot or two, its bright, soft, crimson face smiled a welcome to us. Most of the flowers of Mashonaland have more the appearance of highly cultivated exotics, rather than simple wild flowers.

The inhabitants of Mashonaland are rather disappointing. Their physique and bodily development are poor. Their color is intensely black, though their faces are more Arabic than negro. As agriculturists they show out well. Even very small villages cultivate immense lands with considerable skill and great intelligence. When breaking up new ground, they invariably utilize the grass and trees, of which they clean it, as manure. They carefully dig and trench it, throwing the sod over the grass and scattering the ashes of the burned trees over the soil. They then let the field lie fallow till the following season, when it is again dug and trenched and planted. The Mashona fields present a very neat appearance, the ridge and furrow system being employed for all crops except rice. In growing this latter grain, the seed is sown in round holes about a yard in diameter and a foot in depth; this collects and holds the water necessary for its growth. All their other crops are raised on ridges, with rather deep furrows alongside, for the opposite reason. They harvest annually immense quantities of mealies, Kaffir-corn, pogo, and rice, beans, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, sweet reed, pumpkins, squashes, calabashes, and small quantities of tobacco. In some parts they have bananas, lemons, watermelons, and sweet melons. Although not a single tribe of them expected our advent, they were able to supply from their surplus stores the needs of over a thousand hungry white men for more than six months.

In the practical relation of the Mashonas to the white men, with regard to the labor market, these people are disappointing. The Mashona will not work —he seems mentally incapable of any long-continued exertion. He will come and lounge about a house or a wagon, will carry wood and water, and in a desultory way attend to the pots; but even this is too much like work to be kept up long. A servant seldom stays longer than one month, and during that time, if the pressure is increased and any real exertion required of him, he will suddenly and secretly leave without asking for payment, though as often as not it will be afterward found that he has helped himself. The present generation of Mashonas cannot be reckoned upon as laborers such as the country requires, and the market will have to be supplied from other sources. For farm work, for labor in the mines, and for all work incident to the development of the country, servants will have to be imported from other parts. Luckily good supplies will be obtainable at no great distance. The Matebele, the Zambesi tribes, and the Manica and Coast people, are all first-class workers, the first and last being particularly suitable, from their strength and hardihood, for the heavy work of mining. I have no doubt that the next generation of Mashonas will be better than the present. They have lived for fifty years the lives of hunted beasts, never safe from the terrible inroads of the Matebele; and who knows what their forefathers may have suffered from slave-dealing Arabs, and the mysterious gold-workers of old.

The Mashonas deserve our sympathy, and before we condemn them for their uselessness as servants, and for many other shortcomings, let us remember the terrible conditions of life among them before our arrival; and now, having freed these poor creatures from the

degrading state of terror in which they lived, let us be patient, and give the gospel of freedom and industry time to take root; and I am sure the abject, despised Mashona will one day become a good and useful citizen.

My last visit to Mashonaland, and my eight months residence in various parts of it, had served to confirm and strengthen the opinions formed on my first visit to that country. The more I saw of it, the more convinced I became of its wonderful agricultural resources; and several years experience of colonial farming made me confident in my judgment. A large population could be maintained there on small holdings. All the conditions for success exist—good soil, abundance of water with facilities for irrigation, and a splendid climate. Beautiful streams and flowing rivers are met with everywhere; as numerous in the highest parts of the plateau as in the lower districts. The pasturage is rich and abundant, succulent and nourishing all the year round. In the granite belts the soil is light but very fertile; here however, it would require manure after three or four crops.

The most fruitful soil and the country best suited for general farming is on the gold and iron formations. Here the soil is deep, heavy loam, the drainage good, and anything in the wide world would grow and flourish with only a little care.

Mashonaland, I venture to predict, will become one of the greatest fruit-producing countries in the world. European cereals will do well as winter crops, and a large export trade will follow when the Pungue route is opened to the coast.

Cattle, judging by the way our own oxen throve, and by the appearance of the few cows possessed by the natives (the very few which have escaped Matebele plunderers), will do well. Cattle disease seems unknown there. Of sheep I can say little; actual experience will be the only test, as no merino sheep have ever been in the country. Cape sheep and goats, however, do remarkably well. Horses die from horse-sickness, and for many years this plague will be a drawback, though good stabling, as in the Transvaal, would be a safeguard. In this respect, Mashonaland is not worse than the Transvaal.

From the outset, farmers will have good markets close at hand. The mining population, and the towns which must spring up at all mining centres will secure them customers for all surplus produce. The ease and cheapness of transport to the coast by rail and waterway, when the Pungue route is opened, will enable them to export everything in excess of the needs of the country.

The climate is one of the pleasantest in the world; cold and exhilarating in winter, and not too hot during summer. At no time of the year is the heat as great as in the Cape colony. From October 1, 1890, to the end of May, 1891, I lived in the open air, and between those dates walked several hundred miles; and I can truthfully say that I never, even on one day, found the heat too great for comfortable walking.

The settler in Mashonaland will have to face certain natural disadvantages, and these are first swamps, second fever, third, flies, midges, and mosquitoes. The second and third are consequent on the first. Cure the first and the two latter disappear of themselves. Horse-sickness I have mentioned.

The rainfall of last season was excessive, consequently I saw the country at its worst. It is only during the summer months of December, January, February, and April that these disadvantages are felt. All the swamps are on slopes, and it is surprising to see the incline at which many of them exist. They are to be found only on the granite formation. At first it was puzzling to account for them, but one soon discovers why they are here. The granite soil, light and porous, drinks in the rain as it falls, until it is saturated down to the bed-rock, which in swampy ground is seldom more than three feet from the surface. The grass, matted and thick, prevents the water running off in rills, and so forming channels. There are no dongas in Mashonaland; the absence of flocks and herds account for this, as their footpaths are generally the beginnings of the sluits which drain a country. The swamps ask only for furrows as beginnings; the running water will itself

deepen and broaden the channels. I could not help but notice how eagerly the swamp water made use of any chance wagon track, and rushed off in the wheel ruts, to find its way to the streams and rivers. Some labor and patience would be required, but with them swamps would soon cease to exist, and then no more fever midges or mosquitoes.

And now a word about the fever; it is of the usual malarial type, but very mild in its nature; so mild that in many instances it was shaken off without the aid of any medicine. The climate is not to be blamed for much of the fever that prevailed. It speaks volumes for the climate, that out of considerably more than a thousand men scattered over a new country, badly clothed, poorly sheltered, short of the necessaries, and without any of the comforts of life, the death-rate for the whole summer did not exceed one per cent.

While I was there—and that was from September 12, 1890, to May 15, 1891—ten men died. Of these one was killed by lions, one accidentally shot himself, chronic dysentery accounted for two, leaving only six deaths from fever. But Banyailand and the neighborhood of the Crocodile River are deadly places, where numbers of men contracted fevers which cost them their lives.

The gold of Mashonaland will prove its great attraction at first. I prospected in two of its gold districts uninterruptedly during seven months; and was in constant communication with men who had been prospecting the other known gold belts. At present there are six districts into which Pioneers have penetrated. These are the Hartley Hills, about sixty miles southwest of Salisbury, the Umferli, twenty-five miles west of Hartley Hills; the Lo Mogundi or Northern gold-fields, ninety miles northwest of Salisbury; twenty miles north from Salisbury are the Mazoe fields; ninety miles east of Mazoe lies the Kaiser Wilhelm; and the Manica, about a hundred and thirty miles to the southeast of Salisbury. By this it will be seen that Salisbury, the capital, is situated in a very central position with relation to the gold-fields.

These districts are very large—Hartley Hills being the smallest. I have been over the greater part of the Mazoe field and found its prospects very good. The quartz reefs I saw were wonderfully rich; they were not very large, nor could they be traced for any very great distance, on account of the mountainous and broken nature of the country. But one reef I saw in the Mazoe was an exception; it was forty feet thick, and the *outcrop* could be traced for more than five hundred yards. Five feet of this reef panned splendidly, and through it there ran a "pay-streak," about nine inches wide, peppered with visible gold, and panning more than one hundred ounces to the ton. The lucky finders had made a cutting several feet deep across the reef, and had sunk a shaft thirty feet deep alongside the "pay-streak." This property of ten claims was sold to a local firm for £21,000.

I saw another very rich two-foot "leader" at "Broken Hiel," in the Mazoe—every piece broken off showing visible gold, right through the stone; the leader getting richer and wider as it was sunk upon; the shaft was down twenty-five feet when I saw it last.

Another shaft I visited in the same district was down eighty feet; and here again the stone was remarkably rich, some of it crusted with "visible gold." I might go on particularizing, but this article is already too long. Everywhere I went, in the Mazoe, I found prospectors enthusiastically satisfied with what they had found; and what I saw convinced me the majority of them had good reason for their satisfaction. With the exception of the forty foot reef I mentioned first, all the properties in the Mazoe, as in all the other districts, are on ancient workings.

The Lo Mogundi, or northern gold-fields, have, like the others, been extensively worked in days long gone by. Here the formation is more defined and continuous than in the Mazoe. I traced one series of gold-lodes for more than twenty-three miles without a break; old workings along the whole length. How far the lodes continue at either end I cannot say; there was no break either at the beginning or the end of the twenty-three miles. The character of the gold in the Mogundi district

DRAWN BY H. R. BLOOMER.

ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

Laager of the Pioneer Force at Tuli.

is fine, and the reefs are larger than in the Mazoe. Here one cannot find startling specimens with "visible," but the results in the pan are most satisfactory, averaging from one to three ounces of gold to the ton of quartz. Along the twenty-three miles I have mentioned, you can break off or pick up stones, and wherever you strike the reef the results are the same—very good. There are several other lodes in this district all of which have been worked by the ancients, and all very rich.

Of all these I can speak personally, because I spent some months on these fields, and prospected them thoroughly. Experts — men who have spent many years gold-mining in this and other countries—are confident that Mashonaland will prove the richest gold country in the world. I have heard numbers of prospectors speak of Hartley Hills and the Umferli fields; their experiences would have turned the heads of any who heard them, had it not been that they also had seen similar things in the parts they had prospected.

Captain F. C. Selous, of the Pioneer Corps.

Of the Kaiser Wilhelm fields little is known; they had just been discovered before I left Salisbury, in May last. The men who went to Manica speak in glowing terms of its golden prospects, and of the country generally. They say it is very lovely, fertile, well watered, and healthy.

Besides gold, Mashonaland is rich in silver; very rich lodes have been discovered in the Lo Mogundi district; these had likewise been worked in ancient times. Chips from the blossom rock give an assay of over one hundred ounces of silver to the ton. Galena containing a very large percentage of silver has been found in large bodies in Manica. And in different parts, other minerals have been discovered whose nature and value have not yet been tested.

Iron is found everywhere off the granite beds, and often in almost a virgin state. I cannot positively declare that the future of Mashonaland as a gold-producing country is assured. Only deep sinking, careful development, and the battery test will prove that. But I do say the prospects disclosed by what work has already been done, quite satisfy the expectation of the most sanguine. No one can say what is under the ground; but there are good reasons for feeling confident that the promises of the surface and of the depths that have been already reached will be fulfilled when the country is mined in a practical manner. Of wood and water there is abundance, and in many parts there is the fall necessary for water-power. I have said that all the claims pegged out as yet are on old workings. Whoever the people were who worked these mysterious mines, they knew as much if not more about gold prospecting than we do. Almost all the gold-bearing outcrop is worked away. Where the an-

Group of Banyais at Matipi's Town; on the left a Pioneer of the Intelligence Department

cients worked, it is invariably rich. But though their knowledge of prospecting was great, their appliances for gold winning were rude. They ground the quartz on flat stones by means of round pebbles, used as grinders or pestles. Alongside some of the old works are lying thousands—tens of thousands — of these flat stones worn by the action of grinding the hard quartz. The stone must have been very rich to have repaid them for this slow style of gold extraction. It was not from want of gold that these ancients gave up their occupation and left the country; for in the few old shafts and cuttings that have been cleaned out, and the reef picked up where it was left, it is found to be very rich.

Very few workings have as yet been sunk upon, the process is dangerous on account of the rubble which might at any moment fall in, and this work would require careful timbering. When old shafts are systematically cleared out, tools and implements may be discovered, which will throw some light upon the mysteries of both the ruins and the mines. That the two are connected I have no doubt. The builders of Zimbabwe, the smaller Zimbabwe, and the old forts scattered over Matebeleland and Mashonaland, were the men who mined the country. These ruins are invariably either on, or close alongside of gold-belts. There is magnificent formation for gold near the great Zimbabwe, and the Victoria gold-fields would well repay prospecting.

At Zimbabwe, and at many of the ruined forts, can be picked up flat stone slabs about a foot by six inches, with thirty-two cups, like the cups on a solitaire board, hollowed out upon them; eight rows of four each. On all the gold-fields I visited, especially in the neighborhood of the old workings, I found similar stones. I have found this "32" game (for it is a game) beautifully cut upon a solid mass of stone shaved flat to make a convenient table, with smaller blocks shaven flat on either side which served as seats for the players. The Mashonas of to-day, in some parts, play

A Wagon of the Pioneer Corps crossing the Umzingwane River.

this game; not on carefully prepared stone slabs, but with 32 cups hollowed in the ground; and instead of using prepared pellets such as the ancients must have played with, they use small pebbles. On several occasions I watched two players; they were as much absorbed in their game as any two Europeans over a game of chess. They studied each move and played in silence. I watched closely to try and find out what laws governed the moves; but all seemed to me capricious. The players must have had fixed rules, or they would have quarrelled over their game. From the Mashonas playing it, I have concluded that their forefathers were used as servants or slaves by the ancient miners, and they learned this game from their masters. Find what semi-civilized people play this 32 game, and I believe we shall be upon the track of the builders of Zimbabwe and the ancient gold miners. Mr. Burt, the archæologist, is now at Zimbabwe, and we can hope soon to hear that his excavations have thrown some certain light on a subject at present buried in impenetrable mystery.

The attitude of all the native tribes with whom the Chartered Company has as yet come into contact is most friendly. At first, and during our march, the Matebele were excited and wanted to fight, because they did not trust in the peaceful intentions of the whites. But when they heard of the disbandment of the Pioneers at Salisbury, and heard of their scattering in threes and fours over the country, settling to the peaceful occupation of prospecting, the nation calmed down. Those who had been most excited declared they were satisfied. "We see," said they, "the white men have not deceived us. They are doing only what they said they would, settling in the country north of the Umgesi River, and that country they are welcome to; for we have stripped it of all that was valuable to us, and care no longer for it." As long as the Chartered Company's subjects respect the boundaries laid down between

Mashonaland and Matebeleland, there is little danger of a collision. Lo Bengulu himself has had forty gold claims pegged out, and is getting machinery up to work them. Soon his people will flock into the country seeking work, and

Mashona Village, near Fort Charter.

constant contact with the white men will wean them from their savagery. There is ground for hope that this ferocious people will ere long lose their lust for blood, and in acquiring habits of industry become dissatisfied with the bloody despotism under which they exist, and will beg to be taken under the rule of the Chartered Company.

The Mashonas everywhere hailed our arrival with delight, and received isolated bodies of prospectors with open arms.

Upon leaving Salisbury, after the disbandment, our little party of six struck away to the northwest. We crossed the Umoukwe Mountains and made our way to the country of Zimba, where we found a splendid gold formation. As soon as we arrived I ascended Zimba's Mountain to pay my respects and explain the object of our presence in his country. He showed great joy at hearing the white men had come to stay. He took me to the top of his mountain and bade me look abroad: "As far as you can see in every direction," said he, "and as far away again beyond that, the country is all yours, for it is mine, and what belongs to me I give to you." We remained in Zimba's country several months; for a long time ours was the only party there, and the people were most friendly and hospitable. It has been the same all over the land. I have heard the chiefs telling their people to do all they could to help the white men, for fear they might go away and leave them again exposed to Matebele raids.

The Manica tribes hailed our men as deliverers. Gungunha, the great Gaza king, has asked for British protection, and to be taken under the ægis of the Chartered Company. The jealous opposition of the Portuguese is at an end, and the Pungue route open through

Mashona Village, among Bowlders on a Mountain Top.
(Grain is stored in the small huts.)

Manica to Mashonaland. Soon there will be a railway from Sarmento to Salisbury, and then the capital of Mashonaland will be within six weeks easy travel of London.

Less than eighteen months ago, very few even knew where Mashonaland was situated. The schemes for its settlement were looked upon as the impracticable visions of enthusiasts. Impenetrable forests, unfordable rivers, and impassable mountains barred all ingress to the land of promise; to say nothing of hordes of bloodthirsty savages lying in wait to slaughter all who attempted it. And now, Mashonaland has been won and occupied; over four thousand busy, energetic men scattered over it; two good roads made from the south, and a road from Salisbury to the east coast, which will very soon become a railroad. Telegraph communication has been made to the Nuanetsi River, within two hundred and thirty miles of Salisbury; mines are being opened; farms taken up; magistrates appointed at the various centres; and Mashonaland is advancing with rapid strides to take its proper place as the flourishing home for the surplus population of England, and a veritable El Dorado for enterprising spirits from Europe and America.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XX.

STALLBRIDGE-LE-CARTHEW.

LONG before I was awake, the shyster had disappeared, leaving his bill unpaid. I did not need to inquire where he was gone, I knew too well, I knew there was nothing left me but to follow; and about ten in the morning, set forth in a gig for Stallbridge-le-Carthew.

The road, for the first quarter of the way, deserts the valley of the river, and curves the summit of a chalk-down, grazed over by flocks of sheep and haunted by innumerable larks. It was a pleasant but a vacant scene, arousing but not holding the attention; and my mind returned to the violent passage of the night before. My thought of the man I was pursuing had been greatly changed. I conceived of him, somewhere in front of me, upon his dangerous errand, not to be turned aside, not to be stopped, by either fear or reason. I had called him a ferret; I conceived him now as a mad dog. Methought he would run, not walk; methought, as he ran, that he would bark and froth at the lips; methought, if the great wall of China were to rise across his path, he would attack it with his nails.

Presently the road left the down, returned by a precipitous descent into the valley of the Stall, and ran thence forward among enclosed fields and under the continuous shade of trees. I was told we had now entered on the Carthew property. By and by, a battlemented wall appeared on the right hand, and a little after I had my first glimpse of the mansion. It stood in a hollow of a bosky park, crowded to a degree that surprised and even displeased me, with huge timber and dense shrubberies of laurel and rhododendron. Even from this low station and the thronging neighborhood of the trees, the pile rose conspicuous like a cathedral. Behind, as we continued to skirt the park wall, I began to make out a straggling town of offices which became conjoined to the rear with those of the home farm. On the left was an ornamental water sailed in by many swans. On the right extended a flower garden, laid in the old manner, and at this season of the year, as brilliant as stained glass. The front of the house presented a façade of more than sixty windows, surmounted by a formal pediment and raised upon a terrace. A wide avenue, part in gravel, part in turf, and bordered by triple alleys, ran to the great double gateways. It was impossible to look without surprise on a place that had been prepared through so many generations, had cost so many tons of minted gold, and was maintained in order by so great a company of emulous servants. And yet of these there was no sign but the perfection of their work. The whole domain was drawn to the line and weeded like the front plot of some suburban amateur; and I looked in vain for any belated gardener, and listened in vain for any sounds of labor. Some lowing of cattle and much

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"A lady with silver hair, a slender silver voice, and a stream of insignificant information not to be diverted, led me through the picture gallery."—Page 475.

calling of birds alone disturbed the stillness, and even the little hamlet, which clustered at the gates, appeared to hold its breath in awe of its great neighbor, like a troop of children who should have strayed into a king's anteroom.

The *Carthew Arms*, the small but very comfortable inn, was a mere appendage and outpost of the family whose name it bore. Engraved portraits of by-gone Carthews adorned the walls; Fielding Carthew, Recorder of the city of London; Major-General John Carthew in uniform, commanding some military operations; the Right Honorable Bailley Carthew, Member of Parliament for Stallbridge, standing by a table and brandishing a document; Singleton Carthew, Esquire, represented in the foreground of a herd of cattle — doubtless at the desire of his tenantry who had made him a compliment of this work of art; and the Venerable Archdeacon Carthew, D.D., LL.D., A.M., laying his hand on the head of a little child in a manner highly frigid and ridiculous. So far as my memory serves me, there were no other pictures in this exclusive hostelry; and I was not surprised to learn that the landlord was an ex-butler, the landlady an ex-lady's-maid, from the great house; and that the bar-parlor was a sort of perquisite of former servants.

To an American, the sense of the domination of this family over so considerable tract of earth was even oppressive; and as I considered their simple annals, gathered from the legends of the engravings, surprise began to mingle with my disgust. "Mr. Recorder" doubtless occupies an honorable post; but I thought that, in the course of so many generations, one Carthew might have clambered higher. The soldier had stuck at Major-General; the churchmen bloomed unremarked in an archidiaconate; and though the Right Honorable Bailley seemed to have sneaked into the privy council, I have still to learn what he did when he had got there. Such vast means, so long a start, and such a modest standard of achievement, struck in me a strong sense of the dulness of that race.

I found that to come to the hamlet and not visit the hall, would be regarded as a slight. To feed the swans, to see the peacocks and the Raphaels — for these commonplace people actually possessed two Raphaels — to risk life and limb among a famous breed of cattle called the Carthew Chillinghams, and to do homage to the sire (still living) of Donibristle, a renowned winner of the oaks: these, it seemed, were the inevitable stations of the pilgrimage. I was not so foolish as to resist, for I might have need before I was done of general good-will; and two pieces of news fell in which changed my resignation to alacrity. It appeared in the first place, that Mr. Norris was from home "travelling;" in the second, that a visitor had been before me and already made the tour of the Carthew curiosities. I thought I knew who this must be; I was anxious to learn what he had done and seen; and fortune so far favored me that the under-gardener singled out to be my guide had already performed the same function for my predecessor.

"Yes, sir," he said, "an American gentleman right enough. At least, I don't think he was quite a gentleman, but a very civil person."

The person, it seems, had been civil enough to be delighted with the Carthew Chillinghams, to perform the whole pilgrimage with rising admiration, and to have almost prostrated himself before the shrine of Donibristle's sire.

"He told me, sir," continued the gratified under-gardener, "that he had often read of 'the stately 'omes of England,' but ours was the first he had the chance to see. When he came to the 'ead of the long alley, he fetched his breath. 'This is indeed a lordly domain!' he cries. And it was natural he should be interested in the place, for it seems Mr. Carthew had been kind to him in the States. In fact, he seemed a grateful kind of person, and wonderful taken up with flowers."

I heard this story with amazement. The phrases quoted told their own tale; they were plainly from the shyster's mint. A few hours back I had seen him a mere bedlamite and fit for a

strait-waistcoat; he was penniless in a strange country; it was highly probable he had gone without breakfast; the absence of Norris must have been a crushing blow; the man (by all reason) should have been despairing. And now I heard of him, clothed and in his right mind, deliberate, insinuating, admiring vistas, smelling flowers, and talking like a book. The strength of character implied amazed and daunted me.

"This is curious," I said to the under-gardener. "I have had the pleasure of some acquaintance with Mr. Carthew myself; and I believe none of our western friends ever were in England. Who can this person be? He couldn't — no, that's impossible, he could never have had the impudence. His name was not Bellairs?"

"I didn't 'ear the name, sir. Do you know anything against him?" cried my guide.

"Well," said I, "he is certainly not the person Carthew would like to have here in his absence."

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the gardener. "He was so pleasant spoken, too; I thought he was some form of a schoolmaster. Perhaps, sir, you wouldn't mind going right up to Mr. Denman? I recommended him to Mr. Denman, when he had done the grounds. Mr. Denman is our butler, sir," he added.

The proposal was welcome, particularly as affording me a graceful retreat from the neighborhood of the Carthew Chillinghams; and, giving up our projected circuit, we took a short cut through the shrubbery and across the bowling green to the back quarters of the Hall.

The bowling green was surrounded by a great hedge of yew, and entered by an archway in the quick. As we were issuing from this passage, my conductor arrested me.

"The Honorable Lady Ann Carthew," he said, in an august whisper. And looking over his shoulder, I was aware of an old lady with a stick, hobbling somewhat briskly along the garden path. She must have been extremely handsome in her youth; and even the limp with which she walked could not deprive her of an unusual and almost menacing dignity of bearing. Melancholy was impressed besides on every feature, and her eyes, as she looked straight before her, seemed to contemplate misfortune.

"She seems sad," said I, when she had hobbled past and we had resumed our walk.

"She enjoys rather poor spirits, sir," responded the under-gardener. "Mr. Carthew—the old gentleman, I mean —died less than a year ago; Lord Tillibody, her ladyship's brother, two months after; and then there was the sad business about the young gentleman. Killed in the 'unting-field, sir; and her ladyship's favorite. The present Mr. Norris has never been so equally."

"So I have understood," said I, persistently, and (I think) gracefully pursuing my inquiries and fortifying my position as a family friend. "Dear, dear, how sad! And has this change —poor Carthew's return, and all—has this not mended matters?"

"Well, no, sir, not a sign of it," was the reply. "Worse, we think, than ever."

"Dear, dear!" said I, again.

"When Mr. Norris arrived, she *did* seem glad to see him," he pursued; and we were all pleased, I'm sure; for no one knows the young gentleman but what likes him. Ah, sir, it didn't last long! That very night they had a talk, and fell out or something; her ladyship took on most painful; it was like old days, but worse. And the next morning Mr. Norris was off again upon his travels. 'Denman,' he said to Mr. Denman, 'Denman, I'll never come back,' he said, and shook him by the 'and. I wouldn't be saying all this to a stranger, sir," added my informant, overcome with a sudden fear lest he had gone too far.

He had indeed told me much, and much that was unsuspected by himself. On that stormy night of his return, Carthew had told his story; the old lady had more upon her mind than mere bereavements; and among the mental pictures on which she looked, as she walked staring down the path, was one of Midway Island and the *Flying Scud*.

Mr. Denman heard my inquiries with discomposure, but informed me the shyster was already gone.

"Gone?" cried I. "Then what can he have come for? One thing I can tell you; it was not to see the house."

"I don't see it could have been anything else," replied the butler.

"You may depend upon it it was," said I. "And whatever it was, he has got it. By the way, where is Mr. Carthew at present? I was sorry to find he was from home."

"He is engaged in travelling, sir," replied the butler, dryly.

"Ah, bravo!" cried I. "I laid a trap for you there, Mr. Denman. Now I need not ask you; I am sure you did not tell this prying stranger."

"To be sure not, sir," said the butler.

I went through the form of "shaking him by the 'and"—like Mr. Norris—not, however, with genuine enthusiasm. For I had failed ingloriously to get the address for myself; and I felt a sure conviction that Bellairs had done better, or he had still been here and still cultivating Mr. Denman.

I had escaped the grounds and the cattle; I could not escape the house. A lady with silver hair, a slender silver voice, and a stream of insignificant information not to be diverted, led me through the picture gallery, the music-room, the great dining-room, the long drawing-room, the Indian room, the theatre, and every corner (as I thought) of that interminable mansion. There was but one place reserved; the garden-room, whither Lady Anne had now retired. I paused a moment on the outside of the door, and smiled to myself. The situation was indeed strange, and these thin boards divided the secret of the *Flying Scud*.

All the while, as I went to and fro, I was considering the visit and departure of Bellairs. That he had got the address, I was quite certain: that he had not got it by direct questioning, I was convinced; some ingenuity, some lucky accident, had served him. A similar chance, an equal ingenuity, was required; as I was left helpless, the ferret must run down his prey, the great oaks fall, the Raphaels be scattered, the house let to some stock-broker suddenly made rich, and the name which now filled the mouths of five or six parishes dwindle to a memory. Strange that such great matters, so old a mansion, a family so ancient and so dull, should come to depend for perpetuity upon the intelligence, the discretion, and the cunning of a Latin-Quarter student! What Bellairs had done, I must do likewise. Chance or ingenuity, ingenuity or chance—so I continued to ring the changes as I walked away down the avenue, casting back occasional glances at the red brick façade and the twinkling windows of the house. How was I to command chance? where was I to find the ingenuity?

These reflections brought me to the door of the inn. And here, pursuant to my policy of keeping well with all men, I immediately smoothed my brow, and accepted (being the only guest in the house) an invitation to dine with the family in the bar-parlor. I sat down accordingly with Mr. Higgs the ex-butler, Mrs. Higgs the ex-lady's-maid, and Miss Agnes Higgs, their frowsy-headed little girl, the least promising and (as the event showed) the most useful of the lot. The talk ran endlessly on the great house and the great family; the roast beef, the Yorkshire pudding, the jam-roll, and the cheddar cheese came and went, and still the stream flowed on; near four generations of Carthews were touched upon without eliciting one point of interest; and we had killed Mr. Henry in "the 'unting field," with a vast elaboration of painful circumstance, and buried him in the midst of a whole sorrowing county, before I could so much as manage to bring upon the stage my intimate friend, Mr. Norris. At the name, the ex-butler grew diplomatic, and the ex-lady's-maid tender. He was the only person of the whole featureless series who seemed to have accomplished anything worth mention; and his achievements, poor dog, seemed to have been confined to going to the devil and leaving some regrets. He had been the image of the Right Honorable Bailley, one of the lights of that dim house, and a career of distinction had been predicted of him in consequence almost from the cradle. But before he was out of long clothes, the

cloven foot began to show; he proved to be no Carthew, developed a taste for low pleasures and bad company. Went birdsnesting with a stable-boy before he was eleven, and when he was near twenty, and might have been expected to display at least some rudiments of the family gravity, rambled the county over with a knapsack, making sketches and keeping company in wayside inns. He had no pride about him, I was told; he would sit down with any man; and it was somewhat wonderingly implied that I was indebted to this peculiarity for my own acquaintance with the hero. Unhappily, Mr. Norris was not only eccentric, he was fast. His debts were still remembered at the University; still more, it appeared, the highly humorous circumstances attending his expulsion. "He was always fond of his jest," commented Mrs. Higgs.

"That he were!" observed her lord.

But it was after he went into the diplomatic service that the real trouble began.

"It seems, sir, that he went the pace extraordinary," said the ex-butler, with a solemn gusto.

"His debts were somethink awful," said the lady's-maid. "And as nice a young gentleman all the time as you would wish to see!"

"When word came to Mr. Carthew's ears, the turn up was 'orrible," continued Mr. Higgs. "I remember it as if it was yesterday. The bell was rung after her la'ship was gone, which I answered it myself, supposing it were the coffee. There was Mr. Carthew on his feet. 'Iggs,' he says, pointing with his stick, for he had a turn of the gout, 'order the dog-cart instantly for this son of mine which has disgraced hisself.' Mr. Norris say nothink: he sit there with his 'ead down, making belief to be looking at a walnut. You might have bowled me over with a straw," said Mr. Higgs.

"Had he done anything very bad?" I asked.

"Not he, Mr. Dodsley!" cried the lady—it was so she had conceived my name. "He never did anythink to all really wrong in his poor life. The 'ole affair was a disgrace. It was all rank favoritising."

"Mrs. 'Iggs! Mrs. 'Iggs!" cried the butler warningly.

"Well, what do I care?" retorted the lady, shaking her ringlets. "You know it was yourself, Mr. 'Iggs, and so did every member of the staff."

While I was getting these facts and opinions, I by no means neglected the child. She was not attractive; but fortunately, she had reached the corrupt age of seven, when half a crown appears about as large as a saucer and is fully as rare as the dodo. For a shilling down, six-pence in her money-box, and an American gold dollar which I happened to find in my pocket, I bought the creature soul and body. She declared her intention to accompany me to the ends of the earth; and had to be chidden by her sire for drawing comparisons between myself and her Uncle William, highly damaging to the latter.

Dinner was scarce done, the cloth was not yet removed, when Miss Agnes must needs climb into my lap with her stamp album, a relic of the generosity of Uncle William. There are few things I despise more than old stamps, unless perhaps it be crests; for cattle (from the Carthew Chillinghams down to the old gate-keeper's milk cow in the lane) contempt is far from being my first sentiment. But it seemed I was doomed to pass that day in viewing curiosities, and smothering a yawn, I devoted myself once more to tread the well-known round. I fancy Uncle William must have begun the collection himself and tired of it, for the book (to my surprise) was quite respectably filled. There were the varying shades of the English penny, Russians with the colored heart, old undecipherable Thurn-und-Taxis, absolute triangular Cape of Good Hopes, Swan Rivers with the Swan, and Guianas with the sailing ship. Upon all these I looked with the eyes of a fish and the spirit of a sheep; I think indeed I was at times asleep; and it was probably in one of these moments that I capsized the album, and there fell from the end of it, upon the floor, a considerable number of what I believe to be called "exchanges."

Here, against all probability, my chance had come to me; for as I gallantly picked them up, I was struck

with the disproportionate amount of five-sous French stamps. Some one, I reasoned, must write very regularly from France to the neighborhood of Stallbridge-le-Carthew. Could it be Norris? On one stamp I made out an initial C; upon a second I got as far as C H; beyond which point, the postmark used was in every instance undecipherable. C H, when you consider that about a quarter of the towns in France begin with "chateau," was an insufficient clue; and I promptly annexed the plainest of the collection in order to consult the post-office.

The wretched infant took me in the fact. "Naughty man, to 'teal my 'tamp!" she cried; and when I would have brazened it off with a denial, recovered and displaced the stolen article.

My position was now highly false; and I believe it was in mere pity that Mrs. Higgs came to my rescue with a welcome proposition. If the gentleman was really interested in stamps, she said, probably supposing me a monomaniac on the point, he could see Mr. Denman's album. Mr. Denman had been collecting forty years, and his collection was said to be worth a mint of money. "Agnes," she went on, "if you were a kind little girl, you would run over to the 'All, tell Mr. Denman there's a connaisseer in the 'ouse, and ask him if one of the young gentlemen might bring the album down."

"I should like to see his exchanges too," I cried, rising to the occasion. "I may have some of mine in my pocket-book and we might trade."

Half an hour later, Mr. Denman arrived himself with a most unconscionable volume under his arm. "Ah, sir," he cried, "when I 'eard you was a collector, I dropped all. It's a saying of mine, Mr. Dodsley, that collecting stamps makes all collectors kin. It's a bond, sir; it creates a bond."

Upon the truth of this, I cannot say; but there is no doubt that the attempt to pass yourself off for a collector falsely creates a precarious situation.

"Ah, here's the second issue!" I would say, after consulting the legend at the side. "The pink—no, I mean the mauve—yes, that's the beauty of this lot. Though of course, as you say," I would hasten to add, "this yellow on the thin paper is more rare."

Indeed I must certainly have been detected, had I not plied Mr. Denman in self-defence with his favorite liquor—a port so excellent that it could never have ripened in the cellar of the *Carthew Arms*, but must have been transported, under cloud of night, from the neighboring vaults of the great house. At each threat of exposure, and in particular whenever I was directly challenged for an opinion, I made haste to fill the butler's glass, and by the time we had got to the exchanges, he was in a condition where no stamp collector need be seriously feared. God forbid I should hint that he was drunk; he seemed incapable of the necessary liveliness; but the man's eyes were set, and so long as he was suffered to talk without interruption, he seemed careless of my heeding him.

In Mr. Denman's exchanges, as in those of little Agnes, the same peculiarity was to be remarked, an undue preponderance of that despicably common stamp, the French twenty-five centimes. And here joining them in stealthy review, I found the C and the CH; then something of an A just following; and then a terminal Y. Here was almost the whole name spelled out to me; it seemed familiar, too; and yet for some time I could not bridge the imperfection. Then I came upon another stamp, in which an L was legible before the Y, and in a moment the word leaped up complete. Chailly, that was the name; Chailly-en-Bière, the post town of Barbizon—ah, there was the very place for any man to hide himself—there was the very place for Mr. Norris, who had rambled over England making sketches—the very place for Goddedael, who had left a palette-knife on board the *Flying Scud*. Singular, indeed, that while I was drifting over England with the shyster, the man we were in quest of awaited me at my own ultimate destination.

Whether Mr. Denman had shown his album to Bellairs, whether, indeed, Bellairs could have caught (as I did) this hint from an obliterated postmark,

I shall never know, and it mattered not. We were equal now; my task at Stallbridge-le-Carthew was accomplished; my interest in postage-stamps died shamelessly away; the astonished Denman was bowed out; and ordering the horse to be put in, I plunged into the study of the time-table.

CHAPTER XXI.

FACE TO FACE.

I FELL from the skies on Barbizon about two o'clock of a September afternoon. It is the dead hour of the day; all the workers have gone painting, all the idlers strolling, in the front on the plain; the winding causewayed street is solitary, and the inn deserted. I was the more pleased to find one of my old companions in the dining-room; his town clothes marked him for a man in the act of departure; and indeed his portmanteau lay beside him on the floor.

"Why, Stennis," I cried, "you're the last man I expected to find here."

"You won't find me here long," he replied. "*King Pandion he is dead; all his friends are lapped in lead.* For men of our antiquity, the poor old shop is played out."

"*I have had playmates, I have had companions,*" I quoted in return. We were both moved, I think, to meet again in this scene of our old pleasure parties so unexpectedly, after so long an interval, and both already so much altered.

"That is the sentiment," he replied. "*All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.* I have been here a week, and the only living creature who seemed to recollect me was the Pharaon. Bar the Sirons, of course, and the perennial Rodmer."

"Is there no survivor?" I inquired.

"Of our geological epoch? not one," he replied. "This is the city of Petra in Edom."

"And what sort of Bedouins encamp among the ruins?" I asked.

"Youth, Dodd, youth; blooming, conscious youth," he returned. "Such a gang, such reptiles! to think we were like that! I wonder Siron didn't sweep us from his premises."

"Perhaps we weren't so bad," I suggested.

"Don't let me depress you," said he. "We were both Anglo-Saxons, anyway, and the only redeeming feature to-day is another."

The thought of my quest, a moment driven out by this rencounter, revived in my mind. "Who is he?" I cried. "Tell me about him."

"What, the Redeeming Feature?" said he. "Well, he's a very pleasing creature, rather dim, and dull, and genteel, but really pleasing. He is very British, though, the artless Briton! Perhaps you'll find him too much so for the transatlantic nerves. Come to think of it, on the other hand, you ought to get on famously. He is an admirer of your great republic in one of its (excuse me) shoddiest features; he takes in and sedulously reads a lot of American papers. I warned you he was artless."

"What papers are they?" cried I.

"San Francisco papers," said he. "He gets a bale of them about twice a week, and studies them like the Bible. That's one of his weaknesses; another is to be incalculably rich. He has taken Masson's old studio—you remember?—at the corner of the road; he has furnished it regardless of expense, and lives there surrounded with *vins fins* and works of art. When the youth of to-day goes up to the Caverne des Brigands to make punch—they do all that we did, like some nauseous form of ape (I never appreciated before what a creature of tradition mankind is)—this Madden follows with a basket of champagne. I told them he was wrong, and the punch tasted better; but he thought the boys liked the style of the thing, and I suppose they do. He is a very good-natured soul, and very melancholy, and rather a helpless. O, and he has a third weakness which I came near forgetting. He paints. He has never been taught, and he's past thirty, and he paints."

"How?" I asked.

"Rather well, I think," was the reply. "That's the annoying part of it. See for yourself. That panel is his."

I stepped toward the window. It was the old familiar room, with the ta-

bles set like a Greek P, and the sideboard, and the afbariac piano, and the panels on the wall. There were Romeo and Juliet, Antwerp from the river, Enfield's ships among the ice, and the huge huntsman winding a huge horn; mingled with them a few new ones, the thin crop of a succeeding generation, not better and not worse. It was to one of these I was directed; a thing coarsely and wittily handled, mostly with the palette-knife, the color in some parts excellent, the canvas in others loaded with mere clay. But it was the scene, and not the art or want of it, that riveted my notice. The foreground was of sand and scrub and wreckwood; in the middle distance the many-hued and smooth expanse of a lagoon, enclosed by a wall of breakers; beyond, a blue strip of ocean. The sky was cloudless, the air full of whirling sea-birds; and I could hear the sea-birds cry and the surf break. For the place was Midway Island; the point of view the very spot at which I had landed with the captain for the first time, and from which I had re-embarked the day before we sailed. I had already been gazing for some seconds, before my attention was arrested by a blur on the sea-line; and stooping to look, I recognized the smoke of a steamer.

"Yes," said I, turning toward Stennis, "it has merit. What is it?"

"A fancy piece," he returned. "That's what pleased me. So few of the fellows in our time had the imagination of a garden snail."

"Madden, you say his name is?" I pursued.

"Madden," he repeated.

"Has he travelled much?" I inquired.

"I haven't an idea. He is one of the least autobiographical of men. He sits, and smokes, and giggles, and sometimes he makes small jests; but his contributions to the art of pleasing are generally confined to looking like a gentleman and being one. No," added Stennis, "he'll never suit you, Dodd; you like more head on your liquor. You'll find him as dull as ditch water."

"Has he big blonde side-whiskers like tusks?" I asked, mindful of the photograph of Goddedael.

"Certainly not: why should he?" was the reply.

"Does he write many letters?" I continued.

"God knows," says Stennis. "What is wrong with you? I never saw you taken this way before."

"The fact is, I think I know the man," said I. "I think I'm looking for him. I rather think he is my long-lost brother."

"Not twins, anyway," returned Stennis.

And about the same time, a carriage driving up to the inn, he took his departure.

I walked till dinner-time in the plain, keeping to the fields; for I instinctively shunned observation, and was racked by many incongruous and impatient feelings. Here was a man whose voice I had once heard, whose doings had filled so many days of my life with interest and distress, whom I had lain awake to dream of like a lover; and now his hand was on the door; now we were to meet; now I was to learn at last the mystery of the substituted crew. The sun went down over the plain of the Angelus, and as the hour approached, my courage lessened. I let the laggard peasants pass me on the homeward way. The lamps were lit, the soup was served, the company were all at table, and the room sounded already with multitudinous talk before I entered. I took my place and found I was opposite to Madden. Over six feet high and well set up, the hair dark and streaked with silver, the eyes dark and kindly, the mouth very good-natured, the teeth admirable; linen and hands exquisite; English clothes, an English voice, an English bearing: the man stood out conspicuous from the company. Yet he had made himself at home, and seemed to enjoy a certain quiet popularity among the noisy boys of the table d'hôte. He had an odd, silver giggle of a laugh, that sounded nervous even when he was really amused, and accorded ill with his big stature and manly, melancholy face. This laugh fell in continually all through dinner like the note of

the triangle in a piece of modern French music; and he had at times a kind of pleasantry, rather of manner than of words, with which he started or maintained the merriment. He took his share in these diversions, not so much like a man in high spirits, but like one of an approved good nature, habitually self-forgetful, accustomed to please and to follow others. I have remarked in old soldiers much the same smiling sadness and sociable self-effacement.

I feared to look at him, lest my glances should betray my deep excitement, and chance served me so well that the soup was scarce removed before we were naturally introduced. My first sip of Château Siron, a vintage from which I had been long estranged, startled me into speech.

"O, this'll never do!" I cried, in English.

"Dreadful stuff, isn't it?" said Madden, in the same language. "Do let me ask you to share my bottle. They call it Chambertin, which it isn't; but it's fairly palatable, and there's nothing in this house that a man can drink at all."

I accepted; anything would do that paved the way to better knowledge.

"Your name is Madden, I think," said I. "My old friend Stennis told me about you when I came."

"Yes: I am sorry he went; I feel such a Grandfather William, alone among all these lads," he replied.

"My name is Dodd," I resumed.

"Yes," said he, "so Madame Siron told me."

"Dodd, of San Francisco," I continued. "Late of Pinkerton and Dodd."

"Montana Block? I think," said he.

"The same," said I.

Neither of us looked at the other; but I could see his hand deliberately making bread pills.

"That's a nice thing of yours," I pursued, "that panel. The foreground is a little clayey, perhaps, but the lagoon is excellent."

"You ought to know," said he.

"Yes," returned I, "I'm rather a good judge of—that panel."

There was a considerable pause.

"You know a man by the name of Bellairs, don't you?" he resumed.

"Ah!" cried I, "you have heard from Doctor Urquart?"

"This very morning," he replied.

"Well, there is no hurry about Bellairs," said I. "It's rather a long story and rather a silly one. But I think we have a good deal to tell each other, and perhaps we had better wait till we are more alone."

"I think so," said he. "Not that any of these fellows know English, but we'll be more comfortable over at my place. Your health, Dodd."

And we took wine together across the table.

Thus had this singular introduction passed unperceived in the midst of more than thirty persons, art students, ladies in dressing-gowns and covered with rice powder, six foot of Siron whisking dishes over our head, and his noisy sons clattering in and out with fresh relays.

"One question more," said I. "Did you recognize my voice?"

"Your voice?" he repeated. "How should I? I have never heard it—we have never met."

"And yet, we have been in conversation before now," said I, "and I asked you a question which you never answered, and which I have since had many thousand better reasons for putting to myself."

He turned suddenly white. "Good God!" he cried, "are you the man in the telephone?"

I nodded.

"Well, well!" said he. "It would take a good deal of magnanimity to forgive you that. What nights I have passed! That little whisper has whistled in my ear ever since, like the wind in a keyhole. Who could it be? What could it mean? I suppose I have had more real, solid misery out of that . . ." He paused, and looked troubled. "Though I had more to bother me, or ought to have," he added, and slowly emptied his glass.

"It seems we were born to drive each other crazy with conundrums," said I. "I have often thought my head would split."

Carthew burst into his foolish laugh.

"And yet neither you nor I had the worst of the puzzle," he cried. "There were others deeper in."

"And who were they?" I asked.

"The underwriters," said he.

"Why, to be sure," cried I. "I never thought of that. What could they make of it?"

"Nothing," replied Carthew. "It couldn't be explained. They were a crowd of small dealers at Lloyd's who took it up in syndicate; one of them has a carriage now; and people say he is a deuce of a deep fellow, and has the makings of a great financier. Another furnished a small villa on the profits. But they're all hopelessly muddled; and when they meet each other, they don't know where to look, like the Augurs."

Dinner was no sooner at an end, than he carried me across the road to Masson's old studio. It was strangely changed. On the walls were tapestry, a few good etchings, and some amazing pictures—a Rousseau, a Corot, a really superb old Crome, a Whistler, and a piece which my host claimed (and I believe) to be a Titian. The room was furnished with comfortable English smoking-room chairs, some American rockers, and an elaborate business table; spirits and soda-water (with the mark of Schweppe, no less) stood ready on a butler's tray, and in one corner, behind a half-drawn curtain, I spied a camp-bed and a capacious tub. Such a room in Barbizon astonished the beholder, like the glories of the cave of Monte Cristo.

"Now," said he, "we are quiet. Sit down, if you don't mind, and tell me your story all through."

I did as he asked, beginning with the day when Jim showed me the passage in the *Daily Occidental*, and winding up with the stamp album and the Chailly postmark. It was a long business; and Carthew made it longer, for he was insatiable of details; and it had struck midnight on the old eight-day clock in the corner, before I had made an end.

"And now," said he, "turn about: I must tell you my side, much as I hate it. Mine is a beastly story. You'll wonder how I can sleep. I've told it once before, Mr. Dodd."

"To Lady Ann?" I asked.

"As you suppose," he answered; "and to say the truth, I had sworn never to tell it again. Only, you seem somehow entitled to the thing; you have paid dear enough, God knows; and God knows I hope you may like it, now you've got it!"

With that he began his yarn. A new day had dawned, the cocks crew in the village, and the hares and the deer and the early woodmen were afoot, when he concluded.

(To be continued.)

PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

III.—THE UNSUBVENTIONED THEATRES AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

By William F. Apthorp.

WALKING along the great boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille you pass by eleven theatres—not counting the Opéra, or such small establishments as the Musée Grévin, or the Salle Robert Houdin. The first of these is the Vaudeville, which forms the corner of the boulevard des Capucines and the rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, looking down the boulevard des Italiens. It has one of the prettiest exteriors in Paris, rounding off the corner, as it does, with its elaborate mass of stone-carving. Inside, too, it is a trig little *salle*, with more appearance of luxury than one usually finds in Paris theatres. It is one of the very few theatres in the capital the names of which seem to have anything especially to do with their repertory; it really does bring out more vaudevilles, or comic operettas of the lightest calibre, than it does pieces of any other description. Last winter it gave only one serious piece, Albin Valabrègue's "La femme," and that was a failure; all the other things it gave were of the lightest sort of comedietta or farce. Leaving the Vaudeville on your left, you soon come to the Nouveautés, on the same side of the boulevard des Italiens, just opposite the rue de Choiseul. This, too, is a temple of fun, where vaudeville, operetta, and pantomime are given. Here one can often see Mlle Milly Meyer (although I believe she is not a regular member of the company), one of the prime pets of theatre-going Paris, a very pretty little soubrette with the slightest possible thread of soprano voice and a not by any means conspicuous talent. Milly Meyer is a capital example of what an influence sheer personal charm can exert over an audience. She has one or two exceedingly droll tricks of gesture and a certain pertness of facial expression. I saw her in "La demoiselle du téléphone," a three-act opéra-bouffe, of which Gaston Serpette wrote the music, and which had a longer run than was predicted for it by the first-nighters. The whole thing was written especially for her, she being on the stage almost all the time; and yet during the three acts I saw her do only one thing that was really funny. It was turning off, I now forget what short sentence, with a peculiar toss of the head and snap of the finger and thumb. Yet she is one of the most popular bouffe actresses now on the Paris stage.

Still pursuing your course eastward, you come to the Théâtre des Variétés on the right hand of the boulevard Montmartre, just after passing the rue Vivienne, next door to the passage des Panoramas. This house has a certain importance in the history of the stage. Opened in 1807, it devoted itself immediately and successfully to the production of the most extravagant burlesques, until in 1829 it began bringing out that sensational sort of play known in French stage terminology as "*le drame*." These emotional and sensational plays were all the rage in Paris at the time, and the Variétés seems to have been almost the only theatre in the capital whose ventures in this line were not crowned with success; but, with the single exception of the elder Dumas's "Kean," all the plays it brought out at this period were dead failures, and it soon returned to its old buffooneries, to which genre it has adhered with almost unvarying success ever since. The Variétés is especially notable historically as the home of Offenbach opéra-bouffe during its best period (1858–1870). Here were brought out "Orphée aux Enfers," "La belle Hélène," "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein," and almost all of Offenbach's best things down to "Les brigands" in 1869. Here sang and acted the great

Schneider, the unapproached queen of this style of operetta; she was quite as unique in her way as Offenbach himself was in his, besides being one of the most finished artists that ever walked the stage; her mantle fell upon none of her successors, and such parts as *Hélène*, the *Grande-Duchesse*, and *la Périchole* may be said to have died with her retirement from the stage. Here also were (and still are) Dupuis, Baron, Cooper, all noted in comic operetta and vaudeville; and here Judic had her finest triumphs. Last winter the house was devoted almost entirely to a farce comedy, "Ma cousine," in the leading part of which the magnetic Réjane drove the whole town wild, before passing on to de Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse" at the Odéon. Upon the whole I should say that, with the exception of the Théâtre-Français, and possibly of the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, the Variétés was the theatre which the stranger in Paris could least well afford not to visit. The troupe has been one of the most stable in Paris during the last twenty or thirty years, and has old and but little broken traditions. Both the plays and the acting at the Variétés reflect one of the most characteristic phases of Parisian *esprit*.

Farther down, on the left side of the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, half-way between the rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière and the rue de Hauteville, we find the Théâtre du Gymnase-Dramatique, or, as it is commonly called, simply the Gymnase. This name has long since lost all its original significance. The theatre, which was built in 1820, was at first intended for a place whereat to bring out young graduates from the Conservatoire and accustom them to standing fire in the presence of a real, paying audience, before they passed on to the government theatres, the Théâtre-Français and the Opéra-Comique; that is, it was to be a sort of gymnasium where half-fledged actors and singers could try their prowess in public. But this scheme was soon abandoned, and after devoting itself for many years to light vaudevilles and farces, the Gymnase at last settled down (about 1852) to giving comedies and dramas, seldom of a much lower grade, and often of no lower, than those in the repertory of the Comédie-Française itself. Some very noted plays first saw the light there, among them the younger Dumas's "Le demi-monde," Sardou's "Les pattes-de-mouche," and, last winter, Alphonse Daudet's "l'Obstacle" and Guy de Maupassant's "Musotte." Thus the Gymnase has been for a long time one of the most distinguished stages in Paris; although it is not a subventioned theatre, and bears no official relation to the Comédie-Française, the high artistic position it holds makes it in fact, if not in name, quite as much the "Second Théâtre-Francais" as the Odéon. For a playwright to have a piece accepted at the house on the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle is a distinction second only to that of having it acted at the Comédie-Française. Of course both the actors and habitués of the great theatre in the rue de Richelieu rather look down upon the Gymnase. When Sardou's "Thermidor" was brought out at the Français, the political ultra-radicals were not the only objectors; for, amid all the tumult of that opening-night, some voices were heard crying out: "*Au Gymnase!*" "Take the play to the Gymnase, for it is not fit for the Français!" But the theatre-going public in general have no such feeling about the Gymnase; its situation on the boulevard insures it a larger and more diversified public than the Odéon—for "*Tout Paris*" goes to the Gymnase, while only a special and rather restricted public frequents the house in the faubourg Saint-Germain — and as for the Théâtre Français, some people even go so far as to prefer the Gymnase, as the more progressive house of the two.

Keeping on our eastward course down the boulevard, we soon come to three theatres on our left, all in the same block on the boulevard Saint-Martin: the Théâtre de la Renaissance, on the corner of the rue de Bondy, facing the porte Saint-Martin; then, next door to it on the boulevard, the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin; and lastly, on the corner of the other end of the rue de Bondy (which street is like a bow, the boulevard being the string), the Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique. The terrible plays which for many years formed the main stock in trade of the last two the-

atres, and of some others on the neighboring boulevard du Temple, gave this part of the boulevard the nickname of boulevard du Crime. But let us first look in at the Renaissance.* This house, built in 1873, on the ruins of the old restaurant Deffieux (burned in 1871), was at first devoted to much the same sort of play as the two neighboring theatres; but it soon took to giving operettas by Offenbach and others, and light comedies of the vaudeville type, in which line of business it has thriven tolerably up to the present day. It is a small theatre, and its *salle* is one of the prettiest and least uncomfortable in Paris.

The Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin is, after the Théâtre-Français, probably the best known by reputation, outside of France, of any theatre in Paris; its very name, like that of the old Bowery Theatre in New York, has become a by-word for drama of the terrific and blood-and-thunder sort. It was built in 1781 for the Académie de Musique, which, however, stayed in it for only thirteen years; from 1794 it led a rather precarious existence, flitting from one line of business to another, and not infrequently suffering under the strong hand of the law, until 1814, when its palmy days began. Henceforth it was devoted to sensational melodrama and spectacular fairy pieces. But its full splendor of success dates from 1832, when the whole company of the Odéon emigrated to it from their house in the faubourg Saint-Germain, under the management of Harel, who made it for ten years the theatre *par excellence* of the modern drama. With Bocage, Frédérick Lemaître, Mlle Dorval, and Mlle Georges in its troupe, and under Harel's exceedingly energetic and brilliant management, the Porte-Saint-Martin was in the very thick of the fight during the great romanticist movement of 1830. Not the least famous item in its history was its audiences, and their wild enthusiasm for or against, but generally for, the plays given there. The upper gallery, or *paradis*, of the Porte-Saint-Martin will always be famous in the annals of the French stage. Not a few of the anecdotes told about the then new romantic drama, about its style, its poetic license in inverting the order of words in sentences, its use of unusual subjunctives, etc., belong to this theatre, and have almost always something to do with the frenetic interest the "gods" of the upper gallery took in the plays. The persecuted heroine, languishing in a dungeon, sobs out: "*Mon père à manger m'apporte*," when a derisive voice shouts down from the gallery: "*Eh! bien, file donc alors, s'il a mangé ta porte!*" to the huge delight of all classicists present. A young hero cries aloud, in virtuous indignation: "*Comment! voudriez-vous que je n'aimasse pas mon père?*" The words are hardly out of his mouth when an enthusiastic Savoyard, mistaking his meaning, calls down from the *paradis* in a voice of thunder: "*Non, amasse* † *le toujours, mon gaillard, c'est un rude coquin!*"

Among the famous plays brought out at the Porte-Saint-Martin under Harel's management may be noticed the elder Dumas's "Antony," "La tour de Nesle," and "Angèle," and Victor Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia" and "Marie Tudor." After Harel retired from the management, in 1842, the theatre lapsed for a time into the spectacular fairy business of the "Black Crook" stamp; but it afterward regained much of its former prestige in the legitimate drama. Sardou's famous "Patrie" was produced at it in 1869. In 1871 the house was burnt, but has been rebuilt since on a different plan. The aspect of the present *salle* is peculiar; it is only fifty-nine feet in depth, from stage to wall, against seventy-five feet in width, and sixty-five in height. As the balconies are by no means shallow, these proportions give it much the look of a deep semi-circular well. Its interior decoration is, for the most part, white and gold; it seats eighteen hundred persons. Last winter Sarah Bernhardt gave "Cléopâtre" there before sailing for this country; this was followed by the perennial "Courrier de Lyon" and by "l'Impératrice Faustine," a terrible (and also terribly dull) new five-act drama by Stanislas Rzewuski, into which Jane Hading

* To avoid historical confusion, it should be remembered that the Salle-Ventadour also bore the name of Théâtre de la Renaissance at two separate periods before the theatre now in question was built.

† *Amasser*, southeastern frontier dialect for *assommer*, from the Italian *ammazzare*.

Théâtre du Vaudeville.
(On the corner of the boulevard des Capucines and the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.)

and Pierre Berton struggled hard to infuse some element of excitement.

The Ambigu-Comique, which forms the opposite end of the block from the Renaissance, is the oldest still existing theatre in Paris, except the Opéra, the Comédie-Française, and the Gaîté; it was founded in 1767 on the boulevard du Temple, but was transferred long ago to its present site. Almost every sort of play has been given there, and the house has generally ranked next to the

Gymnase and the Porte-Saint-Martin. Of late years it has become noted for its leaning toward the modern realistic

M. Baron, of the Variétés.

drama; most, if not all, of Busnach's dramatizations of Zola's "Rougon-Macquart" novels have been given there, with the most elaborate perfection of stage setting, and by carefully chosen and very strong companies. The whole of last winter it gave a military play, "Le régiment," which, however, I did not see. The Ambigu-Comique is as well accustomed to long runs as any theatre in Paris.

A little beyond the Ambigu, on the continuation of the rue de Bondy, which runs alongside of the boulevard Saint-Martin, just as the rue Basse-du-Rempart does beside the boulevard de la Madeleine, and is only separated from it by a sidewalk, we come to the Théâtre des Folies-Dramatiques, or, as it is familiarly called, *les Fol-dram's*. Nothing but the tablets bearing the name of the theatre, which you hardly notice at first, distinguish the façade from that of the ordinary Paris house; inside it is a dingy little theatre of rather awkward shape, with a somewhat larger stage than most houses of its size. The theatre was originally built (1831) on the boulevard du Temple, on the site of the old Ambigu-Comique, and was moved to the rue de Bondy when that part of the boulevard du Temple was wiped out to make way for the place du Château-d'Eau, now place de la République. Unassuming and dingy — I had almost said "shady"—as the house now looks, its history is not unnotable; from the first it has been devoted to extravaganza of one sort or another. "Robert Macaire," with Frédérick Lemaître in the cast, was first given there; Paul de Kock wrote a good deal for it at one time; later on Hervé's "Chilpéric" and "Le petit Faust" were brought out there. Last winter I saw "Les mousquetaires au couvent," but it was not so well given as by Grau's company, with Paola Marié, Nigri, and Tauffenberger in the cast. in this country.

Passing from the boulevard Saint-Martin into the boulevard du Temple, and looking diagonally across the great place de la République, you catch a glimpse of the Théâtre-Historique, whilom Théâtre du Château-d'Eau, on the corner of the rue de Malte and the avenue de la République; and on the right hand side of the boulevard du Temple itself, opposite the corner of the place de la République, you pass by the Théâtre-Déjazet. This now shabby little hole of a theatre was opened in

M. Dupuis, of the Variétés.

1854 as the Théâtre des Folies-Nouvelles. Hector Berlioz, who was critic on the *Journal des Débats* at that time wrote a humorous account of it—"a coquettish little resort, clean, charming,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Théâtre de la Renaissance, boulevard Saint-Martin.

ENGRAVED BY E. CLÉMENT.

lighted up *a giorno*, and always peopled by an audience both well-dressed and of urbane manners"—which he republished in his "Grotesques de la Musique." It changed its name to Théâtre-Déjazet in 1860, when Eugène Déjazet assumed the management. Dingy, comfortless, and ill-ventilated as this tiny little house is, it is one of the most popular theatres in Paris; the acting is excellent, it is a temple of laughter holding both his sides. Last winter "Ferdinand le noceur," a three-act

M. Colonne, Conductor of the Concerts of the Association Artistique, at the Châtelet.

farce-comedy of the "Pink Dominoes" family, held the stage from the beginning of the season up to June 8th, when it was succeeded by "Les deux Camille," another roaring farce. I see by the papers that "Ferdinand le noceur" was taken up again last fall, and is still on the bills! Here again is a house which the theatre-loving stranger should not fail to visit; he will get a very characteristic and authentic whiff of that peculiar essence which Nestor Roqueplan named *parisine*.

The line of boulevard theatres is closed up by the Théâtre-Beaumarchais, on the right hand of the boulevard Beaumarchais, just past the rue des Vosges. It is in every sense what is called in Paris a *théâtre de quartier*, a theatre frequented only by people living in the neighborhood. It gives comedies, vaudevilles, and sensation dramas by no means badly, but an outsider would go to it more to watch the audience than the play.

Of the theatres off the line of the boulevards, the most important is unquestionably the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, in the northwest corner of the Palais-Royal, at the end of the galerie de Beaujolais, near the péristyle de Joinville. It was built in 1783 by Louis, architect of the duc d'Orléans, and opened as a marionnette theatre; soon afterward a troupe of children gave pantomimes there. In 1790 Mlle Montansier, Directress of the Versailles Theatre, followed king, queen, and dauphin to Paris, and set up with her company at the Palais-Royal, changing the name of the theatre to Théâtre des Variétés, and gave almost every sort of play there until she and her whole troupe moved to the present Variétés on the boulevard Montmartre, in 1807.

From this time the house had a rather checkered career, being often closed by the police, until 1831, when it was reopened, after a complete remodelling of its interior, and devoted to giving the light comedies and farces for which it has ever since been famous. No theatre in Paris, except its neighbor the Comédie-Française, can show so brilliant a list of actors in its annals as the Palais-Royal. Levassor, Grassot, Ravel, L'Héritier, Hyacinthe, Lassouche, Gil-Pérez, Brasseur, Geoffroy, Mme Thierret, Mlle Aline Duval, Mme Delille, Mlle Alphonsine, Mlle Céline Montaland have all acted there, and now Daubray, Saint-Germain, Dailly, Mme Céline Chaumont, Mlle Lavigne, and Mlle Clem take their place as well as may be. Here has been for the last half century the home of the best French comic acting; hardly has the Comédie-Française itself enjoyed a higher reputation than this cosy (and exquisitely uncomfortable) little theatre, in its palmy days—which, alas! are rather on the wane just now. Besides employing

M. Daubray, of the Palais-Royal.

a far higher grade of talent than theatres like the Déjazet or the Cluny, the Palais-Royal has the additional advantage of a far more extended repertory. Naturally, as an unsubventioned theatre that is not forced by law to have a repertory, it cannot afford to let slip the opportunity of an enormous run, whenever it happens to have laid hands upon a particularly successful play; but, no matter what run a play may have at the Palais-Royal, the theatre gives frequent extra performances, in the afternoon, at which this, that, or the other masterpiece in its older repertory is played. Thus one can hardly pass a winter in Paris without having opportunities of seeing a dozen or so of such stock pieces as "Le chapeau de paille d'Italie," "Gavaut, Minard & Cie.," "Le roi Candaule," and others. In fact, it may be said that the Palais-Royal bears very much the same relation to the Comédie-Française that the Opéra-Comique does to the Académie de Musique.

Two more theatres have been famous in their time, and, to a certain extent, are so still: the Théâtre de la Gaîté, on the square des Arts-et-Métiers, off the boulevard de Sébastopol, and the Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens, in the rue Monsigny, running through to the passage Choiseul. Both are lyric theatres, devoted to the lighter and more extravagant forms of comic operetta, with this difference, that the Bouffes adheres almost exclusively to opéra-bouffe in the original acceptation of the term, while the larger Gaîté inclines more toward the later spectacular developments of opéra-bouffe, and to fairy pieces. The Gaîté was founded in 1760, on the boulevard du Temple, by one Nicolet, under the title of Théâtre des Grands Danseurs du Roi; but it soon changed this ponderous name. In 1862, when its part of the boulevard du Temple was torn down, it, like the other theatres near it, had to move; it was in this year that it opened its present house in the square des Arts-et-Métiers. Offenbach wrote his "Le roi Carotte" for it in 1872, and made the extended version of "Orphée aux Enfers" for it in 1874. Since the establishment of this genre, it has brought out other works of the same sort; last winter "La

M. Lamoureux, Conductor of the Concerts at the Cirque d'Été.

fille du tambour-major" was revived there, "with three hundred people on the stage in the last scene." But the theatre has been more famous for its fairy ballet-spectacles, which are often of the most gorgeous description.

The Bouffes-Parisiens was founded by Offenbach in 1855, and opened on July 5th in the little theatre in the Champs-Élysées, now known as the Folies-Marigny; on December 29th of the same year it moved to the little Théâtre-Comte, in the passage Choiseul, where it still is. In its peculiar line the Bouffes may be said to rank as second only to the Variétés. Last winter it was the scene of the great success of the year in opéra-bouffe, Audran's "Miss Helyett," with Mlle Duhamel in the title part. This bewitching young artist has no more voice than Milly Meyer, but she has infinitely more talent. The work itself is certainly Audran's most ambitious, and I should hardly hesitate to call it his best, effort; he has revived once more what was a characteristic feature of Offenbach's best operas, namely, musical burlesque — there is a "Siegfried-and-Brünnhilde" duet in it, between the *Toréador* and his sweetheart, that is fit to kill any Wagnerian with laughing. Both the singing troupe and the orchestra are capital at this little theatre, which seems, in general, to have maintained its standard of excellence somewhat better than either the Palais-Royal or the Variétés has, of late years.

Mme Céline Chaumont, of the Palais-Royal.

M. Jules Garcin, Conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra.

A theatre which, if not particularly interesting of itself, has, of late years, become the scene of interesting doings, in the Menus-Plaisirs, on the boulevard de Strasbourg, not far from the boulevard Saint-Denis. It is a rather unusually cheerful-looking theatre for Paris, of medium size, seating one thousand persons, and devoted to light comedy, vaudeville, and operetta. It would not be worth more than a passing notice, were it not for one fact: it is in it that the famous—some persons might say notorious — Théâtre-Libre gives a certain number of performances every season. This Théâtre-Libre is, in every way, a singular and remarkable institution; it owes its existence and success to the enthusiasm and pertinacity of one man, André Antoine. His career has

been a curious one. He was born in 1858, at Limoges, in the Haute-Vienne, of very poor and humble parents, was sent to school in Paris when still a little boy, studying at the school of the Frères de la rue de Béarn, and later at the École Turgot, working hard, keeping generally at the head of his class, getting nothing but good marks for conduct, and winning purse after purse by way of prizes — money which his parents' poverty prevented his expending upon his own further education. When about thirteen or fourteen, it was determined that he should begin to earn his own living, and he got a place as office-boy to a not entirely reputable law-firm in the rue des Bons-Enfants. In 1873 he obtained a similar place in Didot's book-shop. About this time he made the acquaintance of a boy of about his own age, Mévisto by name, and soon the two struck up terms of chummage, and hired a room together in the rue Saint-Jacques, "on the first floor, counting from the sky." It is noteworthy that, up to this time, Antoine had shown no fondness for the stage, for declaiming

Mlle Duhamel, of the Bouffes-Parisiens, as "Miss Helyett."

verses, nor for mimicry of any kind. But Mévisto, who was clerk in the office of an advocate at the Court of Appeal, was also member of an amateur dramatic club, and knew a teacher of elocution; the love of things dramatic was thus instilled into Antoine's soul, and the two chums began to look around for engagements as supes at the theatres on leisure evenings. They were the two guards in "Jean Dacier" at the Théâtre-Français.

In 1876 he entered the service of the Gas Company, but his dramatic ambition was now predominant over all other feelings, and his wages of 150 francs a month did not prevent his applying twice at the Conservatoire for admission, both of which applications were refused, as the examiners could discover no talent in him. In 1880 came his time for enforced military service, and he entered a line regiment quartered at Saint-Omer. Here he became successively private secretary to two generals. In 1882 he was transferred to a garrison in South Tunis, and next year back again to France, at Lille and Avesnes. When his time was up he returned to the Paris Gas Company, where, for two years, he attended to his business of clerk without outside distractions. All his employers, whether civil or military, united in praising his steadiness, conscientious work, and punctuality; but not one of them even hinted a suspicion of his having the slightest talent for anything; he was supposed to be perfectly commonplace. But he was soon to show himself in his true colors. Without giving up his place at the Gas Company, he joined an amateur dramatic club in 1885. One evening, at the Cercle Gaulois, he well-nigh dumfounded his companions by proposing that, instead of giving nothing but old, threadbare plays, as is the wont of amateur companies, they should try their hand at something entirely new. A strong majority was against this proposal, but some few of the more adventurous thought well of it, and soon Antoine and a sufficient number of his companions had four new one-act pieces in rehearsal: "La cocarde," by Jules Vidal; "Un préfet," by Arthur Byl; "Jacques Damour," by Léon Hennique, after Zola's story; "Mademoiselle Pomme," by Paul Alexis, after Duranty. The rehearsals were held at a wine-shop in the rue Lepic, around a billiard-table; to meet expenses, Antoine had subscribed a month's salary. As luck would have it, Hennique came to one of the rehearsals, and was so much pleased that he returned to the dress-rehearsal, bringing Zola with him. Zola, in his turn, brought Daudet to the performance, which was given in the little theatre in the passage de l'Élysée des Beaux-Arts, on March 30, 1887. Henri Fouquier was almost the only other literary man of any distinction present, except the authors of the plays. "Jacques Damour" was a great success, and although Antoine found that the affair ended by leaving him 400 francs in debt, he determined to try again. He wrote to his old friend Mévisto, who, having been exempted from military service, had been starring in the provinces as a comic singer: "Come quick, old boy; I think I have found something." Mévisto took part in a second performance, and made a great hit; Antoine's liabilities were swelled to 800 francs, but the Théâtre-Libre was fairly born.

Antoine determined to try a grand stroke: he wrote twelve hundred letters to influential persons supposably interested in the stage, and delivered them all himself, postage-stamps being expensive. Of these twelve hundred letters not a single one was answered. So he took the bit in his teeth and got up a third performance — "Sœur Philomène," by Byl and Vidal, after Goncourt, and "l'Évasion," by Villers de l'Isle-Adam—in October, 1887. All literary Paris was present, and Antoine had a tremendous success as an actor. His debts now amounted to 1,200 francs.

He next sent out five thousand pamphlets, each one accompanied by a letter, inviting subscribers at 100 francs a head for four performances. These circulars brought in some response, and six performances were given at the Théâtre-Montparnasse in the rue de la Gaîté. In 1888 Antoine moved to the Menus-Plaisirs. The Théâtre-Libre may now be called an assured success—that is, on the basis on which it is run at present:

giving two performances, and no more, of every new play it brings out.

The aim of this curious institution is to produce plays of real literary value, which, for one reason or another, cannot be, or at all events are not, given at other theatres. As it is a private enterprise, no tickets being publicly sold, but it living by subscriptions, fractional parts of the amount of which are payable *after* each performance, it escapes the censorship, and can give (in reason) pretty much what plays it pleases. Since its foundation it has steadily upheld the principles of the newest school, both of dramatic writing and of acting. Thus in the beginning it was all for the *naturalistes;* but when the *symbolistes* came up, it received them with open arms. Of course, anyone who knows what French *naturalisme* and the later *symbolisme* are, can see with half an eye what, at least, one of the reasons is why the Théâtre-Libre does not choose to have the censorship meddle with its doings. Many of the plays it has brought out have been criticised severely enough for their nastiness — to use the plain English for it. Others, again, have been found fault with for their unconventional cut, their want of dramatic action, and general lack of interest. But with these matters I would have nothing to do here. Last winter I saw only one performance of what is a great rarity in France: a literal translation of a foreign play, Ibsen's "Wilde Ente." Exceedingly few exotic plays are given in Paris, save in the shape of adaptations.

The performance of this, "Le canard sauvage," was enough to show what an interesting institution the Théâtre-Libre is, apart from the plays themselves that are given there; it is interesting histrionically, as a study of theatrical ways and means. The stage-mounting, scenery, and other material accessories are of the most elaborate description — rather to the inconvenience of the audience, at times, for an elaborate scene is not to be set in five minutes, and at the first performance of "Le canard sauvage" the first entr'acte lasted an hour and five minutes! The acting is wholly unconventional, and, I must say, as utterly superb as it is unconventional. There is no "elocution," no labored *diction*, no crossing the stage from right to left, or *vice versa*, calculated for mere effect. The actors talk as they would in real life, they turn their back to the audience, they do what they please — but they know how to do all this effectively. They throw themselves into their parts with a vigor of enthusiasm that leaves nothing to be desired; as the French say, *ils entrent dans la peau du personnage*—they get into the very skin of the character. I could find only two points to criticise.

In trying to break through the shackles of stage convention, M. Antoine, as it seems to me, is not careful enough to distinguish between such conventions as are merely traditional and those that are rooted in the very nature of the stage itself. Now, it is, to my mind, just as essential and insurmountable a condition of the drama that the audience should see and hear what goes on on the stage, as that the stage itself should have three walls, and not four. It must be admitted that M. Antoine is excessively fond of night effects, of a very dark stage, with footlights turned wholly out, and darkness made just visible by one candle on a table somewhere in a corner. Again, both he and his partners, in their anxiety to preserve an easy, natural conversational tone, often fall into the mistake of speaking so low that you cannot hear what they say. But, apart from these two blemishes, I can speak of the acting and stage-setting at the Théâtre-Libre only with the warmest enthusiasm and admiration; it is equally fine in detail and in ensemble. For one thing, it is the result of the most laborious and intelligent rehearsing. M. Antoine himself is superb; and Mlle Meuris, a young girl, almost a beginner, who acted the part of *Hedwig* in the "Canard sauvage," was simply astounding. Henri Fouquier wrote of her in the *Figaro:* "This young actress is an entirely new revelation; we have, time and again, seen the *ingénue* on our stage; Mlle Meuris has shown us for the first time the *young girl* as she lives and breathes!"

Not the least amusing place of entertainment (in both senses) in Paris, is the Chat-Noir, the tavern-theatre kept

by Rodolphe Salis, whilom writer, poet, journalist, and painter, now "*gentilhomme cabaretier*." The time has gone by when the Chat-Noir was a tiny little pot-house in the boulevard Rochechouart, frequented by a few artistic and literary kindred souls, where Salis used to pour out beer and liquor in person for "those who earned their thirst artistically." Ever since 1885, the Chat-Noir has been a picturesque, two-story tavern in the rue Victor Massé, with a small theatre attached, where *ombres chinoises*, or shadow-pictures, are shown, while Salis stalks up and down the aisle in his rough shooting-jacket, with his hands in his pockets, making explanatory remarks, and cracking jokes. Here, too, you can hear young poets recite their own verses—and exceedingly daring some of the verses are—especially those of a comic turn. Young composers, also, write songs and short cantatas for the Chat-Noir, and have them capitally sung there by one or two voices, with accompaniment of pianoforte and cabinet organ, with an occasional trombone, or so, and some instruments of percussion behind the curtain. Almost everything done at the Chat-Noir is good in its way, and very well done, only its way is liable to be rather *risqué*. It is a bohemian sort of place, with a flavor of its own. The walls of all the rooms are covered with excellent pictures and pen, pencil, and charcoal sketches, and the waiters in the restaurant are dressed in the costume of academicians.

From the Chat-Noir to the Conservatoire is, morally speaking, at least, a long way ; but we must take the stride, if we are to consider what is one of the two most perfect things in Paris (the Comédie-Française being the other one), namely, the great Conservatoire orchestra. The famous Société des Concerts du Conservatoire was founded in 1828, with Habeneck as conductor. The hall in which these concerts are given is a marvel of acoustical perfection ; as far as hearing goes, there is not a bad seat in it, not one from which you cannot hear the music with the greatest imaginable distinctness, and in its fullest richness and vitality of tone. It may sound hyperbolical, but it is true, that in this wonderful hall you do not need to follow the music score in hand ; you actually *hear* every detail with your ears, without that additional help. So phenomenal are the acoustics of the place, that it is said that the management does not dare to alter a partition between two boxes, nor to change even so much as the stuffing of a seat, for fear of breaking the talisman which makes it all so perfect. This is, in one sense, to be regretted ; for, except on the floor, the seats are miracles of mediæval discomfort, and the ventilation (or non-ventilation) is so abominable that hardly a concert goes off without several people stumbling out, half-fainting, into the corridor before it is over. But it is worth while to endure even this to hear music sound so supremely well ! No doubt, an important element in this matter is the small size of the hall. The stage, on which are seated an orchestra of from eighty to ninety, and a chorus of, I should say, about sixty, comes out to half-way between the wall behind it and the front of the balcony at the other end.

The orchestra has long been famous as the finest in the world, and from what I heard of it last winter, I feel quite sure that this reputation is thoroughly earned. Such playing, especially in the wind instruments, I had only imagined ; I had never expected to *hear* anything like it, except with the mind's ear. Such smoothness, such accuracy, such beauty of tone and homogeneity of musical purpose and accent ! At the Conservatoire they still use the old plain horns and trumpets in all classical compositions in which the modern valve instruments were not written for. I could not see any difference in the quality of tone, but the generally superior smoothness in phrasing was noticeable. The chorus is drawn up on benches in three batches *in front* of the orchestra, the soprani on the conductor's left, the tenors on his right, and the basses in front of him. They sing sitting, and, if not irreproachably, with excellent firmness, accuracy, and good attention to effects of light and shade. They are all professional singers, with good, strong, well-trained voices.

But the Conservatoire has not the only orchestra in Paris ; indeed, this happy

capital possesses three fully equipped symphony orchestras, each one absolutely independent of the other two. There are three sets of orchestral concerts given simultaneously on Sunday afternoons, throughout the winter season. The concerts at the Conservatoire, conducted by M. Jules Garcin; those of the Association Artistique, conducted by M. Édouard Colonne, and given in the huge Théâtre du Châtelet; and those given by M. Lamoureux in the Cirque d'Été in the Champs-Élysées. It is extremely difficult to form any just comparative judgment of the merits of these last two orchestras. The Châtelet, in which the Colonne concerts are given, is an excellent place for sound, albeit rather over-large, whereas the Cirque d'Été, where Lamoureux gives his concerts, is, without exception, the worst hall for music I ever saw—you hear distinctly enough in it, but the tone is absolutely cold and lifeless. But both orchestras are very fine, if markedly less so in point of finish than that at the Conservatoire. I should rank them about with the New York and Boston symphony orchestras, perhaps a little below the latter.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

By Beatrice Witte.

New York, June 2, 1890.—To-day I came into my kingdom.

I can paint! Reynold, the famous Reynold, stood before my canvas for full five minutes, poised on one foot, in his favorite attitude, with eyes alternately narrowed and dilated. Then, while I listened like a prisoner to the jury's verdict, he announced that with time and training, years of severe training, I could paint—well; he advised me to study in Paris.

How cool and commonplace this looks on paper. It doesn't even imply my agony of gratitude to Reynold and to God for giving me at last some reason for living, this splendid power to take of and amplify. They don't belong to us, such things, we belong to them.

I want to embrace the world. I go about the house like a distracted ballet-dancer, with my heart aching to tell it to everybody. Oh, I wish Dick would come!

June 3d.—Dick says: "I always believed in you. Go ahead."

June 7th.—Father's answer to my letter has just reached me. "Yes, if I want to, I can go to Paris." If I want to! Equally plainly stands out the unwritten fact that he doesn't want me to go, for most of Father's letter lies between the lines. All day I have been dramatizing scenes with him, full of an unconscious, strenuous effort to make him say he would rather have me go, only to end at the same beginning, "Yes, if I want to." There is something fatally wrong about the construction of a universe, where one can't be in two places at once.

June 8th.—Letters from Grandma, from Aunt Alicia, from Aunt Mary, from Cousin Blanche, all just different enough to prove that the family met and talked me over thoroughly before writing. With such a crowd of female relatives, one would imagine that Father might be able to spare one insignificant little girl; but no, that is exactly the point which all the letters find impossible. He has no one but me now; he is growing old; I have been away for a year already; an only daughter's place is with her father. And the worst of them is, they are all so true.

If he could only go to Paris with me! But the head of a big business firm can't follow a girl's whims about the world.

My going home means just this: to lose all the full, significant life which I might have; to be a traitor to my best power. After this year's training, I can go on to better and better work; if I wait a while I shall have to begin all over again. Life in a little New England village would be hard enough, follow-

ing my winter in New York, but how much harder when I know that I might continue that winter's happiness indefinitely. Here I am pushed; people criticise, encourage, speak of me as a woman with a future; there, my aunts say: "Why, certainly, my dear, paint for recreation, if you like;" just as they might say: "Crochet for recreation." Poor Dick! His father wants him to practise in Keene after he passes at the bar, and if I were he, I should rebel.

My painting is not all, even. The whole dear, clever, responsive student-life must go with it. No more lectures; no more long days of work in the studio, with your whole soul fastened to the gradations of brawn on the model's arm; no more talks with the girls—such girls! No more delicate, high thoughts called out by this gracious, scholarly atmosphere. No career. That is what I should give up.

I should get over caring for such things? Yes, that is the worst. I shall narrow and coarsen, and grow dull and brutish, perhaps; my brain will not be stimulated, and a brain like mine *must* be, or it stops working. Oh, how I hate myself at forty!

Why won't some philanthropist found a Society for the Prevention of Conscientious Scruples, and settle such things for us?

June 10th.—I have been thinking for the last two days, and it has made me very unhappy.

Isn't an art something more important than the little arrangements of human life? If one had to choose between a few men who would die before long, in any case, and the eternal Venus of Milo, how would one decide? Doesn't one owe a talent the same development that one would owe a child?

It doesn't belong to me; I belong to it.

June 11th.—I want to understand myself. Am I shallow, am I unsympathetic, am I selfish? Also, incidentally, am I pretty?

(How silly! That last sentence has nothing to do with the subject; it only comes of talking with Dick last night. I didn't want to tell Dick my troubles yet, so we talked about—other things.)

They call me clever at the studio; Dick says that I am the brainiest woman he ever saw—but Dick doesn't count. Now, if one is clever, can one's moral nature be thin? If one is analytic, can one possibly have little to analyze? Perhaps strong, simple emotions defy the scalpel, and the dissecting temperament coexists only with an arrangement in half-tones. The metaphor is mixed, but that only makes it congruous with the rest of me.

I am glad to say that at present I am in a wholesome mood of self-contempt; it makes me feel virtuous.

I am going to Paris.

June 13th.—I am perfectly right; I know that I am, only I cannot quite realize it.

There exists no better proof that the conscience is an educated and acquired element in character, than the tendency it shows to adopt a standard of conventional goodness. I am about to do something that Grandma and the aunts consider wrong, and my conscience adopts their idea of me instead of my idea of myself. Perhaps I ought to want to stay—but I don't. If I am wrong, why doesn't Father forbid my going, instead of leaving me to my own proper feeling, when I have none?

That universal feeling that a woman's life is of no value, except in so far as it contributes to complete that of some man is one of the most vital of "ghosts." A young man's career? Oh, that mustn't be interfered with; he is an individual. But what does one woman more or less matter?

I am a pioneer, and I must expect to share the fate of all pioneers and reformers, part of which is transient self-suspicion and doubt—but I am right.

June 14th.—To-day the feminine part of the family sent me a letter which purports to come from Cousin Blanche. There are no reproaches; only, what is worse, an undercurrent of decided disapprobation. Why won't they let me alone? I am so tired of fighting, that if it wasn't for Dick and the support he is going to give me when I tell him, I could almost give up everything. I am going home next week to say good-by, and I could just stay there so easily. Dick will understand. It is so much

harder to be selfish in the right way than to be altruistic in the wrong way.

June 17th.—I have had my talk with Dick.

Last night when he came to meet me with that deferential little stoop of his, just as deferential as though we hadn't made mud-pies together, I put out both hands impulsively — or almost impulsively—and began:

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come——"

"Have you decided?"

"Yes. I'm going home day after to-morrow."

He stopped short and looked at me. Then I saw that he had misunderstood, and all at once I felt: "Why shouldn't I have my arguments backed by some one else's? Why shouldn't I pretend that I'm not going to Paris, and let Dick persuade me into my own decision?" I seated myself unconcernedly in the corner of the sofa where the light-effect was prettiest, while Dick followed me like an automaton.

"You're not going to Paris?" he asked, incredulously.

"Oh, well, I mightn't have succeeded, after all."

"You're not — great heavens, Lil, you're crazy! Reynold makes mistakes, I suppose." He leaned forward with an air of intense determination: "You ought to be sworn at! If you were only a man——"

"Go on," I said, tilting my head and my elbow at the same angle; I can do that without making it horrid, and very few women can.

"Have you thought about living in Keene? You aren't letting any idiotic idea of self-sacrifice run away with you, are you? Don't you understand how you'll regret this?"

I quietly sat up, and recapitulated, with legal minuteness and impassibility, all the arguments on both sides, all the attractions of my student-life, all the disadvantages of Keene. As I went on, I really seemed to be in the pathetic situation which I was assuming, and poor Dick was deeply touched.

"Yes, you certainly realize what you are doing," he said, helplessly.

"You are going to live in Keene yourself."

"That's different. I have my work; besides, I'll only stay there long enough to make the money to live somewhere else. Are you ill?"

"No."

"Getting tired of your work?"

"I love it better than anything in the world," I cried, dramatically.

"Then, in heaven's name, *why* are you going home?"

I looked at him with a pathetic smile which would have made my fortune as the stage-martyr, and said lightly, but with a touch of shaky tenderness which was due to my gratitude to Dick:

"I am going home to amuse my father."

Then, just as I was about to break out, "Oh, you goose, of course I'm going to Paris!"—I saw a sudden huge admiration, that took my breath away, overwhelm Dick's face. He said:

"Then I think you are right."

Right! Oh, me! A sense of utter disappointment in Dick, a great humiliation because I was not the woman he thought me, a cowardice that forced me to keep his admiration at any price, choked me for a minute. Oh, Dick, my one friend whom I trusted! I felt that the fight was at an end, and that I was beaten.

He was so kind, so sympathetic, so lovable, so everything except just what he ought to have been, that when he left, I knew — and Dick strongly suspected—that before I went home nothing would matter very much except Dick. That need not take me away from Father.

It ought to be enough—but it isn't. Every now and then I wonder—would Dick have sent a young man in my position to virtuous stagnation and altruistic suicide, with the hearty decision that he was right?

And I am wrong, utterly wrong; and I am sanctioning by my acquiescence the belief in the intrinsic worthlessness of a woman's life; and I am helping to make the struggle harder for all the poor girls who come after me.

This is the last spasm of my rebellion. In a week, no doubt, I shall be quite satisfied with conventional goodness, and submissively happy with Dick. Then I shall tell him everything—and Dick will not understand!

Studies from Nature by the Late Charles Keene.

CHARLES KEENE, OF "PUNCH."

*By George Somes Layard.**

IN the introduction to his "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," Mr. John Addington Symonds strikes the note with which an article on the greatest of all English artists in black and white (and this superlative is used here without hesitation) must be commenced by the present writer. Six months ago, with all the world, the latter knew Charles Keene merely as one of the Knights of the "Mahogany Tree," as Thackeray euphemistically called the old hacked table round which the mortal assessors of the immortal *Punch* sit.

To him, as to all outside those charmed circles, which had the honor and inestimable privilege of his stanch and loyal friendship, or the outstanding advantage of his professional assistance, Charles Keene was nothing more than an abstract purveyor of a certain sort of humorous and artistic goods.

Now, however, the whole point of view is changed, and we come to the unerring note which has been struck for us by the delightful writer above mentioned.

"In so far as it is possible to enter into personal intercourse with anyone whose voice we have not heard, whose physical influences we have not been affected by, in whose living presence we

* The illustrations of this article are printed from blocks furnished by the author.

have not thought, and felt, and acted, in so far" can I, the writer, claim to be familiar with the great artist, the subject of this article.

Six months ago I was entrusted with the task of writing his life, and now, six months later, I can say, without exaggeration, that few hours of any day, during all that time, have passed without his speaking to me, directly through his letters, or indirectly through his marvellous pictures, to see the originals of which, placed at my disposal in hundreds from all quarters, has been nothing less than a revelation.

For those who have but seen Keene's work as reproduced in the pages of *Punch*, admirable though the wood engraving for that journal is, or in *Once a Week*, or in the various books which he illustrated, it is impossible, unless there is an artistic second-sight I know nothing of, even approximately to appreciate the marvellous dexterity with which he suggested color, atmosphere (transparent or semi-transparent), distances and middle distances, in his medium of black and white. Even Mr. du Maurier, himself up to all the adroit methods by which drawings of this character are reproduced, and able, one would think, as well as any, to read between the wood-block lines and realize the consummate art which prompted it all, is said to have declared, on seeing the exhibition of Keene's original pictures in Bond Street, that great as he had always held his colleague of over twenty years to be, he had heretofore had no conception of the surpassing excellence of his method. And, if this be true of one so gifted as the creator of Sir Gorgius Midas, of the Ponsonby de Tomkyns's, and of the great army of martyrs to things they would rather have left unsaid, how could it be expected that we poor Philistines, as Matthew Arnold labelled us of the deficient middle class, should have "discovered" Keene for ourselves? Just as well might it be expected that our estimable representatives who interlard their speeches with classical allusions culled from "Lemprière," would understand Mr. Gladstone's rare, but apt, Homeric quotations. Pope's "Iliad" is a very fine poem, and gives the story in all its main details, but it no more teaches the reader what nobility of expression Greek literature could rise to, than does the brutality of printer's ink literally translate the delicate *nuances* of Keene's inimitable art.

Not that we should altogether exonerate ourselves from the blame of non-recognition of Keene's extraordinary genius during his lifetime, on the score of not having had access to his original work. Those that were on the lookout for the strictest realism, and those who knew that true impressionism is but a phase of the same dogma (I do not of course allude to the modern crowd of inepts who think to hide their ignorance under this high-sounding title), long ago found out that there was a master in our midst, and France, Germany, and Holland, all knew early that the age had produced something that was out of the common.

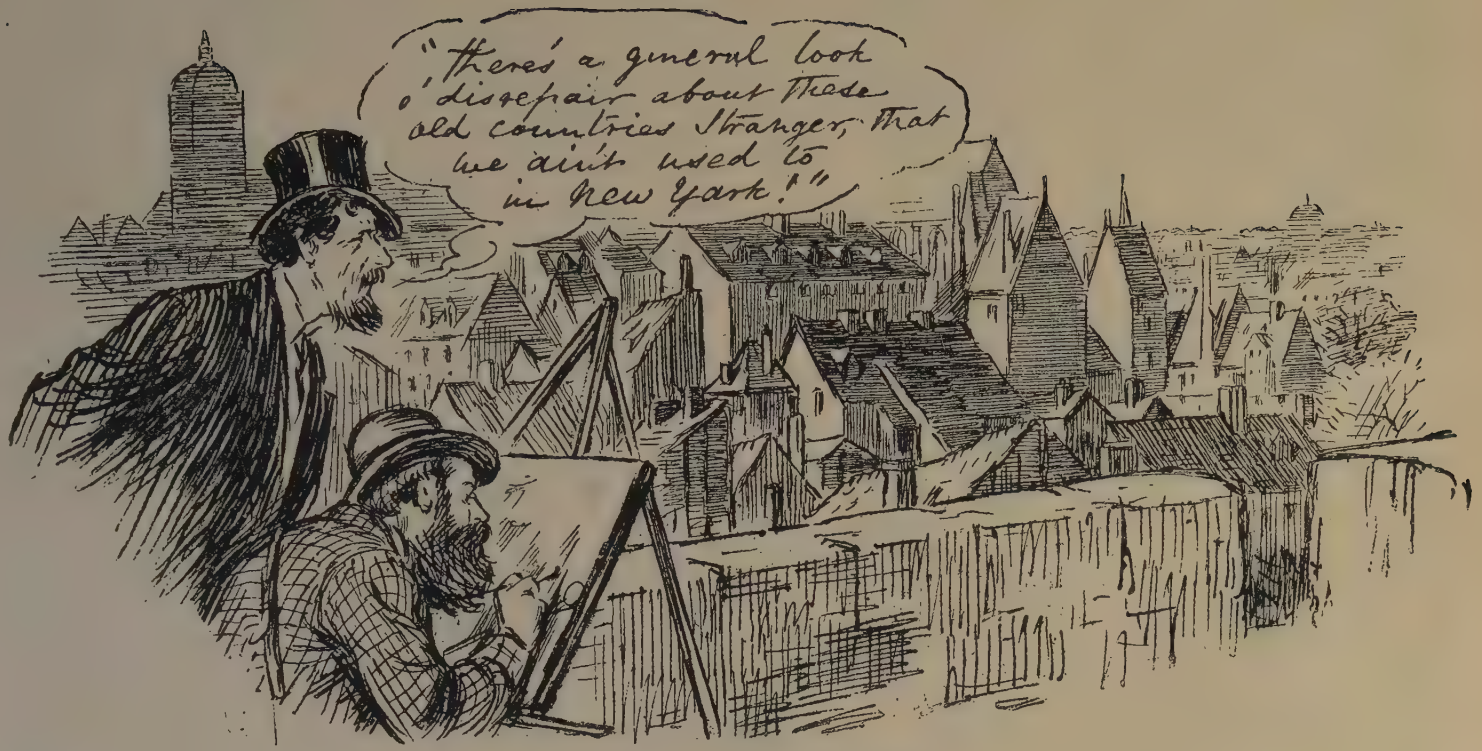
The following charming letter, here published for the first time, from an admirer at The Hague, written to him so long ago as 1883, will show the kind of enthusiasm which Keene's work created abroad. The admirable manner in which the writer, without any great command of the English language, has conveyed his proper appreciation of the artist, is as unexpected as it is delightful.

"The Hague, Holland, October, 1883.

"To Mr. Charles Keene,

"*Co-operator of Punch.*

"Sir: Supposing you will excuse for the love of art, that an inferior artist writes to you, I will address you a few words to express my feeling on your work as best I am able to do. It is many years already, that I am always longing to see *Punch* and that I look first for the engravings of your hand. My admiration of your genius is always increasing. Other illustrators give also 'character,' but you give that so truly artistic, that every product strikes the mind as a kind of beauty. In the composition of the whole, in each figure apart, there is a 'greatness' only to be found in masterpieces. Your expressing the character of a figure by means of a few lines is so, that the (for the popular eye) meanest or ugliest kind of person,



(From a drawing by the late Charles Keene.)

or dressing, or landscape, grow something picturesque.

"The surrounding of your figures is always so, that it forms a necessary part.

"The figure must be there, and the interior or the landscape must have that figure in it, so far goes the harmony of your lines. And there is color too in your engravings ; we do not see paper and scratches, but *light*.

"I am aware that my remarks cannot be new to you, but, having observed that others, who are not worthy to be named together *with* you, are put *above* you by would-be critics, it is a desire, I would almost say a want, to my heart to offer my highest esteem and gratitude to the man who has procured me the most artistic delights.

"I hope my bad English shall not impede you to understand my meaning.

"Yours with the highest esteem,

"F. P. DER M."

The fact was, Keene was intensely original, and, as one writing of *Punch* on the death of Mark Lemon truly remarked : "Originality is a dangerous game to play, with the public as an opponent. It takes a long time to turn the public mind to a new direction, however much 'to the point' that direction may be." Keene's work was *caviare* to a public which had been brought up to feast upon the strong, exaggerated humor of Rowlandson, Gillray, and the Cruikshanks. This was the public that Mark Lemon, Leech, and Mayhew determined to cater for in 1841—a public which they foresaw was ready to pay for a regular weekly supply of laughter stimulants, in place of the erratic provision such as was made by Mrs. Humphry and her "silent, shy, and inexplicable" designer during their twenty years of association. It was a public which wanted to laugh heartily, while they were about it ; a public which, while recovering from a roaring dissoluteness, which had been caught from examples in high places, had not yet come to the more modern conclusion that a "guffaw" is incorrect, and that laughter should swoon away into a yawn. It was a public which looked for low rather than high comedy, and that was what the great trio determined they should have. Fortunately they came early across John Leech, who led the inextinguishable laughter of England for over twenty years. *Punch* was indeed, during those years, what "Uncle Mark" had first christened it, the "guffawgraph" *par excellence*, and the public got their laughter stimulant and cachinnated unrestrainedly. In those days people there were who, like Nic, "grinned, cackled, and laughed, till they were like to kill themselves, and fell a-frisking and dancing about the room."

But now, what do we find? The rising generations only smile. What hearty laughter we do hear is from the "old boys" whose cracked voices have still a remnant of the true, unrestrained ring about them. This is the reign of reason, we know, and we have the high Miltonic authority for saying that

> "Smiles from reason flow
> To brute denied."

Whether the brutes can laugh he does not, I think, expressly mention, but the implication is self-evident.

When Leech died there was still a lingering, though no doubt brutal, desire for laughter, and it was still the aim of those who controlled in Fleet Street to help the public out with it.

It was a few years before this that Keene had come upon the scene as a more or less regular contributor. Now that Leech was gone he was called upon to take a leading part in the embellishment of the paper, and it was recognized by all his co-workers that, as far as artistic skill went, *Punch* would lose nothing by the substitution of his work for that of the great collaborator whose loss they were deploring. It was, however, equally apparent that the farcical drollery and the waggish satire which were so marked characteristics of the elder artist, were not to be found in the work of the grave, silent man who was his legitimate successor ; and it cannot be denied that, so far as *Punch* was pledged, especially in the pictorial line, to be the instigator of fun and laughter, the exchange was anything but an advantageous one. Nor was this surpris-

ing. Such a union of powers as those possessed by John Leech is as uncommon as it is delightful.

It must not be supposed, however, that Keene failed in providing the humorous aliment required by the public, so far as the letter-press was concerned. He was one of the most diligent, plodding, and persistent of men, and if jokes would not come to him, he recognized that they must be pursued.

A Study from Nature by the Late Charles Keene.

By dint of perseveringly appropriating anything humorous that he came across (for no one could *appreciate* a joke more thoroughly than he could), and obtaining constant supplies from friends, who vied with one another in providing subjects for his marvellous pencil, he was second to none of those who were left in keeping up the character of the journal. But with what result? With the result that his pictures, almost without exception works of the most serious and earnest art, were completely thrown into the shade by the farcical and extravagant nature of their "legends."

His designs were never more humorous than nature. Their accompanying text was often fantastic, satirical, and exaggerated.

Those who have read Charles Lamb's fine and just criticism of "The Faithful Shepherdess," will remember how he says, "Nothing but infatuation could have driven Fletcher upon mixing with this 'blessedness' (*i.e.*, with the exquisite innocence of Clorin) "such an ugly deformity as Cloe, the wanton Shepherdess. If Cloe was meant to set off Clorin by contrast, Fletcher should have known that such weeds, by juxtaposition, do not set off, but kill, sweet flowers."

Now, this is precisely what has been the case with Charles Keene's art. Not, of course, that I should for a moment call the farcical humor of *Punch* in any way a deformity, especially as there it is in its proper place, or declare that the prime motive of *Punch's* editors was to throw Keene's art into relief by its surroundings; but there can be no doubt that Keene's exquisitely unexaggerated work suffered, analogously, by contrast within its unquiet environment. Some there were, no doubt, who could, notwithstanding, hear the true notes which he struck. So there are some who can enjoy the "innocent scenes and sweet, lyric intermixtures" in which Fletcher's heroine disports herself. But there is no denying that the attention of the majority is distracted from the exquisitely pure heroine by her association with the bold dissoluteness of Cloe, who, instead of acting as a foil, has usurped the leading rôle.

The accident which made Keene a *Punch* artist, and thus associated his quiet, unobtrusive art with the louder and more obvious work of his col-

leagues, combined with the characteristic modesty which never allowed anything more than the signature of C. K., and very often not even that, to appear upon his drawings, resulted in his being the least known, notwithstanding the fact that he was the greatest, among his black-and-white contemporaries.

Those who went to the pages of *Punch* went mainly to amuse themselves, and not on the lookout for the masterpieces of a sober, thoughtful artist.

Nor were these the only reasons why a fair estimate of his work could not be obtained.

Had Keene's original work been generally seen at exhibitions or in salesrooms, where serious art *is* looked for, no doubt many would have discovered him in his lifetime, to whom the exhibition of his work in Bond Street, after his death, was a revelation. The fact, however, that, saving under very exceptional circumstances, he never sold or exhibited his pictures, rendered this impossible. Practically, the only opportunity for the public to know him was by means of reproductions, and wood-engraving was perhaps more cruel to his art than to any other. That he failed, however, to have the best done for him that could be accomplished in that medium, is sufficiently negatived by the signature "Swain" to most of the blocks.

But there was more than one reason why the wood-engraver found it impossible to do justice to his work, and there can be no blinking the fact that the fault lay with the originator rather than with the translator. As long as the finished picture had to be drawn upon the wood-block by the artist's own hand, which was up to the end of the year 1872, no doubt the design, besides being drawn to the exact dimensions required, was also drawn with its final destiny full in view of the artist. After that date, however, when a means was discovered of transferring drawings, with the aid of photography, on to a wood-block of whatever size, these two incentives—of working to scale, and with the ultimate fate of the picture in view—were removed. Not only did the temptation at once arise to make the drawings so large that, where they gained in the originals, they lost by being reduced in the reproductions, but there was also the temptation to strive after the turning out of an ideal original, instead of a design most fitted to the method by which it was destined to be reproduced.

To both of these temptations Keene gave way. Many of his originals, twice the dimensions of a *Punch* page, had to be accommodated in spaces a quarter their size, with what disastrous results may be imagined, when it is borne in mind that the largest were produced with all the delicate elaboration of which he was master. Where every line was so deliberate and essential, the loss of one was nothing short of a calamity, and a calamity which it was, under the circumstances, impossible for the wood-engraver to avoid. This was in itself sufficiently fatal to anything approaching an adequate reproduction of his work. It gave a dirty, and comparatively heavy result in place of the brightness and light which are such essential features of the originals.

Calamitous, however, as was this, there was still another characteristic of Keene's work which rendered even an approximate representation in printer's ink, especially as years went on, utterly out of the question. Not satisfied with the effects to be got out of manufactured inks, he was forever mixing and concocting all sorts of shades for himself. The gamut of his inks was almost as varied as the colors on a painter's pallet. The result may easily be imagined. In the originals the foregrounds, middle-distances and distances, etc., being drawn respectively in purples, semi-transparent browns, pinks, or yellows, had all to be reproduced in the dead black of printer's ink, with the result that their relative values were lost, and a picture glowing with light and color became in comparison a dull, dead, heavy map of a thing in the reproduction.*

Another characteristic that made this heaviness more inevitable was the broadness of these semi-transparent lines, produced by means of small, soft pieces of wood fashioned by himself, which the artist used in lieu of pens. Accustomed

* To such an extent indeed was this Keene's practice in some of his drawings that it is somewhat misleading to speak of them as black-and-white.

—in fact required—to faithfully render every idiosyncratic line of the original since the day when Millais, his work at first shamefully mauled and distorted by the freedom with which the engravers handled his black and white drawings, rose up in his wrath and insisted upon being fairly treated, the engravers, as far as was possible, religiously cut away every part of the block which was uncovered and left every part which was covered with ink. The result was, that a background drawn in tender colors, pressed forward, when rendered in printers' ink, and brooded upon the foreground of the picture. Latterly undoubtedly there was some improvement in this respect, the engraver apparently having been allowed to use some discretion in the matter, for we find these broad black lines relieved by cutting away the wood down the middle of their entire length.

Mention having been made of the struggle with the old-fashioned wood-engraver, who held himself quite entitled to "improve" upon the original, and to finish off or curtail little flourishes, etc., when he considered them wanting or superfluous, it is not uninteresting to realize that the conscientious and skilful wood-engraver who would as soon think of flying as of putting in or abridging a single visible line or scratch is a comparatively modern product. To Sir John Millais, who came off victorious in the struggle above mentioned, this is, I believe, mainly due. He was, he tells me, first treated properly in this respect by Mr. Joseph Swain in the pages of *Once a Week*, so that the first publication of this magazine in July, 1859, marks the commencement of an era in wood-engraving in England not to be forgotten.

The actual pioneer of the system of drawing straight from nature for facsimile reproduction on the wood-block was, I believe, Mr. George Housman Thomas * in his work for *The Illustrated London News*. He was quickly followed by Sir John (then Mr.) Millais, Fred Walker, and most of the other black and white artists who were fired to emulate the splendid achievements of the great German, Menzel.

The encouragement thus given to black and white art in England has not, I think, ever received due acknowledgment. To it we owe the fact that back numbers of *Punch* and *Once a Week* are now as much treasured by the lover of art as by the seeker after amusement.

Let us now see what qualities these wood-blocks possess of which we should take particular notice, for, although Keene's original sketches are by degrees being bought up and disseminated, this is of course only by the few who can afford a somewhat extravagant luxury, and it is by these reproductions that his work must be generally known to the public.

The time is at hand when far greater justice will be done to them by means of some of those wonderful processes which are being brought to greater perfection day by day.

These more elaborate reproductions, which we hope in time to see, however, will be, at first at least, for the few rather than the many, whereas most of us have access to a library in which a complete file of *Punch* is procurable, or the fascinating volumes of *Once a Week* (first series), or a copy of *Our People*, being four hundred collected pictures from *Punch*, by Charles Keene.

But before discussing these delightful pictures, let us recall for a moment what are the shortcomings which, if we want to judge Keene's art fairly by means of these reproductions, must be borne in mind as we look at them.

What qualities, in other words, did we find in those masterly pen-and-ink drawings which were for the first time shown in a collected form at the rooms of the Fine Arts Society in Bond Street, in March, 1891, which we were totally ignorant of before?

There we found an unhesitating breadth of treatment, a dash and verve, especially in what was recognizable as his later work, which we had not nine-tenths of a notion of before. There we found a delicacy, a tenderness, a fineness of which but little trace was to be discovered in the reproduction. There we found a freshness, a buoyancy, a moving breeziness which we had hardly guessed at, while the marvellous atmos-

* Brother of Mr. W. L. Thomas of The Graphic. He began drawing for The Illustrated London News about 1847, he and Sir John Gilbert being the mainstays of that paper for many years.

pheric effects made us feel as though we were looking out of window instead of at pictures.

Bearing in mind, then, these qualities, let us, so far as in us lies, give these reproductions credit for them in an unrivalled degree.

And now for the consideration of those attributes which we are not called upon to take on trust, but which each of us can judge of for himself. Take for a moment the composition, the due ordering and disposition and relation of each part to the whole of almost any one of these wonderful pictures, the absence of all superfluities, the presence of all that is essential. To use Ruskin's admirable expression, he has, in one and all, "mortised together a satisfactory result." And, to go further, he has not only proved himself a great composer: he has demonstrated his right to be called a great inventor. He has not collected together a certain number of faultless figures and accessories, and, grouping them together, produced, so to speak, a small museum of several works of art on his canvas. He has made elements, perhaps faulty in themselves when separate, each corrected by the presence of the other. He has devised "a whole, an organized body, with dependent members." *

Let us open the pages of *Our People* and take a picture at random. Here is "The Finishing Touch," page 109. The "legend" runs as follows:

FARMER (*who has been most obliging and taken great interest in the picture*)—"Good-morn'n', sir! But (*aghast*) I say, what are you a doin' of, mister? A p'intin' all them beastly poppies in my corn! A bit o' color? What 'ould my landlord say, d'you think? and after I'd put off cuttin' 'cause you hadn't finished, to oblige yer. I didn't think you'd ha' done it! You don't come a p'intin' on my land any more!" (*Exit, in high dudgeon.*)

In the foreground we have the painter, sheltered by his huge umbrella, with ready brush poised in air, the fateful scarlet paint, we can almost swear, tinging its point and meditating a further multiplication of the causative poppy. At his right, on a small hillock to the rear, stands the "obliging" farmer, the expression on his face just on the turn from sorrow to anger, and his stick raised pointing to the peccant weed in the picture. So intense indeed is his struggle with the swelling indignation at his heart that we feel that, if he is not to do painter or picture a mischief, his only chance is to "*exit in high dudgeon.*"

On the painter's left three or four of the offending flowers peep suggestively from the golden wheat, and away in front stretches such a field of waving corn as only Keene could indicate with such extraordinary economy of line.

In the distance nestles the homestead where the farmer lays down his anxious head of nights, and trees and hedgerows make a background as unmistakably real as the erring painter's picture is, to the farmer's annoyance, ideal.

Mark how the supreme moment of the occurrence has been caught, how the faces and every accessory attune themselves to the requirements of the occasion. The logical concurrence is such that every detail adds to, and never distracts the attention from, the central idea.

It has been said that Keene imported into the model from which he drew all the essentials of the class of which he proposed to stereotype, a representative; in other words, that his cab-driver, his waiter, his volunteer, his gillie, his railway porter, his bucolic had each all the essentials of all the cab-drivers, the waiters, the volunteers, the gillies, the railway porters, the bucolics that one has ever met. This is an attractive and ingenious hyperbole, but beyond being an overstatement, it is surely a mistaking of cause for effect. It is true that Keene's *dramatis personæ* were to a marvellous extent typical as well as individual, but this is true because his love of realism drove him into out-of-door life to look for his types, of which he made studies, there at street-corners, on railway platforms, in country lanes and fields.

The older he grew and the longer he worked, the more he emancipated himself from studio work and shot folly as it flew in the bustling world about him. It was a passion with him to draw from

* Vide Modern Painters.

nature, and his acute selective instinct fastened upon a type as soon as he saw it and there and then made it his own. There was no false pride about him, and he would out with his paper and, dipping his pen into the exciseman's inkpot, which always peeped ready from his waistcoat, would take an unerring portrait on the spot. The result is that his drawings teem with portraits, many the living images of his friends, more the portraits of those who have past away into the crowds, ignorant that such an eye had been upon them and such a hand had been transferring on to paper their outward form and not a little of their souls shining therethrough.

Thus it was that his characters were typical as well as individual, not because he idealized, but because he drew a real individual of a real class. Every man, whatever his calling, is unconsciously tending to become representative, one more, of course, and one less, as he is more or less sensitive to adventitious influences. And Keene was a moral pathologist of the highest order. He not only saw the outward signs, but recognized that they were the result of forces at work behind them, and so drew them with a conviction as unhesitating as it was unconscious. "Draw a thing as you see it," was one of the few pieces of advice he ever gave, but he probably never knew that he succeeded best because he saw deeper than those to whom he said it. From which considerations I gather, rightly or wrongly, that Keene never drew any character more typical than can be found in the streets by any one of us who keeps his eyes open.

Indeed, so convinced am I of this that I believe that very farmer in the picture above mentioned, that very artist, that very farm-house, that very field of corn, nay, that very umbrella itself, were each to be found occupying space on this earth when Charles Keene drew that picture. Employ a sharp detective and there is hardly an individual in Keene's *Punch* pictures that he wouldn't track down for you and run to earth in a fortnight.

Look at the Unlicensed Hawker in "He thought he was Safe," on page 108 of *Our People*, who offers the Irascible Old Gentleman, without a hair on his head, a comb. I know that man. You can find him any day standing in the gutter in Cheapside.

Look at the Clerk in "Fahrenheit," on page 107, who "allus hev a trouble" to get the thermometer up to the proper level by warming it at the fire just before the Rector, who is so particular about the temperature, arrives. He is to be found at his duties every Sunday in one of the city churches.

Look at the Villager, on page 101, who has taken his boy away from the National School "'cause the Master ain't fit to teach 'im—he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters with a 'p';" the Old Lady on page 107, who says "'Tain't much pleasure now for me to go to funerals; I be too old and full o' rheumatiz. It was very different when we was young—that 'twer;" the Bargee, on page 96, who is "main glad to see thee, Ge—arge, 'cause I know there must be a public 'ouse close by;" Old Tomkins, on page 95, who refuses the offer of his philanthropic employer to give him two shillings per week extra wages, instead of paying him partly in cider, on the ground that "you see I drinks the cider myself, but the owd ooman 'll 'ev the two shillun';" the Farmer, on page 76, who, when remonstrated with by the Parson, confesses, apologetically: "Well, sir, I hev' been to meet'n' lately. But—y' see, sir, the Reverend Mr. Scowles, o' the chapel, he bought some pigs o' me, and I thought I ought to gi' 'm a tarn!" These, one and all, and a crowd of others, come from a village that we wot of.

Look at Pat, on page 55, who has been laying in firewood and potatoes, and who, hailed by the Captain of a passing schooner: "What 'a' you got there, Pat?" answers, grandiloquently: "Timber and fruit, yer Honor;" the Car-driver who, asked by the newly-arrived Sub, "How much to the barracks," replies, mendaciously: "Ah, sure, thin, Capt'in, the m'anest of 'em gives me t'ree and sixpence!" the Irishman who, "regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," replies to English sportsman's anxious query: "Is it throuts? Be jabers, the watther's stiff wid 'em!" Types, indeed, they are sure enough, but

they are real, not ideal. And in saying that Keene is essentially a realist, I do not mean to exclude ideality, and write him down a mere copyist. He idealized, but he was not an idealist, two very different things; just as in his private character he was, in the true sense of the word, religious, without being in any sense a religionist.

A noticeable feature of this strict realism of Keene's work was the recognition that the garment was made for man, not man for the garment. In other words that, given time, a man imprints his personality on his clothes, and that one is not a man, but a clothes-screen, who allows his clothes to invest him with their characteristics. Keene chose to draw men and not clothes-screens, and as a consequence hat, collar, coat, waistcoat, breeches (if a Scotchman, red kilt), stockings, and boots are, one and all, eloquent of their owner's idiosyncrasies. They are not tailor's clothes; they are garments which have been put on and off their particular owner so often that they have become informed with his particular individuality. Obscure their origin may be; their appropriateness can never be in question.

Take a specimen or two of his hats. Through the whole of this wonderful book there are not, I believe, two alike, as in their infinite variety, there are no duplicates in his actors. Look at the Irish Gentleman, on page 122, "who has vainly endeavored to execute a jig to the fitful music of the telegraph wires." His hat is as drunk as himself and has led as roaring, dissipated a life as its master. Look at Mac's "Tam o'Shanter" on page 123. It indorses all it's owner's opinion of that ruinous place, London, and is as woebegone over those "twa hoours" there, "when *bang* went *saxpence*," as he is. Look at every hat in the book, and put it, at your peril, on any other head than that to which it belongs. And this extraordinary lack of repetition, how is it brought about? Why, just in the same way as his realism was effected. In other words, because Keene, instead of "drawing upon his imagination," as it is called, a finite issue, which almost all the great caricaturists—Rowlandson, Gillray, the Cruikshanks, Doyle, the Crowquills—drained dry, went straight to the fountain source of all true artistic inspiration, and drew upon the infinite reserves of generous Nature herself. I wish it could be given to all to see the many hundreds of studies chiefly done on the insides of old discolored envelopes which he left behind, the fruits of his wanderings in streets and lanes, by Scottish burnsides and on old Suffolk coasts, and then they would realize how his studio was bounded by the blue vault of heaven, not by Morrisian hangings.

Again, let us turn to a negative quality in Keene's drawings which is a positive delight. In these days of pedantry and ostentation, it is a welcome relief to find an ease which produces something without insisting upon telling the method of that thing's accomplishment. The conjurer prefaces his performance with a catalogue of how many years, of how many days, of how many hours it has taken him to perfect himself in his trick. The novelist writes us a magazine article (he gets more by doing that than by putting it into the preface of his book) explaining the system upon which he has worked, and declaring that (like a professional pedestrian) he has written so many thousand words in so many hundred hours.

No work of art nowadays is allowed to stand upon its own bottom. It has to be propped up on an easel or pedestal with explanatory notes underneath.

Keene never shows us "how the wheels go wound." There is no vaunt, no boastfulness about his work. His perspective, for example, is so informal, so unconstrained, so easy, that, until we try ourselves and fail, it is hard to realize where the skill comes in. Like Jane Austen in literature, he lacks what Scott called "the big bow-wow style." There is no bombast. He is never "too clever by half." He never gives us a ranting, frowning, braggadocio portrait like that of Master Thomas Darrell by Cruikshank, which Thackeray so aptly illustrated by the well-known figure drawn from the compositor's desk. He was not "vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical" like Don Adriano de Armado, and he despised those "libertines of painting," as Dryden has called them, "who have no other model than a rhodomon-

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene, here published for the first time.)

OPPRESSION. *'Arry.* "I see by this 'ere new Copyright Hact that a Nob's photy-graph mayn't be 'x'ibeted in a shop winder without 'is consent! Blowed if it ain't enough to make a man turn Conservative.

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.)

tade genius, and very irregular, which violently hurries them away." His art was as modest as it was unrivalled.

There is hardly a line which can be called superfluous in the whole range of these drawings, certainly not a stroke which speaks of the artist rather than of the picture. Most of us will remember the modesty of the great early Flemish painter who, in place of signature to his work, wrote merely "Jan van Eyck was here." Keene's C. K. was even less presumptuous, and it was a long time before he appended even that means of identification to his work.

The economy and frugality, so to

THE COMING EXHIBITIONS. *Smudyer (who thought he really would "score" with his landscape this year).* "Now, what ought I to get for it!" *Art Critic (candid friend).* "THREE MONTHS!" [*And pulls it all to pieces!*

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.)

A "Financial Crisis." *Visitor* (*to her friend, a Transatlantic cousin, who was trying on new costume*). "A perfect fit, dear!" *Cousin.* "Ah!—nothing to the 'fit' my husband will have when the bill comes in, dear —you bet!"

(From the original in the possession of the executors of the late Charles Keene.)

speak, of his method is such, that the maximum of effect is procured by the minimum of pen-strokes. There is no scratching away on the paper until the result is achieved, no coaxing of his medium to afford an unlooked-for issue. Every mark is made with the deliberation, and is the simple outcome, "of the best assimilated learning."

His object was to make the best picture he could. The very last thing he desired was that the attention of his audience should wander from the picture to the artist. He did not even go so far as Van Eyck on another occasion, when he wrote, "As I can, not as I would." Keene merely did his best, said nothing, and there was an end of it.

Something must here be said of his work for the pages of *Once a Week*, which, it will be remembered, was started by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans on the discontinuance of *Household Words*, under the editorship of Charles Dickens.

The new venture was edited by Samuel Lucas and was illustrated mainly by the *Punch* artists. The pages teem with the delightful fancies of Leech, Millais, Holman Hunt, Fred Walker, H. K. Browne, E. H. Corbould, Tenniel, Green, du Maurier, Sandys, Keene, and a dozen others.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, in these early years the German influence was strong upon our artist, not the benignant influence of Menzel, but the malign influence of such as Richter. In the majority of drawings for Charles Reade's "A Good Fight," the first story he was called upon to illustrate in this magazine (June, 1859), it is hard to see the good promise of that which was to come. The inthralment there seems complete. By the end of the year, however, it is cheering to find distinct traces of emancipation, although it was long before he rid himself wholly of these shackles and abandoned himself to his own original and unique method. Indeed, it is wonderful that a man who could produce such an exquisite little piece of characterization as that on page 483, vol. i., to an article "On the Foundation of my Picture Gallery," should be capable of turning out subsequently such a terribly bad one as that on page 3, vol. i., illustrating "A Night on the Ice." Whatever of sentiment and pathos there is in the subject is absolutely destroyed by the look of astonishment in the melodramatic eye of the swimming man, who seems to be rendered wholly unconscious of the freezing water (the water *is* freezing and not badly represented) in the contemplation of the adventitious whiskers with which the fur of his buffalo robes has decked the cheeks of the lady upon the horse. It is one of the most unconsciously humorous illustrations I have ever seen.

A few pages on we come to his first design for that marvellous novel, Mr. George Meredith's "Evan Harrington," and, from the first, we find him captivated and inspired by that masterly representation of "lying as a fine art." All through those illustrations, from that of Grossby, Kilne, and Barnes, discussing the great Mel's death in the Lymport High Street, to the "Lovers' Parting," in vol. iii., although they are far from being uniformly successful, we have sufficient proof that the man who for thirty years after was to give all his best work to *Punch*, with constant improvement (for Keene was one whose art always remained elastic, and he was educating his eye and hand up to the last), might have taken foremost rank as an illustrator of books.

He had the full sympathy which is absolutely necessary, as well as the modesty which should subordinate an artist's own ideas to those of his author. He would never have attempted to overpower the story by the brilliancy of his own performance. He would have attempted and attained, as indeed he has done in such illustrations as those to Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," in the *Édition de luxe*, that proper balance which is so rarely found in illustrated literature. Not that it must be supposed for a moment that this is the case in the illustrations to "Evan Harrington." They are but crude compositions compared with the book that inspires them, but Keene's was at that time but a prentice hand. George Meredith was considerably younger, but had already produced such a masterpiece as "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The author arrived at maturity in his art long be-

fore his collaborator, who was some five years senior to him, did in his.

More cannot be said in this place of the illustrations in the pages of *Once a Week*, but I would recommend all who

A Study from Nature by the Late Charles Keene.

are interested in the wedding of pen and pencil, to study there the black and white art of the mid-century in England. A glance through those few volumes is an artistic education in itself. There is much to be found in them that book-illustrators of the present day would do well to strive after, as well as much that they would do well to avoid.

Postscript.

A few words must here be said of the drawings which embellish this article. They have all been reproduced from originals in the possession of Mr. Henry Eddowes Keene, brother and executor of the artist. The four subject pictures have appeared in the pages of *Punch*, the proprietors of which have with their usual courtesy unhesitatingly acceded to the request that they should, with their legends, be reproduced in this magazine. The studies are examples of the innumerable "notes" which were jotted down during the artist's rambles in town and country. The picture subscribed, "The Coming Exhibitions" [p. 511], is representative of a large number of subjects culled from, or suggested by, Keene's own experiences or those of brother brushes. To this class belong that on page 88 of *Our People*, headed "Real Irish Grievance;" Irish Model (*requested to put on a rather dilapidated costume*)—"The blissed saints dirict me into this coat, sorr!" that on page 84: Papa (*to son, as they look over artist's shoulder*)—"There, Henry, if you could do like that, I'd have you *taught drawing*, my boy!"; that on page 145, where Rural Connoisseur, contemplating artist at work, remarks to his friend "He's a p'intin' two pictures at once, d'yer see? Blest if I don't like that there little 'un as he's got his thumb through the best;" and a hundred others.

The full-page illustration [p. 501], in which the American remarks, "There's a gineral look o' disrepair about these old countries, Stranger, that we ain't used to in New York," is one of the group of drawings dealing with the adventures of a "typical" stage Yankee as he appears to this day in many an English theatre. Additional point is given to his particular remark by the fact that Keene was an enthusiastic member of the Anti-Restoration League.

The next of our subject pictures [p. 510] represents the ubiquitous 'Arry, of whose aspirations (and want of aspirates) *Punch* has had so much to say. We find him as the "Irrepressible" on page 139, of *Our People;* as "Tombuns," on page 87, to whom Wobbleswick, which has a breezy common and old houses, and an horizon and color, but no barrel organs or Gaping Tourists swarming about, is an infern—, that is to say, rather a dull place; as the "Excursionist" on page 71, who "dessays the artist'll want a genteel figger for 'is foreground," and so thoughtfully plants himself between the painter and the view; and so on and so on, until he appears upon the Boulevards in the last drawing made by Keene for *Punch*, in August, 1890.

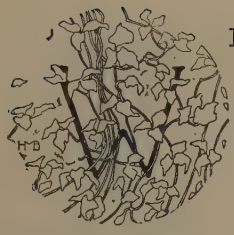
The pen-and-ink drawing of the inte-

rior of a boat-builder's shop [p. 509] at Walberswick is, to my mind, unsurpassed—indeed, unsurpassable. The reproduction is itself a triumph, and conveys, better than any I have yet seen, the exquisite quality of Keene's work.

"A Financial Crisis" [p. 512] speaks for itself, and I think sufficiently meets the charge that has been brought against Keene, of being unable to draw a graceful figure. *La vie élégante* did not commend itself to him. If it had, he could have helped *Punch* to degenerate into an illustrated society journal as well as anybody. He laughed at the distinctions made between those who could draw one group of things and those who could draw another group of things, at the idea of some being landscape and others being portrait painters. "If a man can draw," he said one day, "he can draw anything."

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

By William Maynadier Browne.



WHEN I received my degree of Bachelor of Laws, I was sure that all that was left for me to do to secure a lucrative practice was to hire an office and hang out my sign. Six months afterward my office door was opened by a well-dressed, middle-aged man, and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that, at last, I was discovered; that my first client had arrived. The first words my visitor uttered dashed my hopes.

"Can you tell me where Mr. ——'s office is in this building?"

Mr. —— was (is now, for that matter) a celebrated member of the bar, whose office was several floors below. With not a little effort I managed to assume an air of cheerful politeness and to set Mr. ——'s client on the right track. The following week I gave up my practice to become the private secretary of Mr. Andrew Cutter, the well-known trustee, whose son had been my roommate at Cambridge.

Among Mr. Cutter's cestuis (or rather, clients, for this person enjoyed his income by the provisions of no will) was an old Irishman named O'Connor. Years before he had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Cutter, and he possessed a faith in that gentleman's judgment and integrity as firm as was his belief in his own descent from Roger O'Connor, the last King of Ireland.

After leaving Mr. Cutter's employment, O'Connor invested his savings in junk. Again and again he turned his capital, always with the shrewdness of a man of small beginnings, until he found himself the lessee of a small building on one of the wharves, and an established buyer and seller of second-hand ship-chandlery. In time he added a branch to his business. He leased the ground-floor of the building adjoining, and opened a saloon where he supplied the roustabouts, stevedores, and sailors with fair whiskey at regular prices.

After a while the profits from both enterprises became burdensome to the descendant of King Roger O'Connor. The loss of the throne was followed by rather hard times among the succeeding generations of O'Connors, and the trader in ship-chandlery, the last of the line, had been allowed to grow up without even the rudiments of an education. But he had inherited—probably from some of his plebeian progenitors—(he had a few that were not of royal blood)—a good stock of common-sense. This led him to entrust his savings, year by year, to his old friend, Mr. Cutter, who invested them in real estate for the thrifty trader.

One morning in June, soon after I had begun to assume my duties as private secretary, the door opened slowly and silently, and a small man in black, wearing a tall hat, stepped softly into the office. He was clean-shaven, save for a fringe of iron-gray beard which

followed the line of jaws and chin, and extended from ear to ear. His short, turned-up nose, flat at the bridge and wide at the nostrils, combined with his long, thick upper lip, loudly proclaimed his royal blood. It was O'Connor.

He closed the door without a sound, removed his tall hat, placing it carefully on the carpet, smoothed his hair nervously, and coughed slightly behind his knobby hand. At Mr. Cutter's cheery "Ah, O'Connor! How are you?" he walked gingerly, on tiptoe, across the office and seated himself beside his trustee. Then followed a short confidential appeal in a husky, though fluent, whisper, through which I could distinctly hear the brogue without being able to catch a word, until at the end, when O'Connor placed a bundle of bank-notes on the desk before Mr. Cutter and immediately leaned back in his chair with a tremulous sigh of relief that also supplied the breath for the words, "An' you may count ut yourself, sor, av you plase."

Mr. Cutter hastily counted the money, and then, calling to me to come and see what I made it, tossed the pile of notes toward the edge of the desk. The pile was a fine old collection of veteran fives and tens, that exhaled a ripe perfume of salt fish with an undertone of tar. As I straightened up after finishing the count, Mr. Cutter asked me, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye,

"Well, what do you make it?"

"One thousand, sir," I answered, and O'Connor, who had leaned forward and was watching me intently, again sank back with a long sigh, and a "Thrue for you." Soon he rose nervously and started toward the door. Mr. Cutter said:

"I'm glad business is so good with you, O'Connor." O'Connor stopped, then tiptoed back to the desk.

"Thank you, sor. But whishper!" and with a furtive glance about the office, followed by a confidential wink at me, he continued, speaking behind the back of his hand: "I do be afther hirin one o' thim type-writer ladies a week most, now, to worruk for me."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Cutter, much as one might sympathize with a child that was pleased, "you'll be president of a bank next, I suppose."

O'Connor allowed the beginning of a loud laugh to escape him, but immediately after, clapping a hand over his mouth, doubled up and wheezily forced the remainder of his mirth back into his system. Then he straightened up, and slowly drawing his hand away from his mouth until it rested among his fringe of beard, said, with an air of reverence:

"Oh, my! but it's a high-toned lady she is! An' smart. An' eddi*cay*ted!" He finished with an upward and outward gesture that plainly said that the subject was beyond his powers of expression.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Look at that, now!" said O'Connor, turning quickly to Mr. Cutter, with a quaint pretence of shocked propriety at my question. "Shure, I niver asked her —but she do look to be a shlip of a gurrul."

"And what does Mrs. O'Connor say to your having a young lady in your office, Michael?" asked Mr. Cutter.

O'Connor dismissed the subject with a toss of the head in one direction and an outward wave of his open hand in the other, merely adding, as he reached the office-door, "I never bodther the ould woman wid me business matthers." Then he left the office as quietly as he had entered it.

It may have been an hour after this —I was about to leave the office to deposit O'Connor's money, together with what other funds had come in during the day—when there came a timid knock on the glass of the office-door, and a young girl entered. She handed Mr. Cutter a letter, and then sat down near the window. She could not have been more than seventeen, and was slender and graceful, but looked very delicate. There was about her an air of shy, almost childlike appeal.

While I was observing these particulars, Mr. Cutter called me to him, and said to me in an undertone, as I stood by his desk: "That ward in chandlery of mine"—a favorite name with him for O'Connor—"wants to open a bank account in his own name. I suppose that girl is his new type-writer. Read that," handing me the letter the girl had brought. It was type-written through-

out, signature and all, and was characteristic.

"SIR: I do be thinking I would like to have money in the bank. And if you please, which I mean no offense to you, will you deposit same in the B—— National Bank, South Boston, in the name of, yours with respect,

"M. O'CONNOR."

As I finished reading the letter Mr. Cutter told the girl to tell Mr. O'Connor that the matter would be attended to. She then went out, blushing slightly as she crossed the room. Before long I left the office to make my deposits, not very well pleased that I was obliged to take the additional journey to the bank in South Boston.

As I rode in the open horse-car a fresh breeze was coming from the water and my thin flannel coat was blown back, showing the ends of O'Connor's bank-notes protruding from my breast-pocket. To avoid any possibility of loss, I took them from my coat and put them carefully in the inner pocket of my waistcoat. I then became interested in a newspaper I had bought on the way, and before long was, without knowing it, carried a block or two beyond my destination.

I was walking back when I noticed a man and a girl standing near a doorway ahead of me, not far from the bank. The girl's figure seemed familiar, and as I drew nearer I recognized her. She was O'Connor's type-writer.

She and her companion were talking earnestly while they anxiously watched the approach of the horse-car following the one I had just left. Every look, every garment of the man bespoke the sharper.

As the car drew nearer he stepped back into the doorway, and the girl, after a hurried word of parting, walked quickly to the entrance of the bank. She stood there, waiting, until the car had passed. Meantime I had approached; when she turned to go back to her companion she came face to face with me.

She started violently and turned very pale. Her attempt to conceal her confusion produced only a very forced smile, which showed her a novice at dissimulation.

"You are from Mr. Cutter's office, aren't you? Do you remember me?"

"Yes," I replied; "I remember you perfectly. You are Mr. O'Connor's type-writer." With a pitifully strained little laugh she said:

"Yes—that's it—and Mr. O'Connor sent me over here to meet you. He has changed his mind about the money. He wants it to pay for some junk he has bought—and—and will you please give it to me?" She held out her hand, and I saw that it was trembling.

She had spoken breathlessly, like a child who has learned a message by heart. As she finished I instinctively put my hand in my breast-pocket.

While she was talking my mind had been unconsciously recalling the appearance of the man, their behavior, her evident uneasiness at seeing me approach from an unexpected direction. Now it occurred to me that she could not have had time to go back to O'Connor's since leaving our office. But I asked no questions. I fumbled in one pocket after another, assuming an expression of great surprise, and finally said, with an ejaculation of extreme annoyance:

"I have come way over here for nothing, after all. You will have to go back with me, and I will give you the money at the office."

There was not a trace of disbelief in her face as she stared at me. She was undecided, but not distrustful. She looked anxiously toward the doorway where she had left the man, glanced up and down the street, and after a moment's hesitation started with me toward a passing car. As I followed her I looked back over my shoulder, but the man was not in sight.

I said little to her on our ride back to the city, and she seemed quite content to be left to herself. Now and then I felt that she was furtively glancing at my face while I pretended to read my paper.

When we reached the office I opened the door and let her walk in ahead of me. She crossed the room and took the same seat she had had, the one by the window, while I went to Mr. Cutter

and quietly, in a few words, explained the situation. I had barely finished speaking, when the door opened softly and O'Connor entered.

He stood still and stared at the girl. She paled in an instant, and sat trembling, returning his stare.

"Is your modther worse?" asked O'Connor, after a moment, in a hushed, kindly voice. The girl shook her head, and murmured that she had not been to see her mother yet. She had rolled her handkerchief into a ball, and was nervously passing it from one hand to the other.

"O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, "have you decided whether you want that money deposited or not?" O'Connor looked at him in mild surprise.

"Do whatever you think's the best wid it, Mr. Cutter," he finally answered, simply. Mr. Cutter handed him the letter of instructions about opening the bank account.

"Did you write that letter, Michael?"

O'Connor stared blankly at the letter, then at Mr. Cutter. At last his gaze met that of the girl.

Her face was drawn with entreaty. O'Connor handed the letter back to Mr. Cutter.

"Read it to me, sir, av you pl'ase;" and he muttered something about his eyesight. Mr. Cutter read the letter aloud to the end, and there was silence.

Slowly O'Connor's expression changed—from surprise to comprehension, from comprehension to homely compassion. He turned his head and looked at the girl. She met his look for a moment, her lip quivering, then weakly clasped her hands and bowed her head.

"Well?" said Mr. Cutter. O'Connor rapidly moistened his lips.

"Misther Cutter, I did not write that letther." The girl sobbed softly.

"I thought not," said Mr. Cutter, dryly.

"I dec*tayt*ed it," said O'Connor, and I saw him close his eyes, and offer up a very hurried prayer for Divine forgiveness. Without further remark he crossed to the girl, took her gently by the hand, and led her out of the office, softly closing the door behind him.

For five minutes neither Mr. Cutter nor I spoke, while the sound of childish sobs, mingled with soft but hoarse whispering, came in at the transom. Then O'Connor returned alone. He was replacing his wallet in his pocket as he entered.

He was a pitiable object.

As he stood sheepishly glancing from Mr. Cutter to me, his arms hanging listlessly at his sides, he looked like a very amiable, but very ugly, bull-terrier in disgrace.

"O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, after a long pause, "you know you never dictated that letter."

"Yis, sir," whispered O'Connor, humbly.

"You know that girl meant to be a party to a theft."

"Yis, sir," in a lower whisper.

"Do you intend to keep her in your employment?"

"No, sir—the gurrul has gone to her modther." O'Connor was becoming a little less limp.

"Does her mother live in the city?"

"Yis, sir—no, sir—she said she did—I mane, I thought——" O'Connor suddenly grew defiant: "Niver mind, her modther lives in Cinc*in*nerty—so! But I don' give a dom if her modther 'd live in Boolgaria, the gurrul shud go to her—so!"

After wiping the perspiration from his face in one quick comprehensive mopping with a large red handkerchief, he placed his tall hat firmly on his head with both hands and walked out.

"Blood will tell," said Mr. Cutter to me. "He certainly reflects no discredit on his royal ancestors," and he hurried after his ward in chandlery to shake him by the hand before he should leave the building.

HISTORIC MOMENTS:
THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

By Edmund G. Ross.

"The trial of President Johnson is the most memorable attempt made by any English-speaking people to depose a sovereign ruler in strict accordance with all the forms of law. The order, dignity, and solemnity which marked the proceedings may therefore be recalled with pride by every American citizen."—BLAINE'S "Twenty Years in Congress."

THE indictment of Andrew Johnson for "high crimes and misdemeanors in office" had been duly presented, discussed, and adopted in the House of Representatives, and, with a formality and solemnity befitting so grave an occasion, reported to the Senate.

In that body, sitting as a high court of impeachment, it had passed all the required preliminary stages to trial. The testimony had been taken under rigid observance of rules and precedents, the arguments, pro and con, had been made, and a day had been set for a vote upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, under the charges as preferred.

That day, May 15, 1868, was fateful. There had been none such in nearly a hundred years of the history of the Government. It was to determine judicially a question of varying phases which had never before been brought for solution in the courts—what should constitute "high crimes and misdemeanors in office" on the part of the National Executive; what latitude should be allowed him in the expression of personal opinion in his differences with co-ordinate branches of the Government; how far he might lawfully go in the exercise of his personal judgment in the administration of the powers and duties of his great office; whether his oath of office permitted him to interpret the Constitution for himself in the absence and anticipation of judicial determination, or whether he should be governed by Congressional interpretation of that instrument. In a large sense, the independence of the executive office as a co-ordinate branch of the Government was on trial.

The situation was rendered more grave by the fact that, with reference to the guilt or innocence of the President, the members of both Houses of Congress were divided somewhat rigidly on partisan lines. Every member of the dominant party in the House of Representatives save one had voted for the adoption of the Articles of Impeachment, and every member of the minority had voted against their adoption. Furthermore, throughout the country the people were divided thereon substantially as were their Representatives and Senators in Congress.

A feeling of indignation against Mr. Johnson permeated quite the entire party in control of Congress. The country was scarcely out of the throes of the great civil war. Its wounds were still fresh and rankling. The bitterness of the struggle yet burned. The blood of the conqueror was still hot. The lenity of Mr. Johnson toward those so lately in rebellion was readily accepted by many as proof of disloyalty, not alone to the party which had made him its official representative, but as well to the whole country, in that he was unmindful of the logic of the war and indifferent to the integrity of its results. The dominant party of the nation seemed in this spirit to take and occupy the position of public prosecutor, and it was scarcely in the mood to brook delay for trial or to hear defence.

It was under these conditions that the great trial commenced and was carried to conclusion. Yet it must be presumed that all the established forms

of procedure were adhered to, and that the accused had a fair trial.

Upon the closing of the hearing, even prior thereto, and again during the few days of recess that followed, the Senate had been carefully polled, and the vote of every member — save one — ascertained and authoritatively registered in scores of private memoranda. Two-thirds of the Senate were necessary to convict. There were fifty-four members, all present. According to these private memoranda the vote would stand eighteen for acquittal, thirty-five for conviction—one short of two-thirds. What would the one vote be, and could it be had? were queries asked one of another in all manner of places and at all hours of the day and night, more especially among those who had set on foot the impeachment and staked their all upon its success. Given for conviction and upon sufficient proofs, the President must step down and out of his place, the highest and most honorable and honoring in dignity and sacredness of public trust known in the constitution of human government, a disgraced man and a political outcast. If so cast upon insufficient proofs and from partisan considerations, the office of President would be degraded, cease to be a co-ordinate branch of the Government, and ever after subordinated to the legislative will. Before this accumulating power even the judiciary must sooner or later, in its turn, have declined in equality and dignity. It would practically have revolutionized our splendid political fabric into a partisan Congressional autocracy. A tremendous political tragedy was imminent.

On the other hand, that one vote given for acquittal, if warranted by the testimony, would free the office of President from imputed stain of dishonor and strengthen and solidify our triple organization and distribution of powers and responsibilities. It would preserve the even tenor and courses of administration, and effectually impress upon the world a conviction of the strength and grandeur of republican institutions in the hands of a free and enlightened people—institutions rendered vastly more substantial and enduring by reason of having passed successfully and safely through the fiery ordeal of partisan prejudice and turmoil into which they had been cast.

The city of Washington was a seething cauldron. Thousands of people had been drawn thither from all parts of the country, many by their anxious interest in the trial and its result, many in the hope of having an opportunity to aid in some way the side on which their sympathies were enlisted, others from curiosity and for the enjoyment of the excitement of the occasion; but many more by the expectation of political preferment on the anticipated removal of the President and the resulting change of partisan dominancy in the executive office. Throughout the country, and in all walks of life, as indicated by the correspondence of members of the Senate, the condition of the public mind was not unlike that preceding a great battle, the issue of which was to be determined by the one unregistered vote.

Rumors of plots and counterplots were rife. It was stated that large sums of money were sought to be used to influence votes, that intimidation and violence were threatened and intended, and there was better foundation for those rumors than the general public then knew. Where partisan fealty was likely to fail to control the action of Senators, one or the other of these agencies was resorted to—sometimes both—but in ways that, while perfectly understood, were so guarded as not to afford sufficient ground to warrant bringing the offenders to the bar of the Senate. Even the tongue of scandal was employed as a weapon of coercion. But those who stooped to that base device mistook their intended victims, as did those who acted on the equally erroneous presumption that poverty predisposes to venality. But the most astonishing and startling of all was the fact that demands were received by telegraph from constituents of members of the court, brazenly dictating the nature of the verdict they should render.

A notable instance of this method of procuring the hoped-for conviction of the President, was a telegram received

on the day preceding the first vote. It was as follows:

LEAVENWORTH, May 14, 1868.
SENATORS POMEROY AND ROSS:
Kansas has heard the evidence and demands the conviction of the President.
(Signed) D. R. ANTHONY and 1,000 others of our truest and best men.

To this the following answer was returned the same day:

I do not recognize your right to demand that I shall vote either for or against conviction. I have taken an oath to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws, and trust that I shall have the courage and the honesty to vote according to the dictates of my judgment, and for the highest good of the country.

(Signed) E. G. ROSS.
To D. R. ANTHONY and others.

The hours seemed to pass with oppressive tedium awaiting the time for the assembling of the Senate and the beginning of the vote. It came at last, and found the galleries thronged to their utmost with a brilliant and eager auditory. Tickets of admission were at an enormous premium. Every chair on the floor was filled with a Senator, a Cabinet officer, a member of the President's counsel, or a representative, for the House had adjourned and its anxious members had at once thronged to the Senate chamber. Every foot of available standing room in the area and about the senatorial seats was occupied.

A profound sensation was apparent on the entrance of Senator James W. Grimes, of Iowa, the war Governor of his State and a great leader of his party, now stricken with a fatal illness and supported to his seat on the arms of employees and officials of the Senate. Inspired by a stern sense of duty, characteristic of the man, he had insisted on being taken from a bed of sickness at the imminent risk of his life to record his vote.

William Pitt Fessenden, a former Secretary of the Treasury, later Chairman of the Senate Committee on Reconstruction, and a wise, trusted, and conspicuous leader on the dominant side of the Senate, was in his place, pale and haggard, yet ready for the political martyrdom which he was about to face, and which not long afterward drove him to his grave.

Lyman Trumbull, the distinguished jurist of Illinois and Chairman of the Senate Committee on Judiciary; John B. Henderson, of Missouri, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs; Joseph S. Fowler, of Tennessee—and P. G. Van Winkle, of West Virginia—all these were in their seats, ready to record their several verdicts, foreshadowed in Senate caucus, that the charges against the President had not been sustained by the evidence, and that therefore they should not vote for conviction.

Pages were flitting from place to place with messages to and from Senators and members. Little groups were gathered here and there in subdued conversation, discussing the situation and the probable result and its attendant consequences. The intensity of public interest was increased by the general impression that the entire official incumbency and patronage of the Government in all its departments, financial and political, had been pledged in advance and on condition of the removal of the President.

The stake was enormous, and it is no wonder that the expectant beneficiaries of the proposed change were sorely anxious, or that there were, even on the floor of the Senate chamber, and at that late hour of the proceedings, repeated and unseemly efforts to secure an additional vote for the conviction of the President; that there was an eager determination to be present and witness the grand climax; that there was tiptoeing from place to place, and anxious converse and inquiry as to the probable nature of the one unregistered vote. Not only in the Senate chamber, but throughout the entire country, there was a palpable, ominous foreboding.

The occasion was sublimely and intensely dramatic. The President of the United States was on trial. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was presiding over the deliberations of the Senate sitting as a High Court of Impeachment. The Board of Management conducting the prosecution on the part of the House was a body of able and

illustrious politicians and statesmen. The President's counsel, composed of jurists among the most eminent of the country, had summed up for the defence and were awaiting final judgment. The Senate, transformed for the occasion into an extraordinary judicial tribunal, composed of the genius, the learning, the ability, and the statesmanship of all the States of the Union, was about to pronounce that judgment.

In the organization and conduct of the Court everything had been severely democratic. There were no liveried ushers, no armed guards, or heralds, or criers. There were none of the usual accompaniments or surroundings of royalty or exclusivism which are considered necessary under aristocratic forms to properly impress the people with the dignity and gravity of a great occasion. None of these were necessary, for every spectator was an intensely interested witness of the proceedings, who must bear, each for himself, the consequences of the verdict, whatever they might be, equally with every member of the Court.

If Andrew Johnson were clearly proven guilty and peacefully removed, as he would have been on conviction, that fact would illustrate a consistency and endurance in our political being which would be the wonder of all nations. If acquitted by a non-partisan vote (for no other could acquit him as the Senate was then constituted), America would pass the danger-point of partisan rule and that intolerance which so often characterizes the sway of great majorities and makes them dangerous.

The venerable Chief Justice, who had so ably and impartially presided through the many tedious weeks of the trial now about to close, was in his place, called the Court to order, and enjoined absolute silence on the part of spectators. The voting then commenced.

There was at once a subsidence of the shuffling of feet, the rustling of silks, the fluttering of fans, and of conversation. The call proceeded in alphabetical order. The responses of the Senators voting were given standing at their desks. Though it was well understood what the first half-score or so of these responses would be, there was no abatement of the anxiety to hear them, and each was noted down on many a printed roll by the audience.

As the name of Senator Fessenden was reached the interest was intensified. He had, a few days before, in Senate caucus, delivered a strongly logical, constitutional argument against the conviction of the President. Of long and useful public service, he had for years been accepted on all sides as one of the ablest, most considerate, and most thoroughly self-poised members of the body, and a safe counsellor under the gravest conditions. His declaration against the conviction of the President had manifestly and not unnaturally had the effect of strengthening others in their view of the correctness of his and their position. Being the first of the anti-impeachers called on to vote, the influence of his example was feared, and every effort had been made to induce him to favor conviction. It was in that sense that his vote might be to a degree decisive of the result. There yet seemed to be on the part of the impeachers some hope that the onslaughts which had been made upon him by his political friends and associates might have modified his determination, and the cause of impeachment thus be saved.

But it was in vain. Though a political opponent of the President, the logical conclusions he had reached far outweighed all considerations personal to himself, and the martyrdom he had provoked and knew he must suffer, had no weight in the scale against what he deemed his duty to the cause of justice and the welfare of his country. His was the first vote against conviction.

Then followed, in the order fixed, the name of Senator Fowler. A radical Republican from an ex-slave State, he had entered the Senate the year before, imbued with the prejudices and antagonisms toward the President peculiar to the time. A comparatively young man, without extended experience in the higher range of public affairs, he, too, had been subjected to the then usual appliances—the party lash, personal detraction, and attempted personal intimidation—in the hope of secur-

ing a reversal of his previously announced determination to vote against conviction. But his courage and his keen sense of public propriety and personal honor were proof against all assaults, and he voted "not guilty."

Then, in the order of the vote, came Senator Grimes. As he rose to his feet, supported by friends on either side, the scene became at once pathetic and heroic. Raised up from the more modest walks of life by his inborn ability, and the faculty to command conditions, he had reached the undisputed eminence of a national, broad-brained statesman, and a wise and trusted leader of his party. In his then physical condition, and in view of the personal and public enmities which the vote he was about to give would inevitably engender, it was apparent that he was about to perform the last important public act of his life—that a long and conspicuous career of usefulness to his country must now close. But though physically enfeebled by the fatal illness that was upon him, there was no sign of hesitancy or weakness. His vote was "not guilty."

The next of the anti-impeaching Republicans was Senator Henderson. He had the advantage, in this controversy, of representing a State whose people were largely opposed to the conviction of the President; yet this fact had not saved him from the unsparing anathemas of his political constituents and associates. Independent and fearless, and habitually actuated by a strong innate sense of justice and patriotic devotion to his convictions, he also voted "not guilty."

The call then went on down the alphabet with unvarying responses of "guilty," till the name of the uncounted Senator was reached. The monotony of these responses had relaxed somewhat the intensity of the interest which had so far marked the proceeding, it having been well known in advance what the vote of each of these Senators would be; and the low hum of conversation and the little confusions incident to great throngs of people had begun to prevail.

But on the call of the name of that Senator, the great audience became again hushed into absolute silence. It was as though conscious of an impending crisis. Every fan was folded, not a foot moved, not the rustle of a garment, not a whisper was heard.

They who have been out alone on the great plains of the West will recall the absolute, profound silence which prevails there on a bright, still day, when there seems to be a lull even in the forces of nature, and the absence of sound becomes intensely oppressive. That was the silence that pervaded the Senate chamber as the Senator arose to his feet at the call of the Chief Justice. His powers of hearing and seeing seemed developed in an abnormal degree and in every direction. On either side, in front and rear, in the galleries and on the floor, every individual in that great audience seemed distinctly visible, some with lips apart and bending forward in anxious expectancy, others with hand uplifted as if to ward off an apprehended blow, half-opened fans held in momentary abeyance awaiting a dreaded or wished-for denouement, and each peering with an intensity that was almost tragic upon the face of him who was about to cast the fateful vote.

What that vote was to be no other knew, not even the President or any of his friends—not even the most intimate associates of the Senator about to cast it. It was understood that, on whichever side that vote should be cast, so would be the result of the count. Upon it seemed to depend at once the end or continuance of the existing administration and its policies, and the realization or the crushing of the hopes and plans of those who desired to see the institution of a new, and as they undoubtedly believed, a better order of things. It was a tremendous responsibility, and it was not strange that he upon whom it had been imposed by a fateful combination of conditions should have sought to avoid it, to put it away from him as one shuns, or tries to fight off, a nightmare.

The vote was being taken on the eleventh and last article of impeachment. It had been ordered by a majority of the Senate, that the vote should not be taken on the first article in its

order, as two conspicuous Senators classed with the majority had previously announced in a caucus of the Senate that they could not vote for the conviction of the President on the charges contained in that article, but would so vote on others. So it was ordered that the vote be taken first on the eleventh article or count in the indictment.

The Chief Justice, with apparent emotion, propounded the query, "How say you, Senator Ross, is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, guilty or not guilty under this article?"

At this point the intensity with which the gaze of the audience was centred upon the figure then on the floor was beyond description or comparison. Hope and fear seemed blended in every face, instantaneously alternating, some with revengeful hate predominating as in the mind's eye they saw their dreams of success, of place, and triumph dashed to earth; others lighted with hope that the President would be relieved of the charges against him, and things remain as they were. Not only were the occupants of the galleries bending forward in intense and breathless silence and anxiety to catch the verdict, but the Senators in their seats leaned over their desks, many with hand to ear, that not a syllable or intonation in the utterance of the verdict should be lost.

Conscious that I was at that moment the focus of all eyes, and conscious also of the far-reaching effect, especially upon myself, of the vote I was about to give, it is something more than a simile to say that I almost literally looked down into my open grave. Friends, position, fortune, everything that makes life desirable to an ambitious man, were about to be swept away by the breath of my mouth, perhaps forever. Realizing the tremendous responsibility which an untoward combination of conditions seemed to have put upon me, it is not strange that my answer was carried waveringly over the air and failed to reach the limits of the audience, or that a repetition was called for by distant Senators on the opposite side of the chamber. Then the verdict came —"Not guilty"—in a voice that could not be misunderstood.

The die was cast. The best, or the worst, was known. The historic trial of the age was practically ended. American institutions had successfully endured a strain that would have wrecked any other form of government. The resumption of low conversations, of the flutter of fans, and scraping of feet, mingled with guarded expressions of satisfaction or disappointment, according to the predilection of the speaker, all the little confusions of a crowded audience, were resumed, until order and silence were somewhat forcefully enjoined by the presiding Chief Justice.

The call went on down the alphabet. Two additional votes were cast for acquittal.

The first of these was by Senator Trumbull, the great constitutional lawyer of the Senate, and the compeer of Lincoln and Douglas. The other was by Senator VanWinkle, who died at his home in West Virginia, not many months afterward.

These constituted the seven Republican votes against the conviction of the President.*

As the end was reached the Chief Justice announced that the President was acquitted of the charges contained in the eleventh article.

An adjournment of the Court was then taken for ten days, when votes were had on the second and third articles, still omitting the first for obvious reasons; but, as had been generally anticipated, the result was the same. The remaining eight articles of the impeachment were never put to test of vote.

* The following is the vote in detail. All those voting "guilty" were Republicans; of those voting "not guilty" the Democrats are indicated by *italics*, the "Conservatives" by Roman, and the Republicans by SMALL CAPITALS.

GUILTY.—Messrs. Anthony, of R. I.; Cameron, Pa.; Cattell, N. J.; Chandler, Mich.; Cole, Cal.; Conkling, N. Y.; Conners, Cal.; Corbett, Oreg.; Cragin, N. H.; Drake, Mo.; Edmunds, Vt.; Ferry, Conn.; Frelinghuysen, N. J.; Harlan, Iowa; Howard, Mich.; Howe, Wis.; Morgan, N. Y.; Morrill, Me.; Morrill, Vt.; Morton, Ind.; Nye, Nev.; Patterson, N. H.; Pomeroy, Kan.; Ramsey, Minn.; Sherman, Ohio; Sprague, R. I.; Stewart, Nev.; Sumner, Mass.; Thayer and Tipton, Neb.; Wade, Ohio; Willey, W. Va.; Williams, Oreg.; Wilson, Mass.; Yates, Ill.—35.

NOT GUILTY.—Messrs. *Bayard*, Del.; *Buckalew*, Pa.; *Davis*, Ky.; Dixon, Conn.; Doolittle, Wis.; FESSENDEN Me.; FOWLER, Tenn.; GRIMES, Ia.; HENDERSON, Mo.; *Hendricks*, Ind.; *Johnson*, Md.; *McCreery*, Tenn.; Norton, Minn.; Patterson, Tenn.; Ross, Kan.; *Saulsbury*, Del.; TRUMBULL, Ill.; VAN WINKLE, W. Va.; *Vickers*, Md.—19.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THERE was a man once, as everyone will remember, who expressed himself as indifferent to the necessaries of life if he could only have its luxuries. It is a mere subdivision of his sentiment to say, "Give us our spare time, and we don't care what becomes of the rest."

It must seem sometimes to everyone who accomplishes anything, that whatever he does that is really worth while has to be done in his spare time. It seems to be the intention that what a man does in the way of a regular task shall just about keep him alive and enable him to hold his own; and that whatever progress he makes, if he makes any, is to result from his use of his leisure. Of course there is no particular fun in plodding, every-day task-work, and of course there is a great deal that is exhilarating in progress; so it is reasonable enough for anyone to value the half-hours he gets ahead in, more than the hours he spends in merely keeping up. There was an excellent illustration of the superiority of the fruits of leisure in the story that was lately told (in this Magazine) of Lowell's grateful reply to the young man who thanked him on his seventieth birthday for what he had done as a teacher. "I am glad you said that; I've been wondering if I hadn't wasted half my life." He might have been sure, though, that his teaching time had not been wasted even if the taught had made no sign; for teaching was his task, and without a task there is no such thing as spare time, and the things a man can only do in spare hours never get done at all.

It was complained at the New York Horse Show last fall that the horses could not jump properly because there was no chance to warm them up. A horse who has it in him to jump seven feet isn't going to do it off-hand as he comes from his stall. He is more likely to do it after reasonable exercise at five and six feet. The less jumps don't tell in his record, but they do in his legs. Of course there can be too much of a good thing, and it is possible to get all the jump out of him over four-foot hurdles. In like manner it is possible for clever people to drudge away their wits. "No task no spare time; no spare time no progress," is the rule; but it has to be remembered that, so far as progress is concerned, too much task may prove, at least, as bad as none.

Of course, being human, we all want the benefits of spare time without the trouble of hoarding it. Most of us grumble about the strength we waste over unprofitable tasks, and think with greed of the enormous progress that we would make if we could afford or dared to put in all our time in doing what was really progressive. Some of us, having the courage of our convictions, do achieve increased leisure, and put it to good use; but I suspect that most of us need some sort of compulsion to put our machinery in motion, and find that when our other tasks have been abandoned our spare time becomes a task itself and loses its character, so that its products are not the same. A case that is familiar is that of Charles Lamb, eminent among the conservators of spare time, who longed so ar-

dently for his release from his clerk's desk, and finally found his increased leisure so troublesome a boon.

Novels have been written in the spare time of their authors, but people who get very far into novel-writing are apt to make that their task and find other occupation for their leisure. Novel-writing is rather too continuous to be an ideal spare-time employment. It isn't one of those things, like religion, in which people often seem to make better progress by working odd half-hours than others who devote their whole time to it.

A razor doesn't need as much grinding as a broad-axe, and it appears that a very moderate task is sufficient to put some people in perfect condition to use spare time to the greatest advantage; which amounts to the same as saying that practically all the work of such persons is directly progressive. When a man reaches the point when he requires no tasks, can improve only three or four of his spare hours daily, and can conscientiously loaf and invite his soul the rest of the time, he has attained an enviable pitch of human felicity. Old men are that way sometimes; particularly aged poets. There is a theory that the imagination thrives on leisure, and that imaginative writers profit better by being very moderate in their daily demands on their wits. A favorite illustration of this theory is the reported case of a New Jersey novelist, of high contemporary renown, who writes two hours a day, and has the rest of his time to spare. Nature furnishes a parallel case in the geysers of the Yellowstone, some of which take twenty-three hours to get ready and only spout fifteen minutes.

But spare time, when it comes in such bulk, ceases to be a luxury, and it usually happens that men who have no set tasks make tasks for themselves, and burden themselves with horses, or the care of property, or politics, or yachts, or hunting, or courtship, or flirtation; being willing to endure some pretence of a regular occupation, for the sake of its blessed intermissions.

At the close of a dinner given the other day by the friends of an eminent railroad president, to celebrate his completion of a quarter of a century of railroad work, the beneficiary got on unaccustomed legs and told how it was that he happened to be a railroad man at all. He had been a lawyer, he said, with decided leanings toward political life, and prospects of political success, when two eminent railroad men, a father and his son, approached him. The son said: "We want your services." The father said: "Politics don't pay. The business of the future in this country is railroading." The upshot of it was that he dropped politics in great measure, and became the attorney for the railroad of which he afterward became president. The moral of Mr. Depew's story seemed to be that he was a brand snatched from the burning, and that Commodore Vanderbilt's word fitly spoken had turned him from certain disappointment and sorrow to a success that was worth while.

The fable teaches, or at least suggests, how very much we Americans expect of our politicians. Nine-tenths of us are ready to admit that Commodore Vanderbilt's observation was accurately truthful, and to consider Mr. Depew's present position many times more felicitous than it could have been if he had not accepted the Commodore's dictum and taken his advice. We, too, believe that politics don't pay, and we do our best to make the facts justify that opinion. We take it for granted that if a man can do anything else, he had better keep out of politics, and that if a man of ability does go into politics he is wasting his opportunities and is probably something of a rascal as well. We not only believe that our contemporary politics are dirty work, but by our attitude toward them we insist that they shall be dirty work. If there is anything in public life that is worth attaining we want to see it go to someone who is not a politician. We want our collectors and postmasters to be business men who have proved their competence by sticking close to business. We want our foreign ministers to be gentlemen of polish, skilled in letters and languages, and uncontaminated with too much familiarity with electioneering methods. We know that governors and presidents cannot be elected without organization, but we insist that the proper men for those offices are men who are not subject to the sordid influences of a "machine." Our ideal public officer is a person who reluctantly permits himself to

be dragged from the consideration of his private affairs to serve the public. Sharing Commodore Vanderbilt's frank opinion that "politics don't pay," we regard a young man who proposes any sacrifice of his pecuniary prospects to the hope of a public career with much the same sort of pitying contempt that is accorded to the business man who neglects legitimate sources of emolument for the disastrous excitements of the bucket-shop. We believe that a system by which the politicians get the offices is a corrupt system, and yet we are aware that the offices and the consciousness of duty done are the only rewards that political industry can honestly attain; and we know, besides, that political endeavor takes time, and that the consciousness of duty done will not support mundane life. If a man neglects his chances of worldly well-being to carry the Gospel to the unconverted, we think he is a saint; but if he neglects them to carry the ward, we think he is a fool, or if not, a knave anyhow; and yet a country's political salvation is hardly less important than the salvation of its individual citizens, nor should politics be much behind religion in the opportunities they offer to a devoted soul.

Of course there is some excuse for us. The rapid development of the resources of a great country, with concurrent accumulation of great fortunes and multiplication of opportunities for money-making, have thrown the political profession into the shade. It has been found, especially in the cities, that offices as a means of livelihood have had attractions chiefly for second- or third-rate men, who have done much to justify our low opinion of politicians in general. In the country districts, where money-making has been slower, office-holding has charms for a better class of men, and has kept in better repute. But both in and out of cities there is reason to believe that the professional politician does a great deal better by us than we have any title to expect.

We scorn his avocation, and are always ready to believe that he follows it from the lowest motives. We don't want to do his work ourselves; that would take too much time and be too much trouble. We are willing that he should do the work, but if there are any legitimate office-holding emoluments of the work done, we want some "respectable person" in whom we have confidence to have them. Verily, the professional politician, when he comes to consider what we think of him, what we expect of him, and what we are willing that he should get, must be amazed at our assurance.

But perhaps politics will pay better presently; if not absolutely better, at least relatively, because other things don't pay so well. And of course when politics pay as well as law, and medicine, and dry-goods, and the wholesale grocery business, we shall be able, without self-reproach or a loss of reputation, to take to them ourselves, and drive the politicians out.

THE tragedy of Guy de Maupassant's sudden insanity has been inevitably the subject of a general discussion, so repugnant in many ways that one only reluctantly acknowledges its value. The acutest judgment sometimes disgusts like a platitude when its subject is another man's misfortune, and the Arch-Pharisee himself might have shrunk from "improving" the case of so noble a Publican; moreover, it seems by no means certain that the breakdown of this brilliant mind is not a simple and isolated one, with nothing typical about it. Yet there are points in the debate it has suggested which any man may rightly set himself to consider—any man interested in the problems which chiefly interested Maupassant—because they bring him face to face squarely with fundamental questions.

First, as to limitations. For — setting aside all the discussion as to the spurring of his nerves with drugs and excess, which any pathologist would probably say was a symptom rather than the disease itself— Maupassant, with all his restraint (a very different thing from limitation) is a high type of the artist who accepts no limits for art other than these self-imposed for the purpose of the moment. *Accepts* none, I say advisedly; for Maupassant himself speaks (in a passage quoted only recently by a writer in the *Figaro*, to whom I owe it) of "that impenetrable domain which every artist seeks to enter," and of "those whose brains succumb in the effort, Heine, Baudelaire, Byron wandering in search of

death, inconsolable for the unhappy lot of being a great poet, Musset, Jules de Goncourt," and the others "crushed by the effort to overthrow this material barrier which imprisons the human mind." It is a great and ominous list, to which Maupassant, perhaps, must now be joined. They saw the barrier as plainly as he did; he accepted it as little as they. Are they really the Promethean martyrs of art, or did they just fail of the highest by as much as they misconceived its functions, and failed to see where their conception of it set its own boundaries?

Then, too, there is the question whether the reproduction of sensation alone — taking it as including all the physical forms of observation and experiment—is the one and only direction in which art can work, or even the highest? If it is, there is thorough consistency in the method of Maupassant's master, Flaubert, and in that of Maupassant himself; and in the culmination of it in his case there is, as the *Figaro's* writer says, little matter for surprise, unless, indeed, in the completeness with which the logic is relentlessly worked out. Here is a man with the native susceptibility of a poet, who cultivates it until his infinitely delicate sensitiveness to a sensation so far surpasses even his masterly powers of expression that he can only hint at it through fantastic sketches where the strongest (sane) imagination toils after him in vain; who is in doubt whether he does not breathe music; whether he does not hear a perfume. It is the direct deduction from the premises of his theory of art. But apart from the first obvious question of its truth—since it takes no account of the fact that a man cannot abolish atmosphere and environment, that he does not go about skinless or look dry-eyed at the sun—is it not possible that the mere reproduction of sensation may be a false form of art because of simple inadequacy? Because, even in the hands of a master, what *is* and has been cannot alone be brought to any degree of truth or quintessence of artistic value that will satisfy us? How is it with the somewhat antiquated notion of the light that never was on sea or land?

Finally, there is the question of the relative significance of things—a question much too large to be even stated here in its most elementary shape; and whether by persistent dwelling on the things that are *not* the most highly significant to the normally constituted human being, however highly developed, a man may not distort his view and his art out of the clear sight which constitutes genius, even when the capacity for that sight is in him?

These are all fundamental questions. Whoever debates them with complacent dogmatism, or believes he can answer them out of hand with a little hoard of maxims about ethical purpose on the one hand, or "sincerity" on the other, may be trusted to know little of the

> "Subtle ways
> They keep and pass and turn again."

But they are fundamental, nevertheless, and therefore good things to think about, for artists and for other men.

DRAWN BY F. STAHL.

"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. MAY, 1892. No. 5.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

By Jacob A. Riis.

UNDER the heading "Just one of God's Children," one of the morning newspapers told the story not long ago of a newsboy at the Brooklyn Bridge, who fell in a fit with his bundle of papers under his arm, and was carried into the waiting-room by the Bridge police. They sent for an ambulance, but before it came the boy was out selling papers again. The reporters asked the little dark-eyed newswoman at the bridge entrance which boy it was.

"Little Maher it was," she answered.

"Who takes care of him?"

"Oh! no one but God," said she, "and he is too busy with other folks to give him much attention."

Little Maher was the representative of a class that is happily growing smaller year by year in our city. It is altogether likely that a little inquiry into his case could have placed the responsibility for his forlorn condition considerably nearer home, upon someone who preferred giving Providence the job to taking the trouble himself. There are homeless children in New York. It is certain that we shall always have our full share. Yet it is equally certain that society is coming out ahead in its struggle with this problem. In ten years, during which New York added to her population one-fourth, the homelessness of our streets, taking the returns of the Children's Aid Society's lodging-houses as the gauge, instead of increasing proportionally, has decreased nearly one-fifth; and of the Topsy element, it may be set down as a fact, there is an end.

"I scrubs."—Katie, who keeps house in West Forty-ninth Street.

If we were able to argue from this a corresponding improvement in the general lot of the poor, we should have good cause for congratulation. But it is not so. The showing is due mainly to the perfection of organized charitable effort, that proceeds nowadays upon

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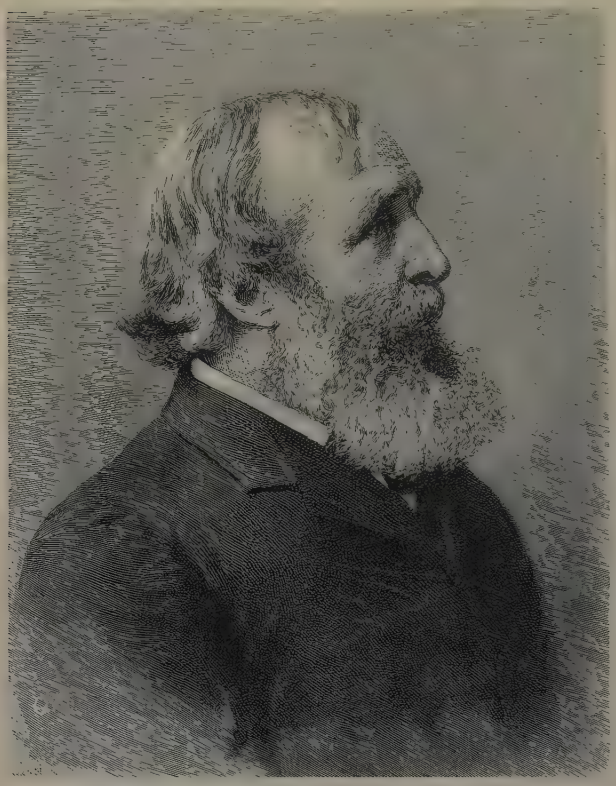
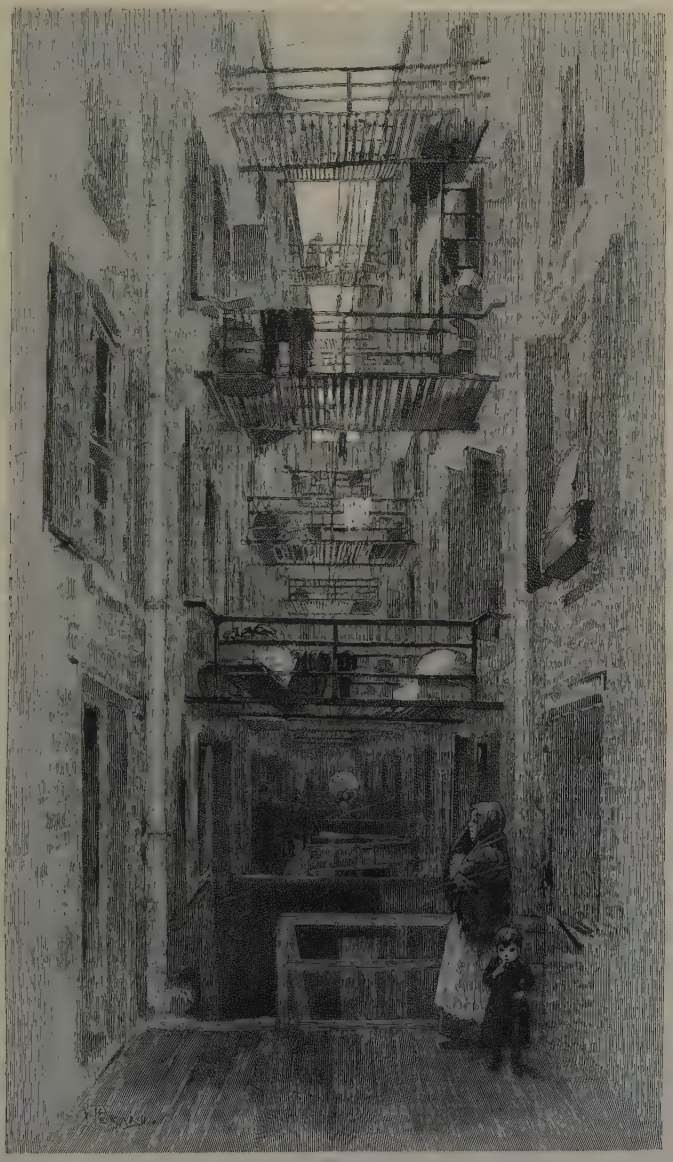
the sensible principle of putting out a fire, viz., that it must be headed off, not run down. It is possible also that the Bowery lodging-houses attract a larger share of the half-grown lads with their promise of greater freedom, which is not a pleasant possibility. The general situation is not perceptibly improved. The menace of the Submerged Tenth has not been blotted from the register of the Potter's Field, and though the "twenty thousand poor children who would not have known it was Christmas," but for public notice to that effect, be a benevolent fiction, there are plenty whose brief lives have had little enough of the embodiment of Christmas cheer and good-will in them to make the name seem like a bitter mockery. If, indeed, New York were not what she is; if it were possible to-morrow to shut her door against the immigration of the world and still maintain the conditions of to-day, I should confidently predict a steady progress that would leave little of the problem for the next generation to wrestle with. But that is only another way of saying "if New York were not New York." It is because she is New York that in reviewing our own miseries we have to take into account half the poverty, the ignorance, and the helplessness of the cities of the Old World, that is dumped at our door while the procession of the strong and of the able moves on. And that is what makes our problem.



The Late Charles Loring Brace, Founder of the Children's Aid Society.

Heretofore the assimilation of these alien elements has been sufficiently rapid. Will it continue so? There has been evidence lately that we are entering upon a new stage of metropolitan development that might have fresh difficulties on this score. Anyone who will sit an hour at a meeting of the Police Board, for instance, when candidates for appointments are questioned as to their knowledge of the city, will discover that a generation of young men has grown up about us who claim, not New York as their birthplace, but this or that section of it—the East Side, the Hook, Harlem, and so on, and outside of that immediate neighborhood, unless their employment has been of a character to take them much about, know as little of the city of their birth as if the rest of it were in Timbuctoo. These were the children of yesterday, when the population was, so to speak, yet on the march. To-day we find it, though drifting still, tarrying longer and crystallizing on race-lines in settlements some of which have already as well-defined limits as if they were walled in, to all intents and purposes separate towns. The meaning of this is that our social fabric is stiffening into more permanent forms. Does it imply also

that with its elasticity it is losing its old power of assimilation, of digestion? ed, fresh troubles foreshadowed, fresh prejudices aroused only to receive in



The Mott Street Barracks.

I think not. The evidence is all to the contrary. Its vitality seems to me not only unimpaired, but growing plainly stronger as greater claims are made upon it by the influx of races foreign alike of speech, of tradition, and of sentiment. Fresh problems are present- their turn the same orderly, logical, and simple solution that discovers all alarm to have been groundless. Yesterday it was the swarthy Italian, to-day the Russian Jew that excited our distrust; to-morrow it may be the Arab or the Greek. All alike they have taken, or

are taking, their places in the ranks of our social phalanx, pushing upward from the bottom with steady effort, as I believe they will continue to do, unless failure to provide them with proper homes arrests the process. The slum tenement bears to it the same relation as the effect the rags of an old tramp are said to have upon the young idler in his company. He has only to wear them to lose all ambition and become himself a tramp; the stamp is on him. But in the general advance the children are the moving force, the link between the past that had no future and the present that accounts no task too great in the dawning consciousness of a proud manhood. Their feeble hands roll away in play the stone before which the statecraft of our wise day stood aghast. The one immigrant who does not keep step, who, having fallen out of the ranks, has been ordered to the rear, is the Chinaman, who brought neither family nor children to push him ahead. He left them behind that he might not become an American, and by the standard he himself set up he has been judged.

I recall, not without amusement, one of the early experiences of a committee with which I was trying to relieve some of the child misery in the East Side tenements by providing an outing for the very poorest of the little ones, who might otherwise have been overlooked. In our anxiety to make our little charges as presentable as possible, it seems we had succeeded so well as to arouse a suspicion in our friends at the other end of the line that something was wrong, either with us or with the poor of which the patrician youngsters in new frocks and with clean faces, that came to them, were representatives. They wrote to us that they were in the field for the "slum children," and slum children they wanted. It happened that their letter came just as we had before us two little lads from the Mulberry Street Bend, ragged, dirty, unkempt, and altogether a sight to see. Our wardrobe was running low, and we were at our wits' end how to make these come up to our standard. We sat looking at each other after we had heard the letter read, all thinking the same thing, until the most courageous said it: "Send them as they are." Well, we did, and waited rather breath-

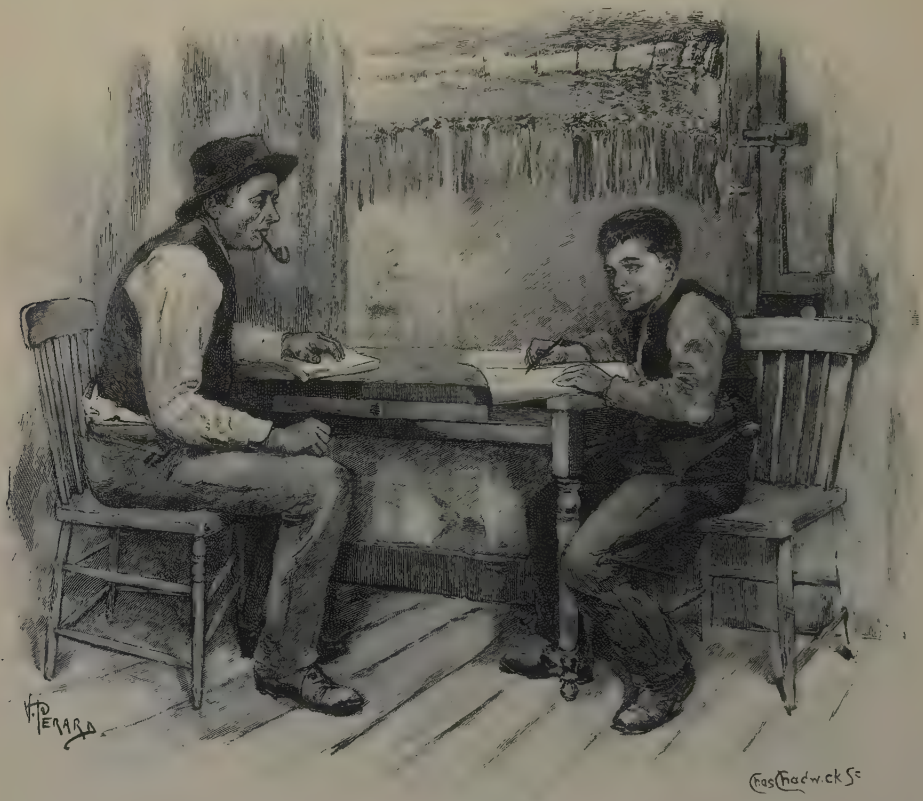
2 a.m. in the Delivery Room in the "Sun" Office.

The First Patriotic Election in the Beach Street Industrial School.
(Parlor in John Ericsson's old house.)

lessly for the verdict. It came, with the children, in a note by return train, that said: "Not *that* kind, please!" And after that we were allowed to have things our own way.

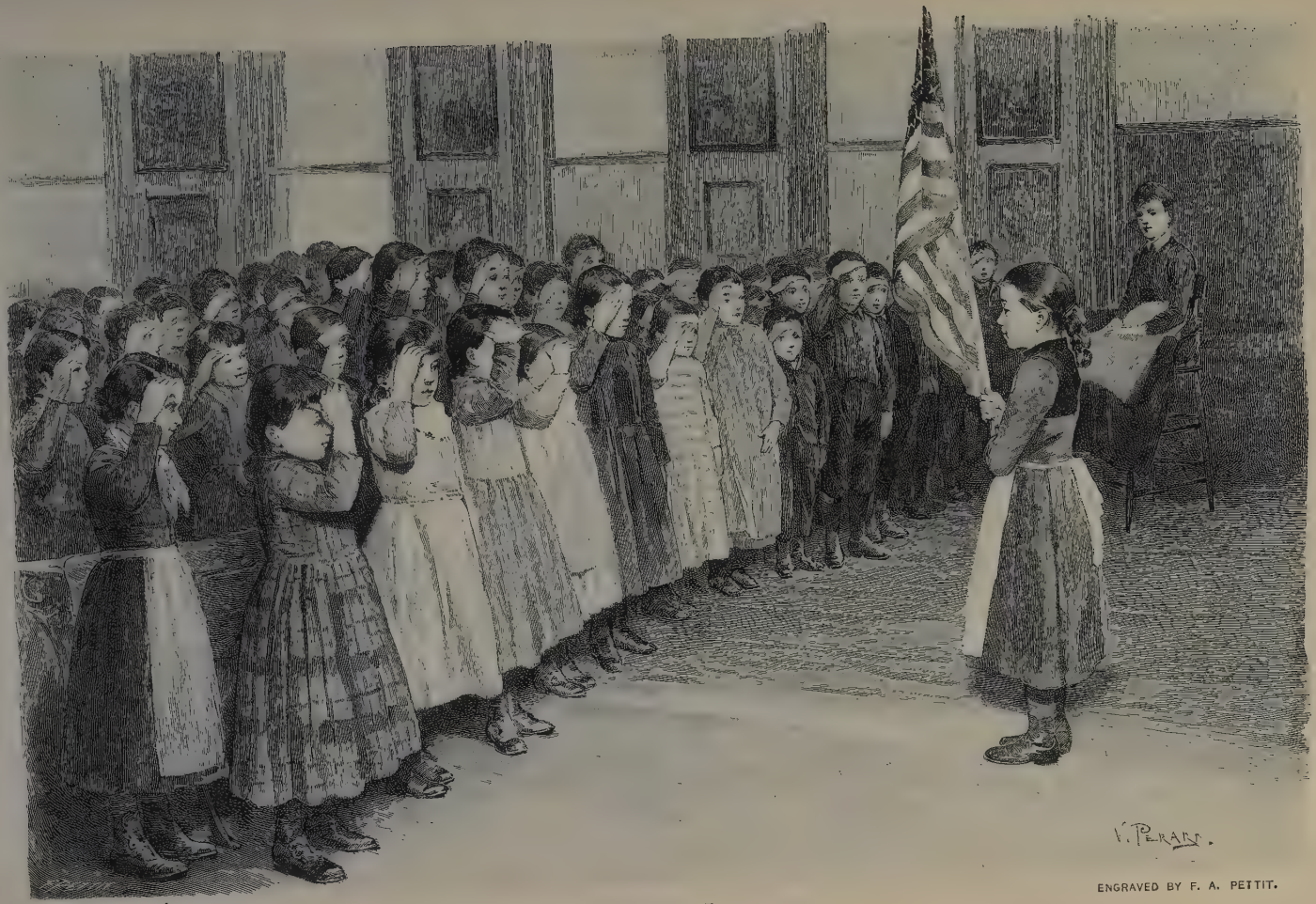
The two little fellows were Italians. In justice to our frightened friends, it should be said that it was not their nationality, but their rags, to which they objected; but not very many seasons have passed since the crowding of the black-eyed brigade of "guinnies," as they were contemptuously dubbed, in ever-increasing numbers into the ragged schools and the kindergartens, was watched with regret and alarm by the

teachers, as by many others who had no better cause. The event proved that the children were the real teachers. They had a more valuable lesson to impart than they came to learn, and it has been a salutary one. To-day they are gladly welcomed. Their sunny temper, which no hovel is dreary enough, no hardship has power to cloud, has made them universal favorites, and the discovery has been made by their teachers that as the crowds pressed harder their school-rooms have marvellously expanded, until they embrace within their walls an unsuspected multitude, even many a slum tenement itself, cellar, "stoop," attic, and all. Every lesson of cleanliness, of order, and of English taught at the school is reflected into some wretched home, and rehearsed there as far as the limited opportunities will allow. No demonstration with soap and water upon a dirty little face but widens the sphere of these chief promoters of education in the slums. "By 'm by," said poor crippled Pietro to me, with a sober look, as he labored away on his writing lesson, holding down the paper with his maimed hand, "I learn t' make an Englis' letter; maybe my fader he learn too." I had my doubts of the father. He sat watching Pietro with a pride in the achievement that was clearly proportionate to the struggle it cost, and mirrored in his own face every grimace and contortion the progress of education caused the boy. "Si! si!" he nodded eagerly; "Pietro he good a boy; make Englis', Englis'!" and he made a flourish with his clay-pipe, as if he too were making the English letter that was the object of their common veneration.



Pietro Learning to Make an Englis' Letter.

Perhaps it is as much his growing and well-founded distrust of the mid-



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

Saluting the Flag.
(Morning Exercise in the Industrial Schools.)

dle-man, whose unresisting victim he has heretofore been, and his need of some other link to connect him with the English-speaking world that surrounds him, as any personal interest in book-learning, that impels the illiterate Italian to bring his boy to school early and see that he attends it. Whatever his motive, the effect is to demonstrate in a striking way the truth of the observation that real reform of poverty and ignorance must begin with the children. In his case, at all events, the seed thus sown bears some fruit in the present as well as in the coming generation of toilers. The little ones, with their new standards and new ambitions, become in a very real sense missionaries of the slums, whose work of regeneration begins with their parents. They are continually fetched away from school by the mother or father to act as interpreters or go-betweens in all the

The Backstairs to Learning.
(Entrance to a Talmud School in Hester Street.)

affairs of daily life, to be conscientiously returned within the hour stipulated by the teacher who offers no objection to this sort of interruption, knowing it to be the best condition of her own success. One cannot help the hope that the position of trust in which the children are thus placed may, in some measure, help to mitigate their home-hardships. From their birth they have little else, though Italian parents are rarely cruel in the sense of abusing their offspring. It is the home itself that constitutes their chief hardship. Theirs are the poorest tenements, the filthiest hovels in the city. It is only when his years offer the boy an opportunity of escape to the street, that a ray of sunlight falls into his life; in his back-yard or in his alley it seldom finds him out. Thenceforward most of his time is spent there, until the school claims him. Since the sewing-machine found its way, with the sweater's mortgage, into the Italian slums also, his sweet-faced sister has been robbed to a large extent of even the freedom of the dump, where she used to pick cinders for her mother's kitchen fire, and she has taken her place among the wage-earners when not on the school-bench. Sickness, unless it be mortal, is no excuse from the drudgery of the tenement. When, recently, one little Italian girl, hardly yet in her teens, stayed away from her class in the Mott Street Industrial School so long that her teacher went to her home to look her up, she found the child in a high fever, in bed, sewing on coats with swollen eyes, though barely able to sit up.

But neither poverty nor abuse have power to discourage the child of Italy; for though he be born to the succession of the White House, if fate and the genius of politics so will it, he is in looks, in temper, and in speech, when among his own, as much an Italian as his father, who could not even hold real estate if there were any chance of his getting any. His nickname he pockets with a grin that has in it no thought of the dagger and the revenge that come to solace his after-years. Only the prospect of immediate punishment eclipses his spirits for the moment. While the teacher of the sick little girl was telling me her pitiful story in the school, a

characteristic group appeared on the stairway. Three little Italian culprits in the grasp of Nellie, the tall and slender Irish girl who was the mentor of her class for the day. They had been arrested "fur fightin'," she briefly explained as she dragged them by the collar toward the principal, who just then came out to inquire the cause of the rumpus, and thrust them forward to receive sentence. The three, none of whom was over eight years old, evidently felt that they were in the power of an enemy from whom no mercy was to be expected, and made no appeal for any. One scowled defiance. He was evidently the injured party.

"He hit-a me a clip on de jaw," he said in his defence, in the dialect of Mott Street, with a slight touch of "the Bend." The aggressor, a heavy-browed little ruffian, hung back with a dreary howl, knuckling his eyes with a pair of fists that were nearly black. The third and youngest was in a state of bewilderment that was most ludicrous. He only knew that he had received a kick on the back and had struck out in self-defence.

A Synagogue School in a Hester Street Tenement.

when he was seized and dragged away a prisoner. He was so dirty—school had only just begun and there had been no time for the regular inspection—that he was sentenced on the spot to be taken down and washed, while the other two were led away to the principal's desk. All three went out howling.

Perhaps of all the little life-stories of poor Italian children I have come across in the course of years—and they are many and sad, most of them—none comes nearer to the hard every-day fact of those dreary tenements than that of my little friend Pietro of whom I spoke, exceptional as was his own heavy misfortune and its effect upon the boy. I met him first in the Mulberry Street police station, where he was interpreting the defence in a shooting case, having come in with the crowd from Jersey Street, where the thing had happened

at his own door. With his rags, his dirty bare feet, and his shock of tousled hair, he seemed to fit in so entirely there of all places, and took so naturally to the ways of the police station, that he might have escaped my notice altogether but for his maimed hand and his oddly grave, yet eager face, which no smile ever crossed despite his thirteen years. Of both, his story, when I afterward came to know it, gave me full explanation. He was the oldest son of a laborer, not "borned here" as the rest of his sisters and brothers. There were four of them, six in the family besides himself, as he put it: "2 sisters, 2 broders, 1 fader, 1 mother," subsisting on an unsteady maximum income of $9 a week, the rent taking always the earnings of one week in four. The home thus dearly paid for was a wretched room with a dark alcove for a bedchamber, in one of the vile old barracks that still preserve to Jersey Street the memory of its former bad eminence as among the worst of the city's slums. Pietro had gone to the Sisters' school, blacking boots in a haphazard sort of way in his off-hours, until the year before, upon his mastering the alphabet, his education was considered to have sufficiently advanced to warrant his graduating into the ranks of the family wage-earners, that were sadly in need of recruiting. A steady job of "shinin'" was found for him in an Eighth Ward saloon, and that afternoon, just before Christmas, he came home from school and, putting his books away on the shelf for the next in order to use, ran across Broadway full of joyous anticipation of his new dignity in an independent job. He did not see the street-car until it was fairly upon him, and then it was too late. They thought he was killed, but he was only crippled for life. When, after many months, he came out of the hospital, where the company had paid his board and posed as doing a generous thing, his bright smile was gone; his shining was at an end, and with it his career as it had been marked out for him. He must needs take up something new, and he was bending all his energies, when I met him, toward learning to make the "Englis' letter" with a degree of proficiency that would justify the

Night School in the Seventh Avenue Boys' Lodging House.
(Edward, the little pedler, caught napping.)

hope of his doing something somewhere at some time to make up for what he had lost. It was a far-off possibility yet. With the same end in view, probably, he was taking nightly writing-lessons in his mother-tongue from one of the perambulating schoolmasters who circulate in the Italian colony peddling education cheap in lots to suit. In his sober, submissive way he was content with the prospect. It had its compensations. The boys who used to worry him now let him alone. "When they see this," he said, holding up his scarred and misshapen arm, "they don't strike me no more." Then there was his fourteen months' old baby brother, who was beginning to walk, and could almost "make a letter." Pietro was much concerned about his education, anxious evidently that he should one day take his place. "I take him to school sometime," he said, piloting him across the floor and talking softly to the child in his own melodious Italian. I watched his grave, unchanging face.

"Pietro," I said, with a sudden yearning to know, "did you ever laugh?"

The boy glanced from the baby to me with a wistful look.

"I did wonst," he said quietly, and went on his way. And I would gladly have forgotten that I ever asked the question, even as Pietro had forgotten his laugh.

I said that the Italians do not often abuse their children downright; but poverty and ignorance are fearful allies in the homes of the poor against defenceless childhood, even without the child-beating fiend. Two cases which I encountered in the East Side tenements this past summer show how the combination works at its worst. Without a doubt they are typical of very many, though I hope that few come quite up to their standard. The one was the case of little Carmen, who at this writing lies between life and death in the New York Hospital, the special care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. One of the summer corps doctors found her in a Mott Street tenement, within a stone's-throw of the Health Department's office, suffering from a wasting disease that could only be combated by the most careful nursing. He put her case into the hands of the King's Daughters Committee that followed in the steps of the doctors, and it was then that I saw her. She lay in a little back-room, up two flights, and giving upon a narrow yard where it was always twilight. The room was filthy and close, and entirely devoid of furniture, with the exception of a rickety stool, a slop-pail, and a rusty old stove, one end of which was propped up with bricks. Carmen's bed was a board laid across the top of a barrel and a trunk set on end. I could not describe, if I would, the condition of the child when she was raised from the mess of straw and rags in which she lay. The sight unnerved even the nurse, who had seen little else than such scenes all summer. Loathsome bedsores had attacked the wasted little body, and in truth Carmen was more dead than alive. But when, shocked and disgusted, we made preparations for her removal with all speed to the hospital, the parents objected and refused to let us take her away. They had to be taken into court and forced to surrender the child under warrant of law, though it was clearly the little sufferer's only chance for life, and only the slenderest of chances at that.

Carmen was the victim of the stubborn ignorance that dreads the hospital and the doctor above the discomfort of the dirt and darkness and suffering that are its every-day attendants. Her parents were no worse than the Monroe Street mother who refused to let the health officer vaccinate her baby, because her crippled boy, with one leg an inch shorter than the other, had "caught it"—the leg, that is to say—from his vaccination. She knew it was so, and with ignorance of that stamp there is no other argument than force. But another element entered into the case of a sick Essex Street baby. The tenement would not let it recover from a bad attack of scarlet fever, and the parents would not let it be taken to the country or to the sea-shore, despite all efforts and entreaties. When their motive came out at last, it proved to be a mercenary one. They were behind with the rent, and as long as they had a sick child in the house the landlord

could not put them out. Sick, the baby was to them a source of income, at all events a bar to expense, and in that way so much capital. Well, or away, it would put them at the mercy of the rent-collector at once. So they chose to let it suffer. The parents were Jews, a fact that emphasizes the share borne by desperate poverty in the transaction, for the family tie is notoriously strong among their people.

How strong is this attachment to home and kindred that makes the Jew cling to the humblest hearth and gather his children and his children's children about it, though grinding poverty leave them only a bare crust to share, I saw in the case of little Jette Brodsky, who strayed away from her own door, looking for her papa. They were strangers, and ignorant and poor, so that weeks went by before they could make their loss known and get a hearing, and meanwhile Jette, who had been picked up and taken to Police Headquarters, had been hidden away in an asylum, given another name when nobody came to claim her, and had been quite forgotten. But in the two years that passed before she was found at last, her empty chair stood ever by her father's at the family board, and no Sabbath eve but heard his prayer for the restoration of their lost one. The tenement that has power to turn purest gold to dross digs a pit for the Jew through this, his strongest virtue. In its atmosphere it becomes his curse by helping to crowd his lodgings to the point of official intervention. Then follow orders to "reduce" the number of tenants, that mean increased rent which the family cannot pay, or the breaking up of the home. An appeal to avert such a calamity came to the Board of Health recently from one of the refugee tenements. The tenant was a man with a houseful of children, too full for the official scale as applied to the flat, and his plea was backed by the influence of his only friend in need — the family undertaker. There was something so cruelly suggestive in the idea that the laugh it raised died without an echo.

When it comes to the child population of the poor Jewish tenements, we have at last something definite to reckon with. We know from the police census that there were, in 1890, 160,708 children under five years in all the tenements of the city, which is not saying that there were so many poor children by a good many thousand. But how many of them were Italians, how many Bohemians, how many of Irish or German descent, we are yet left to guess. It is different with these. A census, that was taken for a special purpose, of the Jews in the East Side sweaters' district, a year ago last August, gave a total of 23,405 children under six years, and 21,285 between six and fourteen, in a population of something over a hundred and eleven thousand that inhabited forty-five streets in the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth Wards. All of these were foreigners, most of them Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews, and they are by all odds the hardest-worked and, barring the Bohemians, as a class, the poorest of our people. According to the record, scarce one-third of the heads of families had become naturalized citizens, though the average of their stay in the United States was between nine and ten years. The very language of our country was to them a strange tongue, understood and spoken by only 15,837 of the fifty thousand and odd adults enumerated. Seven thousand of the rest spoke only German, five thousand Russian, and over twenty-one thousand could only make themselves understood to each other, never to the world around them, in the strange jargon that passes for Hebrew on the East Side, but is really a mixture of a dozen known dialects and tongues, and of some that were never known or heard anywhere else. In the census it is down as just what it is—jargon, and nothing else.

Here, then, are conditions as unfavorable to the satisfactory, even safe, development of child life in the chief American city, as could well be imagined, more unfavorable even than with the Bohemians, who have at least their faith in common with us, if safety lies in the merging through the rising generation of the discordant elements into a common harmony. A community set apart, set sharply against the rest in every clashing interest, social and in-

dustrial; foreign in language, in faith, and in tradition; repaying dislike with distrust; expanding under the new relief from oppression in the unpopular qualities of greed and contentiousness fostered by ages of tyranny unresistingly borne. But what says the record of this? That of the sixty thousand children, including the fifteen thousand young men and women over fourteen who earn a large share of the money that pays for rent and food, and the twenty-three thousand toddlers under six years, fully one-third go to school. Deducting the two extremes, little more than a thousand children of between six and fourteen years, that is, of school age, were put down as receiving no instruction at the time the census was taken; nor is it at all likely that this condition was permanent in the case of the greater number of these. The poorest Hebrew knows—the poorer he is, the better he knows it—that knowledge is power, and power as the means of getting on in the world that has spurned him so long, is what his soul yearns for. He lets no opportunity slip to obtain it. Day- and night-schools are crowded by his children, who learn rapidly and with ease. Every synagogue, every second rear tenement or dark back-yard, has its school and its school-master, with his scourge to intercept those who might otherwise escape. In the census there are put down 251 Jewish teachers as living in these tenements, nearly all of whom probably conduct such schools, so that, as the children form always more than one half * of the population in the Jewish quarter, the evidence is, after all, that even here, with the tremendous inpour of a destitute, ignorant people, the cause of progress along the safe line is holding its own.

It is true that these tenement schools which absorb several thousand children are not what they might be from a sanitary point of view. It is also true that heretofore they have mainly been devoted to teaching East-Side Hebrew and the Talmud. But to the one evil the health authorities have recently been aroused; of the other, the wise and patriotic men who are managing the Baron de Hirsch charity are making a useful handle by gathering the teachers in and setting them to learn English. Their new knowledge will soon be reflected in their teaching, and the Hebrew schools become primary classes in the system of public education. The school in a Hester-Street tenement that is shown in the picture is a fair specimen of its kind—by no means one of the worst—and so is the back-yard behind it, that serves as the children's play-ground, with its dirty mud-puddles, its slop-barrels and broken flags, and its foul tenement-house surroundings. Both fall in well with the home lives and environment of the unhappy little wretches whose daily horizon they limit. Missionaries though they truly be, like their Italian playmates, in a good cause, they have not even the satisfaction of knowing it. Born to toil and trouble, they claim their heritage early and part with it late. What time they do not spend on the school-bench is soon put to use in the home workshop. When, in the midnight hour, the noise of the sewing-machine was stilled at last, I have gone the rounds with the sanitary police and counted often four, five, and even six of the little ones in a single bed, sometimes a shake-down on the hard floor, often a pile of half-finished clothing brought home from the sweater, in the stuffy rooms of their tenements. In one I visited very lately, the only bed was occupied by the entire family, lying lengthwise and crosswise, literally in layers, three children at the feet, all except a boy of ten or twelve, for whom there was no room. He slept with his clothes on to keep him warm, in a pile of rags just inside the door. It seemed to me impossible that families of children could be raised at all in such dens as I had my daily and nightly walks in. And yet the vital statistics and all close observation agree in allotting to these Jews even an unusual degree of good health. Their freedom from enfeebling vices, and the marvellous vitality of the race must account for this. Their homes, or their food, which is frequently of the worst because cheapest, assuredly do not.

I spoke of the labor done in tene-

* Fifty-four per cent. in the census.

ment homes. Like nearly every other question that has a bearing on the condition of the poor and of the wage-earners, this one of the child home-workers has recently been up for discussion. The first official contribution to it was a surprise, and not least to the health officers who furnished it. According to the tenement-house census, in the entire mass of nearly a million and a quarter of tenants, only two hundred and forty-nine children under fourteen years of age were found at work in living-rooms by the Sanitary Police. To anyone acquainted with the ordinary aspect of tenement life the statement seemed preposterous, and there are some valid reasons for believing that the policemen missed rather more than they found. They were seeking that which, when found, would furnish proof of law-breaking against the parent or employer, a fact of which these were fully aware. Hence their coming, uniformed and in search of children, into a tenement where such were at work, could scarcely fail to give those a holiday who were not big enough to be palmed off as fifteen at least. Nevertheless, I suspect the policemen were much nearer right than may be readily believed. Their census took no account of the tenement factory in the back-yard, but only of the living-rooms, and it was made chiefly during school hours. Most of the little slaves, as of those older in years, were found in the East-Side tenements just spoken of, where the work often only fairly begins after the factory has shut down for the day and the stores have released their army of child-laborers. Had the policemen gone their rounds after dark, they would have found a different state of affairs. The record of school-attendance in the district shows that forty-seven attended day-school for every one who went to night-school.

The same holds good with the Bohemians, who are, if anything, more desperately poor than the Russian Jews, and have proportionally greater need of their children's labor to help eke out the family income. The testimony of the principal of the Industrial School in East Seventy-third Street, for instance, where there are some three hundred and odd Bohemian children in daily attendance, is to the effect that the mothers "do not want them to stay a minute after three o'clock," and if they do, very soon come to claim them, so that they may take up their places at the bench, rolling cigars or stripping tobacco leaves for the father, while the evening meal is being got ready. The Bohemian has his own cause for the reserve that keeps him a stranger in a strange land after living half his life among us; his reception has not been altogether hospitable, and it is not only his hard language and his sullen moods that are to blame. Yet, even he will "drive his children to school with sticks," and the teacher has only to threaten the intractable ones with being sent home to bring them 'round. And yet, it is not that they are often cruelly treated there. The Bohemian simply proposes that his child shall enjoy the advantages that are denied him—denied partly perhaps because of his refusal to accept them, but still from his point of view denied. And he takes a short cut to that goal by sending the child to school. The result is that the old Bohemian disappears in the first generation born upon our soil. His temper remains to some extent, it is true. He still has his surly streaks, refuses to sing or recite in school when the teacher or something else does not suit him, and can never be driven where yet he is easily led; but as he graduates into the public school and is thrown there into contact with the children of more light-hearted nationalities, he grows into that which his father would have long since become, had he not got a wrong start, a loyal American, proud of his country, and a useful citizen.

But when the State has done its best by keeping the child at school, at least a part of the day—and it has not done that until New York has been provided with a Truant Home to give effect to its present laws—the real kernel of this question of child labor remains untouched yet. The trouble is not so much that the children have to work early as with the sort of work they have to do. It is, all of it, of a kind that leaves them, grown to manhood and

The "Soup-house Gang."

Class in History in the Duane Street Newsboys' Lodging-House.

womanhood, just where it found them, knowing no more and therefore less than when they began, and with the years that should have prepared them for life's work gone in hopeless and profitless drudgery. How large a share of the responsibility for this failure is borne by the senseless and wicked tyranny of so-called organized labor in denying to our own children a fair chance to learn honest trades, while letting in foreign workmen in shoals to crowd our market, a policy that is in a fair way of losing to labor all the respect due it from our growing youth, I shall not here discuss. The general result was well put by a tireless worker in the cause of improving the condition of the poor, who said to me: "They are down on the scrub-level; there you find them and have to put them to such use as you can. They don't know anything else, and that is what makes it so hard to find work for them. Even when they go into a shop to sew, they come out mere machines, able to do only one thing, which is a small part of the whole they do not grasp. And thus, without

the slightest training for the responsibilities of life, they marry and transmit their incapacity to another generation with a whole summer in Poverty Gap. Suggestive location! The man found his natural level on the Island, where

Present Tenants of John Ericsson's Old House, now the Beach Street Industrial School.

that is so much worse off to start with." She spoke of the girls, but what she said fitted the boys just as well. The incapacity of the mother is no greater than the ignorance of the father in the mass of such unions. Ignorance and poverty are the natural heritage of the children.

I have in mind a typical family of that sort which our committee wrestled we sent him first thing. The woman was decent and willing to work, and the girls young enough to train. But Mrs. Murphy did not get on. "She can't even hold a flat-iron in her hand," reported her first employer, indignantly. The children were sent to good places in the country, and repaid the kindness shown them by stealing, and lying to cover up their thefts. They were not

depraved, they were simply exhibiting the fruit of the only training they had ever received—that of the street. It was like undertaking a job of original creation to try to make anything decent or useful out of them.

Another case that exhibits the shoal that lies always close to the track of ignorant poverty, is even now running in my mind, vainly demanding a practical solution. I may say that I have inherited it from professional philanthropists, who have struggled with it for more than half a dozen years without finding the way out they sought. There were five children when they began, depending on a mother who had about given up the struggle as useless. The father was a loafer. When we took them the children numbered ten, and the struggle was long since over. The family bore the pauper stamp, and the mother's tears, by a transition imperceptible probably to herself, had become its stock in trade. Two of the children were working, earning all the money that came in; those that were not lay about in the room, watching the charity visitor in a way and with an intentness that betrayed their interest in the mother's appeal. It required very little experience to make the prediction that shortly ten pauper families would carry on the campaign of the one against society, if those children lived to grow up. And they were not to blame, of course. I scarcely know which was most to be condemned—when we tried to break the family up by throwing it on the street as a necessary step to getting possession of the children—the politician who tripped us up with his influence in the court, or the landlord who had all those years made the poverty on the second floor pan out a golden interest. It was the outrage-

A Warm Corner for Newsboys on a Cold Night.

ous rent for the filthy den that had been the most effective argument with sympathizing visitors. Their pity had represented to the owner, as nearly as I could make out, for eight long years, a capital of $2,600 invested at six per cent., payable monthly. The idea of moving was preposterous; for what other landlord would take in a homeless family with ten children and no income?

"Buffalo."

Naturally the teaching of these children must begin by going backward. The process may be observed in the industrial schools, of which there are twenty-one scattered through the poor tenement districts, with a total enrolment of something over five thousand pupils.* A count made last October showed that considerably more than one-third were born in twelve foreign countries where English was not spoken, and that over ten per cent. knew no word of our language. The vast majority of the rest were children of foreign parents, mostly German and Irish, born here. According to the location of the school it is distinctively Italian, Bohemian, Hebrew, or mixed, the German, Irish, and colored children coming in under this head and mingling without the least friction. Whatever its stamp of nationality, the curriculum is much the same. The start, as often as is necessary, is made with an object-lesson—soap and water being the elements and the child the object. The alphabet comes second on the list. Later on follow lessons in sewing, cooking, carpentry for the boys, and like practical "branches," of which the home affords the child no demonstration. The prizes for good behavior are shoes and clothing, the special inducement a free lunch in the dinner hour. Very lately a unique exercise has been added to the course in these schools, that lays hold of the very marrow of the problem with which they deal. It is called "saluting the flag," and originated with Colonel George T. Balch, of the Board of Education, who conceived the idea of instilling patriotism into the little future citizens of the Republic in doses to suit their childish minds. To talk about the Union, of which most of them had but the vaguest notion, or of the duty of the citizen, of which they had no notion at all, was nonsense. In the flag it was all found embodied in a central idea which they could grasp. In the morning the star-spangled banner was brought into the school, and the children were taught to salute it with patriotic words. Then the best scholar of the day before was called out of the ranks, and it was given to him or her to keep for the day. The thing took at once and was a tremendous success.

Then was evolved the plan of letting the children decide for themselves whether or not they would so salute the flag as a voluntary offering, while incidentally instructing them in the duties of the voter at a time when voting was the one topic of general inter-

*These schools are established and managed by the Children's Aid Society, as a co-ordinate branch of the public-school system.

est. Ballot-boxes were set up in the schools on the day before the last general election. The children had been furnished with ballots for and against the flag the week before, and told to take them home to their parents and talk it over with them. On Monday they cast their votes with all the solemnity of a regular election, and with as much of its simple machinery as was practicable. As was expected, only very few votes against the flag were recorded. One little Irishman in the Mott Street school came without his ballot. "The old man tore it up," he reported. In the East Seventy-third Street school five Bohemians of tender years set themselves down as opposed to the scheme of making Americans of them. Only one, a little girl, gave her reason. She brought her own flag to school: "I vote for that," she said, sturdily, and the teacher wisely recorded her vote and let her keep the banner.

I happened to witness the election in the Beach Street school, where the children are nearly all Italians. The minority elements were, however, represented on the board of election inspectors by a colored girl and a little Irish miss, who did not seem in the least abashed by the fact that they were nearly the only representatives of their people in the school. The tremendous show of dignity with which they took their seats at the poll was most impressive. As a lesson in practical politics, the occasion had its own humor. It was clear that the negress was most impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the Irish girl with its practical opportunities. The Italian's disposition to grin and frolic, even in her new and solemn character, betrayed the ease with which she would, were it real politics, become the game of her Celtic colleague. When it was all over they canvassed the vote with all the gravity befitting the occasion, signed together a certificate stating the result, and handed it over to the principal sealed in a manner to defeat any attempt at fraud. Then the school sang Santa Lucia, a sweet Neapolitan ballad. It was amusing to hear the colored girl, and the half-dozen little Irish children, sing right along with the rest the Italian words of which they did not understand one. They had learned them from hearing them sung by the others, and rolled them out just as loudly, if not as sweetly as they.

The first patriotic election in the Fifth Ward Industrial School was held on historic ground. The house it occupies was John Ericsson's until his death, and there he planned nearly all his great inventions, among them one that helped save the flag for which the children voted that day. The children have lived faithfully up to their pledge. Every morning sees the flag carried to the principal's desk and all the little ones, rising at the stroke of the bell, say with one voice, "We turn to our flag as the sunflower turns to the sun!" One bell, and every brown right fist is raised to the brow, as in military salute: "We give our heads!" Another stroke, and the grimy little hands are laid on as many hearts: "And our hearts!" Then with a shout that can be heard around the corner: "—— to our country! One country, one language, one flag!" No one can hear it and doubt that the children mean every word, and will not be apt to forget that lesson soon.

The earliest notion of order and harmless play comes to the children through the kindergartens, to which access is now made easier every day. Without a doubt this is the longest step forward that has yet been taken in the race with poverty; for the kindergarten, in gathering in the children is gradually but surely conquering also the street, with its power for mischief. Until it came, the street was the only escape from the tenement—a Hobson's choice, for it is hard to say which is the most corrupting. The opportunities rampant in the one were a sad commentary on the sure defilement of the other. What could be expected of a standard of decency like this one, of a houseful of tenants who assured me that Mrs. M——, at that moment under arrest for half-clubbing her husband to death, was "a very good, a very decent woman indeed, and if she did get full, he (the husband) was

not much." Or of the rule of good conduct laid down by a young girl, found beaten and senseless in the street up in the Annexed District last autumn: "Them was two of the fellers from Frog Hollow," she said, resentfully, when I asked who struck her; "them toughs don't know how to behave theirselves when they see a lady in liquor." Her's was the standard of the street, that naturally stamps what belongs to it, the children's games with the rest. Games they always had. It is not true, as someone has said, that our poor children do not know how to play. "London Bridge is falling down" with as loud a din in the streets of New York, every day, as it has fallen these hundred years and more in every British town, and the children of the Bend march "all around the mulberry bush" as gleefully as if there were a green shrub to be found within a mile of their slum. It is the slum that smudges the game too easily, and the kindergarten's work comes in in helping to wipe off the smut. So far from New York children being duller at their play than those of other cities and lands, I believe the reverse to be true. They lack neither spirit nor inventiveness. I watched a crowd of them having a donkey party in the street one night, when those parties were all the rage. The donkey hung in the window of a notion store, and a knot of tenement-house children, with tails improvised from a newspaper, and dragged in the gutter to make them stick, were staggering blindly across the sidewalk trying to fix them in place on the pane. They got a heap of fun out of the game, quite as much, it seemed to me, as any crowd of children could have got in a fine parlor, until the storekeeper came out with his club. Every cellar-door becomes a toboggan slide when the children are around, unless it is hammered full of envious nails; every block a ball-ground when the policeman's back is turned, and every roof a kite-field; for that innocent amusement is also forbidden by city ordinance "below Fourteenth Street."

It is rather that their opportunities for mischief are greater than those for harmless amusement; made so, it has sometimes seemed to me, with deliberate purpose to hatch the "tough." Given idleness and the street, and he will grow without other encouragement than an occasional "fanning" of a policeman's club. And the street has to do for his playground. There is no other. Central Park is miles away. The small parks that were ordered for his benefit five years ago, exist yet only on paper. Games like kite-flying and ball-playing, forbidden but not suppressed, as happily they cannot be, become from harmless play a successful challenge of law and order that points the way to later and worse achievements. Every year the police forbid the building of election bonfires, and threaten vengeance upon those who disobey the ordinance; and every election night sees the sky made lurid by them from one end of the town to the other, with the police powerless to put them out. Year by year the boys grow bolder in their raids on property when their supply of firewood has given out, until the destruction wrought at the last election became a matter of public scandal. Stoops, wagons, and in one place a showcase containing property worth many hundreds of dollars, were fed to the flames. It has happened that an entire frame house has been carried off piecemeal and burned up on election night. The boys, organized in gangs, with the one condition of membership that all must "give in wood," store up enormous piles of fuel for months before, and though the police find and raid a good many of them, incidentally laying in supplies of kindling wood for the winter, the pile grows again in a single night as the neighborhood reluctantly contributes its ash-barrels to the cause. The germ of the gangs that terrorize whole sections of the city at intervals, and feed our courts and our jails, may, without much difficulty, be discovered in these early and rather grotesque struggles of the boys with the police.

Even on the national day of freedom the boy is not left to the enjoyment of his firecracker without the ineffectual threat of the law. I am not defending

the firecracker, but arraigning the failure of the law to carry its point and maintain its dignity. It has robbed the poor child of the street-band, one of his few harmless delights, grudgingly restoring the hand-organ, but not the monkey that lent it its charm. In the band that, banished from the street, sneaks into the back-yard, its instruments hidden under bulging coats, the boy hails no longer an innocent purveyor of amusement, but an ally in the fight with the common enemy, the policeman. In the Thanksgiving-Day and New-Year parades, which he formally permits, he furnishes them with the very weapon of gang organization which they afterward turn against him to his hurt.

And yet this boy who, when taken from his alley into the country for the first time, cries out in delight, "How blue the sky and what a lot of it there is!"—not much of it at home in his barrack—has, in the very love of dramatic display that sends him forth to beat a policeman with his own club or die in the attempt, in the intense vanity that is only a perverted form of pride capable of any achievement, a handle by which he may be most easily grasped and held. It cannot be done by gorging him *en masse* with apples and gingerbread at a Christmas party.* It can be done only by individual effort, and by the influence of personal character in direct contact with the child—the great secret of success in all dealings with the poor. Foul as the gutter he comes from, he is open to the reproach of "bad form" as few of his betters. Greater even than his desire eventually to "down" a policeman, is his ambition to be a "gentleman," as his sister's is to be a "lady." The street is responsible for the caricature either makes of the character. On a play-bill in an East Side street, only the other day, I saw this *répertoire* set down: "Thursday—the Bowery Tramp; Friday—The Thief." It was a theatre I knew newsboys and the other children of the street who were earning money to frequent in shoals. The play-bill suggested the sort of training they received there. Within sight of the window where it hung was a house occupied by a handful of courageous young women, who settled there a couple of years ago, to see what they could do among the children on the other tack. They had a different story to tell. Having once gained their confidence they had found boys and girls most eager to learn from them the ways of polite society. Perhaps that may be thought not the highest of aims; but it will hardly be denied that to find a girl who was fighting in the street yesterday, to-day busying herself with the anxious inquiry whether it is proper, at table, to take bread from the plate with the fingers or with the fork, argues progress; or to see the battle-scarred young tough who a month ago sat on the table with cigar in his mouth, hat on the back of his head, and kicked his heels, who was ashamed to own where he lived, and so terrorized the others with his scowl that the boy who knew said he would get killed if he told—to see this product of the street with carefully brushed clothes, a clean collar, and a human smile inviting the lady manager to the foot-ball game because he knew she was from Princeton and a partisan, and what is more, escorting her there like a gentleman.

In the wise plan of these reformers the gang became the club that weaned the boys from the street. The "Hero Club" and the "Knights of the Round Table" took the place of the Junk Gang and its allies. They wrote their own laws, embodying a clause to expel any disorderly member, and managed them with firmness. True knights were they after their fashion, loyal to the house that sheltered them, and ever on the alert to repel invasion. Sinful as it was in their code not to "swipe" or "hook" a chicken or anything left lying around loose within their bailiwick, if any outsider employed their tactics to the damage of the house, or of anything befriended by it, they would swoop down upon him with swift vengeance and bring him in captive to be delivered over for punishment. And when one of their friends hung out her shingle in another street, with the word

* As a matter of fact I heard, after the last one that caused so much discussion, in an alley that sent seventy-five children to the show, a universal growl of discontent. The effect on the children, even on those who received presents, was bad. They felt that they had been on exhibition, and their greed was aroused with their resentment. It was as I expected it would be.

"doctor" over the bell, woe to the urchin who even glanced at that when the gang pulled all the other bells in the block and laughed at the wrath of the tenants. One luckless chap forgot himself far enough to yank it one night, and immediately an angry cry went up from the gang: "Who pulled dat bell?" "Mickey did," was the answer, and Mickey's howls announced to the amused doctor the next minute that he had been "slugged" and she avenged. This doctor's account of the first formal call of the gang in the block was highly amusing. It called in a body and showed a desire to please that tried the host's nerves not a little. The boys vied with each other in recounting for her entertainment their encounters with the police enemy, and in exhibiting their intimate knowledge of the wickedness of the slums in minutest detail. One, who was scarcely twelve years old, and had lately moved from Bayard Street, knew all the ins and outs of the Chinatown opium dives, and painted them in glowing colors. The doctor listened with half-amused dismay, and when the boys rose to go told them she was glad they had called. So were they, they said, and they guessed they would call again the next night.

"Oh! don't come to-morrow," said the doctor, in something of a fright; "come next week!" She was relieved upon hearing the leader of the gang reproving the rest of the fellows for their want of style. He bowed with great precision and announced that he would call "in about two weeks."

I am sorry to say that the *entente cordiale* of the establishment was temporarily disturbed recently by a strike of the "Hero Club," or the "Knights," I forget which. The managers received their first intimation that trouble was brewing in the resignation of the leader. It came by letter, in very dignified form. "My apprehensions is now something eligible," he wrote. The ladies decided, after thinking the matter over, that he meant that he was looking for something better, and they translated the message correctly. There came shortly, from the disaffected element he had gathered around him, a written demand for the organization of a new club to be called "the Gentlemen's Sons' Association;" among the objects this: "Furthermore, that we may participate hereafter to commemorate with the doings of a gentleman." The request was refused, and the boys went on strike, threatening to start their club elsewhere. The ladies met the crisis firmly. They sent a walking delegate to the boys with the message that if they could organize a strike, they, on their side, could organize a lock-out. There the matter rested when I last heard of it.

The testimony of these workers agrees with that of most others who reach the girls at an age when they are yet manageable, that the most abiding results follow with them, though they are harder to get at. The boys respond more readily, but also more easily fall from grace. The same good and bad traits are found in both; the same trying superficiality, the same generous helpfulness, characteristic of the poor everywhere. Out of the depth of their bitter poverty I saw the children in the West Fifty-second Street Industrial School, last Thanksgiving, bring for the relief of the aged and helpless, and those even poorer than they, such gifts as they could—a handful of ground coffee in a paper bag, a couple of Irish potatoes, a little sugar or flour, and joyfully offer to carry them home. It was on such a trip I found little Katie, aged nine, in a Forty-ninth Street tenement, keeping house for her older sister and two brothers, all of whom worked in the hammock factory, earning from $4.50 to $1.50 a week. They had moved together when their mother died and the father brought home another wife. Their combined income was something like $9.50 a week, and the simple furniture was bought on instalment. But it was all clean, if poor. Katie did the cleaning and the cooking of the plain kind. She scrubbed and swept and went to school, all as a matter of course, and ran the house generally. In her person and work she answered the question sometimes asked, why we hear so much about the boys and so little of the girls; because the home claims their work much earlier and to a much greater extent, while the boys are turned out to shift for themselves, and because

therefore their miseries are so much more common-place, and proportionally uninteresting. It is woman's lot to suffer in silence. If occasionally she makes herself heard in querulous protest; if injustice long borne gives her tongue a sharper edge than the occasion seems to require, it can at least be said in her favor that her bark is much worse than her bite. The missionary who complains that the wife nags her husband to the point of making the saloon his refuge, or the sister her brother until he flees to the street, bears testimony in the same breath to her readiness to sit up all night to mend the clothes of the scamp she so hotly denounces. Sweetness of temper or of speech is not a distinguishing feature of tenement-house life, any more among the children than with their elders. In a party sent out by our committee for a summer vacation on a Jersey farm, last summer, was a little knot of six girls from the Seventh Ward. They had not been gone three days before a letter came from one of them to the mother of one of the others. "Mrs. Reilly," it read, "if you have any sinse you will send for your child." That they would all be murdered was the sense the frightened mother made out of it. The six came home post haste, the youngest in a state of high dudgeon at her sudden translation back to the tenement. The lonesomeness of the farm had frightened the others. She was little more than a baby, and her desire to go back was explained by one of the rescued ones thus: "She sat two mortil hours at the table a stuffin' of herself, till the missus she says, says she, 'Does yer mother lave ye to sit that long at the table, sis?'"

Not rarely does this child of common clay rise to a height of heroism that discovers depths of feeling and character full of unsuspected promise. It was in March last that a midnight fire, started by a fiend in human shape, destroyed a tenement in Hester Street, killing a number of the tenants. On the fourth floor the firemen found one of these penned in with his little girl and helped them to the window. As they were handing out the child she broke away from them suddenly and stepped back into the smoke to what seemed certain death. The firemen, climbing after, groped around shouting for her to come back. Half-way across the room they came upon her, gasping and nearly smothered, dragging a doll's trunk over the floor.

"I could not leave it," she said, thrusting it at the men as they seized her; "my mother——"

They flung the box angrily through the window. It fell crashing on the sidewalk, and, breaking open, revealed no doll or finery, but the deed for her dead mother's grave. Little Bessie had not forgotten her, despite her thirteen years.

It is the tenement setting that stamps the child's life with the vicious touch which is sometimes only the caricature of the virtues of a better soil. Under the rough burr lie undeveloped qualities of good and of usefulness, rather perhaps of the capacity for them, which, if the testimony of observers on the other side be true, one shall vainly seek in their brothers and sisters of the Old-World slums. It may be, as I have had occasion to observe before, that the reason must be sought in the greater age of the breed over there, and that we are observing here the beginning of a process of deterioration that shall eventually land us where they are, unless the inroads of the tenement be checked by the preventive measures of which I have spoken. The testimony of a teacher for twenty-five years in one of the ragged schools, who has seen the shanty neighborhood that surrounded her at the start give place to mile-long rows of big tenements, is positive on this point. With the disappearance of the shanties — homesteads in effect, however humble — and the coming of the tenement crowds, there has been a distinct descent in the scale of refinement among the children, if one may use the term. The crowds and the loss of home privacy, with the increased importance of the street as a factor, account for it. The general tone has been lowered, while at the same time, by reason of the greater rescue efforts put forward, the original amount of ignorance has been reduced. The big loafer of the old day, who could neither read

nor write, has been eliminated to a large extent. Nearly all the children get now some schooling, if not much; and the proportion of child offenders annually arraigned in the courts has been materially reduced. There is compensation in this; whether enough to make up for what is lost, time and the amount of effort put forth to turn the scales for good will show.

Drunkenness is the vice that wrecks that half of the homes of the poor which do not cause it. It is that which, in nine cases out of ten, drives the boy to the street and the girl to a life of shame. No end of sad cases could be quoted in support of this statement. I can here only refer those who wish to convince themselves of its truth to the records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Five Points House of Industry, the Reformatory, and a score of other charitable and correctional institutions. I have been at some pains to satisfy myself on the point by tracing back, as far as I was able—by no means an easy task—the careers of the boys I met in the lodging-houses that are set as traps for them, where they have their run, chiefly down around the newspaper offices. In seven cases out of ten it was the same story: a drunken father or mother made the street preferable to the home—never home in anything but name—and to the street they went. In the other cases death had, perhaps, broken up the family and thrown the boys upon the world. That was the story of one of the boys I tried to photograph at a quiet game of "craps" in the wash-room of the Duane Street lodging-house—James Brady. Father and mother had both died two months after they came here from Ireland, and he went forth from the tenement alone and without a friend, but not without courage. He just walked on until he stumbled on the lodging-house and fell into a job of selling papers. James, at the age of sixteen, was being initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet in the evening school. He was not sure that he liked it. The German boy who took a hand in the game, and who made his grub and his bed-money, when he was lucky, by picking up junk, had just such a career. The third, the bootblack, gave his reasons briefly for running away from his Philadelphia home: "Me muther wuz all the time hittin' me when I cum in the house, so I cum away." So did a German boy I met there, if for a slightly different reason. He was fresh from over the sea, and had not yet learned a word of English. In his own tongue he told why he came. His father sent him to a gymnasium, but the Latin was "zu schwer" for him, and "der Herr Papa sagt' heraus!" He was evidently a boy of good family, but slow. His father could have taken no better course, certainly, to cure him of that defect, if he did not mind the danger of it.

Two little brothers, who attracted my attention by the sturdy way in which they held together, back to back, against the world, as it were, had a different story to tell. Their mother died, and their father, who worked in a gas-house, broke up the household, unable to maintain it. The boys, eleven and thirteen years old, went out to shift for themselves, while he made his home in a Bowery lodging-house. The oldest of the brothers was then earning three dollars a week in a factory; the younger was selling newspapers and making out. The day I first saw him he came in from his route early—it was raining hard—to get dry trousers out for his brother against the time he should be home from the factory. There was no doubt the two would hew their way through the world together. The right stuff was in them, as in the two other lads, also brothers, I found in the Tompkins Square lodging-house. Their parents had both died, leaving them to care for a palsied sister and a little brother. They sent the little one to school, and went to work for the sister. Their combined earnings at the shop were just enough to support her and one of the brothers who stayed with her. The other went to the lodging-house, where he could live for eighteen cents a day, turning the rest of his earnings into the family fund. With this view of these homeless lads, the one who goes much among them is not surprised to hear of their clubbing together, as they did in the Seventh Avenue lodging-house, to fit out a little ragamuffin, who

was brought in shivering from the street, with a suit of clothes. There was not one in the crowd that chipped in who had a whole coat to his back.

It was in this lodging-house I first saw Buffalo. He was presented to me the night I took the picture of my little vegetable-peddling friend, Edward, asleep on the front bench in evening-school. Edward was nine years old and an orphan, but hard at work every day earning his own living by shouting from a pedler's cart. He could not be made to sit for his picture, and I took him at a disadvantage — in a double sense, for he had not made his toilet; it was in the days of the threatened water-famine, and the boys had been warned not to waste water in washing, an injunction they cheerfully obeyed. I was anxious not to have the boy disturbed, so the spelling-class went right on while I set up the camera. It was an original class, original in its answers as in its looks. This was what I heard while I focused on poor Eddie:

The teacher: "Cheat! spell cheat."

Boy spells correctly.

Teacher: "Right! What is it to cheat?"

Boy: "To skin one, like Tommy——"

The teacher cut the explanation short, and ordering up another boy, bade him spell "nerve." He did it.

"What is nerve?" demanded the teacher; "what does it mean?"

"Cheek! don't you know," said the boy, and at that moment I caught Buffalo blacking my sleeping pedler's face with ink, just in time to prevent his waking him up. Then it was that I heard the disturber's story. He *was* a character, and no mistake. He had run away from Buffalo, whence his name, "beating" his way down on the trains until he reached New York. He "shined" around until he got so desperately hard up that he had to sell his kit. Just about then he was discovered by an artist, who paid him to sit for him in his awful rags, with his tousled hair that had not known the restraint of a cap for months. "Oh! it was a daisy job," sighed Buffalo, at the recollection. He had only to sit still and crack jokes. Alas! Buffalo's first effort at righteousness upset him. He had been taught in the lodging-house that to be clean was the first requisite of a gentleman, and on his first pay-day he went bravely, eschewing "craps," and bought himself a new coat and had his hair cut. When, beaming with pride, he presented himself at the studio in his new character, the artist turned him out as no longer of any use to him. I am afraid that Buffalo's ambition to be "like folks," received a shock by this mysterious misfortune that will prevent his ever attaining the level where he may join the class in history that goes by the attractive name of the "Soup-house Gang" in the Duane Street lodging-house school. And it is too bad, for the class is proficient, if it *is* in its shirt-sleeves, and has at least a couple of members who will certainly make their mark.

In the summer a good many of the boys sleep in the street; it is coolest there, and it costs nothing if one can get out of the sight of the policeman. In winter they seek the lodging-houses or curl themselves up on the steam-pipes in the newspaper offices that open their doors after midnight. They are hunted nowadays so persistently by the police and by the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that very few escape altogether. In the lodging-houses they are made to go to school. There are enough of them always whom nobody owns; but the great mass of the boys and girls who cry their "extrees!" on the street are children with homes, who thus contribute to the family earnings and sleep out, if they do, because they have either not sold their papers or gambled away the money at craps, and are afraid to go home. It was for such a reason little Giuseppe Margalto and his chum made their bed in the ventilating chute at the post-office on the night General Sherman died, and were caught by the fire that broke out in the mail-room toward midnight. Giuseppe was burned to death; the other escaped to bring the news to the dark Crosby Street alley in which he had lived. Giuseppe did not die his cruel death in vain. A much stricter watch has been

kept since upon the boys, and they are no longer allowed to sleep in many places to which they formerly had access. The purpose is to corral the homeless element in the lodging-houses; and but for the neighboring Bowery "hotels" that beckon the older boys with their promise of greater freedom, it would probably be successfully attained.

Even with this drawback, the figures of the Children's Aid Society show that progress is being made. While in 1881 its lodging-houses sheltered 14,452 children, of whom 13,155 were boys and 1,287 girls, last year, though more than 300,000 had been added to the city's population, the number of child-lodgers had fallen to 11,770, only 335 of whom were girls. The whole number of children sheltered in the six houses, in the last twelve years, was 149,994, among them 8,820 girls. The problem is a great one, but the efforts on foot to solve it are as great, and growing. That the beginning must be made with the children in the battle with poverty and ignorance and crime, was recognized long ago. It has been made; and we know now that through them the rampart next to be taken—the home—is reached. It has been a forty years' war, and it is only just begun. But the first blow, as the old saying runs, is half the battle, and it has been struck in New York, and struck to win.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

VII.

I RETALIATED on my wife for naming little Fred after me, by naming Josie after her. Josephine declared that I might talk until I was black in the face, but she never would consent to name her eldest son after anyone but his father. When I referred to the confusion which would result from the presence in the house of two people with the same name, she tossed her head and said that it would be easy to obviate that by calling me Frederick instead of Fred. She added that Frederick was much more dignified and appropriate to the father of a family, and that she had been intending to make the substitution ever since we were married.

To tell the truth, I did not relish the threatened change. When a man has answered to a name for more than a quarter of a century, it is rather appalling to be informed that if he answers to it henceforth he is likely to confound himself with an infant. On the previous occasions when Josephine had solemnly declared her intention to exorcise Fred, I had smiled inwardly, feeling sure that she would forget to begin; but it was obvious to me now that, for the sake of baby, she was prepared to school her tongue and the tongues of all my relations and friends in the execution of her fell purpose. Imagine Harry Bolles and other kindred spirits calling me stiff, august Frederick! I vowed that this should not be brought to pass; and having become convinced that it was simply a

question of time when my son and heir would be christened after me, I graciously consented to send for the clergyman on the distinct understanding that I was to remain Fred to the end of time, confusion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our second boy was christened David, after his maternal grandfather. When our elder daughter was born I proclaimed firmly my purpose to name her for her mother. Josephine squirmed like an eel, metaphorically speaking, at the suggestion, and I discovered for the first time that she had detested her own name from early childhood. She argued that there was no sense in calling a girl after her mother, for the reason that no advantage of association, as in the case of a father, could possibly be derived from it, and that she would have sufficient trouble, as time went on, in keeping my underwear distinct from little Fred's, without being confronted by a similar difficulty on the feminine side of the house.

"On the other hand," I murmured, with an accession of sentiment which brought a blush to her cheeks despite her predisposition to frown, "my dearest wish is to see another Josephine in the flesh, complete even to the name. Moreover, as you have had full scope twice already, it is only fair that I should be allowed for once to carry out my own ideas."

So Josephine she was christened, though we call her Josie, and I have very little doubt that my wife in the depths of her inner consciousness would have been bitterly disappointed if the child had been given any other name.

When number four appeared—our second daughter—Josephine declared that she was tired of family names and wished something out of the common run. After mooning about the house for a day or two with pencil and paper, she handed me the following list, embodying the fruit of her cogitation: Ethel, Enid, Corinne, Dorothy, Gladys, Margery, Millicent, Annabel, and Letitia. She spared me, however, the necessity of criticism by stating that not one of them would do; that every other child nowadays was named Gladys, Dorothy, or Margery, that Ethel did not hit her fancy, and that the rest were hideous.

"Why don't you call her plain Mary?" I asked, by way of a suggestion.

"The child will be plain enough, I dare say," said my wife, dryly. "I am quite aware," she added, "that we shall be in a certain sense gambling with divine Providence in giving the darling a conspicuous, individualizing name, for she may grow up commonplace-looking or a fright; but we must take some chances in life, mustn't we, Fred?"

"Either Rosamond, Eleanor, or Guendolen is appropriate to a beauty," said I, with non-committal subserviency.

"I should prefer something more original. A man with your training in the classics ought to be able to rattle off half a dozen that would be suitable. Try, dear, to think of some."

Having obediently ransacked the recesses of my mental storehouse, and consulted on the sly a mythological dictionary and the Bible, including the Apocrypha, I reported progress as follows: "Ceres, Naomi, Diana, Jael, Andromeda, Niobe, and Cleopatra."

"'Like Niobe, all tears,'" murmured Josephine, reflectively. "They would bother her life out by quoting that at her, I suppose. I had thought of Pallas. Why wouldn't Pallas do, Fred? I don't know a Pallas, and it sounds rather distinguished. As I remember her, she was entirely respectable. Cleopatra is pretty, but the trouble is that she wasn't entirely respectable."

"Why Pallas rather than Pocahontas?" I asked, with sober mien but sardonic purport.

"Pocahontas?" screamed my darling. But presently she added, with a musing air: "A really pretty Indian name wouldn't be bad at all. Minnehaha? No, that's too hackneyed."

"Tuscarora?" I hazarded. "A little too bold and expansive, perhaps."

"Yes, dear, I think that 'Tuscarora' would frighten away the average suitor."

"Cacouna, then?"

"Ugh!"

"Oneida?"

"I don't like it."

"Winona? There! Why wouldn't that be just the thing? It is pictur-

esque and original, and to my ears decidedly fetching."

"Winona?" queried Josephine, in a pensive tone which suggested that it had rather caught her fancy. "It's queer, Fred, but it *is* fetching and picturesque as you say, and decidedly original. I should like to sleep on it."

On the fourth morning after this she informed me, with a beatific smile, that the matter was settled; she had heard a mysterious voice in her sleep, on three consecutive nights, cry aloud—"Winona—Winona—Winona."

"I regard that as the interposition of Providence," she added, "and if the child grows up homely and puny and utterly out of keeping with her name, I shall consider that I have been very shabbily treated by fate."

It is amazing how soon the pig-like, rubicund objects of parental solicitude, which erst bent upon you their steel-blue eyes and wailed, develop a marked personality of their own. The married man with sons of four or five years is likely to suffer himself to be jabbed with a yard-stick in his bath, morning after morning, under the guise of a hippopotamus at bay, in order to cater to the sporting tastes of one, and will croon the same ditty a dozen times in monotonous succession for the sake of edifying the lyrical instincts of another. What spinster can appreciate a mother's joy at the discovery that her doll of flesh and blood has teeth like everybody else? What bachelor can understand the complacency of the father who divines, from the first articulate word, that his heir is not completely an idiot? Close upon the heels of evolution follows the bubbling refrain of parental ecstasy. You stand amazed with delight before the first witticism and dub it clever enough for *Life* or *Punch;* you scan with dancing eyes the bird's nest of clay bestowed upon you as a birthday present, and whisper to your wife that the Liliputian donor has a sculptor's eye and fingers.

Simultaneously with this spirit of wonder at the normal development of your offspring, and with your cognizance of the individuality of each, arises within you the desire and almost rabid intention to equip them as completely as possible for the struggle of existence, to disguise and fortify the weak spots left by destiny, and to foster the talents with which Dame Nature has endowed them. You are determined that the mistakes committed in your own education shall not be duplicated in theirs, and, bent on acting with consummate wisdom, you consult current authorities on child culture and lend an alert ear to every suggestion in the line of hygienic or pedagogic reform. You purse your lips in the throes of indecision as to whether or not baby shall wear shoes and socks. You cite having worn them yourself, forsooth, and that your own feet, save for a pet corn or two, have been, and are, to all intents and all purposes available, and you indulge in horrible imaginings on the score of influenza and lockjaw; but you sigh when your wife asks if you set yourself up as wiser than the doctors, who insist that the young should return to the customs of nature, and like as not, before another week you are leading your precious toddler bare foot along the flinty pavement with a superior smile. What though you have been taught to spell cat c-a-t! Do you not bow your head to the superior wisdom of the age, which asserts that it should be spelt cah-ah-te, and rejoice that your young hopefuls are not being outstripped by their contemporaries? Yea, verily; and though you yourself could read when you were five, you even humbly subscribe to the doctrine that if a child reads at eight it is time enough, provided that until then he is beguiled by grewsome kindergarten carols and the manufacture of paper patchwork for the presentation to an admiring household at Christmas-tide. Painfully conscious that you have failed to make the most of your own life, you are eager to afford your children every opportunity to improve upon it, albeit at the sacrifice of your most stalwart and fundamental convictions.

What parent would restore the days when a father was addressed on paper as "Honored Sir," and the offending scion of his stock slunk up the stairs in apprehension of the rod? Not I, for

one. And yet, as Josephine says, it is not exactly pleasant to be snuffed out at forty by the superior wisdom of the rising generation, even though that wisdom be tempered by affectionate toleration of nominal control. Nevertheless, after you have grown accustomed to the idea that you are, comparatively speaking, an ignoramus, and that your experience of life is to be rated merely as so much fustiness, is not abundant satisfaction to be derived from the pride one takes in the superseding knowledge of one's progeny? Even though you may feebly protest at the ruthless sweeping away of established codes by the youth of twelve and the miss of fifteen, you feel puffed up by the amazing enlightenment of your sons and daughters. As time goes on you positively glow with satisfaction at each successive display of information or theory which controverts the truths upon which you have acted all your days. You scratch your head and learn with wondering delight that William Tell was a mythical humbug, that the novels of Sir Walter are rather a bore than otherwise, and that all illness is hallucination. If, tempted to defend the wisdom of the past, you proffer the testimony of books, you yield respectfully to the triumphant plea of a newer edition or a later authority, wherein the facts or arguments on which you relied are contradicted or exploded. What glorious opportunities are given you to examine and rehabilitate your moral standards by the searching light of modern philosophy! You are informed by lips on which the down of manhood is scarcely perceptible, that competition in trade is akin to crime; that the proletariat should be restrained by legislation from generating children faster than it can provide for them, and that, owing to the failing powers of the sun, our world will in a comparatively short period become too cold to inhabit. And if, under the spur of a whimsical mood, you venture to insinuate that this world has long been a cold one for the average inhabitant, the sad, sickly smile with which your witticism is received convicts you of levity and a disposition to make light of serious subjects. Indeed, there is something charmingly pathetic, even if occasionally irritating, in the tacit criticism of your whole course in life which you read written on the grave countenances of your sons and daughters. Pathetic, and yet at the same time mirth-provoking, in spite of more or less justice, by virtue of the glorious self-delusion. You are in their eyes the fond and loving father, but equally the humdrum practical man of affairs governed by workaday considerations, and void of poetic impulse save mere domesticity. Unlike them you have never tried to probe the secrets of eternity and grappled with the fire spirits of thought. To you the moon has been but a night-lamp and no inspirer of mighty resolutions and world-conquering hopes. You have lived always as now, a struggler for bread and butter, a creature of dull routine, getting up and lying down, eating and drinking, spending and saving, thermometer and watch consulting with a tedious regularity of which they do not intend to be guilty. They adore you for the loving care you have lavished upon them and the opportunities you have given them, but their eyes let you understand, though they would fain spare your feelings, that whereas your feet have ever clung to earth, their look is fixed upon the stars. Glorious self-delusion which, even while it castigates, tickles the parental diaphragm! Upon the stars? God grant that their look never swerve.

Said I to Josephine one evening, as we were sitting side by side on the sofa after our darling critics had gone to bed — "One would suppose that you and I, in the bygone days, had never sailed the seas of fantasy with the Corsair, or apostrophized solitude on the mountain-top with Childe Harold; that we had bowed in the dust before ancestral dogma, and clung to the belief that the 'Animals went in two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo;' that philanthropy was a strange word to us; that we had revelled in defective drainage; and that we did not kiss each other when we were engaged."

"Poor little dears," said my wife "how much they have still to learn! It would break their hearts if they had to know now that in the end they would be only

just a little better than we. Do you remember how you used to repeat:

'Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He who walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall see the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.'"

"And yet," said I, "I am only a hard-working and tolerably impecunious lawyer."

VIII.

The married man with a family who is dependent on the income from his labors for a living, is necessarily a creature of routine. Day in, day out, he rises from bed, hones his razor, takes his bath, swallows his breakfast, reads the newspaper, and hies him down town with the monotonous exactness of a pendulum. He is engrossed by the cares of business until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and in the brief interim between his closing time and his dinner hour he walks, rides, or frequents the gymnasium for exercise, plays whist, visits a picture gallery and the bookstores, pays a call, or attends a committee meeting in the interest of political or charitable reform, and reaches home barely in time to become a bear for the amusement of his children before they drop off to sleep. In the evening he dines out now and then, and now and then he takes his wife to the theatre or a concert; but ordinarily, after exhausting the newspaper at home and cutting the pages of the current magazines, he settles down to read the newest volume of biography or travel, and is aroused by his wife an hour later on the plea that if he sleeps longer he will lie awake at night.

It is only on Sundays and holidays that the busy man of affairs escapes from the clutches of inexorable custom, and even these respites from habit are so fleeting that he has barely begun to realize that he is free before they have passed and he is a slave again. And yet how precious in his regard, in spite of their limitations, do these breathing spells from routine become as the years advance, and he has grown a trifle sober, and almost imperceptibly gray! There are the baked beans and fish-balls of New England to begin with, to enhance the comfort of his late, leisurely breakfast. The bits of Shakespeare and Shelley with which, stretched at his ease, he refreshes the dusty dryness of his spirit, well up in his memory through the week, and until another Thanksgiving or Decoration Day his eyes are brighter for their glimpses of meadow and hillock, and his lungs are sounder for their inspiration of purer air. Does he not begrudge the passage of the fly-swift hours during which he learns to know his little ones from their own lips, when out of sight of pavements he wanders with them through the wood, or teaches them to paddle up the suburban stream? Avaunt the Sunday newspaper with its vampire wings, and the stuffy club with its corrosive sublimate of brandy and soda! He yearns more and more for the weekly boon of exchanging the paraphernalia of workaday existence for the simple pleasures of loving comradeship with his family, and contact with nature so far as she is to be encountered within the radius of a sabbath-day's journey.

But the Mecca of the married man's hopes is his annual vacation, so called from the deeply rooted intention in his soul to make it a yearly occurrence; but which is ordinarily interfered with three years out of five, notwithstanding his proneness to prophesy glibly that other men, who neglect to shut their desks for a reasonable period in the course of every twelvemonth, will surely break down. It is a splendid theory for other men to act upon, and still more splendid for yourself at those rare conjunctions when there is perfect composure alike in the business world and in your domestic household. You pack your rods and feverishly order relays of groceries—and then something turns up which obliges you to change your plans and put off until another year your projected outing in the woods, where not even a telegram will reach you. It may be that you are called upon to act as the assignee of an insolvent estate, the pickings from which will be considerable, or that the children break out with the

measles, or that you discover the entire drainage system of your house to be in need of immediate overhauling. Under any of these circumstances a married man must stay at home. He cannot afford to neglect his business, or to desert his family in distress. Hence, in spite of his rigid principles, he is very apt to persuade himself that, by passing the summer at some watering-place accessible from town by a dusty, daily railway journey, he is getting all the vacation he needs, especially because he reaches home occasionally, on the hottest afternoons, by three instead of five.

"Are you all ready?" you inquire of your wife, entering her room in a flurry some day about the middle of June, having just come post-haste from down town.

"Are we really going?"

"Going? Of course we are going. The carriage will be at the door in less than an hour."

"Considering that I have had to pack three times during the past fortnight as a consequence of as many determinations on your part which you have subsequently reconsidered, you can scarcely blame me for asking the question. I shall be ready, dear."

"We are going without fail this time. I have bought the tickets and telegraphed for guides, and told them at the office that I shan't be back for three weeks. Has that man sent my fishing things?"

"A great many things have come for you."

You cast a searching, ruffled glance around you at the profusion of packages occupying the lounge and the floor, and realize from their respective proportions that your rubber coat, a new bamboo rod, a landing-net, an air-cushion for yourself and another for your darling, some groceries, and a box of fly-ointment have arrived. Something is plainly missing, however, from the agonized fashion in which you drop upon your knees and rummage through the bundles, ripping the twine and paper from each with increasing despair.

"Where is my new reel and line? That brute has neglected to send either them or the trout-flies I ordered. I will sue him; I——"

As you fulminate, you glare at your wife with the ferocity of an incensed tiger; it is the sudden guilty quailing of her eyes which checks your objurgations. At the same moment she stoops and ducks her head to the base of the lounge, and after groping with the yard-stick produces the missing articles, remarking nonchalantly that the baby had been playing with them, and must have pushed them underneath.

You are so glad to get them that you merely growl inarticulately while you undo with eager fingers the precious package. You scrutinize the dainty rubber reel with a contented smile, and in the serenity of recovered good nature dart at the box of fly-ointment, and insist that your wife shall take a smell of the horrible-looking mixture of penny-royal and tar. She declares that she abominates the odor and that she would rather be bitten by all the flies in creation than soil her skin with a drop of it, and you answer that you are rather fond of the smell and that it is really remarkably clean stuff.

While she collects and packs your things you go flitting about the room with a brow wrinkled by the conviction that you have forgotten something fundamental, and your heart dances like a daffodil as you come across your tooth-brush in the last five minutes. Just when the carriage is at the door you bound up the stairs two steps at a time for your watch-key, which you have left on your pin-cushion, and you breathlessly vow on your return that you will buy a stem-winding watch with your next spare cash. In consequence of the cabman's announcement that you have no time to lose if you wish to catch the train, your farewell to your children in the hall is a hasty nip, and you arraign your wife for the more profuse osculations which she is lavishing upon them. You are off at last, thank goodness, with the memory of four heads and noses pressed against the window pane in the final exuberance of god-speed.

Happy is the benedict who feels that his vacation is incomplete without the society of his gentle spouse! Happy too is the spouse who is not so gentle as to be deterred by bugaboos in the shape of fears of what may befall her children

during her absence, or by antipathy for the discomforts of the pathless woods from accompanying her husband! It is well-nigh impossible to overcome the nervousness of many women sufficiently to induce them to leave home for more than a day or two at a time. There is, moreover, a considerable number of the softer sex whose constitutional horror of snakes and the kindred accessories of a sylvan outing, remains paramount to every other consideration. I am happy to state that Josephine is blessed with a certain serenity of nature which enables her to abandon her offspring for moderate periods without perturbation, and merely to lift her skirts and run without screaming when she encounters a reptile.

It seems almost like your wedding journey over again as you are whirled along in the train by the side of your sweet partner, and in the exuberance of this romantic suggestion you whisper, "Do you suppose, dear, that they take us for a newly married couple?"

"What a perfect goose you are, Fred! Don't flatter yourself that you can shuffle off the staid aspect of a pater familias of forty simply by turning the key on the children."

"Dear little souls!" I ejaculate. "Wouldn't it be nice if we had been able to bring one or two of them with us?"

"No, it wouldn't," answers Josephine, flatly. "I was just thinking what a perfect blessing it was to be completely free from them for a fortnight, and all alone with my dearest."

Thereupon her head drops involuntarily upon my shoulder, where it reposes until I can no longer resist the temptation of remarking, "I think we pass very well for a newly married pair."

"You nasty thing, Fred!" she retorts, bobbing bolt upright as though electrified. "Just as I was so comfortable, too!"

Neither argument nor flattery can induce her to resume her superincumbent posture; but finally, perhaps, she relents so far as to permit you to hold her hand. On goes the train whizzing and jolting into the twilight, which fades away into a pitchy landscape illumined now and again by twinkling cottage lights, and now by the glare of urban electricity. Puff! Pouff! You glide into a smoke-vaulted station where the vernacular of the attendant populace smacks of apple-pie and cider. Whir-r! Sh-h! You rumble across a bridge from which you catch a glimpse below of swift, black water, and in another minute you are shooting past a foundry whose chimneys belch splendid tongues of fire.

"How little Fred would delight in that!" murmurs my angel.

"I thought the children were a forbidden subject."

Only a gentle pressure of my hand for answer. On, on we jostle through the night. The tireless engine twists and turns through mountain valleys from the sides of which forests of pine send down impenetrable gloom. There is a colder, fresher savor to the air as you step to the door to ascertain why the train has suddenly come to a standstill.

"Only a cow on the track," passes from mouth to mouth after a few moments of suspense, during which a vision of your orphaned children floats pathetically before your mind's eye. Josephine does not need to be told what you are thinking about, as witness her pensive query after the train is once more under way.

"I wonder, Fred, if they would care just a little if we were telescoped."

Eleven o'clock. Only twenty minutes more and you will be due at the little jumping-off place where you are to pass the night, and from which you are to set out for camp in the morning. You begin to be harassed by doubts as to whether your telegram has been received, which are not allayed until the countenance of Pete, your sometime Indian guide, looms from the platform. He wastes no words; his grin, welcome in spite of its stolidity, and the shake of his hand give way to the obligation of possessing himself of all your traps. Still he eyes the white woman furtively until you find leisure to remark, "Pete, this is my wife, and Josephine, my dear, this is Pete."

Introductions to Josephine follow of mine host of the inn, whom I congrat-

ulate on the improvements in his rattletrap, and, after we have inspected our room, of Pete's younger brother, Oscar, who is to be the pilot of her canoe, and whose sole exemption from immobility appears to be a guttural grunt. I put searching questions to Pete regarding our chances of good sport, the replies to which are diplomatically non-committal, and then we seek our chamber to woo slumber on behalf of an early start.

Slumber? Would that expectation were father to reality! What inducement to repose is to be found in blankets narrower by six inches than the width of the bed requires? Two minutes after you have tucked yourself in gloriously about the shoulders—for the mountain air feels just a trifle chilly—a gentle tug destroys your handiwork. Without delay you give a resolute tug in the opposite direction, and immediately the voice of your darling protests.

"What are you doing, Fred? You have not left me an inch of bedclothes."

Another tug, still gentle but more determined than the first, accompanies her words, arousing the spirit of evil within you.

"Confound it all, it's a perfect outrage to give us a bed like this," I reply, springing up with a kick which destroys whatever semblance of order there is left, and I strike a match viciously.

I raise the kerosene lamp, and by its dim light morosely survey the situation.

"What are you trying to do, Fred?" my darling inquires, as I stride past the bed.

I am really in search of my ulster, which is hanging at the other side of the room, but it suddenly occurs to me to slip back the bolt of the connecting door which leads into the adjoining chamber.

"I'm going to sleep in the next room," I reply, gruffly.

"But there may be someone in there already," cries Josephine, sitting up in bed under the spur of her trepidation.

"I don't care if there is," I answer, with a defiant mien resulting from secret belief that the apartment in question is empty. Thereupon I pull at the door, which sticks hard.

"You will wake the whole house. And oh, Fred, what if there should be anyone in there!"

I tie a towel around the knob and pull lustily. The door yields at last, and flying open reveals only the silence of the tomb. I enter holding the lamp high above my head, and my horrified eyes behold a bed completely stripped of everything save the striped mattress and bolster appropriate to a dismantled chamber. For one fell, furious moment I stand irresolute, then with a mighty stride I return to my own room, and seizing my ulster and certain other belongings, exclaim, with stoical calm:

"Good-night, Josephine."

"Oh, Fred, I hate to have you leave me. Let me sleep in there and you here. It is your vacation and you need all the rest you can get. Are you sure the bed is comfortable?"

"I am going to sleep there," I answer with diplomatic firmness, stooping to kiss her.

"You must barricade the door so that if it is anyone else's room no one can get in."

Anyone else's room! From the chill stuffiness of the atmosphere it seems as though it had been without an inmate for years. I wrap my ulster around me and do up my toes in my flannel shirt, and stretch myself on the straw mattress. Ruminating, I gradually acquire warmth, until a steady, far-off murmur assures me that my darling is asleep at last. Then I sleep too.

A few hours later we are peacefully skimming over the waters of the lake. Civilization lies behind us hidden by a bend. Reclining with an air of supreme comfort in our respective canoes, we smile now and again at each other across the scarcely ruffled gap which separates us. It is a cloudless morning. The profile of the old man of the mountain, to which Pete calls our attention as we pass, stands out with clean-cut distinctness. A brace of sheldrake race by us almost within gunshot with plaintive squawk. The hills look glorious in their garb of fresh green, and we screw our eyes to make out far away the barely discernible passage between them beyond which lies the virgin forest where we are to spend a fortnight out of reach of newspapers and the children.

Our canoes are laden almost to the gunnel with our kit, comprising tents, woollen and rubber blankets, a cooking-stove, a trunk—Josephine had insisted on bringing a trunk—canned soups, our rods, and a camera. By twilight all these have been safely landed by Pete and the guttural Oscar at the spot chosen as a camping-ground—a beatific spot on the margin of the smallest and most picturesque of a trio of connecting lakes. Tall, majestic trees arch over us, but not too densely. A cool brook twinkles close at hand. Through a fringed clearing we behold across a black-blue sheet of water a monarch among mountains, whose stern sides run down to meet the lake in sheer walls rugged with scars from the glacier period.

Our tents rise side by side in snowy amplitude. Within our guides spread layers of redolent hemlock and adjust cheese-cloth nettings to baffle the predatory sand-fly. While Oscar builds a noble fire, Pete deftly strips layers of bark from the attendant birches and fashions a dining-table, which charms the fancy of Josephine so that she thrills with the threat of carrying home rolls upon rolls of birch-bark for the little ones. In an ecstasy of content we watch the saffron sunset fade to soft violet and the first stars peep from the pellucid sky. I lie stretched at full length, glorying in the consciousness of rest and of freedom from care and contact with the workaday world. My wife and I, ever lovers, seem to have usurped the realm of poetry for our sole use. And yet perhaps my lips are mute. Shall I tell her in bald speech that her eyes are more tender and trusting than the evening planet o'erhead, and her soul purer than the golden light of the departing day?

"Supper!"

The voice of Pete breaks in upon my shy meditation. We seat ourselves beneath a rustic canopy to feast ourselves on plenty; on fresh trout and fried eggs and collops of toast, whereat it may be our noses would have turned up in wonderment at home, but which we attack with the vigor of primitive man. We drink pannikins of tea strong as lye, and fearlessly ask for more. Thrice at least since the canoes touched shore has Josephine derided my countenance, copper-colored from its coating of tar and oil, and called heaven to witness that she disowned me as a husband; but now at length the hour of my triumph arrives.

"Fred!" she ejaculates, breaking down completely, "give me some of that stuff. They are all over me; they are driving me crazy; in my ears, in my nostrils, in my mouth, and on both sides of my buttered toast. I cannot bear it a moment longer."

I bid Pete build a smudge, and I hasten to my tent for the precious mixture. Josephine essays it gingerly.

"A little dab like that will be of no use," I exclaim, firmly, and suiting the action to the word, I baptize her delicate cheeks with glorious smears of the oleaginous compound, remarking withal as a sop to her outraged spirit that it is excellent for the complexion.

On the morrow we fish. On the morrow and on succeeding days. I and Josephine also. I with a fly-rod to the end, and she with a fly-rod for five minutes, during which she succeeds in hooking Oscar in the cheek and entangling herself well-nigh inextricably in her own casting line. After this she prefers to troll, and she trolls indefatigably. That is, she reclines with a graceful pose in her canoe and suffers herself to be piloted from lake to lake. A rod is over her shoulder and a novel in her lap. She reads a little and she dozes a little, and when she feels a twitch, she twitches sooner or later in her turn. It is wonderful how many fish she manages to capture in this haphazard way, and, what is more, the largest monsters in the lake seek her hook. She reels them in in a seraphic fashion to the delight of Oscar and no less of Pete, who confides to me that my wife is a born fisherman. I realize that this encomium embodies a tacit reflection on my own lack of powers, not to be gainsaid by tales of quondam victories over muscallonge, salmon, and tarpon. It is very evident that I must be content to occupy in his eyes a rank completely second to the sweet angel of my bosom, who knows not the difference between a Brown Hackle and a Parmachenee Belle, and who frankly admits a preference for live bait.

The days glide imperceptibly. There is a delicious sameness in them all, and yet each has its special charm. We angle and we meditate; we paddle and we vegetate. We make all-day excursions, and in the course of them take luncheon on tight little islands solitary enough to arouse the envy of an Alexander Selkirk. We recall and quote poetry of which we have not thought for years. We photograph each other and our guides in every conceivable attitude, and our camp from every point of view. Josephine sees a pair of huge fiery eyes peering into her tent in the middle of the night, and will not be persuaded (even unto this day) that the intruder was a rabbit and not a bear. By the camp fire Oscar exhibits to me Josephine's new fly-rod splintered through contact with his weight in stepping backward, and articulates philosophically, "Lady no fly fish; lady troll. Gentleman buy another when home. Indian mend pretty good perhaps."

We bathe and cleanse our souls in the holy atmosphere of the summer evening, and once more, as in the days of our youth, we gaze between the solemn pines at the lustrous night seeking the infinite. We whisper "peccavi" to the pitying stars, and in the consciousness of lack of power to pierce the mysteries of cosmos, my hand seeks hers and hers mine in token of the love for the sake of which alone we crave immortality.

There comes a day when the walls of our tents fall like the walls of the houses of Jericho at the voice of the prophet's trumpet. I take apart my rods, and Josephine arms herself with the vast collection of ferns and the rolls of birch bark which she purposes to carry home with her. Mournfully we take a last look from our canoes at our dismantled camping-ground; yet already my wife's eyes are bright with the thought of seeing the children again, and I am beginning to wonder what has been going on in the civilized world during the past fortnight. We are sorry to be going, and yet we are glad. Josephine stigmatizes the rapture with which I receive a bundle of newspapers from a sportsman whom we pass on our way out as hysterical and almost indecent.

"It was only a fortnight ago that you said you never wished to look at another newspaper, Fred."

"And you, my dear, that it was a perfect blessing to be rid of the children," I retort, and then I absorb myself in the affairs of the body politic oblivious alike of lake and forest.

(To be concluded in the June number.)

DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

The Crowd at Park Street Church, Boston.

RAPID TRANSIT IN CITIES.

I.—THE PROBLEM.

By Thomas Curtis Clarke.

ONE of the most powerful factors in the evolution of cities, and one of the most interesting topics of the day, is rapid transit. It affects not only the health and comfort of all citizens, but the very existence and prosperity of cities themselves. Although much has been written about it, the last word has not been said.

Modern inventions do not change human nature, but they do change human affairs. When the Lord put it into the mind of someone "to pave the roads with iron bars"—as Emerson hath it—a new epoch began, that of the railway system, which, although but sixty years old, has changed the face of the world.

Rapid transit in cities was born about the same time, when, in 1834, John Stephenson, of New York, invented the horse-car to run on tramways, or flat rails, laid in the streets of our cities. For this his name is worthy to be placed beside that other Stephenson, who found the locomotive a toy and left it a perfect machine.

We are now just beginning to see the far-reaching effects of this simple invention. It has solved the problem of city life. It is fast abolishing the horrors of the crowded tenement. It is shortening the hours of labor. It makes the poor man a land-holder. It is doing more to put down socialism, in this country at least, than all other things combined.

One of its effects is giving great trouble. The better the service of street railways, the faster does the city population grow, the more do the people ride, and the greater is the congestion of traffic, and the louder the complaints of the public. The demand for rapid transit facilities increases faster than the supply.

Everybody thinks that their own city is in the worst plight, and the managers of their street railways are the meanest men on the face of the earth; but it is an interesting fact, and one which has suggested these articles, that *all* large cities, where time is of any value, are now in like distress.

Street lines, subways, elevated railways, and other means of conveyance, have so greatly increased the population of cities, by making the outlying districts available and accessible, that they cannot carry the people who want to ride. This is not only the case in the greater American cities, but also in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, etc.

A comparative study of the conditions which have brought about this congestion of traffic may suggest a remedy. In the present article we shall discuss *the problem;* in the second, *the solution.*

The conflict between city people and those who live in the country is as old as history. There always has been an influx from without to within. So long as the area of cities was limited, this was strongly and successfully resisted by the citizens. They felt themselves a superior class to the rustics. The very words "urbane" and "rustic" tell the story.

The Romans called the outside dwell-

DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

The Jam of Street Cars at the Corner of Madison and State Streets, Chicago.

ers "villani;" from which come two words, one of honorable significance, "villa," and the other, perhaps a little modified by mediæval use, "villain." Roman citizens looked down upon the country folk as an average New Yorker does upon a stray Jerseyman from the pines.

All literature has been tinged by this feeling, and both writers and statesmen have continued to deplore the excessive growth of cities as a national evil, and have exhorted countrymen to stay at home, telling them how much better off they were in the country.

Observation has now taught us that this growth of cities is a necessary part of the evolution of our social structure, and that it is not a growth at the expense of the country, but for the benefit of the country, as well as that of the city.

Recent statistical inquiries have shown that cities grow because they absorb the best, and not the worst, of the rural population, who better their condition by coming to town.

Charles Booth, the eminent English statistician, in his great work, "Labor and Life of the People," has shown, from very extended inquiry, that most of those who come to London from the country either have work already engaged, or have good prospects of getting work; and that their condition is generally improved by their change of abode.

The British Census of 1890 confirms this in a striking manner by showing that the people of country birth are most numerous in the wealthy quarters of the city, where employment abounds, and least numerous in the poverty-stricken quarters.

All this is contrary to the preconceived opinion that countrymen wander aimlessly to the city, and are chiefly tramps, or broken-down persons.

> "Hark! the dogs do bark,
> The beggars are coming to town."

This is not so. The emigrants from the country to the city, with exceptions, of course, are the bone and sinew of the rural population, the most energetic and the best. They come to better themselves, and they do better themselves. This is just as true, and probably more so, of the United States as of England.

The significance of it is that the growth of cities will *never* stop so long as means are given to bring people to them, and to enable people to get about over their ever-increasing areas, without too much loss of time, which is money. Railways—"the paving of the roads with iron bars"—enable people of moderate means to travel to the cities, and rapid transit facilities enable them to use the cities when they get there.

Hence our cities have grown equally with our railways, and almost directly as their mileage. This can be clearly seen from the above diagram, compiled from the results of the United States Census. It shows by curves the actual growth of the whole country, of its cities, and of its railways during equal periods of time. It does not show what is still more remarkable, the relative growth of cities to that of the whole. In 1790, the total city population was 3.35 per cent. of the whole. One hundred years after, it is 29.12 per cent. The mileage of steam railways has increased from 23 miles in 1830, to 161,000 miles in 1890; and the mileage of steel railways from nothing in 1834, to 10,500 miles in 1890–91.

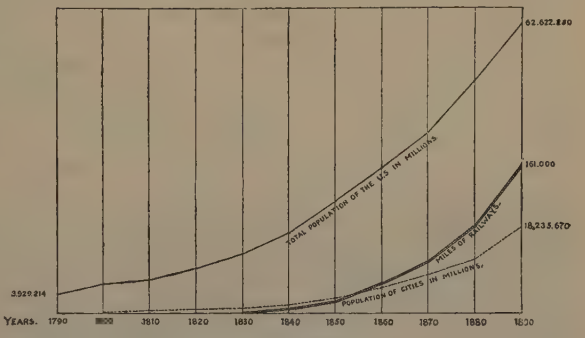


Diagram Compiled from Results of United States Census. Showing by curves the actual growth of the country, its cities, and its railways, by decades.

It seems to be evident that there is no limit to the growth of cities, except the difficulty of getting about in them. There are two ways of solving this

problem: One is to build very lofty buildings, and crowd many families under one roof. The other is to take people quickly to and from the outlying districts by rapid transit.

The cities of sixty years ago were of such small area that people could walk to and from their daily work without much loss of time. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry in those days, and life went on very easily and smoothly.

As population increased the poorer classes crowded into tenements, so as to be near their daily work. These tenements were generally old buildings, whose rooms were cut up into smaller ones. They lacked light and air, and had no sanitary conveniences. Philanthropists spent much money in trying to improve these buildings and make them fit for self-respecting people to live in.

But this is beginning at the wrong end. The new tenements are, it is true, occupied by a better class of people; but the vicious and degraded poor, being driven out of their old quarters, fall into worse ones, where crowding is increased on account of space having been taken away to build better buildings upon. The true remedy is to enable people to go to where there is more room, and go quickly and cheaply. In this country this mode of relief first came from Stephenson's street-cars drawn by horses, which have spread thence all over the world.

Next came cable-lines, invented some twenty years since in San Francisco, to overcome the steep grades of their streets, by A. S. Hallidie, whose name has not received the credit which this very important improvement deserves.

The latest and greatest invention is the electric trolley system. This is so simple, inexpensive, reliable, and safe, that it has "come to stay," in spite of the opposition of those conservatives, who are the sons and grandsons of those older conservatives who bitterly opposed horse-railways, but who fortunately failed to prevent their adoption.

The locomotive, the horse of the people, was opposed, and the street-car, the carriage of the people, was opposed; but that which is for the greatest good of the greatest number will always conquer in the end.

While it may be admitted that overhead trolley wires are unsightly, and not well suited to the closely built up parts of cities, there can be no objection to them in the outlying districts. Their economy is their chief merit, as this makes the system a flexible one, which can be extended to meet the wants of the public much faster than any conduit system, either for electric wires, or for cables.

European cities, while employing surface tramway cars drawn by horses, and subways, both steam and electric, rely largely for getting about upon the omnibus.

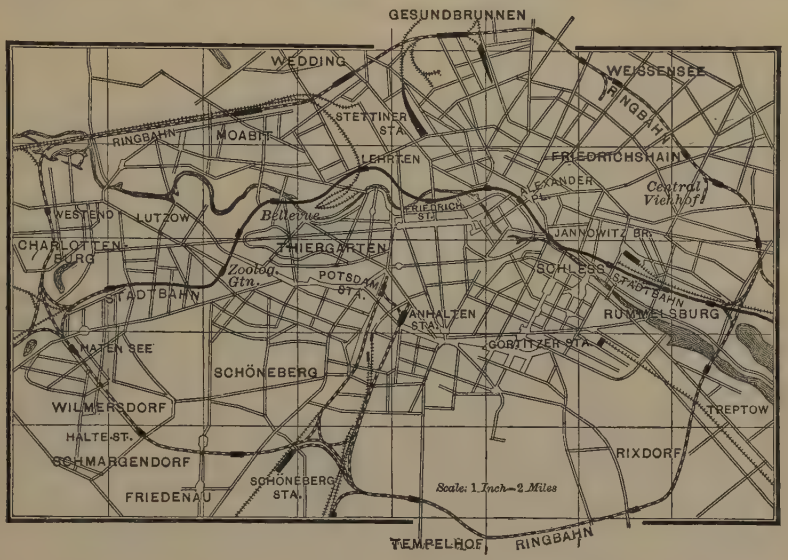
As a means of rapid transit this is inferior to the street-car, but the fact that the latter glides along on its smooth pavement of iron bars, makes the public oblivious of the wretched state of the stone pavements on either side. The "bus," to get any speed, must have a smooth pavement all over the street, and this is one reason why European cities are so much better paved than those of our country.

Horse-cars rather more than double the available area of a city, and for a time there is relief. Population increases, and a wider area can only be got by higher speed. Then come the cable and electric cars, which increase the speed in the congested streets very little, but in the outer districts from six to ten or twelve miles per hour. This quadruples the original city area, without taking any more of the people's time in riding.

It may be truly said that all the efforts of trades-unions, assisted by legislation, to shorten the hours of labor, have not accomplished so much as the simple device of "paving the roads with iron bars."

After a while the ever-increasing traffic puts an end to this relief, and the only thing to be done in the congested parts of the city is to go above ground on elevated railways, or below ground in subways. But, as we see to-day in New York, and in London and other European cities, this relief does not last, unless the number of these lines is constantly increased. We will illustrate it in detail by the experience of these and other cities.

Maps of Berlin, Paris, London, and Boston, covering in each case an area five miles wide, by eight miles long, appear in this article; and in the second article there will be maps of New York and Chicago, covering ten miles wide by sixteen miles long.



Map of Berlin, showing the Belt and Transverse Lines.

The distribution of the population is such that the census numbers of these cities correspond nearly with the areas, except in the case of Boston, whose population would be largely increased if the whole amount included in the area of the map were included. The space occupied by New York is so much encroached upon by water, that the area for future growth of population lies even beyond the limits of the map. If the whole area of Chicago were as thickly populated as the central parts of that city, its population would exceed that of New York. From all of these maps one can see what is meant by the congested districts, and where the outer and as yet thinly populated districts lie, access to which can be given by rapid transit facilities.

We have given no map of Vienna, because it has no rapid transit, and only refer to it to show the great cost of modernizing an ancient city. It is proposed to build an outer belt-line connecting the railway stations for through passengers and freight; then an inner belt for local traffic, also two radial lines dividing the inner circle into quadrants for local traffic. These lines, together with some new sewage works, and works for the control of the river, and a winter harbor, are estimated to cost $85,000,000, which will be divided between the city, the province of Lower Austria, and the Empire.

Here the whole burden of the rapid transit is to be assumed by the community, and private capital is called upon only to purchase bonds.

The city of Berlin, the modern capital of the German Empire, with a population of over one million three hundred thousand, is now probably better supplied with facilities for rapid transit than any other European city, but more are wanted, and are now about to be built.

The topography of this city offers excellent facilities. Berlin lies on a level plain and can be extended in all directions. The little river Spree is too small to stand in the way of the necessary works. What a different state of things this is from that of New York, where it was once proposed to fill up the East River, and where it is now seriously proposed to fill up the Harlem River!

The first step that was taken in Berlin

was to connect the outlying railway stations by a Ringbahn, or belt-line. While this was very useful for transferring freight, it carried but few passengers, as it did not follow the lines of the great streets along which people go and come.

Tramway, or horse-car, lines were then laid, running radially from the centre of the city to its suburbs. The system is one of the largest in Europe, having one hundred and eighty miles of single track, and carrying one hundred and twenty-one million passengers annually.

The next step was to build the famous Stadtbahn, or Viaduct line, which crosses the long diameter of the oval formed by the belt railway. It is seven and a half miles long, has two tracks for express and two for local trains, is built in the most solid manner of stone and iron, and cost, including land, $16,000,000. But it carried last year only about fifteen million passengers, which is less than the comparatively insignificant Ninth Avenue Elevated of New York carries.

All these facilities for rapid transit have not been found sufficient, and it is now proposed to again divide the oval area, to which everybody wishes to go, by two lines of subways crossing each other at right angles. These quadrants will also be traversed by two small belts, dividing the greater oval into three divisions.

All of these lines will be laid out under the principal thoroughfares. They will consist of two small iron tubes like Greathead's South London Subway, having elevators capable of carrying forty or fifty passengers, which will be placed at the stations. Berlin is an illustration of the never-ending demands of rapid transit. Better facilities increase travel, and then more facilities are wanted, and so on, *ad infinitum*, so far as we can now see.

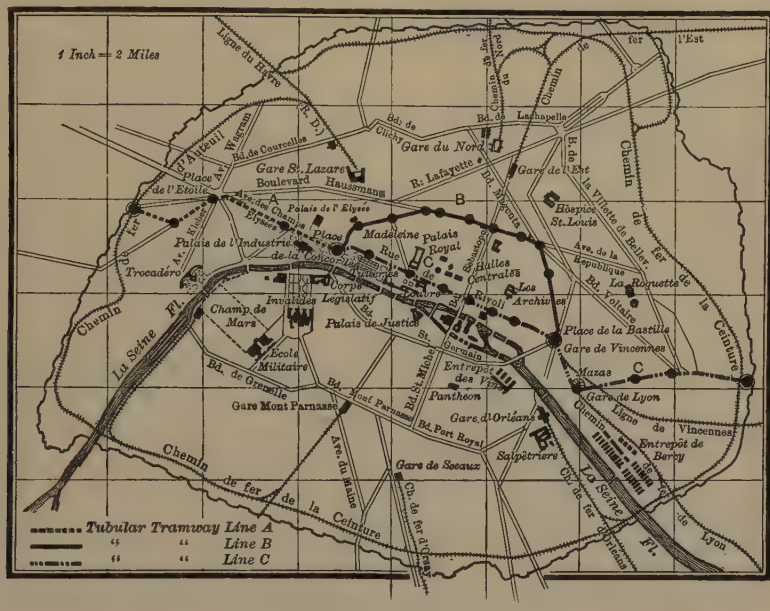
The city of Paris, with a population of about two million two hundred thousand, is in the first stage of rapid transit. She has a *ceinture* or belt railway connecting the principal railway terminal stations, but like the outer belt of Berlin, it handles freight chiefly, and but few passengers. Tramway cars, omnibuses, and cabs give other means of rapid transit. The poorest people walk, and those who are a little better off ride in tramway-cars and omnibuses. These being owned by commercial companies and worked for profit, always run on the lines of the great streets.

It is admitted that more and better facilities are wanted, and several plans have been proposed. One is to build elevated railways in the streets like those of New York. This meets with great opposition. Another plan is to open a new street or avenue running near the longer diameter of the oval formed by the belt railway, one hundred and seventy feet wide. In the centre of this there would be placed a four-track viaduct, having streets sixty feet wide on each side. The right of way is estimated to cost four and a half millions of dollars per mile, and the whole cost of thirteen miles would be eighty millions of dollars.

This amount deters private capital from undertaking the scheme, but here seems to be an excellent opportunity for the community to share the burden of rapid transit with private investors. The city of Paris can condemn land wider than that necessary for this scheme, and sell it at a profit sufficient to repay a large part of the cost, as was done in the case of the new boulevards built by Haussman in the time of the Empire, and of the Avenue de l'Opéra, since.

Some electric subways on the Greathead system are also proposed. They will be very small, only eighteen feet in diameter, to carry two lines of rails, and will be worked by electric power. They are intended to run from the Arc de Triomphe along the Champs-Élysées, the rue de Rivoli, with a return loop along the grand boulevards; that is to say, they coincide with the lines of greatest traffic. Their depth will not require elevators, and it is estimated that they will cost but eleven millions of dollars, which seems a very insufficient sum. Even were it doubled or trebled, it would be less than half of a viaduct line of the same length. This is one advantage of the subway system if made of these small round tubes. Another very great advantage is that the subway system can always follow the lines of the great thoroughfares, without destroying valuable property.

Another plan of rapid transit is proposed by the eminent engineer, Eiffel, which differs from any others in proposing to construct a line partly in subways and partly on viaducts, the two being united by inclined planes.


1 Inch = 2 Miles
Tubular Tramway Line A
" " Line B
" " Line C
Gare du Nord
Gare de l'Est
Gare St. Lazare
Gare Mont Parnasse
Gare de Lyon
Gare d'Orléans
Gare de Sceaux
Palais de l'Elysée
Palais de l'Industrie
Palais de Justice
Champ de Mars
Trocadéro
Madeleine
Palais Royal
Halles Centrales
Les Archives
Place de la Bastille
Gare de Vincennes
Pantheon
Salpêtrière
Entrepôt de Bercy
Hôspice St. Louis
Ecole Militaire
Corps Législatif
Invalides
Pont de Grenelle
Pont de Solferino
Pont de Sully
Pont de Bercy
Pont d'Austerlitz
Pont de la Concorde
Pont de Lyon
Pont de Passy
Pont de Grenelle
Pont de Bir-Hakeim
Pont de Garigliano
Pont de Jena
Pont de l'Alma
Pont de l'Europe
Pont de Solferino
Pont de la Concorde

Fitzgerald, in 1891. Said he, "We labor under the disadvantage of having our stations too far removed from the business streets of the city, thus losing the immense local traffic. Such roads as ours should be built on the lines of the great thoroughfares."

The South London Subway, built by Mr. Greathead, is another example of bad location. It merely carries passengers from a single outlying district called Kennington to the city, and has only a morning and evening business, and no local traffic.

Experience having shown the effects of bad location, a new company, called the "Central London," has just received a charter from Parliament. This cuts the oval across its longer diameter, and follows the lines of those very crowded thoroughfares, Oxford Street, Holborn, Cheapside, and Cornhill down to the East End of London. It will consist of two tubes thirteen feet in diameter, made by the Greathead process, and it will be run as that is, by electric power. Sir Benjamin Baker is the engineer, and he estimates that it can be built for about two million dollars per mile, and that it will carry fifty-two millions of passengers soon after opening for traffic.

Besides this there are other electric lines of a similar character proposed to run across the short diameter of the oval, and connect the great railway stations on the north of London with those on the south by direct lines, instead of running a long distance around. These lines will all be under crowded streets.

The Metropolitan subway line was opened in 1862, and the District and some tramway lines completed in 1870. In 1862 the London General Omnibus Company carried forty-one millions of passengers. In 1884 it carried seventy-six millions, while the two subways carried one hundred and fourteen and a half millions — a total of one hundred and ninety and a half millions.

In 1889–90 the movement was :

By tramways, omnibuses, and underground railways, within five miles radius	453,000,000
By suburban steam railways, within ten miles radius	535,000,000
Total	988,000,000

which gives 186 yearly trips for each inhabitant.

This brief account of rapid transit in European cities shows that their experience has been very similar. First they build a belt railway, which does little for rapid transit. Then they cross the circle or oval in various directions, by lines radiating from the centre, and always following the lines of the crowded streets, which the first

Map of London, showing Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

system did not do. Sometimes they build a smaller circle inside of the larger one, but always on the lines where people come and go. The more of these facilities that are given, the more the public demand, and the more they get.

The original idea that there was a certain district of a city too sacred to be invaded by rapid transit lines, has now disappeared. It is found that this district is one to which people insist on being carried. There are but two ways of getting there. One is by a viaduct system, which is too costly for private capital alone, but which can be built if the community are willing to help. The advantages of riding above ground in the clear air of day need not be enlarged upon.

The other system is to build subways below the surface. If it be attempted to keep very near the surface and dispense with elevators, the difficulties and cost are largely increased. But if the subways are placed below all pipes, sewers, and foundations, and are made of small size, then the construction becomes as economical as that of a viaduct above ground, but without requiring expensive right of way. This is the system that now seems to be in favor in European cities.

The manner in which rapid transit facilities increase rapid transit is well illustrated by New York. Before 1834 the bulk of its population lived below Fourteenth Street, and all business was done below Canal Street. The invention of the horse-car in that year extended the area of population northward, while the ferry-boats built up Brooklyn and Jersey City. Surface lines were followed by elevated lines in 1878, and now the people cry loudly for more means of rapid transit.

The following table shows the double growth—that due to increased population and that due to the increased mobility of the people:

Year.	Population.	Yearly fares or passengers.	Number of trips per each person yearly
1834....	515,000	6,836,000	13
1865....	990,000	82,000,000	83
1878....	1,220,000	170,000,000	140
1890....	1,650,000	405,000,000	248

In other cities the number of yearly trips per inhabitant has increased greatly—in Chicago nearly as much as in New York, and in Boston more so.

There must be added to the above number of passengers by the New York lines, about two hundred millions more who come and go by the ferries over the East and North Rivers, and the Brooklyn Bridge. This makes a yearly movement of 600,000,000, or a daily one of 1,643,000 persons, over one-half of whom come and go to the small area of New York island lying below Canal Street. The length of street-car lines in New York is 130 miles, and of elevated lines 90 miles, making 220 miles in all. It is not strange that more rapid transit lines and more bridges should be called for. A rapid transit commission has laid out lines that we shall refer to hereafter.

Boston jogged along for many years with slow, infrequent, and shabby horse-cars. The lines were owned by different corporations, and people could not change from the cars of one line to those of another without paying extra fare. This, naturally enough, did not encourage travel nor the growth of the city. But as neither streets nor cars were uncomfortably crowded, some wise men of Boston said: "Behold, how much better off we are than those wretched New Yorkers!"

Eminent citizens went to the State-house and opposed the grant of more rapid transit facilities, on the ground that it was better and healthier to walk than to ride. They did not stop to consider that this would mean the increase of the crowded tenement system with all its horrors.

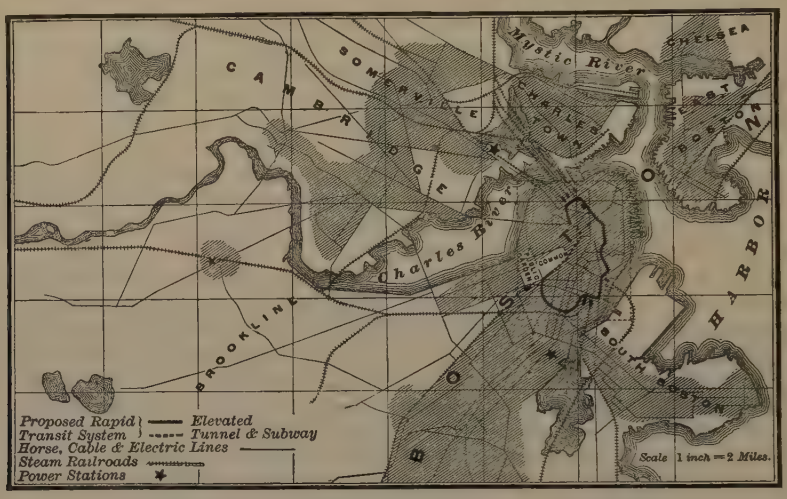
But in an evil hour for the slow people, the seven different horse-car systems who had attempted to carry the people, were consolidated into one, called the "West End Company."

The first benefit was single fares. Then came more frequent cars. Then the electric system was introduced. At first it was attempted to run the car motors by wires placed in conduits. It was found that this led to all sorts of delays due to the loss of current from induction and grounding. The small

boy became an important factor. He soon discovered that by dropping a forked wire into the slot after dark, which should straddle the conductor and touch the sides, he could short-circuit the current, and produce a most beautiful display of green sparks. This also had the effect of stopping every car on that division, which was still more delightful, and makes some of us wish that similar opportunities had been offered to us in our boyhood.

where, as will be seen by the map, there is a great deal of space yet unoccupied. The effect of this has been to replace crowded tenement-houses by business structures.

The population of that larger Boston which lies just outside the city limits, added to that within these limits, is estimated at 800,000, or two-thirds that of Chicago. Half of these people come to town every morning and go out at night, 327,000 by street-cars, and 134,000 by



Map of Boston, showing Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

The city authorities of Boston wisely gave permission to replace the conduits by overhead wires and trolleys — the "witches' broom" of Dr. Holmes's poem. Since then all has gone well.

The simplicity and economy of the system has allowed its extension into the outlying districts, until there are now 245 miles of single track, of which 81 miles is now electrically equipped, and all soon will be. This is the longest system of any American city except Philadelphia, which has 340 miles of single track.

The number of passengers carried has increased from 92,000,000 in 1887, the year of consolidation, to 119,000,000 in 1891. The population has increased in the same time from 425,000 to 451,000. This gives the yearly number of rides per inhabitant, 263.

There has been a movement of population from the inner to the outer wards, steam railways, 461,000 in all. When we consider how small the business part of Boston is, and how narrow and crooked her streets are, it is not strange that great congestion of traffic has taken place. All the lines crossing the city must pass through only three streets, and these become impassable during certain hours, and much time is lost. A commission was appointed last year to devise better means of rapid transit, whose recommendations we shall refer to later.

Chicago finds herself to-day in the same trouble as the other cities we have mentioned. Her street lines cannot carry her people, and the soon-coming World's Fair will add many more to be carried. The city is prevented from extending eastward by the lake, and the congested business district is small in area, and cut off by the rivers from the outer districts on two sides.

The steam railroads bring in many suburban passengers, but this does not give rapid transit. No steam railway can do it without separate tracks for the purpose, as it cannot run trains of cars often enough, and people will leave a steam line and use cable or electric cars, because there is no time-table to remember, and if they miss one car, they know another will soon follow.

Also, there is too much time lost in going back and forward from the stations to their homes. This time is saved on the surface cars by their frequent stops.

Horse-car lines have been used for many years, but the phenomenal growth of Chicago dates from the changing of these lines to cable lines, some six or seven years since.

These cable lines are used as trunk lines on the great thoroughfares, and horse-car lines branch from them. When the horse-car reaches the main line it is coupled to the cable cars and the passengers go on without change. The lines are allowed to run trains of one grip-car and two trailers; each train can seat about seventy passengers. These trains run five or six miles per hour in the inner districts, but when they get out where the streets are less crowded, the speed is more than doubled.

The excellence of this service has brought about the same trouble as we have found to exist elsewhere — a great and constantly increasing congestion of traffic. This may be understood from the illustration on page 568, showing one of the principal streets of Chicago crowded with cars at the end of the afternoon.

It is stated that during the morning and evening hours there are not seats enough for more than half the people who ride. They stand inside of the cars and on the end platforms, and even hang upon the side platforms and steps, from which insecure places they often fall, and sometimes are run over. In addition to these dangers, street cars full of people are sometimes struck by the locomotives, which run on the same grade as the streets, and tossed into the air as a bull would toss a baby-carriage on his horns.

Various remedies have been proposed for this dangerous and uncomfortable state of affairs. The most obvious is to require all the trunk lines coming into Chicago to elevate their tracks, which will have to be done, notwithstanding its cost. Theorists say—pass a law forbidding passengers to be taken unless given seats. This would mean making half the people wait indefinitely, and public opinion would not tolerate it. Another suggestion is that conductors should be prohibited by law from taking fares except from seated passengers. Then the companies would put on more cars. But, say experts, to crowd more cars on the present cables would lead to greater delays in getting around the loops, and be a source of danger in passing through the tunnels. It is also found that if too many cars are run on one cable, and more than a certain number happen to start at once, the strain on the cable is too great and it breaks, causing peculiarly vexatious delays. The only real remedy is more lines, surface, elevated, or in subway.

A rapid transit commission has investigated the whole subject and has made some very excellent suggestions, which, if adopted, will give temporary relief. These we shall refer to hereafter.

The present surface lines are carrying 567,000 persons daily, the larger part to the congested district. During the World's Fair there will be a probable addition of 200,000 going each way. The present lines cannot carry them in addition to what they now carry. Relief must come from the steam railroads, and from steamboats running along the lake front.

The movement in street and subway cars of the general people in European cities, is much more sluggish than here. While in Boston each person makes 263 trips per year; in New York, 248; in Chicago, including the steam railways, 234; and even in Philadelphia, 160; we find that in Berlin there are but 104 trips yearly for each person; in Paris, including cabs, 130 yearly trips; and in London, 186 trips.

The bulk of the people must walk, and to do this means living in a state of great crowding. The reason why they do it is, partly, that the lines are not located where people want to go, but chiefly on account of the system of

charging separate fares increasing with the distance, and thus discriminating against the suburbs.

In Great Britain, tramway-car fares are limited by law to a penny or two cents a mile, and this is charged, except when they come in competition with omnibuses, which carry passengers four or five miles for a penny. A penny a mile would mean ten cents from the City Hall in New York to Harlem, or twelve cents from the City Hall of Chicago to the World's Fair grounds.

In Paris the omnibuses and tram-cars charge six cents for inside and three cents for outside passengers for distances under four miles. In Berlin the fares are less, which accounts for the greater movement of the people. They vary from two and a half cents for one mile to ten cents for six miles. The average distance travelled is $1\frac{9}{10}$ mile, and the average fare is $1\frac{6}{10}$ cent per mile. The average distance travelled in Boston is $4\frac{3}{10}$ miles, and the average fare $1\frac{2}{10}$ cent per mile. In New York it is about the same.

Averages are proverbially misleading. The real difference between the European and the American systems is that here a man can ride eight or ten miles, from the crowded part of the city where he earns his living to the open and rural districts, for five cents. In any European city it would cost him more than twice as much, actually, and if a working-man, more than that in relation to his yearly wages.

The effect there has been to crowd people into the middle of a city. The effect here is to enable them to live in the fresh air of the suburban districts, where they sometimes have room even for a small garden. Certainly this is a result to be approved both by economists and philanthropists.

The second effect of low single fares and quick transit is, as I have shown, to increase the population, and to increase the number of daily rides of each person, faster than capital has generally been able to supply the demand. Hence the complaints which seem to be universal in all large cities, where time is of value.

In the second of these articles I propose to suggest some remedial measures, which will take a broader scope than if merely confined to matters within the province of civil engineering.

MIRRORED MUSIC.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

"*Veux-tu rendre sur une flûte de roseau l'harmonie des sphères?*"—A. DE LAMARTINE.

THINK you a flute of reeds—
The poet asks—can give
A star's song as it speeds,—
Bidding it breathe and live?

Ask of the river, where
Its current slideth sweet
Across a Naiad's bare
And bright, unsandalled feet.

Straightway the waters dark
Will whisper clear and strong:
"Night is the time to hark
The rush's mystic song.

"Then do the white-winged stars
Descend, in joyous flight,
The myriad silver bars
Wrought of the young moon's light:

"And then, where never breeze
Shakes it, the still reed hears
And learns the harmonies
Sung by the happy spheres."

UNTER DEN LINDEN.

By Paul Lindau.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STAHL.

THE STREETS of aristocratic West Berlin, the Thiergarten, are unquestionably more cheerful and agreeable, and the great business artery of the city itself, Leipziger Strasse, beats with a quicker life, than Unter den Linden—that is the somewhat old-fashioned, though pleasant and pretty, name which the greatest street of Berlin still bears officially; but the Linden, as we usually call it for convenience, has nevertheless remained the representative, the most characteristic and important street in the capital of Prussia and of the German Empire. The Linden is indicative of Berlin in its original design and in its transformation; significant in its reminders of the past and memorials of the present; in what has been preserved and done away with, in what has been overthrown and created. It is a monumental image of our city and national life; an epitome of Prussian history in enduring stone and also in cheap stucco.

The Linden cuts straight as a line through the heart of the city. The founders of Berlin must have been extraordinarily far-seeing and clever people, or they could not have given this particular street, anticipating its future at the very outset, the essential conditions for a principal thoroughfare: a suitable width, and a termination, at one end of impressive architecture, and at the other of attractive landscape. For it is only very recently, by reason of the enormous advance which Berlin has made in the last twenty-five years, the new quarter which has sprung up toward the west, and the radical change in the ground plan of the city, that the Linden has gained that central position which rightfully belongs to the most important and significant street.

The growth of Berlin is unparalleled in Europe. To find its counterpart, we must cross the ocean and behold those infant prodigies, the American cities, which, while as yet babies scarcely out of the cradle, attain the stature, the strength, and together with these, of course, the requisite consciousness of manhood.

In my boyhood the Linden marked the outermost limits of the city proper. Then—I am speaking of forty years ago—the glory of Berlin ceased altogether at the Brandenburg Gate. In the Thiergarten, on the bank of the Spree, were a couple of big factories; and all around were public-houses, open simply in the summer, where family-parties could boil the coffee that they brought themselves. There under the trees sat the respectable townsfolk, drinking thin coffee or still thinner beer, the wives and daughters with knitting and embroidery; and everybody, after the burden and heat of the day, gulped down the dust which the slightest breath of wind raised in thick columns along the then unpaved sandy roads.

The principal place of amusement at that time, Kroll's establishment, was still "outside," in idyllic proximity to the beer-gardens, "*die Zelten.*" In the more northern part of the Thiergarten, toward Potsdamer Strasse, the houses were almost without exception small and simple, hidden away in quiet little gardens, and very generally were unoccupied in winter, being used as summer residences through the hot weather. The whole Thiergarten had a thoroughly rural, un-citified air. The adjoining districts, Moabit and Lützow, were villages. All this modest rusticity and provinciality has been mowed down by the last twenty years. Imposing quarters of the city, with great wide streets and huge buildings, have shot up out of the ground, joined themselves on to the limits of the older Berlin, and now form with it one unbroken whole. At present, consequently, the Linden lies actually in the very centre of the city.

Straight, therefore, as the alignment at parade—as befits the Prussian capital—runs the Linden from the west, the Thiergarten, and the Brandenburg Gate, toward the east and the Royal Castle. In speaking of the Linden, I always include its eastern extremities, the Opernplatz, the Schlossbrücke, and Lustgarten, which are an integral part of it and form its natural conclusion.

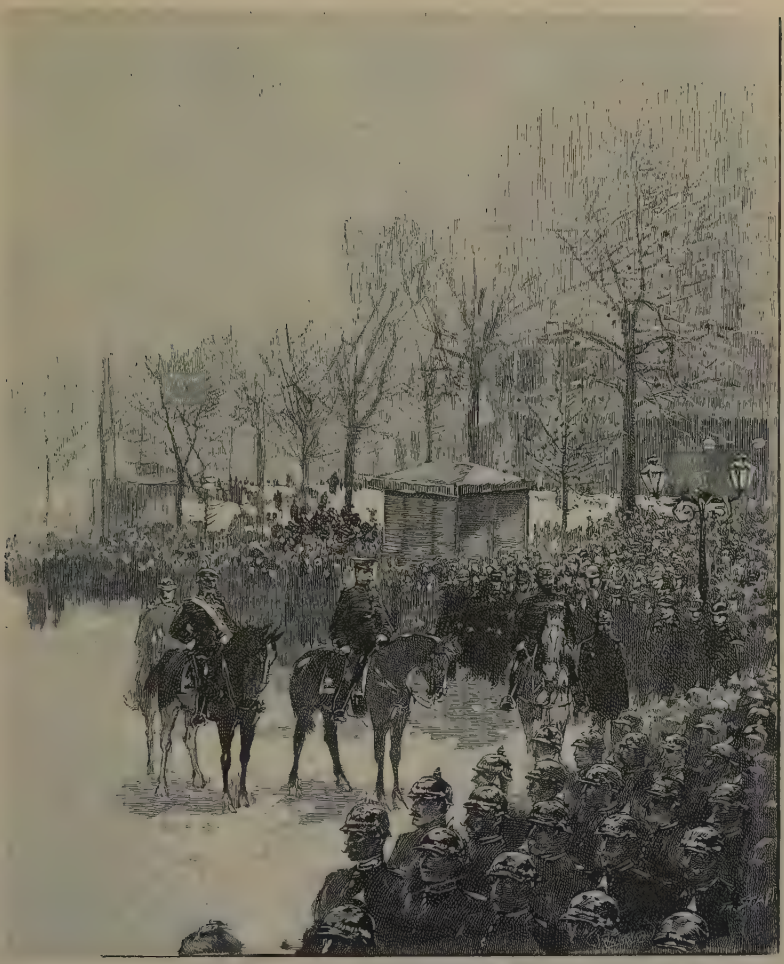
The beginning and the end of the Linden are equally indicative of our Prussian personality. No sooner have we passed through the haughty pillars of the Brandenburg Gate—crowned by its trophy, Victory in her four-horse chariot—than we are greeted, in the little Greek wing upon the right, by the Guard-house. The name of the square that forms, in a certain sense, the portico of the Linden, Pariser Platz, brings before us the entrance into Paris, the triumphant close of the War of Liberation, 1813–1815. And if the designation has grown so familiar that we are inclined to overlook its implication, we shall be reminded of it by the name of the first stately residence that we now behold. It is the Blücher Palace. We saunter along. At our left the eye is met by a striking building of huge proportions. From its open windows officers are gazing, who here permit themselves the luxury of half-unbuttoned coats. That is the Academy of War. When we reach the end of the Linden, we shall see the severe Roman architecture of the Main Guard-house, one of Schinkel's well-known works, and close to it the wonderful Renaissance building of Schlüter, perhaps the most beautiful structure in all Berlin, called formerly the Arsenal, but now the Hall of Fame.

A trophy of victory at the beginning, soldiers at the right, soldiers at the left, soldiers at the end, and a temple of trophies for conclusion; can one imagine a street more indicative of the monarchical militarism of our State?

In perfect harmony with this are the monuments that adorn the Linden. On the Pariser Platz there is as yet no statue. The Berliners believe that sooner or later Bismarck and Moltke are to be here immortalized in marble and bronze. For a while yet, perhaps, we are scarcely willing to inconvenience the French Embassy—whose palace has been assigned by an irony of fate to this place of all places, upon a square whose very name tells of the overthrow of the nation represented by that Embassy—by thrusting under its nose the statues of the two men most feared and hated by every living Frenchman. As soon, however, as we enter the middle promenade of the Linden, we see in the distance Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, towering upon a huge pedestal, and overtopping a crowd of generals, the four most famous of whom leap out on horseback from the four corners. The native wit of the Berliners naturally observed at once that the great intellectual heroes of Frederick's time—Immanuel Kant and Gotthold Ephraim Lessing—have found their place on the side turned toward the Brandenburg Gate, under the tail of the horse.

The other statues, too, which adorn the Linden and its extremities, glorify exclusively the monarchical and military Prussia. The figure of Frederick William III. stands somewhat at one side, concealed in the pretty grounds of the Lustgarten. More in keeping with the Linden itself, and in proper proportion to the honors paid by the nation, is the prominence given to the statues of the generals who during the reign of Frederick William III. won those immortal victories; Blücher, a masterpiece of Rauch, on the Opernplatz, near York and Gneisenau, all three in bronze; and upon the other side, to the right and left of the Main Guard-house, the marble figures of Bülow and Scharnhorst.

Unter den Linden is the king of streets, and likewise the street of kings. A royal palace upon the Boulevards would seem odd in the French capital, where during the last century the sovereigns never, as it were, played anything but limited engagements, longer or shorter. In the capital of Prussia, however, which owes its development and greatness to the personal qualities of its monarchs—to their ability on the battlefield and in affairs of state, their prudence and economy—the palaces of its rulers must naturally be the most important and noteworthy buildings upon



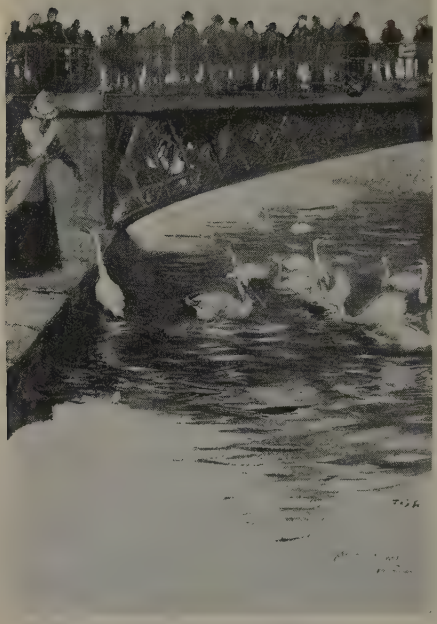
The Kaiser, Unter den Linden.

its principal street. And we find actually in Unter den Linden the royal residences of more than one generation of our kings; of father, son, and grandson.

Each of the three emperors, whom the fatal year 1888 saw upon the Prussian throne, has his own palace on the Linden. The massive, gloomy, vast structure of the old Castle—essentially the work of the foremost German architect, Andreas Schlüter—whose giant proportions bear witness to the immutable confidence of the founders of the monarchy in the future grandeur of their country, gives to our great street an architectural conclusion that is at once forcible and defiant. In the oldest part of the Castle, which brings a slight breath of the middle ages into a city otherwise so modern, in the round, green-roofed tower and the mossy walls, mirrored dimly in the gray water of the lazy-flowing Spree, one can still recognize that this magnificent royal seat has sprung from the old Hohenzollernburg. The round tower, called the "green hat," which leans against the haughty, huge pile, symbolizes in a certain fashion the whole history of our Prussian kings, and reminds us that our young German Emperor, who has made the old Castle a royal residence once more, traces his ancestry to the Burgraves of Zollern.

The father of our Emperor, the deeply lamented, unfortunate Frederick III., lived, when he was Crown Prince, in the

finely situated palace, of somewhat questionable architecture, which we find upon the left, opposite the Hall of Fame,



Swans in an Arm of the Spree.

when we come from the Castle across the bridge and approach the Linden proper. Everybody calls it the Crown Prince's Palace, and here, as "Crown Prince Fritz," the ill-fated man spent the sunniest and happiest days of his life. As Emperor, devoted to a certain death, he entered it but a very few times, amid the indescribably touching acclamations of his beloved Berliners, who, upon tidings that the suffering Emperor had left his sick-room at Charlottenburg, and wished to see once more his old residence, the Linden, and the Berliners, streamed together from every quarter of the city into Unter den Linden with lightning-like rapidity, in masses so dense that life was endangered, and in delirious outcries gave heart-rending expression to their veneration and love for the noble sovereign. Some of the chief data for our street-chronicle are furnished by those June days of 1888. At present the Crown Prince's Palace is for the most part deserted. The Empress Frederick does not feel at home in those splendid apartments, where everything reminds her of her husband.

Upon the same side, the first building on the real Linden, stands a plain, entirely unpretentious house, of tasteful proportions and of the simplest utilitarian style. There is but a single full story above the ground-floor. The windows of the servants' quarters in the low uppermost story are concealed as much as possible by unobtrusive ornamentation. Above the two corner pillars of the house the eagle lifts itself upon unfolded wings. The entrance is under a portico, which forms also a balcony for the upper story. That is the residence of our great Emperor William and Empress Augusta, and was called formerly the Palace of the Prince of Prussia, later the Royal, and at last the Imperial Palace. It is an ambitious name for a very modest affair. The Imperial Palace is surpassed in size and splendor by many private houses of men who are—or would like to be—members of our Council of Commerce. The Emperor—when we speak of "the Emperor" without further designation, we always mean Emperor William I., just as among the common people "the Chancellor" still is Bismarck, and "the Field-marshal" is ever Moltke—the Emperor occupied the ground floor, while the apartments of the Empress Augusta, and also the reception-rooms for small assemblies, were upon the floor above. On the corner, looking out upon the Opernplatz and the Linden, was the working-room—plain as the house itself, though crammed full of all sorts of personal remembrances and gifts — where the Emperor used to pass the greater part of the day. It was here that he used to show himself at the window, the famous "corner-window," as it was called; in fact quite regularly, at the stroke of twelve, when the soldiers on duty were relieved at the Royal Guard-house, and

marched past to the music of drum and fife under the eyes of their sovereign. At this hour of the day thousands of people always gathered in front of the Palace, and when the Emperor appeared, gave him a clamorous, hearty greeting. Occasionally these popular assemblages had the demonstrative character of an homage peculiarly deferential and sincere. Especially was this the case whenever the Emperor returned from his summer journey or from visiting another sovereign, and also on the festal days of the royal family, particularly his own birthday.

In the closing years of Emperor William's life, when inexorable old age shook that gnarled trunk, and he was now and then compelled, by his physical condition and the commands of the attendant physicians, to depart from those life-long customs which had grown so familiar to all Berliners, the gathering of the people in front of the corner-window had an especial significance. When the report ran: "The Emperor is ill," "The Emperor must keep his bed," the crowds around the statue of Frederick the Great were heaped together in impenetrable masses. When the ring of the guards' marching music was heard in the distance, everybody gazed with longing and feverish expectation toward that window; and if the guards marched past without the monarch showing himself, a deep depression, yes, a real dejection, took possession of the entire population of Berlin. But if the venerable, sympathetic, noble face, with its serious, beautiful blue eyes, was after a few days visible again, then the multitude broke out in veritable storm; hats were flung up, handkerchiefs waved, and such was the tumult of the shouting that you feared the bronze statue of the Emperor's great ancestor overhead might totter to its fall!

Close by the working-room is the bedchamber — unspeakably plain, and, considering all the circumstances, even insufficiently furnished — where the simple, great Emperor died. From the small iron campaign-bed his body was carried to the Cathedral, there to be laid in state, and the coffin which enclosed the mortal remains of the dead followed the same road which the Emperor drove over almost every day of his life—in rain or sunshine, in his light open carriage, wrapped in his big gray cloak, by his side the adjutant on duty, and upon the box the coachman and groom, while the Emperor returned in his grave, friendly way the respectful, affectionate greetings of his subjects.

We cannot take a step in Unter den Linden without being forced to remind ourselves that we are in the capital of a military State, of the State of the Hohenzollerns. The three streets that cross the Linden bear the names of Hohenzollern princes: Wilhelm-Strasse,

A Pillar for Advertisements.

Friedrich-Strasse, Charlotten-Strasse—the last named after Sophie Charlotte, the first queen of Prussia. On reaching the end of the street, and crossing the beautiful bridge that leads to the Schlossplatz, we shall see in the eight monumental groups that adorn its piers

still another ocular demonstration to the faithful citizen of Berlin and of the State, that the highest calling of the good Prussian is to fight, to conquer, and if need be to die, for the Father-

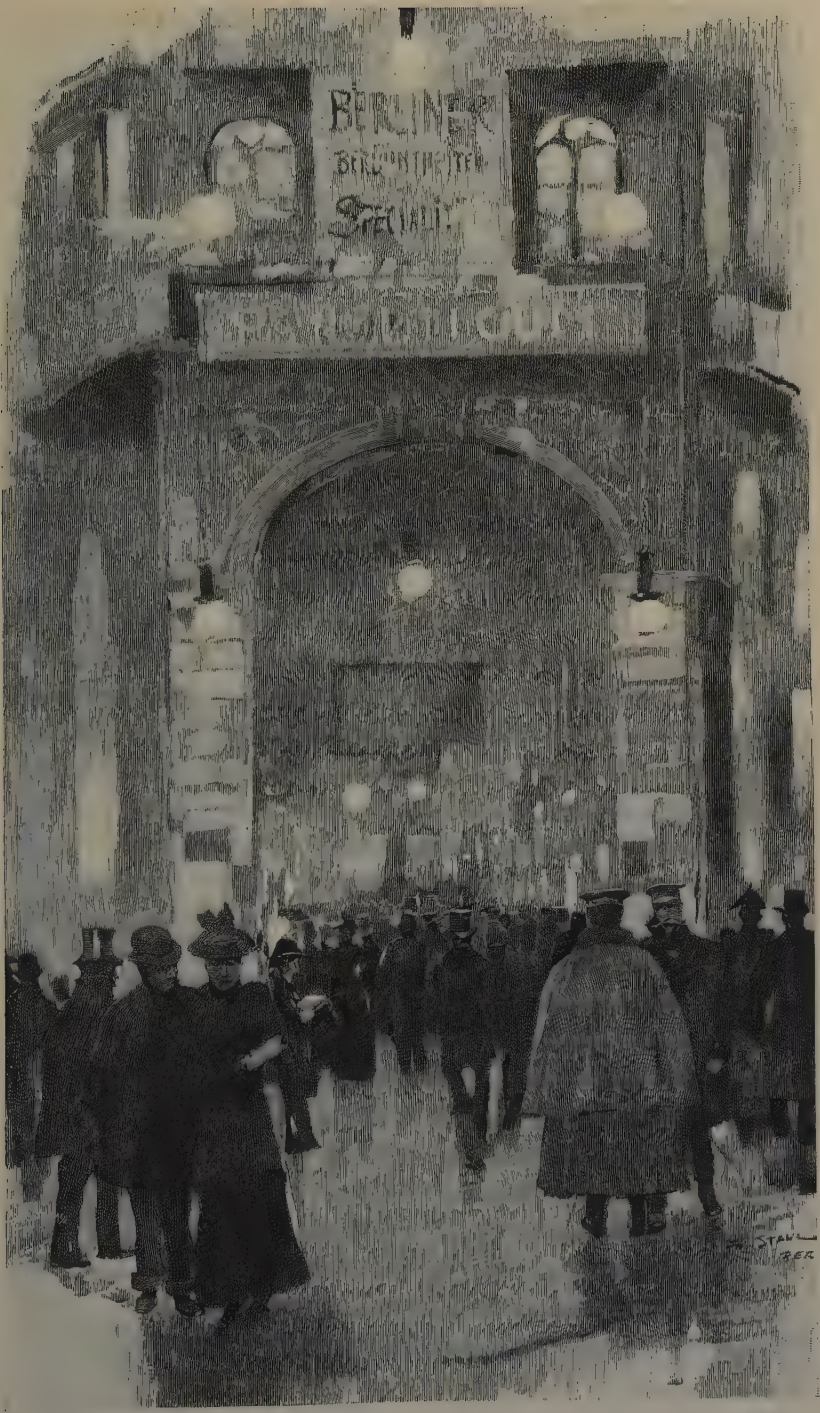
The Toy-shop Window—a Sunday Afternoon Scene.

land. Our royal line sees in Unter den Linden an image of its whole existence, from "the first bath," as Goethe called baptism, to the coffin.

If the strictly monarchical character of our State, its sense of power, its confidence in the force of its ruling dynasty and in the strength of its army, finds in Unter den Linden a most clear expression, it is still true that if the great street illustrated merely the monarchical and military consciousness, it would give a one-sided picture of the city and the nation.

In truth, however, the Linden is a Prussian microcosm. Some of its proudest and most beautiful buildings give one a timely reminder that even with us the sabre is not always clanking; that on the contrary, we strive earnestly to remove international difficulties, if possible, through the courteous channels of written explanation, and under the conciliatory conditions furnished by agreeable personal intercourse; that the prudent administrator of internal affairs has an important place by the side of the gallant warrior; that popular education is the basis of every healthy State; that a high culture alone can maintain a civilized nation at the summit of its power; and that the service of the beautiful, the refreshment and elevation of the individual through works of art, is an indispensable factor of civilization; while commerce must create the conditions for material prosperity. Crowded together, therefore, in the comparatively brief space of this single street, we see the Foreign Embassies—indeed, as it happens, the representatives of the very nations whose present relation to our own leaves most to be desired, Russia and France. It is a topographical realization, at least, of Deroulède's dream! Here too we see the Ministries of the Interior, of Public Instruction and Culture, the Royal University, the Royal Library—with the inscription *Nutrimentum Spiritus*, so much mocked at for its venturesome Latinity—the Academy of Fine Arts, the Opera House, great banks, and the brilliant emporiums of luxury and fashion.

For amusements also, and what people call amusements, there is plenty of provision in Unter den Linden. A huge private theatre is just now in process of erection, and is intended to surpass in beauty all the existing play-houses of Berlin. Higher aims than this, to be sure, the new theatre—which is built by a Vienna speculator—will scarcely aspire to. It will content itself with allowing its patrons to take their pleasure comfortably in so-called specialties: the break-neck feats of acrobats and gymnasts, the professional dexterities and generous displays of dancers, the rendition of folk-songs by scantily-arrayed singers, and other attractions of that sort.



DRAWN BY F. STAHL.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

At the Entrance of The Passage.

Upon the Linden, likewise, are those two places of entertainment visited by every stranger, but scarcely known to the Berliners. One is the Panopticum, with its wax reproductions of all the notabilities of this world—princes, heroes, statesmen, poets, artists, swindlers, robbers, murderers, and other personages who have gained a name in pleasant or unpleasant fashion. Then there is the Aquarium, which, it ought to be said, is most excellently equipped and carried on. Here also are to be found the last remnants of the pleasure-places of Old Berlin. One of them is Habel's wine-rooms, the resort of Berliners of the genuine antique variety—officials, artists, and merchants—who still empty their glasses in the tiny rooms, eat from bare tables, and consider every stranger who accidentally wanders in as an unauthorized intruder. Another is Kranzler's far-famed Condi-

The Latest News.

torei on the corner of Friedrich-Strasse, which is really the last of its type, and has gallantly resisted all the attacks of modernness. The proudest representative of the Vienna café, that new conqueror which has driven the old Conditorei from the fields, is the Café Bauer, just across the street, on the other side of Friedrich-Strasse. On the Linden, too, are found the best and most prominent fashionable restaurants; those of Dressel, Hiller, and Uhl being particularly well known. But for the lightening of more modest purses, as well, the Linden offers abundant opportunity in a long line of hostelries, where one can get Bavarian and Pilsener beer. Indeed, whoever knows this street thoroughly—fashionable though it be—and can scent out what is concealed from view, finds there even at this day some hidden cellars of the baser sort, whose bills of fare offer scarcely anything except ham, sausage, and sour cucumbers—particularly garlic-sausages, called *Knobländer*—and where they sell thin native beer and a good deal of spirits. They are veritable *Bums*, you will see—to use the characteristic word which the Berliners apply to this kind of public-house. Reputable droschke-drivers resort thither, and besides them, somewhat dubious characters—which is not saying, to be sure, that there are none of these latter in the more aristocratic establishments. I shall speak of that later.

As a matter of course, the most interesting street in the city must endeavor to give a hospitable reception to the stranger who wishes to apprehend the peculiar quality of Berlin, that which is most individual and beautiful in it, as quickly and thoroughly as possible. The Linden hotels used to be by far the best of the city, and were the most popular. That is no longer so. The vast new hotels—the Kaiserhof, Central Hotel, Hotel Continental, Hotel Monopol, Grand Hotel Alexanderplatz, have decentralized the patronage of visitors. The most important hotels upon the Linden, the Hotel Royal, Hotel Petersburg, Hotel du Nord, Hotel de Rome, Victoria Hotel, and others, still enjoy a firmly established reputation and a steady business, but

On the Bourse.

they have not been able to keep pace with the development of the city, and the first-named hotels have taken the lead. However, two new ones are just building, the Minerva and the Bristol, which aim to meet the most fastidious demands of the most pampered modern.

The typical character of the Linden is also clearly expressed in its architecture. It is the widest street of the capital. In the middle there is a broad, unpaved, but excellently cared for promenade, bounded upon one side by a riding path, and upon the other by a stone-paved road, designed particularly for heavy vehicles that might interrupt traffic. Enclosing this central avenue and the two side ones are four rows of lindens, which have given the street its name. But you must not think of the huge, wonderful lindens of our Northern Germany. The old trees have suffered a great deal from time and the hostile influences of a great city, especially from the gas — always fatal to vegetation — and they are now a very shabby, mean, and melancholy sight. The electric light has here for some years dispossessed its rival, and gleams down from tall, beautifully shaped posts, that are really ornamental. Parallel with the outermost rows of lindens there are two more roadways, asphalt on one side and excellently paved upon the other, and also a broad sidewalk on both sides; so that the street has consequently seven divisions: two sidewalks, three roads for vehicles, a bridle-path, and a promenade.

The whole history of German, or, if I may use the expression, specifically

Prussian architecture, passes before us when we walk along the Linden from the Castle to the Thiergarten.

At the very beginning of the saunter we find ourselves at the Castle, face to face with a remnant of oldest Berlin, the beautiful fragments of the Hohenzollernburg upon the Spree. In the vast Castle itself, the powerful genius of Andreas Schlüter has given monumental expression—in a most finished form—to the idea of majesty, of royal strength, dignity, and grandeur; and the same master's Arsenal, now known as the Hall of Fame, with its wonderful decorations of trophies and of masks of dying warriors, is unquestionably one of the most perfect specimens of architecture at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

From the period of Frederick the Great, we must give the first mention to the Opera House, by Knobelsdorff. The Opera House now before our eyes, was indeed built by the younger Langhans after the fire in 1845, but he followed Knobelsdorff's old plan throughout. Upon the exterior, the building is certainly rather unimpressive and monotonous, but in its internal arrangement is very convenient and beautiful. The Royal University is next worthy of notice; a finely proportioned structure, though barren-looking. The fact was, the State had no money. Upon the court of the University, which opens toward the Linden, statues of the Humboldt brothers were erected not long ago. The two brother-savants are of course represented in a sitting posture, so as not to overtop the neighboring generals! As something indicative of the scanty means then at the disposal of the Prussian monarchy, as well as of the inefficient sentimentalism of the Romanticist upon the throne, Frederick William IV., we have yet to mention the pitiful Cathedral in the Lustgarten, with its bashful dome, together with the still uncompleted beginnings of the Campo Santo laid out around it—one of the dreams of the king.

Mounted Policeman.

The Brandenburg Gate, severely antique in style, masterful and imposing in effect, built by the elder Langhans in 1789–1793, is a unique creation in that period of architectural paltriness and degeneracy. Above the entablature, which is supported by Doric columns, rises a superstructure in the Attic style, crowned by Victory standing in her four-horse car. Napoleon carried this Prussian Victory to Paris in 1806, where it adorned for a while the Place du Carrousel in front of the Tuileries. We brought it back again in 1814.

We find characteristic work of the genuinely Prussian architect, Carl Friedrich Schinkel—an antagonist of the prevailing degeneracy in style and an adherent of the classics—in two of his most important creations: the old Museum, with its imposing porch, and the Royal Guard-house, which is built like a Roman fortified gate, and is provided, like the Museum, with a portico. The unpretending, but simple, beautiful, and finely executed Imperial Palace is by the younger Langhans. I said above that the majority of our least important Councillors of Commerce had at their disposal more opulent dwellings than did our greatest Emperor; and the explanation is simple. The Hohenzollerns have always been close calculators, and Frederick William III., the Emperor's father, would grant under no circumstances more than 300,000 thalers—rather more than 200,000 dollars—for the erection of the present Palace.

The Linden has been almost entirely cleansed of that ugly utilitarian archi-

tecture in vogue from the beginning to the middle of this century; those monotonous barracks built in what people here call the "Privy Councillor's style." They have been cleared away with especial thoroughness in the last few years. And our latest style, which I admit may fairly be accused of almost everything — a somewhat too Romantic coquetry with the German Renaissance, with lions that stick their tongues out, turrets, balconies, and round, bulging little bottle-glass window-panes — has nevertheless the undeniable excellence of handling its materials in a bolder, fresher, freer, and more pleasing fashion than did the architects of a former generation, with their anxious, parsimonious economies. More than all, it works with more enduring and valuable material than was once used. It has erected splendid new buildings, with some questionable details, certainly, and yet always interesting; of noble dignity, though insolent here and there; and of decidedly imposing proportions, even if — as I think, fortunately — they have not reached the enormous, fabulous dimensions of the colossal American houses in New York and Chicago.

The Linden bears most vivid testimony, therefore, both in the juxtaposition and medley of its architecture, to the evolution of our city from the very beginning up to the present time; testimony to the taste which determined the different epochs of development; and to the available opportunity for architectural culture offered by our city life. We meet at the outset the remarkable union of immutable confidence and of royal power with the old poverty of means. Following that we see a growing prosperity, still accompanied always by the ruling anxiety about expenditures; and at last we rejoice in a cosmopolitan outlook and in a generous wealth. Yet even now, in the midst of all the luxury and magnificence of the new city, which never speaks more impressively to us than just here in this beautiful street, the horrid sandstone posts, with the rude iron rails, which enclose the middle promenade, and the mean wooden benches placed on the walk itself, remind us of the frugal poverty and ugliness of the good old times.

Hot Sausages!

You cannot make a great street. The most cunningly premeditated architectural plans are of no avail; nor is money, though it flow never so richly. With all that you can create the form, but not the contents. We have only to

think of Munich. The great street makes itself—"*da se*"—as said Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The majority of the significant events in the life of our city have taken place in the Linden; events good and evil, ennobling and humiliating, important and ridiculous. If anything happens anywhere to set the popular waves in motion, they flow together in Unter den Linden. A complete catalogue of the things that have occurred here would grow into a history of Berlin and Prussia. These sketches, however, have no such end in view. I prefer to speak of a few events only, which abide in the memories of us all, and which rise visibly before our imaginations once more whenever we enter Unter den Linden, their arena.

There, in front of the Castle, on March 18, 1848, was fired that first, and even yet mysterious, shot which gave the signal for the revolution. In Unter den Linden, on the morning of the 19th, the aroused populace weltered against the Palace of the then Prince of Prussia, and with shrieks, howls, and yells threatened it with destruction. For he, who was afterward the most loved and venerated of all emperors, was then the most hated man of his time. The work of demolition would very probably have been carried out, had it not been for the presence of mind of the National Guardsman on duty, who wrote upon the door in huge letters with a piece of chalk: "*National-Eigenthum.*"* The historic witticism stood for months upon the doorway of the present Imperial Palace.

Upon the corner of Friedrich-Strasse, ordinarily known as Kranzler's corner, were held those mass-meetings—in part so burlesque in character—where, in the spring of 1848, under the pretext of conferring about the popular welfare, the good Linden-Müller, Held, Eichler, and other friends of the people pronounced pompous orations, while the wildest kind of fun raged all around. Here arose those grotesque popular chimeras, the most unbelievable yarns about the "approach of the Russians," who had been summoned by the Prince of Prussia to encircle and starve out Berlin, in order to bring that dangerous nest of demagogues to reason and to restore the royal authority! Nowadays one puts his hands to his head and roars with laughter, when he realizes what degree of political immaturity and childish knowledge of the world a faith in silly fables of that sort presupposes; for this nonsense really found in its day a ready acceptance. Held, the man of the people, a gigantic figure with a finely-cut face — framed by a long full beard — and a stentorian voice, who was for some weeks the idol of the Berlin rabble, had hatched the ridiculous story. Of course there were plenty of reasonable folk who got huge merriment out of it, and while on Kranzler's corner the oratory was kindling into flame the childish terror of the on-coming Cossacks—the tallow-candle-eaters who were going to smoke out the Berliners and outrage the women—the newsboys were at the same time crying extra editions with the witty head-lines: *Berlin, verproviantire dir, dein jrosser Held hat Hunger!* †

Dear, dear! It was really unnecessary to summon the Cossacks of the Don in order to re-establish royal authority in Berlin. On November 9, 1848, Field-marshal Wrangel with his troops of the Mark, who had temporarily abandoned Berlin, made his entry through the Brandenburg Gate without encountering any resistance whatever. That they had felt prepared for it, however, even in military circles, is made clear by the universally familiar remark of Wrangel, who, just before the troops entered, in speaking about his wife to a comrade, said—with his characteristic negligence of German grammar—"*Ich bin blos neugierig, ob sie ihr gehenkt haben!*" ‡ Frau von Wrangel, it should be said, had remained in the palace of the commander-in-chief of the Mark, on the Pariser Platz. That ugly old dwelling also has been torn down since then, and upon its site appears a splendid great building, whose ground-floor is occupied by one of the most aristocratic clubs of Berlin, the Casino, frequented mainly by diplomats and officers.

* National Property.

† Berlin, provision yourself, your great hero (Held!) is hungry!

‡ "I am only curious to know whether they have hung her!"

By the way, they had not hung the Field-marshal's wife. The participants and friends of the March revolution had decided upon passive resistance, and the troops, with Wrangel at their head, passed in perfect stillness through the Linden, which was absolutely deserted by humankind. No one was visible. All windows were closed. It was like a city of dead men.

How different was the entry of the troops after the fortunate campaigns of 1864, 1866, and above all, 1871! The Linden was in holiday dress, and never was a triumphal street more lovely. Architecture, sculpture, and painting had united in the creation of a street picture of incomparable beauty. Huge stands were erected upon the squares, all the houses had gala decorations of flowers, banners, pennants, and flags, and across the whole breadth of the Linden great awnings were stretched, which our leading artists had adorned with paintings, some of them magnificent. Anton von Werner owes his reputation to his awning. The foremost sculptors, Begas, Siemering, Huntrieser, and others, fired with enthusiasm, improvised wonderful statues representing war and victory. The "Germania," by Reinhold Begas, the famous frieze, by Siemering, were masterpieces that are not yet forgotten.

Yet the most beautiful ornament, an ornament unique, never seen before that day, and perhaps never to be repeated in the history of the world, was the trophies: the pile of cannon, steeple-high; the four-fold lane of cannon, reaching from Königgrätzer Strasse to the Castle, so close together, wheel on wheel, that the axles touched; thousands on thousands of cannon and mitrailleuses, all of them captured from the enemy! And then the men, the hundreds of thousands flowing through the streets in dark waves touched with white, all sweeping toward the Linden! The masses of humanity crowded together into an impenetrable wall; many a venturesome fellow upon every tree; every window occupied, in three or four tiers of heads; every balcony full as it would bear; thousands in the new buildings, in break-neck positions; thousands upon the roof-tops, clinging to the chimneys! And at the first trumpet peal from the oncoming victors, from every mouth a cry and a hurrah, a jubilation, a waving and beckoning, an enthusiasm so genuine, so fiery, so universal, so affecting, as can scarcely be equalled in all the annals of history! And there they came, in the clearest, brightest sunshine; Bismarck, Roon, and Moltke in front, then the Emperor, followed by the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Karl, Crown Prince Albert, of Saxony, now the King, and all the princes and generals who had glorious part in the incomparable campaign. That was a day! Whoever saw it will never forget it.

A Messenger.

Here, in Unter den Linden, the people have given a supreme revelation of their purest and highest activity, in the most

Nurses from the Spreewald.

genuine patriotic enthusiasm ; yet here, likewise, has raged atrocious baseness and depravity, the insanity that seeks to strike down great men. On the southern side, right in front of the palace of the Russian Embassy, young Blind fired his murderous bullet at the hated Minister of State, von Bismarck. For the first time in the world, perhaps, the man whose assassination was attempted was the one to capture the assassin. Bismarck grasped Blind with his own hand and gave him up to the soldiers, who just then came marching by. Blind atoned for his crime by a self-inflicted death.

Not far away, upon the same side of the street, the weak-minded, brutish journeyman-tinker Hödel, half-insane with political delirium and in frenzied hatred of greatness, shot at the Emperor. Since the beginning of his reign, the King and Emperor had not signed a death-warrant. Though a pardon was not in accordance with the general desire, it might not have been out of the question, if a second and more serious attempt upon the life of the venerable monarch had not been made a short time afterward, and again in Unter den Linden. From No. 18—a building now torn down, in which was situated the well-known restaurant, "*Zu den drei Raben*"—Nobiling, who belonged to the educated class, fired both barrels of a shot-gun at the Emperor, as the latter was driving by in an open carriage. His aim was unfortunately so good that the aged sovereign fell back upon the cushion streaming with blood, and in the first consternation people had the terrible fear that the crime had been successful. The populace forced its way into the ill-omened house. The door was barred; it was broken down. There was a brief struggle between the enraged crowd and the assassin, who, after mortally wounding one of his captors, directed the weapon against himself. Nobiling also died of his wounds.

On that day the Linden presented a unique and dreadful picture. The venerable Emperor, unconscious from the great loss of blood, and supported by his faithful groom, was driven slowly back to the Palace. In a few minutes the Linden was black. The rapidity with which the street fills, when something important happens, is perfectly incomprehensible. No one knows where the people come from. Thousands upon thousands surrounded the Palace and filled every avenue as far as the Pariserplatz. And the horror of it was, that from these close-packed masses there came no sound. It was a gloomy silence, like that of the coffin ; as though all felt the weight of the leaden cover. There was something dreadful in it, and at the

same time something infinitely touching. Alarm about the Emperor's fate had caught each man by the throat, and choked every sound. Such a unanimity of feeling and mood, in such a throng of tens of thousands of people, one would have thought impossible. For weeks the Linden lay in deep mourning, and it would have been difficult to find anywhere such a great, splendid street giving a similar impression of cheerlessness, desolation, and distress.

And melancholy, though in another fashion—not speechless with horror, but lamenting sorrowfully as if over the consummation of an unavoidable doom, was the Linden on that cold, snowy March day in 1888—the Linden with its long streaming pennants of crape, the houses decked with black, the gas burning by day and the posts black-draped, the black catafalque with the branches of its lofty palms all drooping, and with its dark laurel—as they bore him out—the gray hero and statesman—while from the summit of the Brandenburg Gate there echoed with a mournful beauty the parting salutation of the Berliners to the most revered of all their sovereigns: "*Vale, Senex Imperator.*"

The Linden chronicles in stone the history of Prussian kings and the Prussian people; it also epitomizes in a peculiar way the daily activities of Berlin. It is significant that the beautiful broad street, so particularly adapted for saunterers, should on week-days have scarcely any life until the early hours of the afternoon. Berlin is then hard at work. We have in Berlin no counterpart of the *boulevardier* of Paris. Those fashionable loungers—who hold serious conferences with their valets as to which shade of attire will appear to greater advantage in that day's sunlight; who grow absorbed in the selection of a proper cravat; who, when they have brushed their teeth and trimmed their nails in the morning, have about finished their day's work; who earn not a penny and spend a great deal—those worthy, amiable eccentrics who give such a pleasant variety to the appearance of a street, are not found here at all. During business hours you will see in Unter den Linden really nobody except provincials, foreigners, and—of the city population—representatives of the wealthy class only, particularly ladies who are shopping in the most expensive places. Upon the middle promenade there will be maids and nurses with children playing around them, and upon the benches, besides old pensioned officials, the more doubtful figures of clerks out of work and pleasure-seekers. But all these come very far short of giving life to the wide, fine street, and would in no way justify the excessive strength of the armed force whose duty it is to maintain order and to facilitate the movement of traffic. For one sees, every ten paces, the dark-blue uniform of a policeman; and in the middle of the crossings, sitting their horses firmly as bronze statues, the mounted police, the pride of the department. Really, these fellows present a striking appearance. They have excellent horses, strong, sure-footed, and swift; and they are all picked men, giants in fact, most of them with long, waving full beards.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon a decided movement toward the west is apparent, both upon the sidewalks and in the carriages. The Bourse has closed, and since the greater bankers and financiers, almost without exception, live in the western quarter of Berlin, particularly the Thiergarten, there is a natural current from the Burgstrasse, through the Linden, toward the Brandenburg Gate. As the day advances, the Linden grows more animated, although under ordinary conditions it never affords anything comparable to the variegated picture made by the street life of southern cities. The greater part of the Linden, from the entrance to the Kaiser-galerie—which runs through to the next parallel street to the south, Behren-Strasse, and is filled with attractive shops, a café, and various places of amusement—from the Kaiser-galerie to the Brandenburg Gate, and upon the opposite side as well, and also on the east from Charlotten-Strasse to the Castle on both sides, is perfectly deserted in the later hours of the evening. But it grows all the noisier and livelier at the crossing of Friedrich-Strasse, especially upon

Kranzler's corner. Here, during the late evening and night, Berlin has in fact a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, and its evening holiday is longer than that of the other great European centres, Paris, London, and Vienna.

At this famous corner there is something going on until four or five o'clock in the morning. It never ceases, really, and the gay ending of the night's frolic, and the gay beginning of the day's, touch hands. Stanch, conservative old Kranzler, who would have the best situated establishment in the city for the entertainment of nocturnal rovers from the so-called higher classes, stands fast by the respectable principles of the olden time, and shuts up his place punctually at twelve o'clock. It is otherwise with the resort across the way, the Café Bauer, whose architectural design and artistic decorations are of a magnificent character, and which has attained a fame that reaches far beyond the precincts of the city.

The "café" is an importation from Vienna which established itself among us some twenty years ago, and which has completely driven out the old Berlin Conditorei. It is indeed difficult to say what it is that distinguishes the one from the other. In the Conditorei the principal articles of consumption were pastry and ices, which play a less important rôle in the café. But the ancient patrons of the Berlin Conditoreien visited them chiefly, after all, in order to drink their afternoon coffee there, and to read the newspapers. And that is really the chief purpose of the Vienna café also, only that the hours of patronage are not limited to a definite period; that from the earliest hour in the morning to the corresponding hour of the next morning one is always sure of finding people there; and that in addition to coffee and the other drinkables served in the Conditorei, such as punch, spirits, and liqueurs of various kinds, one can also order beer.

The old Conditoreien, even the most noted of them, such as the famous ones —now no more—kept by Stehely and Spargnapani, had, besides the shop with its tempting big pastry-table, only the most modest little quarters—two or three rooms of ordinary size—for the accommodation of their coffee-drinkers. They kept on file most of the Berlin papers, the more important provincial, and a couple of foreign ones. They had their regular circles of patrons, who gathered unfailingly at the appointed hour, chatted about the events of the day, read the newspapers, and played dominoes. Some of these circles were actually famous. The greatest masters in art and science formed there a sort of club, of their own choice and with no regulations. It was very sociable and very simple.

But now, early in the seventies, on the most crowded corner of the capital, opposite Kranzler's, a huge café was opened, able to accommodate on its first floor alone as many guests as could all the Conditoreien of Berlin together. It was built of the choicest materials, and by artist hands. The walls were decorated with original paintings by the director of our Academy, Anton von Werner. Instead of the surly, leisurely service to which the patrons of the Conditorei had accustomed themselves, were the nimble Vienna waiters, with their excessive, sometimes even intrusive, promptness. Overseers and directors marched gravely through the rooms to see that the waiters did their duty, and that guests were shown comfortable seats when they came in. Behind the tall counter sat attractive young women, simply but tastefully dressed, who delivered to the waiters whatever the guests ordered to eat and drink, and who carefully entered every particular in the big registers. In the upper story was the very best equipment for billiards, convenient card-tables, and a reading-room of such ample variety as had never been dreamed of. In fact, all the daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals of the old and new worlds were brought together there. The Café Bauer, in which one was better housed than was possible in any Conditorei, was better served, and could satisfy every desire more easily and at no greater expense, came at once into fashion. At first the Berliners were allured by curiosity to inspect what was to them a new species of public-house; and then it became the customary resort of all those who had formerly frequented the Con-

ditoreien, and of the great number of strangers and new-comers to the city who could get amusement from the visit.

The Café Bauer, therefore, is really always well filled, and in the afternoon, evening, and far into the night, it is even crowded. For a while there were permanent little circles formed here also, particularly of authors and artists, who desired, no doubt, to perpetuate the dear old customs of the moribund Conditorei ; but the noisy surroundings, the constant coming and going and moving about, the rattling of cups and sugar-bowls, the ceaseless striking of the call-bell upon the buffet—in a word, the clamorous activity of the place—was hostile to their design. It was not suited for having your talk out leisurely. The Café Bauer has throughout an air of restlessness ; it is a halting-place for passers-by, not a spot in which to settle down comfortably. It is only the latest night patrons who make an exception to this. They remain glued to the same chair, it is true, hour after hour.

The guests of the Café Bauer are from all classes of society, so far as their outward appearance does not give offence to sensitive people ; that is to say, they must be respectably dressed. More than this it would be scarcely reasonable to demand of them. The uniformed Cerberus at the door, or else the black-coated purists who preside over the interior, sternly refuse entrance to people of the lower classes who are carelessly dressed, or whose clothes are perhaps worn out in honorable toil, to noisy persons who in consequence of drink are in altogether too high spirits, and to women who wish to enter the place without escort. In addition to the numerous strangers, one finds representatives of the best Berlin society casually dropping in there. For a while our most fashionable women, in returning from the theatre or from a party, used to frisk into the Café Bauer and take a final "nightcap." But that did not last long, and nowadays it is exceptional. Nevertheless the most cautious, punctilious society-man can enter the café without fear at any hour of the day or evening. He may be entirely sure of finding his equals there—the higher officials, officers, well-known scientists and artists, leading merchants, and others of that class.

Toward midnight the younger generation is in the predominance. Students, young academicians, youthful civil servants, and clerks, are sitting there at the round tables. But if one ever visits the café in company with an experienced criminal officer, his attention will be called to this or that gentleman, quietly and even elegantly dressed, who figures as confidence-man, cheat, swindler, and worse, in the rogues' album. The strict regulation that ladies shall be admitted to the café only under masculine escort, does not, of course, prevent the fact that at night the majority of the feminine visitors—as a tolerably experienced eye can detect at a glance—belong to exactly that class which it is the intention of the regulation to exclude. But they are unobtrusive in behavior, and are lost in the crowd. By far the greater part of visitors to the Café Bauer are perfectly harmless. They are just that sort of people who pass the day with a cup of coffee, the evening with Vienna beer, and the night around a punch-bowl ; who smoke, chat, and end their day as late as possible. For this café, it should be said, is open all the year round, and while the latest lingering guests are paying their reckoning at dawn, and the earliest ones are already taking their seats for morning coffee, then, at the hour when the café is least patronized, come the scrubbing and dusting women, who sprinkle the floor, sweep out, brush away the dust, wipe off the tables, and remove the untidy traces of yesterday, that they may set the establishment in order for a new day.

Sylvester Evening is the only exception in the year. From ten o'clock in the evening of December 31st, until two o'clock in the morning of January 1st, the café is closed by order of the police.

Everybody knows that the Berliners have the immemorial custom of ending the old year and greeting the new in a most boisterous fashion, which often degenerates into intolerable rudeness. Just as at every other popular demonstration, the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and the Linden served as a magnet to draw the crowd together from the re-

motest quarters of the city. Here, in the midnight hours of the last day of the year, there were the very wildest performances. Particularly prominent among the howling, surging masses here crowded upon one another, were half-grown louts of the most disagreeable variety, who had added to the joys of Sylvester-tide a slight intoxication, and who found a peculiar pleasure in annoying every decently dressed passer with jeers and abusive words—which served upon this occasion for wit—and sometimes with actual violence. Toward tall silk hats they had especial designs. For some incomprehensible reason, the harmless silk hat, universally worn by gentlemen of the wealthier classes, was all at once, upon Sylvester Evening, considered outlawed. No sooner did an unlucky man appear in a tall black hat, than a crowd of half-drunken vagabonds fell upon him, and with vigorous fists knocked it over his ears. While this rudeness was going on, there echoed from all sides a chorus of wishes for a Happy New Year!

Brawls came of it, and often bloody fights. The Sylvester nuisance lasted for decades before the police were able to root it out. It was increased, if possible, by savage Jew-baiting, and for some years the popular disorder had even a confessional character. The chief arena of this shocking license was just at Kranzler's corner, and also, as a matter of course, at the Café Bauer close by. There too it came to blows. The windows were smashed by stones, and all these scenes were thoroughly fitted, as one may see, to damage materially the good name of the respectable coffee-house. Undoubtedly, therefore, the police have met the wishes of the proprietor in ordering the café closed, in recent years, upon Sylvester Evening.

The civil authorities have shown great energy of late in posting an extraordinary number of officers upon the dangerous Friedrich-Strasse corner during that uproarious night. They have made various arrests, followed by the infliction of penalties, and as a consequence the Sylvester riot is practically suppressed. Nowadays, as the bells sound the first stroke of midnight, one hears nothing more than loud cries of "*Prosit Neujahr!*" and other harmless greetings which trouble nobody.

It is not much to our credit to be obliged to confess that these brutalities upon Sylvester Evening really represent the last popular festival of the Berliners. But even those who are in other respects jealous of police interference, do not regret that the strong arm of the law put an end to it.

Upon ordinary days, too, it cannot be denied that the police have taken from the nocturnal street scenes upon the Linden much that was characteristic. "Berlin by night," with all its peculiar excesses, was formerly more recognizable in Unter den Linden than anywhere else. Kalisch sang in his farce, written as late as 1849:

> "*Seht Ihr dort Unter den Linden*
> *Grisette und Commis?*
> *Sie wissen sich zu finden,*
> *Und leise flüstert sie:*
> *'Zu Hause will ich schreiten.'*
> *Der Jüngling flüstert sacht:*
> *'Ach, dürft ich Sie begleiten?'*
> *Das ist Berlin bei Nacht!*"

The word "Grisette," which Kalisch uses here, is only a discreet circumlocution for a less poetical species of the sex, which one used to meet by the hundred upon Unter den Linden and Friedrich-Strasse. These women are forbidden absolutely to enter those two streets, and the other main thoroughfares, and our police, concerning whose failure to apprehend the most dangerous criminals a good many uncomplimentary things have been said very lately, have been thoroughly successful in maintaining decency upon the streets—particularly upon Unter den Linden. The light-footed game has been scared off, and with it the hunters. This explains the quiet and sobriety of the beautiful street during the hours of the night.

A single noisy exception is the Friedrich-Strasse crossing. There, indeed, is a combination of all the types that characterize Berlin life. There are the fat news-women; there is the legless cripple who offers wax tapers for sale—and by the way, in spite of his terrible mutilation, he is one of the strongest men I have ever seen in my life, a veri-

table giant when roused. There the most delicate flowers are sold by boys and girls who are already old in crime. Particularly well known among these is the tall lank rascal, who calls out in his hoarse voice to every passer, following him a couple of steps: "*Herr Baron, Koofen Se mir doch Veilchen ab! Bitte, Herr Jraf! Durchlauchtigster Fürst! Für Ihre Frau Majestätin!*" *

And if even this rapid elevation in rank does not allure the purchaser, he turns away with a muttered "*Ruppsack!*"† or some other amiable expression. The noble youth comes, for that matter, from a good family; he is the son of the Widow Quinche, who was executed for killing Professor Gregy; being a small boy at the time, he was sent out of the house to fetch liquor, while his mother was committing the murder. These boy and girl flower-sellers exhibit in most shameless fashion one of the least pleasant traits of the Berliners, the so-called *Unverfrorenheit.*‡

There too are the itinerant peddlers; the white-aproned venders of pastry and sausages. The pastry-man, whose basket contains fritters, Berlin pancakes, and other local specialties of doubtful quality, goes popularly by the name of "Kranzler"—after the proprietor of the famous Conditorei; while his colleague with the brightly polished brass chafing-dish, beneath which the bluish flame of alcohol keeps hot those sausages concerning whose origin and composition the wise man does not reflect, is called, by a like analogy, "Niquet"—after the best-known sausage firm of Berlin. And there one sees, finally, in little groups of two or three, upon the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and upon the promenade, those utterly despicable characters: young fellows from twenty to twenty-five years old, afraid of work, coquettishly fresh from the barber, with cravats in striking colors and big scarf-pins, their hands covered with real and imitation jewels; those extravagant caricatures of the prevailing fashion, of the most disgusting kind, who owe their existence and their elegance to the friendship of those feminine personages who have now been swept out of the Linden—to infamy doubled by idleness.

Unter den Linden, therefore, in its monumental public structures and private buildings, in its design and execution, its greatness and wretchedness, magnificence and depravity; in its history and architecture, and in its reality and symbolism, is the most faithful, the most complete image of the Prussian capital, characteristic in everything, and perhaps more significant and comprehensive in its many-sidedness than is the great street of any other metropolis.

* "Baron, won't you buy my violets! Please, Count! Most Serene Highness! Buy them for Her Majesty your wife!"

† "Ragamuffin!"

‡ Brass.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REMITTANCE MAN.

SINGLETON CARTHEW, the father of Norris, was heavily built and feebly vitalized, sensitive as a musician, dull as a sheep, and conscientious as a dog. He took his position with seriousness, even with pomp; the long rooms, the silent servants, seemed in his eyes like the observances of some religion of which he was the mortal god. He had the stupid man's intolerance of stupidity in others; the vain man's exquisite alarm lest it should be detected in himself. And on both sides Norris irritated and offended him. He thought his son a fool, and he suspected that his son returned the compliment with interest. The history of their relation was simple; they met seldom, they quarrelled often. To his mother, a fiery, pungent, practical woman, already disappointed in her husband and her elder son, Norris was only a fresh disappointment.

Yet the lad's faults were no great matter; he was diffident, placable, passive, unambitious, unenterprising; life did not much attract him; he watched it like a curious and dull exhibition, not much amused, and not tempted in the least to take a part. He beheld his father ponderously grinding sand, his mother fierily breaking butterflies, his brother laboring at the pleasures of the Hawbuck with the ardor of a soldier in a doubtful battle; and the vital sceptic looked on wondering. They were careful and troubled about many things; for him there seemed not even one thing needful. He was born disenchanted, the world's promises awoke no echo in his bosom, the world's activities and the world's distinctions seemed to him equally without a base in fact. He liked the open air; he liked comradeship, it mattered not with whom, his comrades were only a remedy for solitude; and he had a taste for painted art. An array of fine pictures looked upon his childhood, and from these roods of jewelled canvas he received an indelible impression. The gallery at Stallbridge betokened generations of picture lovers; Norris was perhaps the first of his race to hold the pencil. The taste was genuine, it grew and strengthened with his growth; and yet he suffered it to be suppressed with scarce a struggle. Time came for him to go to Oxford, and he resisted faintly. He was stupid, he said; it was no good to put him through the mill; he wished to be a painter. The words fell on his father like a thunderbolt, and Norris made haste to give way. "It didn't really matter, don't you know?" said he. "And it seemed an awful shame to vex the old boy."

To Oxford he went obediently, hopelessly; and at Oxford became the hero of a certain circle. He was active and adroit; when he was in the humor, he

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excelled in many sports; and his singular melancholy detachment gave him a place apart. He set a fashion in his clique; envious undergraduates sought to parody his unaffected lack of zeal and fear; it was a kind of new Byronism more composed and dignified. "Nothing really mattered;" among other things, this formula embraced the dons; and though he always meant to be civil, the effect on the college authorities was one of startling rudeness. His indifference cut like insolence; and in some outbreak of his constitutional levity (the complement of his melancholy) he was "sent down" in the middle of the second year.

The event was new in the annals of the Carthews, and Singleton was prepared to make the most of it. It had been long his practice to prophesy for his second son a career of ruin and disgrace. There is an advantage in this artless parental habit. Doubtless the father is interested in his son; but doubtless also the prophet grows to be interested in his prophecies. If the one goes wrong, the others come true. Old Carthew drew from this source esoteric consolations; he dwelt at length on his own foresight; he produced variations hitherto unheard from the old theme "I told you so," coupled his son's name with the gallows and the hulks, and spoke of his small handful of college debts as though he must raise money on a mortgage to discharge them.

"I don't think that is fair, sir," said Norris. "I lived at college exactly as you told me. I am sorry I was sent down, and you have a perfect right to blame me for that; but you have no right to pitch into me about these debts."

The effect upon a stupid man not unjustly incensed need scarcely be described. For a while Singleton raved.

"I'll tell you what, father," said Norris at last, "I don't think this is going to do. I think you had better let me take to painting. It's the only thing I take a spark of interest in. I shall never be steady as long as I'm at anything else."

"When you stand here, sir, to the neck in disgrace," said the father, "I should have hoped you would have had more good taste than to repeat this levity."

The hint was taken; the levity was never more obtruded on the father's notice, and Norris was inexorably launched upon a backward voyage. He went abroad to study foreign languages, which he learned, at a very expensive rate; and a fresh crop of debts fell soon to be paid, with similar lamentations, which were in this case perfectly justified, and to which Norris paid no regard. He had been unfairly treated over the Oxford affair; and with a spice of malice very surprising in one so placable, and an obstinacy remarkable in one so weak, refused from that day forward to exercise the least captaincy on his expenses. He wasted what he would; he allowed his servants to despoil him at their pleasure; he sowed insolvency; and when the crop was ripe, notified his father with exasperating calm. His own capital was put in his hands, he was planted in the diplomatic service, and told he must depend upon himself.

He did so till he was twenty-five; by which time he had spent his money, laid in a handsome choice of debts, and acquired (like so many other melancholic and uninterested persons) a habit of gambling. An Austrian colonel—the same who afterwards hanged himself at Monte Carlo—gave him a lesson which lasted two-and-twenty hours, and left him wrecked and helpless. Old Singleton once more repurchased the honor of his name, this time at a fancy figure; and Norris was set afloat again on stern conditions. An allowance of three hundred pounds in the year was to be paid to him quarterly by a lawyer in Sydney, New South Wales. He was not to write. Should he fail on any quarter-day to be in Sydney, he was to be held for dead and the allowance tacitly withdrawn. Should he return to Europe, an advertisement publicly disowning him was to appear in every paper of repute.

It was one of his most annoying features as a son, that he was always polite, always just, and in whatever whirlwind of domestic anger, always calm. He expected trouble; when trouble came,

he was unmoved: he might have said with Singleton "*I told you so;*" he was content with thinking "*just as I expected.*" On the fall of these last thunderbolts, he bore himself like a person only distantly interested in the event; pocketed the money and the reproaches, obeyed orders punctually; took ship and came to Sydney. Some men are still lads at twenty-five; and so it was with Norris. Eighteen days after he landed, his quarter's allowance was all gone; and with the light-hearted hopefulness of strangers in what is called a new country, he began to besiege offices and apply for all manner of incongruous situations. Everywhere, and last of all from his lodgings, he was bowed out; and found himself reduced, in a very elegant suit of summer tweeds, to herd and camp with the degraded outcasts of the city.

In this strait, he had recourse to the lawyer who paid him his allowance.

"Try to remember that my time is valuable, Mr. Carthew," said the lawyer. "It is quite unnecessary you should enlarge on the peculiar position in which you stand. *Remittance men*, as we call them here, are not so rare in my experience; and in such cases I act upon a system. I make you a present of a sovereign; here it is. Every day you choose to call, my clerk will advance you a shilling; on Saturday, since my office is closed on Sunday, he will advance you half a crown. My conditions are these: that you do not come to me, but to my clerk; that you do not come here the worse of liquor; and you go away the moment you are paid and have signed a receipt. I wish you a good-morning."

"I have to thank you, I suppose," said Carthew. "My position is so wretched that I cannot even refuse this starvation allowance."

"Starvation!" said the lawyer, smiling. "No man will starve here on a shilling a day. I have had on my hands another young gentleman, who remained continuously intoxicated for six years on the same allowance." And he once more busied himself with his papers.

In the time that followed, the image of the smiling lawyer haunted Carthew's memory. "That three minutes' talk was all the education I ever had worth talking of," says he. "It was all life in a nut-shell. Confound it! I thought, have I got to the point of envying that ancient fossil?"

Every morning for the next two or three weeks, the stroke of ten found Norris, unkempt and haggard, at the lawyer's door. The long day and longer night he spent in the Domain, now on a bench, now on the grass under a Norfolk Island pine, the companion of perhaps the lowest class on earth, the Larrikins of Sydney. Morning after morning, the dawn behind the lighthouse recalled him from slumber; and he would stand and gaze upon the changing east, the fading lenses, the smokeless city, and the many-armed and many-masted harbor growing slowly clear under his eyes. His bed-fellows (so to call them) were less active; they lay sprawled upon the grass and benches, the dingy men, the frowsy women, prolonging their late repose; and Carthew wandered among the sleeping bodies alone, and cursed the incurable stupidity of his behaviour. Day brought a new society of nursery-maids and children, and fresh-dressed and (I am sorry to say) tight-laced maidens, and gay people in rich traps; upon the skirts of which Carthew and "the other blackguards"—his own bitter phrase—skulked, and chewed grass, and looked on. Day passed, the light died, the green and leafy precinct sparkled with lamps or lay in shadow, and the round of the night began again, the loitering women, the lurking men, the sudden outburst of screams, the sound of flying feet. "You mayn't believe it," says Carthew, "but I got to that pitch that I didn't care a hang. I have been wakened out of my sleep to hear a woman screaming, and I have only turned upon my other side. Yes, it's a queer place, where the dowagers and the kids walk all day, and at night you can hear people bawling for help as if it was the Forest of Bondy, with the lights of a great town all round, and parties spinning through in cabs from Government House and dinner with my lord!"

It was Norris's diversion, having

none other, to scrape acquaintance, where, how, and with whom he could. Many a long dull talk he held upon the benches or the grass; many a strange waif he came to know; many strange things he heard, and saw some that were abominable. It was to one of these last that he owed his deliverance from the Domain. For some time the rain had been merciless; one night after another he had been obliged to squander fourpence on a bed and reduce his board to the remaining eightpence: and he sat one morning near the Macquarrie Street entrance, hungry, for he had gone without breakfast, and wet, as he had already been for several days, when the cries of an animal in distress attracted his attention. Some fifty yards away, in the extreme angle of the grass, a party of the chronically unemployed had got hold of a dog, whom they were torturing in a manner not to be described. The heart of Norris, which had grown indifferent to the cries of human anger or distress, woke at the appeal of the dumb creature. He ran amongst the Larrikins, scattered them, rescued the dog, and stood at bay. They were six in number, shambling gallowsbirds; but for once the proverb was right, cruelty was coupled with cowardice, and the wretches cursed him and made off. It chanced this act of prowess had not passed unwitnessed. On a bench near by there was seated a shopkeeper's assistant out of employ, a diminutive, cheerful, red-headed creature by the name of Hemstead. He was the last man to have interfered himself, for his discretion more than equalled his valor; but he made haste to congratulate Carthew, and to warn him he might not always be so fortunate.

"They're a dyngerous lot of people about this park. My word! it doesn't do to ply with them!" he observed, in that *rycy Austrylian* English, which (as it has received the imprimatur of Mr. Froude) we should all make haste to imitate.

"Why, I'm one of that lot myself," returned Carthew.

Hemstead laughed and remarked that he knew a gentleman when he saw one.

"For all that, I am simply one of the unemployed," said Carthew, seating himself beside his new acquaintance, as he had sat (since his experience began) beside so many dozen others.

"I'm out of a plyce myself," said Hemstead.

"You beat me all the way and back," said Carthew. "My trouble is that I have never been in one."

"I suppose you've no tryde?" asked Hemstead.

"I know how to spend money," replied Carthew, "and I really do know something of horses and something of the sea. But the unions head me off; if it weren't for them, I might have had a dozen berths."

"My word!" cried the sympathetic listener. "Ever try the mounted police?" he inquired.

"I did, and was bowled out," was the reply; "couldn't pass the doctors."

"Well, what do you think of the ryleways, then?" asked Hemstead.

"What do *you* think of them, if you come to that?" asked Carthew.

"O, *I* don't think of them; I don't go in for manual labor," said the little man, proudly. "But if a man don't mind that, he's pretty sure of a job there."

"By George, you tell me where to go!" cried Carthew, rising.

The heavy rains continued, the country was already overrun with floods; the railway system daily required more hands, daily the superintendent advertised; but "the unemployed" preferred the resources of charity and rapine, and a navvy, even an amateur navvy, commanded money in the market. The same night, after a tedious journey, and a change of trains to pass a landslip, Norris found himself in a muddy cutting behind South Clifton, attacking his first shift of manual labor.

For weeks the rain scarce relented. The whole front of the mountain slipped seaward from above, avalanches of clay, rock, and uprooted forest spewed over the cliffs, and fell upon the beach, or in the breakers. Houses were carried bodily away and smashed like nuts; others were menaced and deserted, the door locked, the chimney cold,

the dwellers fled elsewhere for safety. Night and day the fire blazed in the encampment, night and day hot coffee was served to the overdriven toilers in the shift; night and day the engineer of the section made his round with words of encouragement, hearty and rough, and well suited to his men. Night and day, too, the telegraph clicked with disastrous news and anxious inquiry. Along the terraced line of rail, rare trains came creeping and signalling, and paused at the threatened corner, like living things conscious of peril. The commandant of the post would hastily review his labors, make (with a dry throat) the signal to advance; and the whole squad line the way, and look on in a choking silence, or burst into a brief cheer as the train cleared the point of danger and shot on, perhaps through the thin sunshine between squalls, perhaps with blinking lamps into the gathering, rainy twilight.

One such scene Carthew will remember till he dies. It blew great guns from the seaward; a huge surf bombarded, five hundred feet below him, the steep mountain's foot; close in was a vessel in distress, firing shots from a fowling-piece, if any help might come. So he saw and heard her the moment before the train appeared and paused, throwing up a Babylonian tower of smoke into the rain and oppressing men's hearts with the scream of her whistle. The engineer was there himself, he paled as he made the signal: the engine came at a foot's pace; but the whole bulk of mountain shook and seemed to nod seaward, and the watching navvies instinctively clutched at shrubs and trees: vain precautions, vain as the shots from the poor sailors. Once again fear was disappointed; the train passed unscathed; and Norris, drawing a long breath, remembered the laboring ship and glanced below. She was gone.

So the days and the nights passed: Homeric labor in Homeric circumstance. Carthew was sick with sleeplessness and coffee; his hands, softened by the wet, were cut to ribbons; yet he enjoyed a peace of mind and health of body hitherto unknown. Plenty of open air, plenty of physical exertion, a continual instancy of toil—here was what had been hitherto lacking in that misdirected life, and the true cure of vital scepticism. To get the train through: there was the recurrent problem; no time remained to ask if it were necessary. Carthew, the idler, the spendthrift, the drifting dilettante, was soon remarked, praised, and advanced. The engineer swore by him and pointed him out for an example. "I've a new chum, up here," Norris overheard him saying, "a young swell. He's worth any two in the squad." The words fell on the ears of the discarded son like music; and from that moment he not only found an interest, he took a pride, in his plebeian tasks.

The press of work was still at its highest when quarter-day approached. Norris was now raised to a position of some trust; at his discretion, trains were stopped or forwarded at the dangerous cornice near North Clifton; and he found in this responsibility both terror and delight. The thought of the seventy-five pounds that would soon await him at the lawyer's, and of his own obligation to be present every quarter-day in Sydney, filled him for a little with divided councils. Then he made up his mind, walked in a slack moment to the inn at Clifton, ordered a sheet of paper and a bottle of beer, and wrote, explaining that he held a good appointment which he would lose if he came to Sydney, and asking the lawyer to accept this letter as an evidence of his presence in the colony and retain the money till next quarter-day. The answer came in course of post, and was not merely favorable but cordial. "Although what you propose is contrary to the terms of my instructions," it ran, "I willingly accept the responsibility of granting your request. I should say I am agreeably disappointed in your behaviour. My experience has not led me to found much expectations on gentlemen in your position."

The rains abated, and the temporary labor was discharged; not Norris, to whom the engineer clung as to found money; not Norris, who found himself a ganger on the line in the regular staff of navvies. His camp was pitched in a

gray wilderness of rock and forest, far from any house; as he sat with his mates about the evening fire, the trains passing on the track were their next and indeed their only neighbors, except the wild things of the wood. Lovely weather, light and monotonous employment, long hours of somnolent camp-fire talk, long sleepless nights, when he reviewed his foolish and fruitless career as he rose and walked in the moonlit forest, an occasional paper of which he would read all, the advertisements with as much relish as the text: such was the tenor of an existence which soon began to weary and harass him. He lacked and regretted the fatigue, the furious hurry, the suspense, the fires, the midnight coffee, the rude and mud-bespattered poetry of the first toilful weeks. In the quietness of his new surroundings, a voice summoned him from this exorbital part of life, and about the middle of October he threw up his situation and bade farewell to the camp of tents and the shoulder of Bald Mountain.

Clad in his rough clothes, with a bundle on his shoulder and his accumulated wages in his pocket, he landed in Sydney for the second time, and walked with pleasure and some bewilderment in the cheerful streets, like a man landed from a voyage. The sight of the people led him on. He forgot his necessary errands, he forgot to eat. He wandered in moving multitudes like a stick upon a river. Last he came to the Domain and strolled there, and remembered his shame and sufferings, and looked with poignant curiosity at his successors. Hemstead, not much shabbier and no less cheerful than before, he recognized and addressed like an old family friend.

"That was a good turn you did me," said he. "That railway was the making of me. I hope you've had luck yourself."

"My word, no!" replied the little man. "I just sit here and read the *Dead Bird*. It's the depression in tryde, you see. There's no positions goin' that a man like me would care to look at." And he showed Norris his certificates and written characters, one from a grocer in Wooloomooloo, one from an ironmonger, and a third from a billiard saloon. "Yes," he said, "I tried bein' a billiard marker. It's no account; these lyte hours are no use for a man's health. I won't be no man's slyve," he added firmly.

On the principle that he who is too proud to be a slave is usually not too modest to become a pensioner, Carthew gave him half a sovereign, and departed, being suddenly struck with hunger, in the direction of the Paris House. When he came to that quarter of the city, the barristers were trotting in the streets in wig and gown, and he stood to observe them with his bundle on his shoulder, and his mind full of curious recollections of the past.

"By George!" cried a voice, "it's Mr. Carthew!"

And turning about, he found himself face to face with a handsome, sunburnt youth, somewhat fatted, arrayed in the finest of fine raiment, and sporting about a sovereign's worth of flowers in his buttonhole. Norris had met him during his first days in Sydney at a farewell supper; had even escorted him on board a schooner full of cockroaches and black-leg sailors in which he was bound for six months among the islands; and had kept him ever since in entertained remembrance. Tom Hadden (known to the bulk of Sydney folk as *Tommy*) was heir to a considerable property, which a prophetic father had placed in the hands of rigorous trustees. The income supported Mr. Hadden in splendor for about three months out of twelve; the rest of the year he passed in retreat among the islands. He was now about a week returned from his eclipse, pervading Sydney in hansom cabs and airing the first bloom of six new suits of clothes; and yet the unaffected creature hailed Carthew in his working jeans and with the damning bundle on his shoulder, as he might have claimed acquaintance with a duke.

"Come and have a drink!" was his cheerful cry.

"I'm just going to have lunch at the Paris House," returned Carthew. "It's a long time since I have had a decent meal."

"Splendid scheme!" said Hadden. "I've only had breakfast half an hour ago; but we'll have a private room, and

I'll manage to pick something. It'll brace me up. I was on an awful tear last night, and I've met no end of fellows this morning." To meet a fellow, and to stand and share a drink, were with Tom synonymous terms.

They were soon at table in the corner room upstairs, and paying due attention to the best fare in Sydney. The odd similarity of their positions drew them together, and they began soon to exchange confidences. Carthew related his privations in the Domain and his toils as a navvy; Hadden gave his experience as an amateur copra merchant in the South Seas, and drew a humorous picture of life in a coral island. Of the two plans of retirement, Carthew gathered that his own had been vastly the more lucrative; but Hadden's trading outfit had consisted largely of bottled stout and brown sherry for his own consumption.

"I had champagne too," said Hadden, "but I kept that in case of sickness, until I didn't seem to be going to be sick, and then I opened a pint every Sunday. Used to sleep all morning, then breakfast with my pint of fizz, and lie in a hammock and read "Hallam's Middle Ages." Have you read that? I always take something solid to the islands. There's no doubt I did the thing in rather a fine style; but if it was gone about a little cheaper, or there were two of us to bear the expense, it ought to pay hand over fist. I've got the influence, you see. I'm a chief now, and sit in the speak-house under my own strip of roof. I'd like to see them taboo *me!* They daren't try it; I've a strong party, I can tell you. Why, I've had upwards of thirty cowtops sitting in my front verandah eating tins of salmon."

"Cowtops?" asked Carthew, "what are they?"

"That's what Hallam would call feudal retainers," explained Hadden, not without vainglory. "They're My Followers. They belong to My Family. I tell you, they come expensive, though; you can't fill up all these retainers on tinned salmon for nothing; but whenever I could get it, I would give 'em squid. Squid's good for natives, but I don't care for it, do you?—or shark either. It's like the working classes at home. With copra at the price it is, they ought to be willing to bear their share of the loss; and so I've told them again and again. I think it's a man's duty to open their minds, and I try to, but you can't get political economy into them; it doesn't seem to reach their intelligence."

There was an expression still sticking in Carthew's memory, and he returned upon it with a smile. "Talking of political economy," said he, "you said if there were two of us to bear the expense, the profits would increase. How do you make out that?"

"I'll show you! I'll figure it out for you!" cried Hadden, and with a pencil on the back of the bill of fare, proceeded to perform miracles. He was a man, or let us rather say a lad, of unusual projective power. Give him the faintest hint of any speculation, and the figures flowed from him by the page. A lively imagination and a ready, though inaccurate, memory supplied his data; he delivered himself with an inimitable heat that made him seem the picture of pugnacity; lavished contradiction; had a form of words, with or without significance, for every form of criticism; and the looker-on alternately smiled at his simplicity and fervor, or was amazed by his unexpected shrewdness. He was a kind of Pinkerton in play. I have called Jim's the romance of business; this was its Arabian tale.

"Have you any idea what this would cost?" he asked, pausing at an item.

"Not I," said Carthew.

"Ten pounds ought to be ample," concluded the projector.

"O, nonsense!" cried Carthew. "Fifty at the very least."

"You told me yourself this moment you knew nothing about it!" cried Tommy. "How can I make a calculation, if you blow hot and cold? You don't seem able to be serious!"

But he consented to raise his estimate to twenty; and a little after, the calculation coming out with a deficit, cut it down again to five pound ten, with the remark, "I told you it was nonsense. This sort of thing has to be done strictly, or where's the use?"

Some of these processes struck Carthew as unsound; and he was at times

altogether thrown out by the capricious startings of the prophet's mind. They were deep, for instance, in the prognostics of the copra market, when Tommy raised a face of inspiration.

"Or I'll tell you!" he broke out. "I'll tell you a piece of famous good business, and no capital required to mention. Let's each buy a medicine-chest — jalap, salts, pain-killer, iodide of potassium, copaiba, and that — safe domestic remedies and no fuss — and let's go to Broken Hill and doctor the miners. We could tramp up there with our groceries on our backs, and save railway fares. A pal of mine did it, after he was cleaned out over the Melbourne Cup, and it paid splendid. You charge a sov' for every prescription, and the only expense is, that the next time you meet the party you stand him a drink."

Carthew was still staring, when the projector had already resumed his island calculations. These plunges seemed to be gone into for exercise and by the way, like the curvets of a willing horse. Gradually the thing took shape; the glittering if baseless edifice arose; and the hare still ran on the mountains, but the soup was already served in silver plate. Carthew in a few days could command a hundred and fifty pounds; Hadden was ready with five hundred; why should they not recruit a fellow or two more, charter an old ship, and go cruising on their own account? Carthew was an experienced yachtsman; Hadden professed himself able to "work an approximate sight." Money was undoubtedly to be made, or why should so many vessels cruise about the islands? they, who worked their own ship, were sure of a still higher profit.

"And whatever else comes of it, you see," cried Hadden, "we get our keep for nothing. Come, buy some togs, that's the first thing you have to do, of course; and then we'll take a hansom and go to the *Currency Lass*."

"I'm going to stick to the togs I have," said Norris.

"Are you?" cried Hadden. "Well, I must say I admire you. You're a regular sage. It's what you call Pythagoreanism, isn't it? if I haven't forgotten my philosophy."

"Well, I call it economy," returned Carthew. "If we are going to try this thing on, I shall want every sixpence."

"You'll see if we're going to try it!" cried Tommy, rising radiant from table. "Only, mark you, Carthew, it must be all in your name. I have capital, you see; but you're all right. You can play *vacuus viator*, if the thing goes wrong."

"I thought we had just proved it was quite safe," said Carthew.

"There's nothing safe in business, my boy," replied the sage; "not even bookmaking."

The public-house and tea-garden called the *Currency Lass* represented a moderate fortune gained by its proprietor, Captain Bostock, during a long, active, and occasionally historic career among the islands. Anywhere from Tonga to the Admiralty Isles, he knew the ropes and could lie in the native dialect. He had seen the end of sandalwood, the end of oil, and the beginning of copra; and he was himself a commercial pioneer, the first that ever carried human teeth into the Gilberts. He was tried for his life in Fiji, in Sir Arthur Gordon's time, and if ever he prayed at all the name of Sir Arthur was certainly not forgotten. He was speared in seven places in New Ireland—the same time his mate was killed—the famous "outrage on the brig *Jolly Roger*;" but the treacherous savages made little by their wickedness, and Bostock, in spite of their teeth, got seventy-five head of volunteer labor on board, of whom not more than a dozen died of injuries. He had a hand, besides, in the amiable pleasantry which cost the life of Patteson; and when the sham bishop landed, prayed, and gave his benediction to the natives, Bostock, arrayed in a female chemise out of the trade-room, had stood at his right hand and boomed amens. This, when he was sure he was among good fellows, was his favorite yarn. "Two hundred head of labor for a hatful of amens," he used to name the tale; and its sequel, the death of the real bishop, struck him as a circumstance of extraordinary humor.

Many of these details were communicated in the hansom, to the surprise of Carthew.

"Why do we want to visit this old ruffian?" he asked.

"You wait till you hear him," replied Tommy. "That man knows everything."

On descending from the hansom at the *Currency Lass*, Hadden was struck with the appearance of the cabman, a gross, salt-looking man, red-faced, blue-eyed, short-handed and short-winded, perhaps nearing forty.

"Surely I know you?" said he. "Have you driven me before?"

"Many's the time, Mr. Hadden," returned the driver. "The last time you was back from the islands, it was me that drove you to the races, sir."

"All right; jump down and have a drink, then," said Tom, and he turned and led the way into the garden.

Captain Bostock met the party; he was a slow, sour old man, with fishy eyes; greeted Tommy offhand, and (as was afterwards remembered) exchanged winks with the driver.

"A bottle of beer for the cabman there at that table," said Tom. "Whatever you please from shandygaff to champagne at this one here; and you sit down with us. Let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Carthew. I've come on business, Billy; I want to consult you as a friend; I'm going into the island trade upon my own account."

Doubtless the captain was a mine of counsel, but opportunity was denied him. He could not venture on a statement, he was scarce allowed to finish a phrase, before Hadden swept him from the field with a volley of protest and correction. That projector, his face blazing with inspiration, first laid before him at inordinate length a question, and as soon as he attempted to reply, leaped at his throat, called his facts in question, derided his policy, and at times thundered on him from the heights of moral indignation.

"I beg your pardon," he said once. "I am a gentleman, Mr. Carthew here is a gentleman, and we don't mean to do that class of business. Can't you see who you're talking to? Can't you talk sense? Can't you give us 'a dead bird' for a good trades-room?"

"No, I don't suppose I can," returned old Bostock; "not when I can't hear my own voice for two seconds together. It was gin and guns I did it with."

"Take your gin and guns to Putney!" cried Hadden. "It was the thing in your times, that's right enough; but you're old now, and the game's up. I'll tell you what's wanted nowadays, Bill Bostock," said he; and did, and took ten minutes to it.

Carthew could not refrain from smiling. He began to think less seriously of the scheme, Hadden appearing too irresponsible a guide; but, on the other hand, he enjoyed himself amazingly. It was far from being the same with Captain Bostock.

"You know a sight, don't you?" remarked that gentleman, bitterly, when Tommy paused.

"I know a sight more than you, if that's what you mean," retorted Tom. "It stands to reason I do. You're not a man of any education; you've been all your life at sea or in the islands; you don't suppose you can give points to a man like me?"

"Here's your health, Tommy," returned Bostock. "You'll make an A-one bake in the New Hebrides."

"That's what I call talking," cried Tom, not perhaps grasping the spirit of this doubtful compliment. "Now you give me your attention. We have the money and the enterprise, and I have the experience; what we want is a cheap, smart boat, a good captain, and an introduction to some house that will give us credit for the trade."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Captain Bostock. "I seen men like you baked and eaten, and complained of afterwards. Some was tough, and some hadn't no flaviour," he added, grimly.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Tom.

"I mean I don't care," said Bostock. "It ain't any of my interests. I haven't underwrote your life. Only I'm blest if I'm not sorry for the cannibal as tries to eat your head. And what I recommend is a cheap, smart coffin and a good undertaker. See if you can find a house to give you credit for a coffin! Look at your friend there; *he's* got some sense; he's laughing at you so as he can't stand."

The exact degree of ill-feeling in Mr. Bostock's mind was difficult to gauge; perhaps there was not much, perhaps he regarded his remarks as a form of courtly badinage. But there is little doubt that Hadden resented them. He had even risen from his place, and the conference was on the point of breaking up, when a new voice joined suddenly in the conversation.

The cabman sat with his back turned upon the party, smoking a meerschaum pipe. Not a word of Tommy's eloquence had missed him, and he now faced suddenly about with these amazing words:

"Excuse me, gentlemen; if you'll buy me the ship I want, I'll get you the trade on credit."

There was a pause.

"Well, what do *you* mean?" gasped Tommy.

"Better tell 'em who I am, Billy," said the cabman.

"Think it safe, Joe?" inquired Mr. Bostock.

"I'll take my risk of it," returned the cabman.

"Gentlemen," said Bostock, rising solemnly, "let me make you acquainted with Captain Wicks, of the *Grace Darling*."

"Yes, gentlemen, that is what I am," said the cabman. "You know I've been in trouble; and I don't deny but what I struck the blow, and where was I to get evidence of my provocation? So I turned to and took a cab, and I've driven one for three year now and nobody the wiser."

"I beg your pardon," said Carthew, joining almost for the first time; "I am a new chum. What was the charge?"

"Murder," said Captain Wicks, "and I don't deny but what I struck the blow. And there's no sense in my trying to deny I was afraid to go to trial, or why would I be here? But it's a fact it was flat mutiny. Ask Billy here. He knows how it was."

Carthew breathed long; he had a strange, half-pleasurable sense of wading deeper in the tide of life. "Well?" said he, "you were going on to say?"

"I was going on to say this," said the captain, sturdily. "I've overheard what Mr. Hadden has been saying, and I think he talks good sense. I like some of his ideas first chop. He's sound on trade-rooms; he's all there on the trade-room; and I see that he and I would pull together. Then you're both gentlemen, and I like that," observed Captain Wicks. "And then I'll tell you I'm tired of this cabbing cruise, and I want to get to work again. Now here's my offer. I've a little money I can stake up—all of a hundred anyway. Then my old firm will give me trade, and jump at the chance; they never lost by me; they know what I'm worth as supercargo. And last of all, you want a good captain to sail your ship for you. Well, here I am. I've sailed schooners for ten years. Ask Billy if I can handle a schooner."

"No man better," said Billy.

"And as for my character as a shipmate," concluded Wicks, "go and ask my old firm."

"But look here!" cried Hadden. "How do you mean to manage? You can wisk round in a hansom, and no questions asked. But if you try to come on a quarter-deck, my boy, you'll get nabbed."

"I'll have to keep back till the last," replied Wicks, "and take another name."

"But how about clearing? what other name?" asked Tommy, a little bewildered.

"I don't know yet," returned the captain, with a grin. "I'll see what the name is on my new certificate, and that'll be good enough for me. If I can't get one to buy, though I never heard of such a thing, there's old Kirkup; he's turned some sort of farmer down Bondi way; he'll hire me his.

"You seemed to speak as if you had a ship in view," said Carthew.

"So I have, too," said Captain Wicks, "and a beauty. Schooner yacht *Dream*; got lines you never saw the beat of; and a witch to go. She passed me once off Thursday Island, doing two knots to my one and laying a point and a half better; and the *Grace Darling* was a ship that I was proud of. I took and tore my hair. The *Dream*'s been *my* dream ever since. That was in her old days, when she carried a blue ens'n.

Grant Sanderson was the party as owned her; he was rich and mad, and got a fever at last somewhere about the Fly River, and took and died. The captain brought the body back to Sydney, and paid off. Well, it turned out Grant Sanderson had left any quantity of wills and any quantity of widows, and no fellow could make out which was the genuine article. All the widows brought lawsuits against all the rest, and every will had a firm of lawyers on the quarterdeck as long as your arm. They tell me it was one of the biggest turns-to that ever was seen, bar Tichborne; the Lord Chamberlain himself was floored, and so was the Lord Chancellor; and all that time the *Dream* lay rotting up by Glebe Point. Well, it's done now; they've picked out a widow and a will; tossed up for it, as like as not; and the *Dream*'s for sale. She'll go cheap; she's had a long turn-to at rotting."

"What size is she?"

"Well, big enough. We don't want her bigger. A hundred and ninety, going two hundred," replied the captain. "She's fully big for us three; it would be all the better if we had another hand, though it's a pity too, when you can pick up natives for half nothing. Then we must have a cook. I can fix raw sailor-men, but there's no going to sea with a new-chum cook. I can lay hands on the man we want for that: a Highway boy, an old shipmate of mine, of the name of Amalu. Cooks first rate, and it's always better to have a native; he ain't fly, you can turn him to as you please, and he don't know enough to stand out for his rights."

From the moment that Captain Wicks joined in the conversation, Carthew recovered interest and confidence; the man (whatever he might have done) was plainly good-natured, and plainly capable; if he thought well of the enterprise, offered to contribute money, brought experience, and could thus solve at a word the problem of the trade, Carthew was content to go ahead. As for Hadden, his cup was full; he and Bostock forgave each other in champagne; toast followed toast; it was proposed and carried amid acclamation to change the name of the schooner (when she should be bought) to the *Currency Lass;* and the *Currency Lass Island Trading Company* was practically founded before dusk.

Three days later, Carthew stood before the lawyer, still in his jean suit, received his hundred and fifty pounds, and proceeded rather timidly to ask for more indulgence.

"I have a chance to get on in the world," he said. "By to-morrow evening I expect to be part owner of a ship."

"Dangerous property, Mr. Carthew," said the lawyer.

"Not if the partners work her themselves and stand to go down along with her," was the reply.

"I conceive it possible you might make something of it that way," returned the other. "But are you a seaman? I thought you had been in the diplomatic service."

"I am an old yachtsman," said Norris. "And I must do the best I can. A fellow can't live in New South Wales upon diplomacy. But the point I wish to prepare you for is this. It will be impossible I should present myself here next quarter-day; we expect to make a six months' cruise of it among the islands."

"Sorry, Mr. Carthew: I can't hear of that," replied the lawyer.

"I mean upon the same conditions as the last," said Carthew.

"The conditions are exactly opposite," said the lawyer. "Last time I had reason to know you were in the colony; and even then I stretched a point. This time, by your own confession, you are contemplating a breach of the agreement; and I give you warning if you carry it out and I receive proof of it (for I will agree to regard this conversation as confidential), I shall have no choice but to do my duty. Be here on quarter-day, or your allowance ceases."

"This is very hard and, I think, rather silly," returned Carthew.

"It is not of my doing. I have my instructions," said the lawyer.

"And you so read these instructions, that I am to be prohibited from making an honest livelihood?" asked Carthew.

"Let us be frank," said the lawyer. "I find nothing in these instructions about an honest livelihood. I have no

DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

The Domain, Sydney.—"My word, no!" replied the little man. "I just sit here and read the 'Dead Bird.'"—Page 603.

reason to suppose my clients care anything about that. I have reason to suppose only one thing—that they mean you shall stay in this colony, and to guess another, Mr. Carthew. And to guess another."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Norris.

"I mean that I imagine, on very strong grounds, that your family desire to see no more of you," said the lawyer. "O, they may be very wrong; but that is the impression conveyed, that is what I suppose I am paid to bring about, and I have no choice but to try and earn my hire."

"I would scorn to deceive you," said Norris, with a slight flush; "you have guessed rightly. My family refuse to see me; but I am not going to England; I am going to the islands. How does that affect the islands?"

"Ah, but I don't know that you are going to the islands," said the lawyer, looking down, and spearing the blotting-paper with a pencil.

"I beg your pardon. I have the pleasure of informing you," said Norris.

"I am afraid, Mr. Carthew, that I cannot regard that communication as official," was the slow reply.

"I am not accustomed to have my word doubted!" cried Norris.

"Hush! I allow no one to raise his voice in my office," said the lawyer. "And for that matter—you seem to be a young gentleman of sense—consider what I know of you. You are a discarded son; your family pays money to be shut of you. What have you done? I don't know. But do you not see how foolish I should be, if I exposed my business reputation on the safeguard of the honor of a gentleman of whom I know just so much and no more? This interview is very disagreeable. Why prolong it? Write home, get my instructions changed, and I will change my behaviour. Not otherwise."

"I am very fond of three hundred a year," said Norris, "but I cannot pay the price required. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"You must please yourself," said the lawyer. "Fail to be here next quarter-day, and the thing stops. But I warn you, and I mean the warning in a friendly spirit. Three months later you will be here begging, and I shall have no choice but to show you in the street."

"I wish you a good-evening," said Norris.

"The same to you, Mr. Carthew," retorted the lawyer, and rang for his clerk.

So it befell that Norris, during what remained to him of arduous days in Sydney, saw not again the face of his legal adviser; and he was already at sea, and land was out of sight, when Hadden brought him a Sydney paper, over which he had been dozing in the shadow of the galley, and showed him an advertisement.

"Mr. Norris Carthew is earnestly entreated to call without delay at the office of Mr. ——, where important intelligence awaits him."

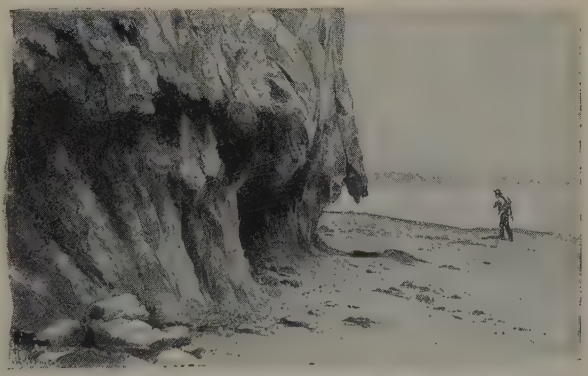
"It must manage to wait for me six months," said Norris, lightly enough, but yet conscious of a pang of curiosity.

(To be continued.)

SEA AND LAND.

By N. S. Shaler.

ON the greater part of the earth's surface men may dwell unconscious of the fact that the earth is a vast laboratory which is day by day accomplishing great constructive work, which in the process of the years and ages brings about revolutions in the forms of land and sea as well as the nature of their climates, and thus alters all the conditions of life. Those who live near active volcanoes, or in lands which are frequently shaken by earthquakes, now and then have evidence brought to them which shows that this globe is a work-shop wherein much is done; but in most lands the order of nature is so quiet, and its processes so familiar, that the whole appears merely commonplace. It is otherwise, however, with those who dwell in the peculiar realm where the great reservoir of the waters comes in contact with the land: on the ocean's shore the processes of change are so marked, man's combat with them so continued, that all mariners, and even those who reside near the sea, acquire a far more vivid impression of the earth's activities.



The Ovens, North Side of Mount Desert, Me.

Showing the action of waves and ice on a cliff of volcanic rock, the texture of which is tolerably compact, and which owes its form to glacial action. At high tide the sea lies against the base of the cliff; a part of the wearing is due to ice action.

All those who would find an easy way to a conception of the facts of geologic science should take up their inquiry on the coast-line: if they understand the processes which are there in operation —they are indeed easily understood— they will gain a clue to nearly all the great truths of geology. The portion of the earth's machinery that may there be seen in operation, or may be readily inferred from that which is visible, is of the utmost importance in the development of this sphere. It is only necessary clearly to see what is going on upon this part of the land and ocean, and then to conceive the conditions arising from the accumulation of these effects through the ages of the past, to bring before the mind that picture of the slow yet majestic progress of the earth's history which it is the peculiar privilege of the geologist to win from his studies.

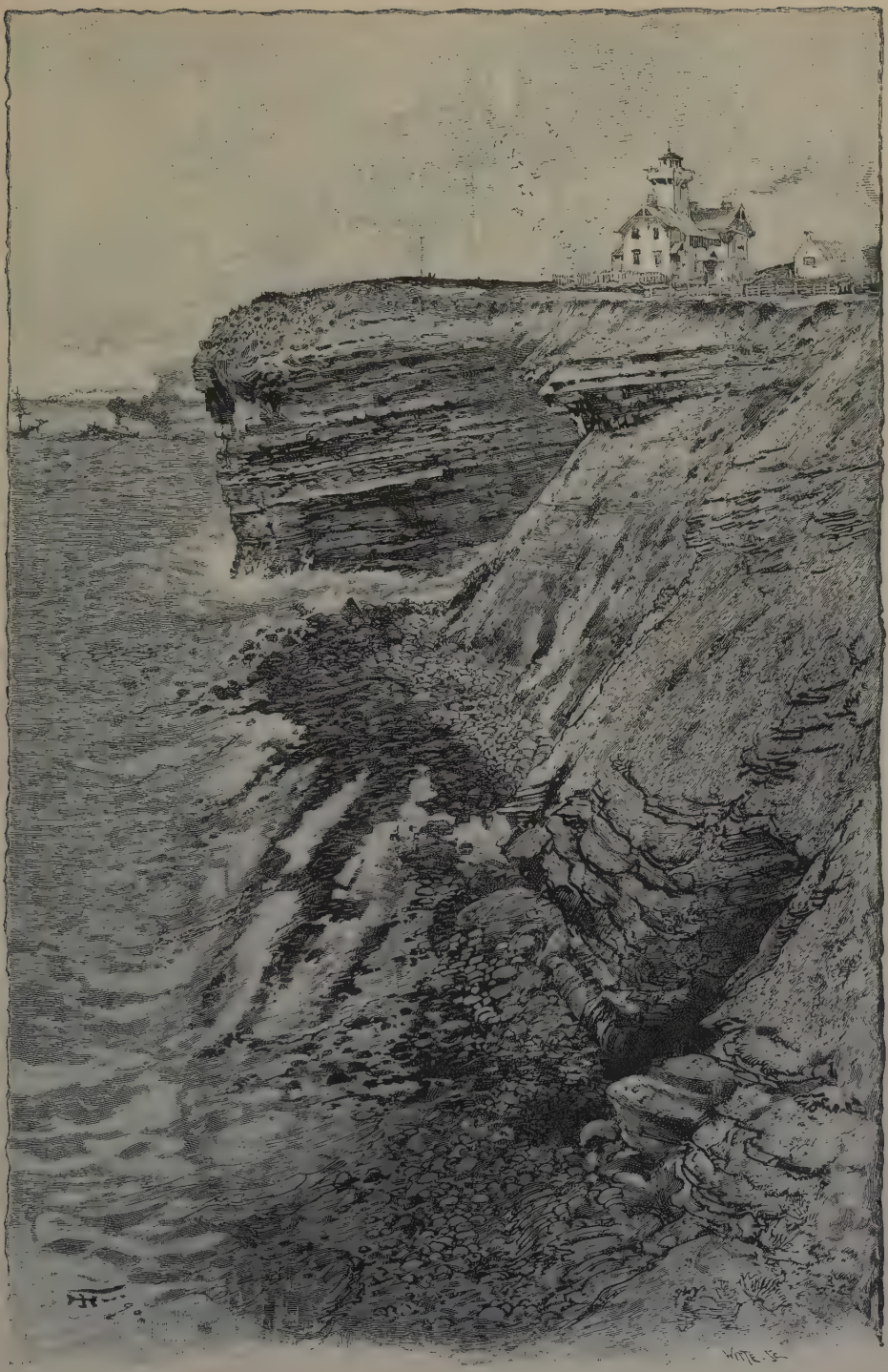
In selecting a portion of the shore for his first lessons in geology the observer will do well to take some care in his choice; the field should, if possible,

afford cliffs of bed-rocks of varied hardness and stretches of sandy and pebbly beaches; in these conditions he will be able to see the important differences in the action of the sea arising from its diverse circumstances of contact with the shore. It is best that the waters should be rich in the life of marine plants and animals, and the land forested to the margin; for the relation of the earth's work to living creatures is likewise important to his inquiry. Fortunately the shores of this sort are abundantly provided for the student's use. The eastern coast of the United States, from the mouth of the Hudson River to Labrador, the western border of the continent, from San Francisco to Behring's Strait, the northern coast of Britain, from Scarborough on the coast around by the chalk downs on the south, as well as the northern shores of the European continent, afford ideal fields for this class of studies. It is only when the student has become well versed in the great array of actions which he may observe within a few miles journey in any of these fields, that he will have occasion to undertake special journeys to see peculiar aspects of the coast-line, such as are afforded by the coral reefs of Florida, or the singular effects produced where active volcanoes build their cones along the shore or up from the depths of the ocean. Interesting as these special features are, they are only incidental elements in marine work, concerning rather the professional geologist than the amateur.

Arriving on a shore such as we have advised the observer to select, he is likely to be at first confounded by the multitude of the facts which this line of interacting land and water exhibits. These facts are, as is the case with all the phenomena of nature, much entangled with each other; all united in the common features which she always presents to the untrained eye. It is well for the student to remember, as a protection against discouragement, that this blended aspect of the work which is done on the earth, is what appears to all beginners in inquiry. All science indeed has come to exist through the patient labors of students who have slowly done the work of unravelling the tangled web of interlaced actions, some part of which in turn each faithful inquirer must with the teacher's aid repeat. It is not to be expected that each individual seeker for truth shall go through all the laborious processes of thought which have made the science he seeks to acquire; it is the part of his guide to show him the road through the wilderness, to keep him from the blind paths which lead to no profit; but, if he would acquire the strength which can come from his personal activity, he must patiently tread the way himself.

At the outset this guide may well ask the novice to have in mind certain large truths of geology which may serve as a background upon which he may frame the special conceptions which will come to him from his shore-line studies. He may be assured that all these general conceptions will be more or less verified by the work which he is to do. The first of these concerns the contrast between the essential conditions of the two great divisions of the earth's surface, the land of the continents and islands, and the water-covered areas of the sea-floors. All the land above the level of the oceans which is somewhat unreasonably called dry, for it is everywhere flowed over and leached through by water, is subjected to continual wearing by the action of the elements. Every rain-drop as it falls and strikes ground unprotected by vegetation takes away a little of the earth. The streams take much, every spring sends its tribute of mud, sand, or dissolved rocky matter to the sea, and the ocean itself, by its unending assault upon the shores, is wearing away the land along all coasts save where the coral reefs build effective walls against the waves. All this water of rain-drop, stream, or spring, is sent from the sea through the air for the direct downward attack on the emerged fields of the earth, so that the battle the oceans unendingly wage is so set that it assaults the opposing land in two directions: on the sea face it assails by the surges, and in the interior by the rain, the flowing water, and the glaciers. The result is that the lands are constantly wearing away, while the sea-floor is taking the sediments which the waters have given to it and building them into new deposits.

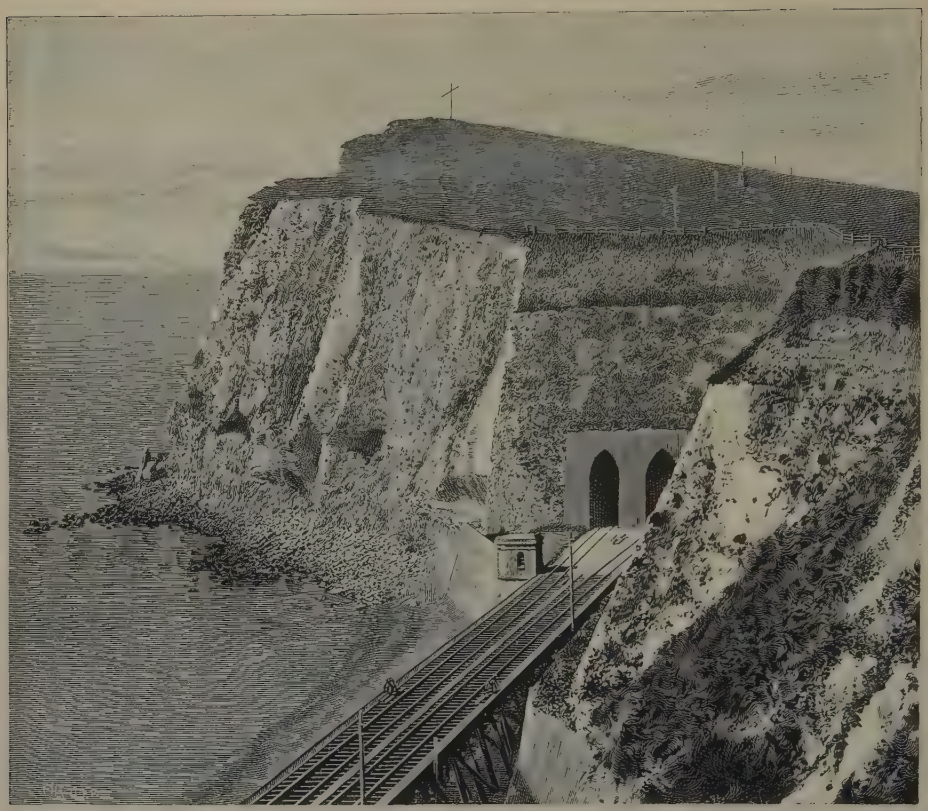
The effect of this action, if it were not



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

Point Finnin, Cal.

The view shows the effect of the sea on a shore composed of stratified rock of moderate hardness which dips toward the ocean. The harder fragments of the strata form a shingled beach, the fragments of which in times of storm are driven against the base of the cliff.



Shakespeare Cliff, near Dover, England.

Showing the effect of heavy waves on rather soft rocks. The steep beach at the base of the cliff is composed of fragments of flint originally scattered through the mass of chalk which forms the headland. In times of heavy storm the sea enters the slight caves which appear in the lower portion of the precipice. Recently fallen masses are shown at the extremity of the headland.

qualified by other conditions, would be that in time the dry parts of the earth would utterly disappear and the seas be in good part filled with the waste they had won from them; but there are compensations to this action: the lands are constantly growing upward from the action of those forces which elevate mountain-chains, probably also the whole of the vast ridge which constitutes the body of each continent is also characterized by a massive upward growth; at the same time the ocean basins seem to be ever deepening by the downsinking of their floors. The result of these beautiful compensating movements is, that although the contest between land and sea is the most ancient, far extended, and unbroken of all the many combats which make up the life of this sphere, neither side is ever victorious or is ever likely to prevail. It is indeed only in a metaphoric way that it can be called a battle at all, for the results of the interaction are profitable to the interests of sea and land alike. On the land the continued wearing has the most important result, that the soils on which all its organic life depends are ever renewed by the destructive processes of erosion. If any considerable time went by without the old soils being swept away, the effete earthy matter would become unfit for the nurture of plants, and plant and animal life alike would fail of support. This waste, in part dissolved in water, nourishes the marine life, and in part in the form of mud is contributed to the strata which in time are to be lifted into the air with the upward growth of the continent from whence it came. Here as elsewhere modern sci-

ence has shown that the strife of this world is only apparent ; the result, considered in a large way, is always for the profit of the whole.

With such a broad preliminary survey in mind, the observer may well begin his detailed studies of the shore at some point where the sea and land meet in a steep rocky cliff which descends abruptly from its crest into the sea at its foot. It is easiest to inspect such a bit of shore at a time when the sea is quite still ; for then it may be approached in a boat. On the northern coast of the Atlantic, from New York northward, these rocky faces of the shore are generally more or less rounded by the action of the moving sheet of ice which lay upon them during the last glacial period. We are very likely to find the upper portion of the steep, that which is above the level where the waves do their work, still bearing here and there the scratches which so plainly tell of the ice time. Occasionally, when the water at the base of the cliff is deep, this glaciated surface, if the rock be firm set, is preserved even within the belt where the surges impinge upon it. This fact tells us that the sea has under certain conditions little effect on a shore of this nature. This is made the clearer by the presence on the surface of the stone of a mass of marine animals and plants, algæ, sea anemones, etc., which, firmly adhering to the stones, can resist the blow of the waves. If in times of storm we crawl to the verge of such a cliff we may see the waves surging violently against its base, but we observe that they do not strike an effective blow, but merely swash up and down. As we shall shortly see, their action is impotent as compared to what it is when the cliffs do not descend into deep water, but have something like a beach at their base.

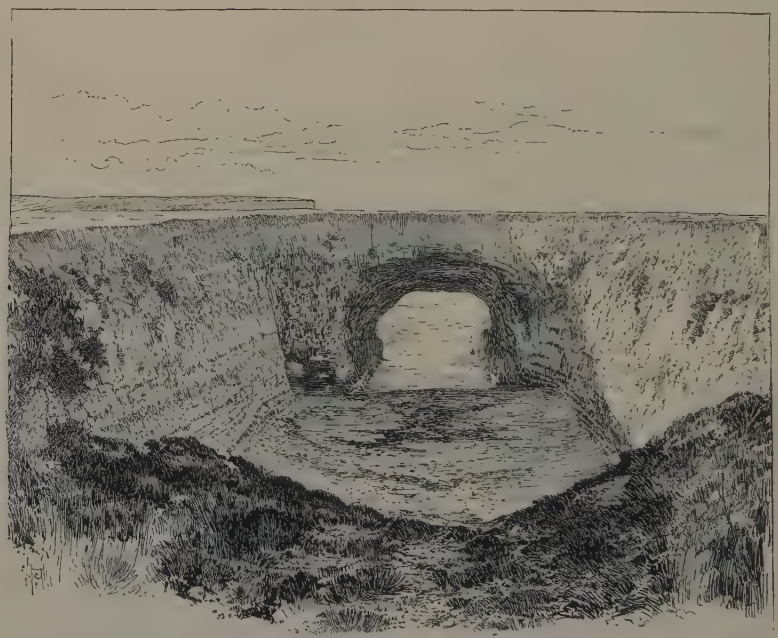
The fact is that the ocean waves, when they beat against a rock-bound shore where the firm cliffs descend into deep

Yesnabie Castle, Orkney.

The view shows a good specimen of a pinnacled rock which has been separated from the cliff by the long-continued action of waves and ice. It should be noted that all the débris of the rock between the pinnacle and the shore has been broken up and carried away. The main cliff as well as the detached mass shows distinct joints, and also bedding planes. The latter exhibit in a remarkable manner the phenomena of cross bedding. This shows that they were formed upon or near an ancient shore-line.

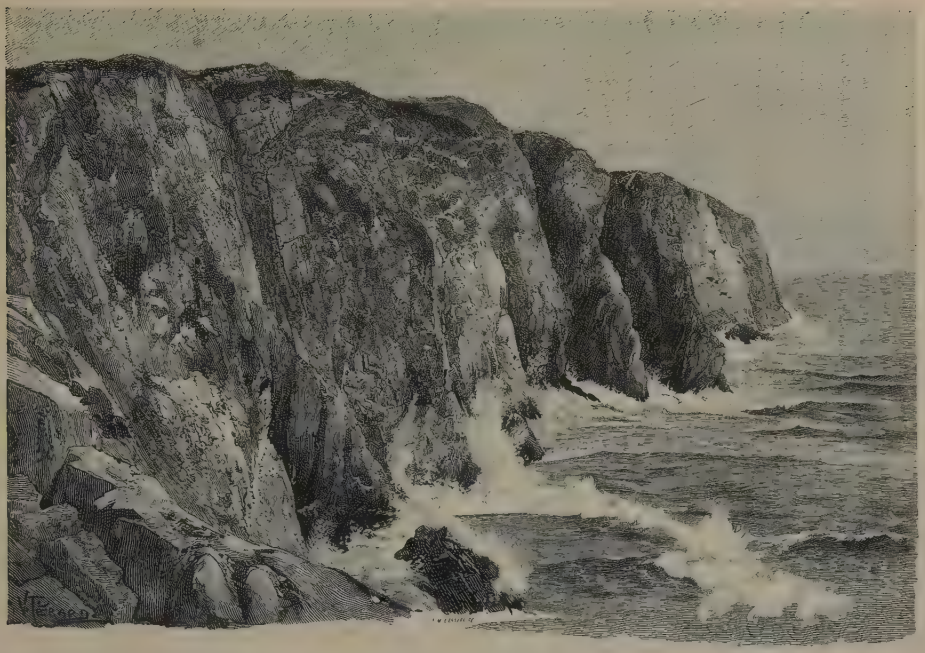
water, have very little destructive power. When they strike the shore they may apply a pressure of from one to three tons per square foot of surface against which they run, but this can only break away the masses of stone which have been loosened by the action of frost or the other processes of decay. On a shore which has recently been overridden by the glacial ice, the weaker kinds of rock have been pretty generally worn away, and it is only slowly that they yield to the sea's assault. Yet, now and then masses tumble from the top of the cliff, so that here and there, even on the steepest shores, we find where the débris from the precipices has been sufficient to make a beach-like accumulation such as is shown in the illustration (page 613). As soon as this mass of débris comes near enough to the surface to be much affected by the dragging action of the waves as they surge against the steep, the stones are arranged by the waves so that they assume more distinctly the beach form. In this state of the shore the surges are at last able to do their effective work. We may observe them rolling in from the deep in the form of broad folds of the ocean's surface; when the advancing margin of each wave arrives at the shallower water at the outer part of the inclined plane of débris, the friction of the bottom opposes the forward movement, and causes the front of the surf swiftly to rise into the form of a wall; the upper part of the mass of the water being less retarded than that at the base, shoots violently forward, and near the shore tumbles over in the manner of the familiar breakers or surf.

When the waves break at the foot of cliffs they then strike vastly more effective blows than when they splash against them, as they do when they roll through deep water to their base. Rushing over the shallow bottom in times of heavy storms, they hurl the loose stones, even if they weigh a ton or more, forward against the base of the cliff. The blow these wave-swayed stones can strike is very great; it is sometimes almost as effective as that



Natural Bridge, Santa Cruz, West Indies.

Remnant of a sea cave; the inland portion of the arch has fallen in and the space has been widened by the waves which roll in beneath the bridge. The horizontal strata are of limestone, and are thus easily dissolved by the waves. The material is much jointed, and so the pebbles on the beach are very small.



Barra Head, Outer Hebrides.

Showing the action of the sea on massive but somewhat jointed rock, the base of which lies at no great depth beneath the surface of the sea. The effect of dykes is shown in the deep recesses in the middle distance. A large fragment which has fallen from the undermined cliff is seen in the foreground.

which is delivered by a shot from an ancient battery against a besieged wall. If the student will watch the action of storm-waves upon a coast where they have the effect we are describing, he will note that, both to eyes and ears, the effects are very different from what he observed in the part of the shore where the cliffs descended into deep water. Against the steep cliffs there were no combing breakers, and the waves gave forth only a muffled roar as they struck the steep; here, however, they rush up the stony beach in a confused white mass of water, air, and stones. As the mass strikes the base of the cliff we hear the roar of the waters, and the keen ear can detect also the crash of the stones as they strike against the base of the cliff.

If after the storm has ceased the observer will, at a time of low tide, visit this strand which he could before see only from a distance, he will be able to examine the result of the wave-work. At the base of the cliff where the surges have beaten, he will generally find that the rocks have been rudely cut out by the blows which they have received, so that the upper part of the cliff somewhat overhangs its base; he may note where great masses of the stone deprived of support have slipped away from their bed places, and fallen to the base. Some of these have been too large for the waves to toss about, and they remain as angular fragments somewhat rounded, it may be on the side toward the sea, by the battering they have received from the pebbles which have been hurled against them. Other and smaller pieces of the bed-rocks which have fallen from the overhanging cliff have been worn against the base until they have had their sharp corners beaten off; yet others have been ground into spheres by the pounding they have received, looking like the stone cannon-balls which in early times served in siege-guns. Putting these facts together so that their whole meaning is plain, the student perceives that in a single very great storm the face of the cliff may be worn back to the average distance of some inches, and that the retreat of the upper part goes on

more steadfastly, but in an inevitable way, as the stones of the overhanging precipice are loosened by frost and decay.

We can often trace the distance to which the sea has cut back from the place where it was left at the last change in the level of the land by the broad, rocky shelf leading off to the edge of the deeper water. Sometimes, as in the coast of Yorkshire just south of Whitby, this extends as a flat table of stone at about the line of low tide, to a distance of a mile or more from the base of the cliffs. On this Yorkshire coast the cliffs rise in places to the height of six or eight hundred feet, and are so steep that it is impossible to climb them. Shipwrecked mariners and persons who have been imprisoned against their base by the swift rising tide have to be rescued, if they are saved at all, by means of baskets or ladders lowered from the summit of the escarpment. A similar, though less extensive, wave-worn shelf extends along the southern shore of the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the distance of more than one hundred miles. There as elsewhere ships are apt to strike against the margin of the wave-shelf and to go to pieces or fall away and sink in the deep water which borders the ledge. The great distance to the shore, and the wild tumble of waters which a great storm produces on the rocky table, make shipwreck in these conditions peculiarly hopeless for the mariner. Shores of this nature are always formed where the open sea is bordered by hard rocks and has remained for a long geologic time at the same elevation with reference to the assault of the waves. Where a rocky shore does not exhibit these features we may be sure that the position of the coast has been recently changed, that the land has been either lowered or uplifted.

It is a feature deserving attention that these wave-benches rarely retain on their surfaces any considerable part of the débris which has been removed from the cliffs: here and there, scattered over their surfaces, we find bits which have been fastened in the crevices of the bench, but except where fresh fragments are supplied by the fall of the cliffs, the wide surface is usually as clean as a floor. This feature is peculiarly well shown on the great Yorkshire wave-terrace, but is noticeable in all similar structure. It is in a word evident that all the matter torn from the receding cliffs is in some way removed to a distance from the place where it falls; a little consideration and a few observations on the ground will show us the manner and the measure of its removal. Let us first notice that nearly all the detritus at the foot of the cliffs is of a pebbly nature; in general it consists of quite large stones which have been very much rounded. It is evident that a large part of the rock which has been worn from those stones was taken away in the form of powder or sand. We can often, in the case of granite pebbles, see that the surfaces have been crushed by the blows they have received. We readily apprehend the fact that in the mill of the surf at the base of these rocky precipices, the fate of the rocks is to be ground into a very fine grist, which is easily borne away to a distance by the strong currents which exist in times of storm.

If the waves rolled directly in at right angles to the face of the cliffs, and the wind blew in the same direction, the only current which would exist on the shore would arise from the reflux of the water and the undertow or current which sets out along the bottom of the sea from a beach on to which the waves are rolling. These movements of the water can however convey the detritus to only a little distance from the coast-line. In fact, however, the waves rarely come squarely down upon the coast, but strike it a little obliquely, and the wind generally blows in the same direction in which the waves run. The result is that there is almost always a strong current made by the water which the waves heave and that which the wind blows against the shores, which sets as a river in one or the other direction along the coast. Moreover, the tidal currents more or less combining with these actions, add to the stream. Those who are familiar with the shore and have seen a number of shipwrecks, know that the wreckage and the bodies of the drowned usually do not come ashore just abreast of the stranded vessel, but drift in one direction, often to the distance of miles from

Seashore View.

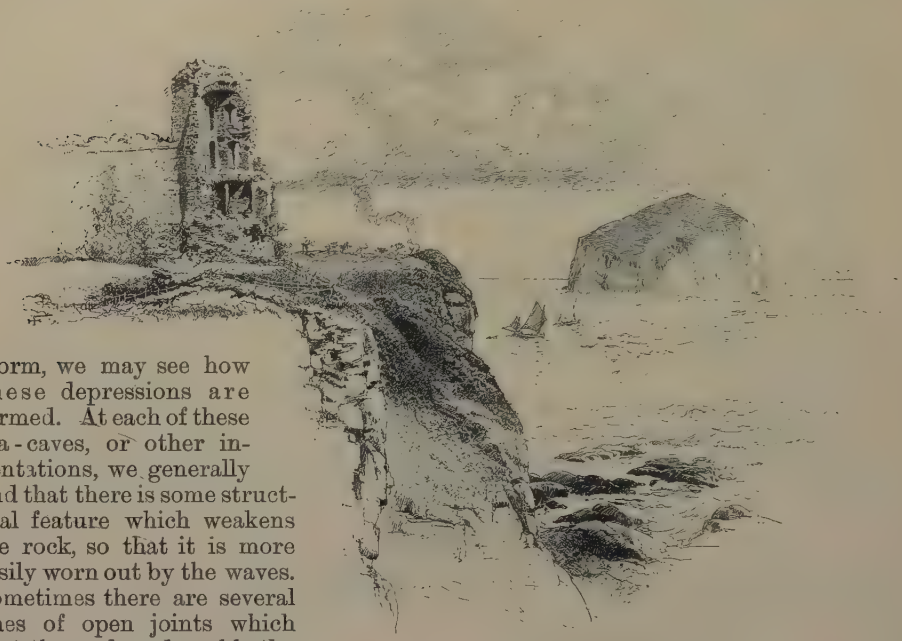
Showing the position of the mantle of sea-weed which protects the rocks from the action of frost and. in a measure, from the assaults of the waves. Note that the smaller fragments which may be tossed about are destitute of the covering. The lower portion of the stone in the foreground against which the boy is leaning shows the scouring action of the waves which they effect by means of the sand which they impel.

the place of the disaster. Those who have escaped by swimming or floating on spars to the shore, have had an even more impressive experience with this swift storm-born river of the coast.

These shore currents are strong enough to sweep away a part of the detritus formed along the shore, even materials as coarse as small pebbles may be borne along by it to the deeper re-entrant angles, where it is accumulated in the beaches which we are in time to study. The coarser pebbles, which are too heavy to be borne along by these currents, journey in the grasp of the waves more slowly, but ever as certainly, to the beaches. The process by which they travel is this : each wave, as it sweeps up and down the slope next the cliff, in most cases runs a little obliquely to the face of the shore, so that with the movement the fragment journeys a little way from the point where it first became rounded into a pebble. With each backward move of the retreating splash it is drawn away from the sea-margin to return with the next surge. With every successive advance and retreat it may journey onward for the distance of a few feet, and so, wearing at every stroke of the wave it moves on. A large part of these rolling stones wear out before they attain the greater beaches.

Before we follow the waste from the point where it is made into pebbles and sand to the part of the shore where we have characteristic beaches, we must return to the cliff section to consider many interesting details of the work which is done there by the waves, tides, and the many other elements of activity which operate in this singular part of the great laboratory of nature. All who are familiar with the rock-bound coasts which are much worn by the waves, have noticed the fact that the coast is very irregularly worn ; rarely indeed is the escarpment of the cliff anywhere near a straight line : it is generally deeply indented by sharply re-entering little bays, and not infrequently presents cavern-like openings which penetrate a considerable distance into the cliff. By carefully noticing the con-

ditions exhibited by the face of the precipice at the level where the waves attack it, or if occasion favors, by examining what takes place in times of storm, we may see how these depressions are formed. At each of these sea-caves, or other indentations, we generally find that there is some structural feature which weakens the rock, so that it is more easily worn out by the waves. Sometimes there are several lines of open joints which part the rock and enable the surges to lift the fragments from their bedding places. Again, where the strata have been turned on edge, there may be here and there soft beds which yield readily to the battering action of the stones which the waves hurl against them; or in other cases, the rock may be riven by dykes and veins, that is, by fissures which have been filled with lava, or materials deposited by the action of water. These deposits may be, indeed most often are, softer than the stone in which they are laid, and may thus afford weaknesses which are searched out by the sea and developed into rifts and caverns.



Tantallon Castle and Bass Rock.

View showing the result of erosion on the shores of a rocky island of considerable height. The dotted lines indicate the original greater extension of the isle. The beach in the foreground is, in fact, a rocky shelf, the remnant of the cliff which once extended much further out to sea.

As soon as any weak spot on the face of the cliff has been worked back a little way so that the hard bits of stone may gather in it, every wave sends these fragments with energy sufficient to wear the place yet further back into the land. The effect of the boundary walls is to keep the rolling stones in a position to do effective work, and as they are tossed about by the waves, new bits find their way into the pocket as fast as old ones are worn out. In this way, these cutting tools are much better supplied in these recesses than along the general face of the cliff, and thus the waves do more effective work here than elsewhere. As the sea cuts only for a little ways up on the face of the steep, the excavation, if the rock be tolerably firm, often has at first the form of a cavern with a wide portal. As the chamber widens this opening commonly becomes unable to support its roof, which falls into ruins and is ground up by the waves. The greater part of the permanent caverns which are formed in this general manner are excavated in trap-dykes. These sometimes extend back from the sea-face to a distance of one or two hundred feet or more. Most commonly the floor of the chamber rises pretty rapidly as we penetrate from the light of day. In fact, a considerable inclination toward the water is necessary to keep the min-

ing machinery by which the excavation is made in good working order; unless the slope is considerable, the inrushing waves will heap large stones in such quantities against the inner end of the opening that the surges cannot move the whole mass, and the bed-rock will be preserved from the blows of the bowlders which then expend their force on each other.

The result of this steep slope of the cavern floor is, that if the sea-cliff be low, the extremity of the cavern finally attains the surface, and gives the conditions which produce what in New England is called a "spouting horn." The waves, in time of heavy storm, rush up the crevice with a speed accelerated by the narrowing of the opening in its inner parts, and send a mass of foam high into the air. Another condition which produces an interesting group of spouting caves is found when the cavern has the top of the portal low, and a considerable space within which has no communication with the outer air except by the opening into which the wave sweeps. Rushing into the cavity, the billow energetically compresses the air until the motion of its water is arrested; this air then expanding, blows the water backward toward the sea, discharging a good part of it like the smoke from a cannon. This group of spouting caverns is less noted than the spouting horns, for the reason that, though they are the more common, it is rarely possible to see them when the waves are high. It is only when some sharp headland gives a coign of vantage whence we can look down upon a long stretch of shore, that these peculiar features of wave-action can be well observed.

Another group of shore features sufficiently frequent to deserve notice are the coast arches and natural bridges. On our New England shore these features are uncommon, for the reason that the rocks on the coast are generally too hard and too much jointed to favor the formation and preservation of these beautiful structures; but on the shore-lands of northern Britain and at many points along the Mediterranean Sea, these singular rock forms abound. A stone soft enough to be easily assailed by the waves, yet coherent enough to hold together where the joints or natural lines of weakness run in several directions, affords the best conditions for this kind of marine sculpture.

On such methods the sea, searching out the paths of least resistance, will often produce very beautiful effects, simulating the noblest results of architecture. On the Atlantic coast the best of this class of hardy product of sea and rock are found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "La Roche Percée," or the pierced rock, a steep-faced isle near the mouth of Gaspé Harbor, is perhaps the noblest arch of the eastern American coast. Many beautiful fantastic arches and natural tunnels, though never of great size, are found along the shores where coral reefs have been lifted a little way above the sea and exposed to the cutting action of the waves and the solvent work of the streams which flow from the land. A very beautiful small example of these coral reef islands is found on the western shore of the northern part of Biscayne Bay, Fla., where a little river escapes from the Everglades through the elevated barrier reef beneath a rock arch.

Yet another picturesque group of shore structures, sufficiently common to have received a name in the vernacular, are the steep detached masses of stone known as pulpit rocks. This name is commonly given to any pinnacled stones parted from the shore by a space of water no wider than could have been bridged by the voice of a sturdy old-fashioned pound-text, and which afford a good place for the imagined preacher. On other shores these islets are often so high that the conditions would not admit of the term pulpit-rock: in such cases the isolated mass usually receives some other name with clerical associations. The memories of monks and friars are often thus preserved. At only one place on our American shore do I know of any of those natural monuments which have been associated with the religious orders; this is the Old Friar, on the northwestern shore of the beautiful island of Campobello, a bit of British ground which forms the seaward wall of Eastport Harbor, Me. Even where the pleasanter religious analogies

do not lead to the names of these striking pictures of the rocky shores, the solemn spirit of the seafaring people who have given them their designations, seems to lead them to choose the appellations from the other side of their faith. The Devil and his realm come in for more than a fair share of the titles by which these notable points are designated. His Majesty's thumb, nose, and other conspicuous bodily parts, these are all commemorated. These men of the sea appear to have found in their association with it more solemnizing influences than come to their brethren of the inland country who dwell amid milder conditions.

The circumstances which lead to the formation of these curious detachments of rock from the parent cliff are substantially as follows: the shore precipice being rent by numerous crevices or joints, it here and there happens that these lines of weakness lie in such positions that they intersect each other. As the excavation is pushed into the land, working as we have seen the waves do more efficiently in these recesses than on the open shore, the intervening mass of the cliff does not recede so rapidly, and so is left as an outlying mass around which the sea washes at low tide. The observer will note that in general these pulpit-rocks have a prow-like projection turned toward the shore. This form is due to the fact that the joints or other lines along which the waves work, intersect each other so as to form the wedge-shaped mass which in time becomes detached. One of the most ordinary causes of the peculiar wearing which we have to note here arises from the crossing of dykes, or fissures filled with hardened lava, which, like that thrown out by volcanoes, was once molten. These dyke-stones are often composed of very fissured stone which the waves easily disrupt and bear away: it often happens indeed that the material resembles a mass of billets of wood heaped closely together, as in the case of the Giant's Causeway of northern Ireland. When frost acts with vigor, as it does along most of the shores where the pulpit-rock structure occurs, its effect is greatly to aid the surges in rending away these dyke-stones, while it may have very little influence on the more compact parts of the cliff.

The action of freezing and of frozen water along all cliff shores in high latitudes is very great. In such regions indeed the coast line has a very different aspect from what it has in latitudes where water always remains fluid. In the act of freezing water expands about one-ninth of its mass. Thus on our northern shores, when the tide recedes for a considerable distance from the cliffs, the water exposed in the crevices often congeals to the distance of some inches from the face of the rock. Expanding in the opening, it produces an effect like the wedges which the quarryman uses in his art. Every cranny is sought out by the fluid; many fissures which are not evident to the eye are thus forced open, and so the fragments of the stone which the greater storms have rent from the cliff are brought to a size where the lesser waves can toss them about. In this way the frosted shores are able to present steeper cliffs than those which are not thus affected, and when all the work has to be done by the action of the waves with such slight assistance as the slow chemical decay of the rocks may afford.

While the expanding action of the frost is doubtless most efficient in wearing back the face of rock-cliffs, the effect of the ice which gathers along the shore is probably of yet more importance. In all times of comparative calm, when the temperature is low enough rapidly to freeze the water next the shore, the ice gathers in extensive fields and often becomes heaped up by the drifting of these areas until it has a thickness of ten feet or more. When the tide is low the stones become fixed in the mass, and by the current, when in this position, are driven as rasping engines against the base of the cliff. In this way the ice-imprisoned stones continue the work which the winds have begun and accomplish a great deal of abrasion. The most important influence of the ice-fields, however, is to clear away from the shore the excess of detritus which the waves may have accumulated there. The reader may often observe points where this mass of stones is so great that the waves are fended from the cliff which they are as-

sailing, except where the tide lifts the surface of the sea to its greatest height. Thus it may be, for a few hours in the twenty-four, they may strike against the base of the ocean cliff. A single heavy and enduring frost may so bind this detritus into the ice-field that the tide, aided by a strong wind from off the shore, can drift it all away to be dropped on the bottom of the deep sea possibly miles from the coast-line. Nearly all the rocky shore of the Atlantic coast, that is as far south as New York, beyond which point to the southward there are no hard rocks facing the sea, is kept, by this peculiar action of the ice-floes, in good shape to be assaulted by the surges.

The realm of nature exhibits a conflict of marvellously related operations; scarce any of her agents are able to act with perfect freedom; we therefore may not be surprised to find that the work of frost and ice is much qualified by other actions. We note among these conflicting conditions the effect of the coast-line sea-weeds on the effect of frost. From a point a little below high tide to the border of deep water the rocky shore is usually covered with a dense growth of these lowly plants. The growth is generally so thick that we cannot discern any part of the rock. When the tide has a great rise and fall, as in the part of the shore about the eastern coast of Maine and New Brunswick, a journey along the shore at low water will give the student one of the most startling impressions which his studies can afford him. The steep cliffs are hung with a sombre arras of funeral hue made up of those pendant fronds which cover the rocks to a depth of a foot or more. Observing these plants when they are floating in the water, we perceive that they are buoyed up by numerous air-bladders which develop in their obscure leaf-like foliage. These air-bladders, as well as the air entangled in the mass of the matted stems which cover the rock, serve in a measure to keep out the frost when the shore is bared at the retreat of the tide. The coating acts as an excellent non-conductor, and by it our shores in high latitudes are in a large measure protected from the destruction produced by the expansion of freezing water in the rock crevices.

In a somewhat similar, but, on the whole, less effective way, protection against frost action is afforded by the coating of animal life which abounds on the rocks of the sea-shore. The barnacles are the commonest of these dwellers of the surges which have by various contrivances managed to withstand the rude blow of the waves and win a profitable place amid this field of dangers; but the numerous shells termed limpets, and a host of other delicate but exquisitely adjusted creatures, maintain a foothold there. The fact is that the fiercely contending waters of a rocky coast-line afford a singularly favorable place for animals to find food. Every stroke of the waves rends away bits of sea-weed from the rocks and grinds the fragments into bits which may be seized on by the expectant mouths. The winds drift vast quantities of organic matter from the deeper sea, which receives like treatment from the mill of the surf. The result is that the water next the shore is a rich soup or broth capable of nourishing a vast amount of animal life. On sandy shores there is no foothold for such creatures; if they were placed there the first wave would cast them into the mill, but on the firm set rocks they can, by various most ingenious devices, manage to make avail of this chance for subsistence. One may judge how well-spread is this table of the shore by taking a glass of water from the turmoil of the surf: we see that it is crowded with the débris of animals and plants, all of which is good nutrition for these marine creatures.

To win security against the waves, and thus to be able to get safety and feed at this richly furnished board, the shore animals have for ages been most assiduously contriving ways of securing themselves to the rock. Thus the barnacles, whose remote ancestors were free-swimming creatures somewhat like the shrimps, began by adhering by their head-parts to floating timber or rocks not much exposed to the waves, and gradually, by one change after another, all apparently designed to the one end, have come to a nearly perfect reconciliation with the condi-

tions which surround them. Their original form is no longer recognizable, for they are now cased in a cone formed of stony plates, and only these parts fairly anchored to the rock on which they rest. Their net-like fringe of arms can, whenever for a moment the sea is still, sweep the water about them, and when the surge is about to strike, withdrawing in their shells, which by their shape part the wave, they are perfectly protected. So, too, the limpets have converted the ordinary snail-like shell into a stout buckler, which when lifted as the wave withdraws, admits the sea-water with its nutriment. As the water closes down on it the edge of the shield comes upon the surface of the rock and is held there by the short muscle which forms a large part of the animal's body. Animals and plants pay with infinite toil and pains for their chance to secure food in places where they are fairly protected against organic enemies. The surf line is by its conditions the best provisioned part of the sea; it is free from creatures which can prey upon its inhabitants, and to gain a place in it it is worth while for any creature to make many sacrifices.

While the effect of this organic life, both animal and vegetable, is mainly protective, by fending off the frost, and to a certain extent diminishing chemical decay, there are certain animals which themselves assail the rocks and, in a measure, hasten their destruction. A whole group of shell-fish related to our common mytilus, the sea-muscles of the vernacular, are known as lithodomes or rock-house makers. They, in some way not yet well known, but probably by the rasping action of their shells, cut out little chambers in soft rock which sometimes attain a depth of several inches. Where these creatures are numerous they honeycomb the stone and make it so frail that the waves can break it up. Certain of our echini, or sea-urchins, have in yet greater measure this ability to bore into the rocks: they can by the movement of their frail-looking spines tunnel downward in materials as hard as granite; as their bodies are larger than the lithodomi, they bore much greater holes. These chambers are often as much as two inches in diameter with a depth of a foot or more, and afford one of the most remarkable evidences of the effort which organic forms make to avail themselves of the profit which the shore conditions afford. So far as has been observed, this habit of rock-boring on the part of the sea-urchins is not known among our American species, though it is common among their kindred on the shores of Europe.

Hitherto we have been considering the action of the ocean waves and currents on shores where the harder kinds of rock meet the sea. Although this is the commoner condition of the coast in its cliff-bordered sections, there are many steeps formed by the frailer rocks, such as are afforded by the glacial deposits of northern countries or the incoherent strata of the newer geological formations, when the bits of such beds have not been bound together in the firm way in which we find them in most old deposits. Along the coast of the Atlantic, from the mouth of the Hudson to Greenland, particularly in the southern portion of this shoreland, are hundreds of miles of steeps where the sea beats directly against these yielding materials; operating on these cliffs the sea-waves do not have much difficulty in breaking down the strata; at every stroke they give way along the face of the cliff, and the frail overhanging mass quickly drops down to the shore. There are of course no sea-caverns, no penetrating chasms, or other irregularities which indicate the slow and difficult siege of the sea against the stony walls of the hard battlemented shores. Such coast-lines are usually straight and present little that is picturesque, except, as at Gay Head, Mass., and at Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, the soft strata are of varied colors and perhaps tilted and folded in complicated ways; in such cases the cliffs may have a marvellous beauty of hue to redeem their lack of variety in contour.

The only difficulty the waves have in making a rapid conquest of these soft cliffs arises from the task of clearing the waste accumulation of débris which comes to them from the yielding rock. Except where the beds contain large numbers of great bowlders, as is often the case with glacial deposits, there is no

such difficulty as arises from the need of grinding up the rock into bits which the currents can carry away, for it comes to the waves in a comminuted form. The burthen of this work of destruction falls upon the currents, and the speed with which the cliff is worn away depends upon their ability to remove the fallen material from the point where the waves have delivered it to the sea. It is rare indeed that these currents can in their work keep pace with that of the waves: in large measure this débris remains just to the seaward of the shore-line, and is only slowly removed to a distance, to the neighboring beaches or to the deeper parts of the water: in this position next the shore, it so far shallows the water that all the greater waves break at a distance from the face of the cliff and only the lighter splash waves attain its base. Gradually the undertow of the breaker drags the débris to seaward, and the varying currents produced by the tides and storms remove it from the precipitous shores to the pocket beaches, where, as we shall see hereafter, it is ground to powder. The result of these causes is one of the many beautiful adjustments of activities which the study of the shore brings to our attention. The waves excavate only what the currents can take away; if at any time they cut out more débris than is removed, their energy is diminished by the shoaling of the water next the shelf; if the currents clear away more of the waste, the surges are for a time free to act and deliver more sand and gravel to the sea. Thus the works of excavation and carriage become accurately balanced with each other.

It is on these soft-rock shores, where strong currents operate, that we find the swiftest conquests of the sea over the land. On the hard-rock cliffs the erosion rarely forces the cliffs inward at a greater average rate than a fraction of an inch a year, while on gravelly or sandy shores the rate often exceeds a yard per annum. Thus, on the coast of Cape Cod, near Chatham, the shore is retreating into the land at the rate of at least a foot each year. On the southern shore of Martha's Vineyard, the recession of cliffs which are about one hundred feet high, has been, on an average of forty years, about three feet, and on the southern face of Nantucket, near Surfside, the retreat of the escarpment has been as much as six feet in a single year. Although composed of somewhat harder materials, the Island of Heligoland, in the north of Germany, near the mouth of the Elbe, exhibits a similarly rapid process of destruction; though within the historic period it was a tolerably extensive land, it has shrunk before the surges of the sea until it has an area of only one or two square miles; it seems doomed to complete effacement within another century. So, too, the Goodwin Sands, now only a dangerous shoal at the eastern end of the English Channel, probably was in the early Christian centuries an island of soft rock which the sea wore away until its waves closed over the place where it had been. If the historic period of North America were as great as that of Europe, we should doubtless have many instances of such vanished lands. As it is, we can see that many capes and isles on the northeastern shore of this continent are impending on destruction. No Man's Land, a lonely island of glacial drift on the Massachusetts shore, south of Martha's Vineyard, is rapidly wasting before the attack of the stormy sea to which it is exposed; it seems likely that in less than a century this shred of land will have disappeared. The same is the case with Sable Island, near the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the remnant of a mass of débris left by the last glacial period, probably a portion of a frontal moraine, is rapidly giving way before the waves and currents which are carrying its sands to the neighboring deep sea. In fact, all such islands are liable to very rapid destruction, for the reason that the waves find less difficulty in removing the débris than they do on the continental shores. Around an island of inconsiderable size the débris is readily borne away by the strong currents, and is quickly cast into deep water, so that it does not, for any considerable time, obstruct the work of the waves. On the long continental strands, however, the waste from yielding cliffs does not so easily escape from the shore; the greater part of it is forced to creep

along the coast-line until it passes from the district of cliffs, and finds its way into the pocket beaches.

Before leaving the zone of the coast where the sea is working the cliff backward into land, we must not fail to consider the action of the tides on such a shore. We have already noted some incidental effects of these singular movements of the ocean waters; we must now look upon their larger manifestations, and consider how they affect the processes of the shore. As is well known to the reader, the tidal movement is due to the attraction of the sun and moon upon the mass of the earth; in fact, every star in space pulls upon the earth; but the moon, because of its nearness, and the sun, because of its magnitude, and as compared to the fixed stars its relative propinquity to our sphere, pull with enough energy to raise the sea above its prevailing level. The attractions of these bodies tend to divert the whole mass of the earth, and if it were completely fluid in its depths, as geologists once supposed, the sea and the land would alike rise in a low tidal-wave, and we should notice no movement of the oceans. Because of certain features in this pulling action of sun and moon, there are two tides corresponding to each of the attracting bodies. If the earth were uniformly covered by a very deep ocean, one of these tides would be approximately under the sun or satellite, and the other on the opposite side of the earth. Owing, however, to the irregular form of the lands, these tidal waves have to chase around the earth, rushing up the narrow spaces between the lands, and so fall behind their due place. Moreover, because the solar and lunar tides are sometimes in the same place and sometimes far apart from each other, these two waves now and then conjoin their volume and again oppose each other. The result is that the tides, though they have a certain regularity, are, as regards their rise and fall, rather irregular phenomena. Furthermore, they are more or less affected by the action of the wind; a heavy storm blowing off the shore will cause the tide to retreat farther, and advance less far than when the wind is blowing violently toward the shore. These varying conditions much affect the action of the tidal waves on most coast-lines.

The form of every coast to which the tides find access very greatly affects the way in which they operate upon it. In the open sea the rise and fall of the tide is slight, probably not exceeding a foot or fifteen inches. If the shores of the continents were straight shore walls parallel to each other, with the sea very deep at their bases, the tidal swing would be no greater than it is in the middle of the great Southern Ocean; but, as we know, the coast abounds in re-entrant and salient angles, deep bays, and strong promontories, and in this complication of paths which they open to the waters the tide is curiously affected. Wherever an ocean or bay opens a wide mouth to the entering tide and narrows its shores at the head of the re-entrant, the swift-running broad wave moving inward, usually at the rate of several hundred miles an hour, is compressed in the narrowing channel and forced to rise to a greater height than in the open sea. Thus in the North Atlantic, the shores of which converge toward the North Pole, the tide rolling up from the Southern Sea is constrained to rise to several times the height it had in the more open water. So, too, when a bay is more broad-mouthed and tapers to a sharp head, as is the case in the Bay of Fundy or the mouth of the Severn, the tidal wave is yet further constrained and forced up, it may be, to an elevation of fifty feet or more above the lowest level of the sea. Every considerable variation in the form of the shore has its effect upon the rise of the tide. Thus in passing north from Cape Florida to the St. Lawrence, the well-trained student of the tides would be able to determine in a general way the shape of the shore by the rise and fall of the sea.

It is easy to conceive how the average of the tidal currents depends, in the most intimate way, upon the altitude the wave attains in the diurnal movement. When, as on the coast of Florida, the rise and fall is probably not on the average much more than one foot, we may have but feeble movements created by the tidal swing; in the region about

the Bay of Fundy, where the rise is fifty feet or more, the streams have a swiftness and energy comparable to those exhibited by the greater cataracts. The capacity of the tidal currents, like that of all streams, their power to scour and convey sediments, depends immediately on the speed with which they move. When, as on the eastern coast of Maine, they often flow at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, a speed nowhere attained by the waters of the Mississippi, they strip all the shores on which they impinge of all their fine detritus which may have accumulated there, and thus expose the rock to the effective action of the waves.

For the reason that these tidal currents are most energetic when they are confined as in a wedge-shaped bay, they exert their maximum influence not on the open coast, but in the recesses of the shore. The waves of the ocean tend to force the detritus they have torn from the exposed part of the shore into every neighboring bay, thus in time destroying all the inlets and bringing the shore to a uniformity of outline; but where the sun and moon pull the waters about and send them whirling into the bays and harbors, the currents which are thereby produced scour out the sand, clay, and pebbles which the waves have imported into these recesses and remove them again into the open sea.

IN EGYPT.

By Benj. Paul Blood.

Egypt, my dream! Low in the burning noon
Beside the River, while the lotos lolls,
And sheds her torpor on the flood that rolls
The mystery from the Mountains of the Moon,
I lay me where at last I choose to lie—
Where men first said, "Build for eternity!"

Remains—remains! What is it that shall last,
Since these are wasting that were set so sure?
"We crumble; but thy fancies shall endure!"
They mock me from deep vistas of the past:
"Words vain as deeds! Fresh cohorts in the van
Shall turn the Stagirite as the Corsican."

Not less, I dream: dream of a higher light,
And larger framing of the picture here,
Wherein these waters to their fountains veer
Through pastures strange, and valleys out of sight,—
Dream of a purpose, and a something done,
A record kept, a goal that shall be won.

There is a Flower that blooms from all Decay;
There is a proverb from all lessons learned
Of self-same currents evermore returned,
And morrows ever but as yesterday;
And years shall breathe an effluence of our theme
Through all thy haunted dust, Egypt, my dream!

Gizeh, 1887.

PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

IV. THEATRE-GOING HABITS AND CUSTOMS; THE CAFÉ CHANTANT; SYMPHONY CONCERTS; MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

By William F. Apthorp.

THE French love for the theatre can hardly be over-estimated. They love it for its own sake, for what they see and hear there. Even in Paris, it is only the more thoughtless votaries of pleasure, the busy idlers of the "*high-life*" (pronounced "igg-leaff") who look upon the theatre merely as one of the many environments in which social business is to be conducted. The sort of unreasoning, automatic attraction toward the theatre, the love for its very atmosphere, and the daily recurring homesickness for its thronged auditorium and deoxidated air, that one finds in almost all classes in Italy, are not characteristic of the average Frenchman, nor even the average Parisian. Leaving the "*high-lifeurs*" aside, you will find that, when the Paris idler goes to the theatre, or to a concert, he does so with the perfectly fixed intent of enjoying himself in a definite and predetermined way; he is careful to know beforehand just what he is to see, or hear, and makes up his mind that the entertainment will be to his liking before he buys his ticket. Once at the theatre, his absorption in what goes on on the stage is complete, and his disappointment correspondingly acute if the performance does not please him. Then, when boredom has fastened upon him—the thing in life he most abhors—he becomes a most unpleasant person to act to. The traditional cool apathy of a Boston audience does not begin to be the wet blanket to an actor's fire that the unconcealed boredom of a Paris house is. Loud expressions of disapproval have gone out of fashion, and are rather frowned down, but the uneasy restlessness of a house face to face with a dull play is communicative, and more eloquent of discontent than hisses and catcalls. And the Parisian seldom, if ever, takes refuge in that favorite resource of the American, when he finds himself bored: leaving the theatre before the play is over, and going home. He likes his dramatic or musical pleasure in large doses, partly as a matter of taste, and partly also for reasons of economy; for an evening out means a saving of firewood and lamp-oil at home. His thirst for pleasure is such that nothing is more terrible to him than a spoiled evening; he has come for pleasure, and sits on, hoping against hope, until the thing ends. If, on the other hand, he does really enjoy himself, his expressions of delight are of the frankest; he hugs himself for joy, his face beams satisfaction, his whole person is a-quiver with pleasure. Except at some of the *théâtres de quartier*, frequented mainly by the working and lower middle classes, he is not, as a rule, an uproarious applauder. When you see in Paris a man applauding frenetically and with good staying-power, you may safely conclude that he has some private ulterior reason for so doing, and that he is, upon the whole, something of a "Roman."* The Parisian usually applauds with little, sharp ejaculations of "*Bravo!*" or "*Bien! bien! très bien!*" and a varied assortment of "*Ah's*" and "*Oh's*," thrown out at the very moment that anything pleases him particularly. One of the things that first strike the stranger at concerts in Paris is the half-suppressed gust of "*O-o-o-o-hh!*" that passes over the audience, right in the midst of the music; at first it seems an irksome interruption, but when you are used to it you find it very communicative of enthusiasm.

Theatrical habits and customs in Paris are often very different—to the uninitiated stranger perplexingly different—from our ways of doing things here in America. At almost all theatres and regularly-established concerts there is a difference in price between the *billet*

* See chapter "De viris illustribus urbis Romæ" in Berlioz's "A travers chants."

pris en location and the *billet pris au bureau*. These terms are purely technical, and, like several others in common use on play-bills and posters, calculated to bother the beginner in French not a little. You may be tolerably well up in your Fasquelle or Ollendorff, and it may still be some time before you succeed in fixing in your mind that *présentement* means "now," and *incessamment* "very soon;" that *location* has nothing to do with the word so much abused in the United States, but comes from *louer*, to hire, and means "hiring." Practically, all tickets are bought *au bureau*, at the box-office, unless perchance you buy them of a speculator; but technically, a *billet pris en location* is one that is bought before the day (or evening) of the performance, and costs from one to five francs more—according to the grade of the theatre—than the *billet pris au bureau*, which you buy, as we should say, "at the door." Wholly printed tickets on card-board are almost unknown. No matter at what hour you present yourself at the box-office, nor how long the *queue* in waiting may be, you have to wait for the functionary in charge to fill out a printed blank in writing.

Once armed with your ticket, you find the door of the theatre guarded by one or two soldiers in full uniform—not *sergents de ville*, or policemen, but privates or non-commissioned officers in the regiment that happens to be detailed on sentry duty for that day. After struggling your way up to the narrow entrance, you may find the arm of one of these sons of Mars suddenly and firmly thrust out across the doorway, keeping you and the rest of the crowd back, until the batch of pleasure-seekers immediately ahead of you have passed the *contrôle*. This *contrôle* is an imposing, not to say majestic, institution; only I have never been quite able to see what useful end it accomplishes. In the vestibule, opposite the door, you find a sort of raised counter, like an overgrown student's writing-table, behind which are seated three solemn individuals in evening dress—or perhaps I should rather say full dress, for the English idea of associating the dress-coat exclusively with the evening does not obtain on the Continent.

They look like Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus. Rhadamanthus, who sits in the middle, silently stretches out his hand for your ticket, which he forthwith gives either to Minos or Æacus, according as the number of your seat is odd or even. Whichever of the two judges it may happen to be, tears off a corner of the ticket, and returning it to you with an urbane suavity that has nothing of the Rhadamanthine sternness in it, points out the corridor you are to take.

This little comedy over, you fall incontinently into the clutches of the *ouvreuse*, or box-opener. Parisians, not to speak of strangers, look upon the *ouvreuse*, as they do upon the *concierge* of apartment-houses, in the light of a national calamity. The press has tried its best for years to abolish, or in some way modify, her. Personally speaking, I do not consider the *ouvreuse* an unmixed blessing, and she is certainly an occasional stimulus to profanity. But she is not an unmitigated nuisance, either; she has her good side. All theatres have a *vestiaire*, or cloak-room; but we all know what a struggling business it is to reclaim one's belongings from that repository at the end of the play. Instead of going to the *vestiaire*, you can give your overcoat and umbrella to the *ouvreuse*, who, being but one of an army, has personally a limited domain to govern, and correspondingly few coats to look after. She will take your things and return them to you, in your seat, just before the last act. Then you have to hold them in your lap for the rest of the time; but this is better than having to fight for them at the *vestiaire*. The *ouvreuse* shows you to your seat, sees that you have a play-bill, and—here is where her unpleasant side comes in—will do her best to make you take a *petit banc*, or footstool. Of course she expects a fee for all this, and, with a person of her experience in ways and means, expecting and getting are one and the same thing. Even in summer, when you have no overwear to confide to her charge, when you sternly resist her blandishments in the *petit banc* matter, and all she does for you is to hand you a play-bill or programme—on which latter the legend: "*Ce pro-*

gramme doit être distribué gratuitement," may, very likely, be plainly printed—she still expects a fee. But the fee she looks for will neither make you nor break you; and when a few fees have made you favorably known to her—to do this, they must not be too large—you begin to find her rather a convenience than otherwise.

If all this business of making good your right to a seat after buying a ticket is a little more complicated than with us, the process of getting to your place when you are invited by a friend, or have your *entrées* (free admission), is simplicity itself. A good instance of this was my own experience at the Théâtre-Français. One afternoon, I was told by M. Claretie's secretary that my application, seconded by M. Francisque Sarcey, was granted, and that I had my *entrées* to the theatre for two months. No ticket, pass, or other credentials were given me, but I was told that "it would be all right." On presenting myself at the *contrôle*, the first evening, I found that my name had been given to none of the three presiding functionaries, and that they had been told nothing about my right to enter; but, on my saying that I had my *entrées*, I was immediately invited to pass on to the swinging door leading to the orchestra stalls. Here I found the *placeur*, or seater, who did have my name down on his list, and forthwith offered me the choice of several seats in the first four rows. Afterward the *placeur* knew me by sight, and did not refer to his list again. Precisely the same thing happens at every theatre in Paris, when you are invited by a friend to a seat in the stalls or balcony, or to his own private box, except that, unless your host happens to be a member of the acting troupe, no list is referred to. You tell the *contrôle* and the *placeur*, or *ouvreuse*, that you are invited to such and such a seat, or box, and you are immediately shown to it. Even if you arrive before your host, who has the ticket, or is known to own the box, it is just the same; your word is taken for it that you belong there. Such a system is made possible only by there being no "general admissions" sold to the better parts of Paris theatres; every right you have to enter, either by purchase or invitation, is a right to a perfectly definite seat (except in the case of free *entrées*), and that seat is yours unless someone else can show a superior claim to it.

At most theatres a certain number of the best seats in the stalls are reserved for critics and other authorized deadheads until the play begins; then the list of such as are still unclaimed is sent by the *placeur* to the *bureau*, and they are sold to the first comer. In this way the general public may often have a better chance at a good seat, at a theatre that is not doing a very thriving business, by taking tickets *au bureau* than by taking them *en location;* by waiting until the last moment, one may get an unoccupied critic's seat.

The Paris critic's power over public opinion may be no greater than that of his crafts-brother in New York or any other American city; but his power within the walls of a theatre is well-nigh limitless. The oftener he deigns to come to a theatre and occupy, with a friend, two of the best seats that can be found, the better the management likes it. He is looked for, not only on opening nights, but at any time during the run of a play. He is treated with the utmost deference, as a power to be propitiated, and all sorts of attentions are lavished upon him. The theatres in Paris—at all events the principal ones—have no "pull" whatever on the business office of a newspaper; no theatrical manager can hold the possible withdrawal of his advertisement *in terrorem* over an editor, as can be done here. Theatrical announcements go into the Paris papers as news, and not as advertisements, and are, as a rule, of the very briefest and most summary description. The dramatic or musical critic is absolutely unmuzzled; he can write what he pleases, and as he pleases, and the managers have no redress except indictment for libel, or else the duel.

On taking your seat at a theatre or orchestral concert in Paris, you notice that, roughly speaking, every man in the house, whether in the stalls, the balcony, or the boxes, wears his hat until the performance begins. The English wear their hats in clubs, which I believe the French, as a rule, do not. On going into a shop or business office

the German takes his hat off and lays it down somewhere, the Frenchman merely touches it politely, the Englishman does nothing about it. But neither the Englishman nor the German wears his hat in a theatre. A Frenchman is very careful to take off his hat in church, or in a gambling saloon; but at the theatre he keeps it firmly on his head until the curtain goes up. As soon as the act-drop falls at the end of an act, every man in the stalls claps his hat upon his head, stands up, turns his back upon the stage, raises his opera-glass to his eyes, and scans the ladies in the balcony and boxes with leisurely interest. After this he may stroll out into the *foyer*, or make calls in the boxes, or drop into the café next door for a *mazagran* * or a glass of beer. There is always a café next door to a theatre, which looks to the entr'actes for a good deal of its business. The Parisian is by no means averse to long entr'actes; much as he loves the drama, there is no pleasure in life that cannot be heightened for him by being interspersed with social chit-chat and a glass or two of something good. He takes an evening's enjoyment in the most generous acceptation of the term, and, unlike the Bostonian theatre-goer, is in no hurry to get home. When the Madison Square Theatre in New York adopted its double stage, by which the entr'actes were reduced to a minute or two each, a Frenchman in the audience exclaimed indignantly that such a thing would never be tolerated in Paris.

Full dress is not very common at Paris theatres; that cult for the dress-coat that is almost universal in England does not exist in France, except in anglomaniac *high-life* circles. As I have already hinted, the Frenchman in general looks upon the dress-coat as an essentially gala garment, and not especially associated with the evening. He is rather averse to wearing it on ordinary occasions; not from the feeling that prevails largely in the United States, that the dress-coat has a taint of snobbishness, and is a reminder of constitutionally unrecognized class distinctions; for he looks upon it, on the contrary, as the great social leveller which makes all classes, at least externally, equal, but because it is associated in his mind with a certain degree of festivity, and also with the trouble of dressing. Nestor Roqueplan held it in especial abhorrence, and you could pay him no subtler nor more welcome compliment than by coming to one of his famous dinners in a sacque-coat. It is only at the Opéra, and on Tuesday evenings at the Français, that you see a preponderance of dress-coats in the audience. But, per contra, every public performer —singer, pianist, violinist, or lecturer— appears in full dress even at morning and afternoon entertainments.

The ill ventilation of Paris theatres has often been enlarged upon; it, like the uncomfortable seating, is indeed a thing of horror! One might almost take these two items as sufficient proof of the intense love the French have for the theatre; on the principle of what a Frenchman once said of the English, that they must be fonder of smoking than any other people, judging from the terrible inconvenience to which they are willing to put themselves in order to "enjoy" a cigar. Anyone who knows the Cimmerian gloom, desolation, and discomfort of a London smoking-room can appreciate this. The Frenchman's lamb-like toleration of superheated foul air in theatres is not wholly easy to account for. He is largely an out-of-door liver; his rooms at home are not overheated as ours are, for the Parisian *calorifère*, or furnace, only takes the sheer shaving edge off the cold, and he is proverbially economical of fuel. He is very sensitive to intense summer heat, but, although he has a wholesome respect for draughts, he has little objection to cold, or to sudden changes of temperature. Between the acts he will come out of a stewing theatre into the cold, damp night air without his overcoat, and will sit smoking his cigarette in the café at 55° Fahrenheit, with perfect contentment. In general, his every-day life is passed in rather better air than that of the average American. Yet, at the theatre, he is content to breathe a Malebolgean atmosphere, such as would insure the speedy bankruptcy of a theatre in the United States. The heat and bad air in Paris theatres come, no doubt,

* Black coffee served in a goblet.

mainly from an imperfect system of ventilation ; but they come also in great measure from the terrible overcrowding of the house. Every possible inch of space is made available to increase the seating capacity of the *salle*. The orchestra stalls are sometimes capacious and comfortable enough, but the boxes are ludicrously small ; a box for six is a tight fit for four, at most theatres. The cramping discomfort of the seats in the boxes is almost unimaginable by anyone who has not sat in them.

The means of lighting the stage, and the machinery for shifting scenery, are exceedingly primitive, according to our notions, and it is only the wonderful carefulness and unintermittency of French supervision that makes the houses even tolerably safe from fire. The Government requires the constant presence behind the scenes of two or more *pompiers*, or firemen, according to the size of the house, and the unremitting inspection of these Argus-eyed officials, makes up for much carelessness in construction and arrangement. I have seen a fish-tail gas-jet, wholly unguarded by a wire globe, burning at full blast, so near a piece of scenery that a sudden draught would inevitably have brought the flame into contact with the canvas ; but no harm came from it, for the *pompier's* eye was on it. I doubt whether any theatre in Paris has its stage completely lighted by electricity alone ; certainly such a perfect system of electric lighting as is to be found at the new Tremont Theatre in Boston is utterly unknown there. The very description of it, given to a noted Paris stage-manager by an American, was received with evident incredulity. It takes half as many men again to shift scenery as it does in our newer theatres.

It would be an incomplete account, indeed, of Paris theatres and concerts that omitted all mention of the *café chantant*. This peculiar form of entertainment is by no means peculiar to Paris ; it flourishes all over the continent of Europe ; in England its place is taken by the music hall, and with us, in America, to a certain extent, by the variety show and dime museum. But it probably attains its greatest perfection in Paris ; it is a sort of entertainment exceedingly popular in the French capital, although Parisians, as a rule, do not seem to be particularly proud of it. I have never been quite able to make up my mind as to what class of audience its delights especially appealed to. It takes a pretty long sojourn in a foreign country to develop a quick eye for social distinctions. The only glowing encomiums on the *café chantant* I have ever heard, have come from Englishmen or Americans, for every Frenchman I have ever spoken with on the subject has pronounced the thing to be "*simplement lugubre*" — "simply dismal." I suppose strangers keep up their spirits at these entertainments by imagining that they are getting an authentic whiff of the essence of Paris life ; but if all Paris life were like this, Paris would be a very city of tombs, a perfect Aceldama for cheerfulness. And yet the *café chantant* is, in its way, a sample of one characteristic side of Paris life ; the proportion of strangers in the audience is, upon the whole, small. Leaving out of consideration the various winter establishments of this sort in almost every part of the city, let me confine myself to the three summer places that open every year as soon as the warm spring weather permits, in the Champs-Élysées, and add much to the nocturnal splendors of that wonderful avenue. Leaving the Place de la Concorde behind you see two of these flaming gardens, back to back, on your right : the Café des Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Été ; opposite them, on your left, stands the Pavillon de l'Horloge. These three are the principal *cafés chantants* in Paris, and a description of one will do for all. The chief attraction at each one is always some famous comic singer ; thus last summer the Alcazar had the renowned Paulus, who "created" (as the French say) "*Revenant de la revue*," better known here as the "Boulanger March." At the Ambassadeurs sang Kam-Hill (a fantastic stage-spelling of Camille, his real name), whose chief distinction is that he sings in a scarlet dress-coat ; while at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, over the way, Yvette Guilbert sang nightly. Paulus is an old stager, and no little

of a celebrity; he is an artist in "*diction*," every syllable he speaks or sings stands out with beautiful distinctness, and he has a certain native *vis comica*, although it seems to me that this last power of his has been somewhat overrated. The songs he sings are innocent enough, and their comic essence seems nicely adapted to the wants of all-but-feeble-minded. How anyone in his senses can be provoked to laugh by them passes my understanding; still they do not make you absolutely melancholy. With Kam-Hill the case is different; more than five minutes of him would go near to make a man look sad — even without the death of a dear friend; ten minutes plunge you into a black gloom, and after a quarter of an hour you think of suicide. Paulus is at least droll, and like a true artist, emphasizes the fun of what he sings, such as it is; but Kam-Hill tries to be funny himself, regardless of the humorous quality of his songs, and fails most dismally. In short, Kam-Hill is to me the most incomprehensible popular fad I have ever come across.

Yvette Guilbert, at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, stands alone. You might take your children to hear Paulus or Kam-Hill without more serious results to them than softening of the brain; but the songs Yvette Guilbert sings have a frank, outspoken purulence that surpasses anything of the sort I have ever heard in public. She is eminently a *chanteuse fin-de-siècle*, which term means anything you please that is corrupt. But she is an artist, for all that, and to my mind far more talented than either Paulus or Kam-Hill. She hardly ever makes a gesture, or movement, and has little or no play of facial expression; she is not in the least droll. The enormous effect she produces comes from perfect distinctness of utterance, and an astonishing skill in vocal inflection. I have never seen anything like it; it is, in its way, the perfection of highly finished art. There is absolutely no apparent effort, and the most irresistible pungent result. No doubt this is partly due to personal charm of rather an ophidian sort, and to there being nothing in her face, bearing, or presence that corresponds in the least to the terrible coarseness and depravity of the things she sings; for has not Schopenhauer said that the prime essence of the comic is incongruity? Paulus, Kam-Hill, and Yvette Guilbert are the three recognized *di majores* of the comic song. Almost every night during the season, which lasts, as an eminent Archbishop once said, from Easter to the Grand-Prix, they repair, after the performance is over, to evening parties in *high-life*, financial, or even official, circles, and there sing over again the songs they have just sung on the Champs-Élysées.

The *café chantant* itself is a garden, enclosed by iron railings and shrubbery, and lighted by garlands and festoons of gas-jets in milk-glass globes; at one end is a stage, with proscenium arch and curtain. In front of it sits the orchestra. Then come rows of fixed seats, a little shelf running along the back of each row to hold the cups and glasses of the people sitting in the row next behind it. A reserved seat ticket gives you the right to one *consommation*—a cup of coffee or chocolate, a glass of anything you please, from beer to champagne, a portion of brandied cherries, or a tiny ice. To get a really good seat, during the season, you must take your tickets *en location*, for the place is almost always crowded. At the back of the garden is the café and restaurant. The entertainment consists of comic songs—each singer singing off his or her batch of songs in succession, and not appearing again — of juggling, learned dogs, and acrobatic tumbling. The star goes on near the end of the performance. How any living soul can go a second time is a matter of wonder.

But there can be but little doubt that the ever-increasing popularity of the *café chantant* has done much to displace the at one time flourishing orchestral concerts of the very lightest sort of music —such as, for instance, the old Concert-Musard, near the Palais de l'Industrie, where the Jardin de Paris now is—and has even seriously cut into the business of some of the smaller vaudeville theatres. It has exerted a very similar influence, in its competition with the more legitimate light comic drama and light musical entertainments, to that exerted by Offenbach *opéra-bouffe* during the Second Empire and a decade or so later,

in its triumphant competition with the lighter forms of *opéra-comique.* The tendency in both cases has been a downward one, and one might think that the *café chantant* had, by this time, pretty nearly reached bottom. Certainly, with Yvette Guilbert, it already borders dangerously on the legally indictable. Still, in so far as music is concerned, if the *café chantant* has, little by little, drawn away part of the Paris public from the old, and now almost extinct, concerts of dance-music, quick-steps, and light overtures, another, and by no means inconsiderable, part has been drawn upward from these entertainments by the symphony concerts of Colonne and Lamoureux.

These Sunday afternoon symphony concerts at the Châtelet and the Cirque d'Été are very well attended indeed, and, as far as I could make out, by every class in the community. The programmes at these concerts show one thing unmistakably: the prevailing deference paid in France to popular taste. At the Châtelet and Cirque d'Été you only semi-occasionally see an instance of that purely art-for-art's-sake spirit which has long been conspicuous in musical doings in New York, and perhaps still more so in Boston. You very seldom find a composition on the programme which bears internal evidence of having been selected simply and solely because it was intrinsically worth playing, without any regard to its pleasing the audience or not. Such attempts at forcing a fine work upon the public are common enough with us; but they are unspeakably rare in Paris. Of course, no end of things by native composers are brought out, with no very flattering outlook upon popular success; but here another element comes into play. National pride, the encouragement of national production, perhaps personal friendship for the composer, may have been at work, and, upon the whole, heaven knows what anxious soliciting, wire-pulling and outside pressure. But an important foreign work is hardly ever brought out, unless there seems to be a fair chance of its pleasing the public. The result is that the programmes have a singular flavor of provincialism and lack of enterprise. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn are played continually; their works have belonged to the regular repertory for years, and are, with the possible exception of Mendelssohn, extremely popular. During the last few years, Schumann has been added to the list, and even Niels Gade is beginning to find an opening. But these men are classic, their success is already assured. The fact still remains that, in Paris, the artistic capital of the world, you may go to the symphony concerts pertinaciously through a whole season, without getting therefrom the faintest notion of what is doing in the rest of the musical world. Very little by Raff, Dvořák, Goldmark, or Grieg has been given in Paris; only one symphony by Brahms (the No. 2, in D) has ever been played there. Wagner is the only foreign composer since Schumann who has gained any real foothold at all, and he may certainly be said to reign supreme with the public to-day. I do not think that he has touched the highest point in his French popularity yet.

The repeated, *soi-disant* political, opposition to his works, and their ever-growing artistic success, culminating in the production of "Lohengrin" at the Académie de Musique, last September, are indicative of much, especially when taken together with other signs of the times. One can sometimes learn more from being in Paris for a month than from reading about the doings there for years. Frenchmen do not invariably write exactly as they talk, any more than other people do; many French musicians do not even write at all, and, if you would get at their true feelings, you must talk with them. Those of us who have read much French musical criticism of late years, and the books by French composers that have appeared from time to time, have had to wade through a good deal of glowing rapture about "*notre jeune école militante.*" To believe reports, Paris was swarming with geniuses, with gifted pioneers in all sorts of brand new directions. Now, what conversation I had last winter with French musicians in Paris, even with very "advanced" ones, went far toward confirming one impression I had already got from a certain reading between the lines, and putting apparently trifling this's and thats to-

gether; namely, that what the *jeune école militante*, together with some of its elder brethren, had principally been doing for the last ten or fifteen years, really amounted to whistling louder and louder to keep its own courage up. A prominent composer, with whom I had an hour's chat, spoke of the present condition of musical production in France in terms almost of despair. I do not think that a single composer now in France has much faith in any of the others, nor do I think that many have a very unshaken faith in themselves. And, as all of them, to a man, have one common cherished dream, that of writing something for the Opéra, and having it successfully produced there, Wagner is the man they are most terribly afraid of. As long as he was confined to the concert room, matters were not so desperate; but only let the success of "Lohengrin" be repeated at the Opéra with another work by Wagner, and the present French composers will have to look to their laurels; they know it, too, perfectly well.

The inveteracy of the French instinct for opera-writing is curious to study; nothing that has been done in France during the last half-century or so has really modified it; it is as strong as ever. No doubt this passion for writing operas has its practical, as well as its purely artistic, basis. A successful opera brings in more money to a composer than double its bulk in music of any other sort. But this is not, of itself, sufficient to explain the ruling passion; it is distinctly a national artistic instinct. Musical education in France is of the most thorough description; ever since Berlioz, French musicians have made extended studies in German instrumental music, and have done more and more in the way of instrumental composition. But the French composer still looks upon whatever orchestral or chamber music he may write as something written *ad interim*, to keep him before the public, and fill up the time until the day shall come when he can find an opening for himself at the Opéra-Comique or the Académie de Musique. His whole heart is not in his work until then. He seldom devotes himself to the largest form of orchestral composition, to writing full-grown symphonies, but prefers shorter genre pieces that can be more quickly written, and sooner brought out. The prospect of immediate performance is almost indispensable to him. The story Berlioz tells of himself in his "Mémoires," that he did not write a symphony, the theme of which came to him in a dream, because he had not money enough to bring it out when written, may be apocryphal, but it is eminently characteristic, not only of Berlioz, but of the French composer in general. Many a young composer who graduated from the Conservatoire with the stoutest educational equipment and the brightest outlook upon the future, has taken "temporarily" to writing opéra-bouffe when he found it necessary to keep the wolf from the door; and, the Opéra persistently refusing to give him an opening, has changed "temporarily" into "permanently," and kept on writing opéra-bouffe. Charles Lecocq took a prize in fugue at the Conservatoire, Audran one in composition at Niedermeyer's school, and their case is not an uncommon one, except in so far as their success is concerned.

It is the dearth of large and serious orchestral works by French composers that gives the programmes at the Châtelet and the Cirque d'Été such a curiously undignified, not to say frivolous, aspect. I heard one musician characterize them as "*des vrais programmes de café concert*"—as sheer musical variety shows. This is, unquestionably, going too far; but, although I went to comparatively few of these concerts last winter, I studied their programmes assiduously, week in, week out, and I failed to discover the slightest artistic *raison d'être* in any of them. They showed merely a certain number of, often admirable, compositions thrown together pell-mell, without regard for similarity of musical aim, logical sequence, or contrast.

At the Conservatoire matters are different. The Conservatoire, as its name implies, and ought to imply, is nothing if not conservative, and jealously guards its own dignity. The French composer of to-day, unless he be one of the old guard, with an established, world-wide reputation, finds that getting a compo-

sition performed at the Conservatoire concerts is the next hardest thing to getting an opera accepted at the Académie de Musique. The Conservatoire gives programmes worthy of the name, programmes that the seriously-minded music-lover is really attracted to go and hear, well-balanced, artistically constructed, and interesting.

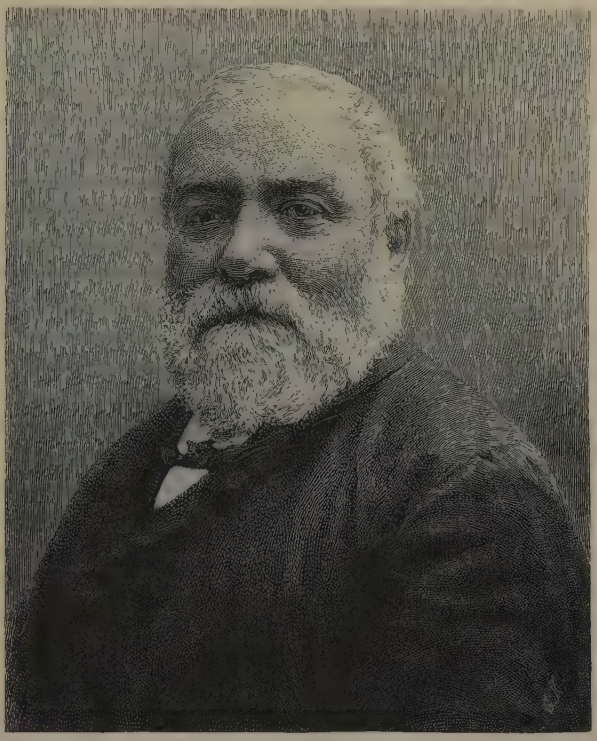
Both the Conservatoire and the two other concert establishments show, in the matter of performance, what an enormous power tradition exercises in France, and how dependent upon it French musicians are. There is little adaptability in the French character and in the French mind; they are, as a nation, singularly incapable of understanding or adopting an exotic point of view. Excepting an utterly superb and unsurpassable performance of the "Eroica" symphony at the Conservatoire, the German music I heard given in Paris was played, often with the most exquisite technical perfection, but almost always with, so to speak, something of a foreign accent. In the classic repertory they have, especially at the Conservatoire, pretty sound traditions to go by; traditions derived for the most part from Habeneck, who, although French by education, was much in touch with German musicians. Still there was, even here, a certain foreign flavor to the playing; both the conductors and the players seemed to take Mozart and Beethoven with a rather academic seriousness. The wonderful first theme in Mozart's G minor symphony, that beautiful "smile through tears," was played like clock-work; the finale in Beethoven's eighth symphony, the most over-brimming, rollicking piece of humor in all music, was played with all the grim earnestness befitting an exercise in counterpoint. The "Scene by the Brook-side," in the "Pastoral," was played with a certain delicate sensibility, very winning in its way, but utterly at variance with the German *Gemüth*. But, when the French conductor is brought face to face with a German work, with no traditions to fall back upon, there is a terrible chance of his going wrong. The topsy-turvying of the *tempi* and general bedevilment of the native force and accent of the music that M. Lamoureux wrought in Gade's C minor symphony, would have made a Leipziger stare. On the other hand, both he and M. Colonne seemed to me to do better with Wagner than most German conductors do who have not been under the master's immediate personal influence. Their inbred Gallic love for artistic measure guards them against the exaggerations of Wagner's "expressive" style of performance which are too common in Germany.

Musical criticism is not very strongly represented in Paris just now. There are two critics admirably equipped by education and culture, and possessed of no little critical acumen—Victor Wilder, of the *Gil-Blas*, and J. Weber, of the *Temps*. Wilder especially is a man of ideas, a thinker of rare force, and both men are to be spoken of with the sincerest respect. Still, even they do not do half what they might, and what the rest do is not worth considering seriously. The whole matter was put into a nut-shell by an eminent composer with whom I had a chat one day. "We have no musical criticism worth mentioning nowadays. There are Wilder and Weber, both of them strong men enough, but Wilder hardly ever writes. You may look through the *Gil-Blas* for months together without finding a word from his pen. As for Weber, he writes mainly about the music of savages. You can find nothing worth reading about what is actually going on in the musical world here, unless a man like Massenet happens to bring out a new opera—which is not often."

But with dramatic criticism it is another matter. Here we enter upon immensely interesting ground. The French art-instinct which leads the whole people, with one common accord, to value logical coherence and perfect clearness of expression above all other elements in art, is mirrored in French art-criticism in several striking ways—most strikingly of all, perhaps, in French dramatic criticism, with which I have especially to do now. In the last, analysis, every characteristic point in French criticism which differentiates it from English, American, or German criticism in the domain of æsthetics, can be traced to the influence of these

two strongly marked national traits: the love for logic, and the love for clearness.

The point that first strikes the thoughtful Anglo-Saxon reader of French criticism on the drama is its essentially democratic spirit. That claim to belong to a rather exclusive intellectual aristocracy, which is tacitly made by almost every German critic who takes himself seriously, is well-nigh unknown in France, where the very last thing the critic would be understood to imply is that he stands as the mouthpiece of, or is immediately addressing, an especially cultured class. French criticism, on the contrary, is very explicit in attaching a vast degree of importance to the ideas, the tastes, and intellectual habits of the average man, of the public at large. No doubt, the French, like the English or German critic, feels himself, in his heart of hearts, to be a superior person—that is unavoidable; but the only claim to superiority he ostensibly makes is based upon his more highly trained perspicacity, and his literary power of putting his ideas into a nut-shell. He is, as a rule, exceedingly cautious about assuming that he looks at things from a higher or more comprehensive point of view than the mass of his readers. He writes generally with a genial bonhomie, as if sure at the outset that his readers will agree with him. It is only when the French critic stands forth as the champion of a new school, of new and not generally accepted ideas, that he finds himself driven by the very force of circumstances into a more or less isolated intellectual stronghold, from which he addresses his public as from consciously higher ground. And it is, in general, only at the hands of critics in this peculiar and, according to French ideas, rather anomalous position that the art-enjoying public at large come in for that sort of half-contemptuous magisterial rating which, in Ger-



M. Francisque Sarcey.

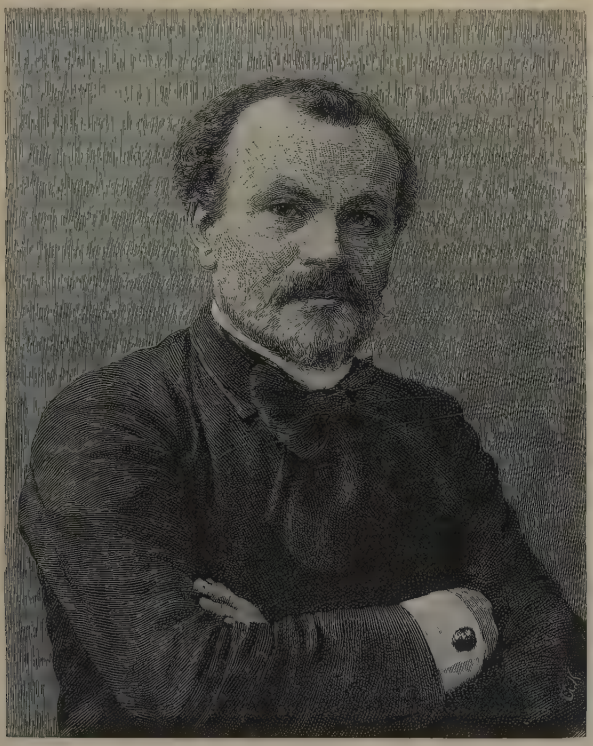
many, England, or America, the average theatre-goer looks for, almost as a matter of course, from any critic of distinction. Indeed, it is quite characteristic of French ideas that the position of the critic who has to "talk down to" his audience is an anomalous one; and, as for the critic who would in any way talk over the heads of his public, he would be regarded simply as a solecism.

Undoubtedly, this democratic spirit in French dramatic criticism has one decidedly wholesome effect; it puts all intellectual snobbishness ruthlessly out of doors. When a French critic says he enjoys a composition or a play, you may be pretty sure that he really does enjoy it; it would not occur to him to pose before his readers as a man of superior taste and culture by simulating an admiration for—say a Shakespeare tragedy. To be sure, he does not find it necessary to write himself down an untutored savage in face of a work which the consensus of ages has pronounced great, but which he individually finds tedious. Now and then he may push frankness to the point of not concealing his ennui; but he generally has a set of polite conventional phrases ready for such cases, and glosses over the difficulty by a few quasi-perfunctory allusions to "the overwhelming work of the sublime master," much as he would in an after-dinner speech, or a funeral oration. He knows well enough that expressions of this sort are perfectly transparent, and that nobody will be fooled by them. He knows that, if the work bored him, it probably bored most of the rest of the audience too, and he thus has small fear of being called upon to listen to it again very soon. So he is not tempted to add that little extra-touch of severity to his article to which critics sometimes have recourse in self-defence against works which they personally do not like. It is not often that even a French critic has the complete frankness, in face of a great work, to write, as M. Sarcey did of a scene in "Hamlet," when that play was brought out at the Français, with Mounet-Sully as *Hamlet:* "I am a Frenchman, and especially French in this, that I find it impossible to be amused by what bores me!" Such a confession as this would seem to us to have a certain tinge of something very like undue levity.

And this brings me to a point which I cannot very well steer round, little as I feel like laying too much stress upon it. This democratic attitude of the French critic, this putting himself instinctively upon the same level with the mass of his readers, admirable as it is in its freedom from intellectual snobbishness, has still the disadvantage of bringing with it a certain levity of tone, a setting aside and ignoring of very high ideals. No doubt there are vast differences between critics. It is noticeable especially, that the champions of the *naturaliste* and the present *symboliste* movements have, as a rule, all the serious earnestness that belongs to a young and still militant school. Naturally, this might be accounted for differently, according to one's literary sympathies. The *naturalistes* might claim that all the really earnest men belonged to their party, while their opponents might retort that the *naturaliste* sympathizers were forced into this rather grim and un-Gallic seriousness merely by the peculiarity of their position. But, leaving the *naturalistes* aside, I must say that I have been constantly struck with a certain something, in almost all the dramatic criticism I have read in Paris—and I have read a good deal—to which I can give no other name than levity.

By far the most striking example of what I mean is M. Francisque Sarcey, the distinguished dramatic critic of the *Temps*. I would not be understood to bring forward M. Sarcey as a wholly fair example of the French critic, for he is admittedly an extremist, and extreme cases make shipwreck of the law. But, quite apart from his great ability and prestige, M. Sarcey is especially interesting on account of this very extremism of his; for he is an extremist just in those directions in which the French mind is most characteristically different from the Anglo-Saxon; he is ultra-Gallic. A more democratic critic of distinction probably never wrote, even in France; no one ever had a stronger faith in the average man. One even hesitates to sum up his literary and artistic point of view briefly, for fear of being inaccurate—so improbable and

hard to believe in does it look, when set forth baldly in a categorical sentence. M. Sarcey's first principle of dramatic æsthetics may be thus stated: the chief aim of the stage is to amuse the public. His first criterion of the excellence of a play is the degree in which the public like it. If a play fails to amuse, it fails all over; if the public stay away, it is damned. One looks through the annals of dramatic criticism almost in vain, to find another man of M. Sarcey's position who possessed, and was proud of possessing, so little individuality of judgment. I once heard a distinguished French actor say: "*Mais c'est tout Paris qui fait le feuilleton de M. Sarcey.*"—"Why! all Paris writes M. Sarcey's articles." He listens to a play as with finger and thumb upon the audience's pulse; his criticism is a diagnosis of the audience's feelings. Like Mr. Pickwick, he shouts with the crowd, and, if there are two opposing crowds, he shouts with the biggest. It is only in the matter of dramatic and histrionic ways and means that he holds definite opinions of inflexible rigidity. He is a thorough believer in all stage conventionalities, no matter how artificial; he would have all unconventional character sternly tabooed from the drama. He says: "What we want in the drama is not truth, but logic." He would have a dramatic character all of a piece, the action of a play as plainly coherent as the three members of a syllogism; nothing exasperates him more than the unexpected, the unprepared. You constantly see in his criticisms on new plays: "But this took us by surprise; we had not been prepared for it, and consequently it did not move us. The author should have paved the way for it beforehand." The action of a drama should work up steadily to its *nodus*, which must be untied in "*la scène à faire*"—the "scene to be written," or "grand scene." This favorite expression of his has become a by-word in



M. Jules Lemaître.

Paris. Last winter a wag, while crossing one of the bridges with him, pointed to the frozen river, and said: "*Regardez, M. Sarcey; voilà la Seine à faire!*" He was enthusiastic, a couple

M. Henri Fouquier.

of years ago, over *Hamlet's* interview with the *Queen*. 'Twas the *scène à faire*, and his only regret was that it did not unravel the whole plot. For the accessories of the stage, scenery and costume, he has a supreme contempt; the modern *naturalistic* drama is his pet abomination. The harshest criticism he can make on anything is: "It is not theatrical." Some years ago, he wrote of a certain scene in one of Molière's comedies: "Some people will exclaim here, 'What an insight into human character Molière had!' But I exclaim, on the other hand, 'What an admirable dramatic workman (*homme de théâtre*) Molière was!' His insight into human character has nothing to do with the matter. The scene takes hold of you, not because it is true, but because it adheres to the laws of effective dramatic construction." He has gone into the wildest raptures over the elder Dumas's "Tour de Nesle," a piece of what we should call pure Bowery drama. Nowhere can one find a more naïve levity of æsthetic point of view! It is the perfection of *bourgeoisie!*

But M. Sarcey exercises the greatest force in French dramatic criticism today. Even his most determined opponent, M. Émile Zola, admitted this, and with a very good grace, when he wrote some years ago: "Think of the days of Jules Janin's kingship, of him who had been crowned prince of criticism. He reigned by the grace of his wit. He was read for his charm, for the pretty things he knew how to embroider upon the trivial canvas of new vaudevilles and melodramas. Théophile Gautier, too, reigned as a writer of exceptional literary faculty, as one who wrote marvellous pages about some idiotic piece of buffoonery. When Théophile Gautier died, M. Paul de Saint-Victor, another very skilful melodist, who plays on his style as on a flute, thought that he was going to inherit his high situation. He saw himself already a prince, with a people of readers at his feet. But not at all. His readers left him to set off the prodigious fireworks of his sentences alone, and preferred M. Sarcey to him. He is the one who has become king.

"Note that M. Sarcey has not the least grace. His hand is singularly heavy. He crushes, when he means to stroke you. . . . He writes his feuilletons helter-skelter, as a priest hurries through a mass, saying what he has to say, and no more. For fifteen years that he has plied this trade of dramatic critic, he has had feuilletons in his penholder, he has but to let them flow out. Not the faintest care for style, not a flower. . . . Well! M. Sarcey's great power is perfectly explicable. He owes his position to two things: he always says what he thinks, and he represents at a theatre the mean intelligence of the public. . . . M. Sarcey has in his favor the frankness of his expression. He says what he feels. What he feels is often curious. But his criticism, nevertheless, assumes a tone of frankness about which no one can deceive himself. You think, 'Here is a man with a conviction.' And this gives him an enormous force, for, little by little, his readers, seeing him so conscientious, place confidence in him; they know he

will not lie, and they end by accepting him as a sure guide."

Indeed, his frankness is at times startling; I know nothing like it in American journalism of the reputable sort. American newspaper criticism has the name of being rather personal now and then; but I don't think any New York or Boston critic of high reputation has ever pushed frankness to the point of saying of a noted actor, as M. Sarcey once did, that "his snub-nose and wide-split mouth did not fit him for the part;" or again, "We all admit Mme X——'s talent; but her talent has the gift of exasperating me, so I will say no more about her."

But M. Sarcey's frank directness and his always having something to say, are only the first elements in his power as a critic; they give his articles a brightness and vivacity which catch the attention, and make them good reading. Yet his true power as a critic is based upon another quality — upon his incomparable perspicacity, a perspicacity partly inborn, no doubt, but whetted to needle sharpness by an unquenchable enthusiasm for his subject, and an unusually extended experience. Never was critic possessed of a keener or clearer insight into the practical means by which the dramatic results he liked were to be accomplished or fallen short of. It may be difficult or impossible to accept his point of view, but one cannot help being struck with admiration by the completeness and clearness of his critical vision from that point of view. He always knows just where the shoe pinches, or where it fits to a nicety, as far as he himself, or the public with whom he identifies himself, is concerned. And what admirable journalism his writing is! His packing, the amount of matter he knows how to get into an article, is astonishing. No less wonderful is the amount of elbow-room he finds in the somewhat narrow confines of what they call in Paris the *rez-de-chaussée* of two pages. He writes as easily and chattily, with all sorts of diversions from his main theme, as if he were to have the whole paper to himself.

Yet, with all M. Sarcey's power and influence as a critic, with all his wonderful perspicacity and faculty of stating things clearly, one cannot study him long, especially one cannot be long in Paris and talk with other devotees of the drama, without discovering his Achilles-heel. It is not his extremism, his being more orthodox than the Pope, more Gallic than the French themselves; his weakness lies distinctly in his æsthetic point of view. He sins at the base, as the French say. His power is of a sort to be exercised successfully only over those of his own kind; he is really strong only in his own party. In controversy he is peculiarly weak; as a propagandist of his own ideas, he is almost null. His logical arsenal seems, at first sight, to be exceedingly well stocked with weapons, both defensive and offensive, and his skill in using them is indubitable. But, upon closer examination, one finds that all these cunningly devised and variously constructed instruments of defence and attack have the common defect of immobility; all his shields cover him from attack from one quarter only; all his ordnance is cemented fast into his bulwarks, and is all immovably aimed at a single point. He has no pivot-guns to rake the horizon. To drop the simile, and come down to plain English, all the arguments he has at command wherewith to demolish or convince a controversial antagonist reduce themselves, in the last analysis, to this simple statement: "If you do so and so, people will like it," or to its converse: "If you do otherwise, they will not." His opponent has only to reply: "And what of it?" to leave him utterly disarmed and helpless. He can only point to the large mass of the public, *le gros public*, and say: "They think as I do!"

And it must be admitted that M. Sarcey does stand pretty much alone among prominent critics in Paris. I have even found that the most cultivated habitual theatre-goers, and the most distinguished actors with whom I have talked on the subject, incline rather to smile at many of his conclusions, and absolutely refuse to accept his extreme point of view. He is looked upon, in the end, rather as the exponent of the general feeling of the *gros public* — for the *gros public* is not supposed, even by democratic French

critics, to be much troubled with "views," except of the ready-made, traditional sort —than as a dramatic authority upon whom one can pin one's faith.

Yet, disavow his extreme conclusions as people may, I must own that I have been not a little surprised—perhaps I should rather say interested than surprised—to find how much Sarceyism there is in French dramatic criticism in general. Leaving aside the confessed *naturalistes*, it may be said that M. Sarcey stands apart from his fellow-critics rather than in opposition to them; it is, in the end, his extremism that separates him from them, more than anything else. For he undeniably does strike the characteristic key-note of French dramatic taste and feeling; only he forces the note. In his writings you find a continual exposition of the real French point of view, reduced, so to say, *ad absurdum*. Look where you will in French dramatic criticism to-day—always excepting the *naturalistes*—and similar mental traits meet your eye at almost every turning. Nowhere have I found what I have ventured to call his artistic levity to be quite absent. And by levity I do not in the least mean absence of earnest purpose. Levity may be a poor word for what I mean, but it is the only one I can find. What I characterize as levity is a prevailing tendency to ignore, or undervalue, the higher and deeper intellectual side of an author's work, the profoundness, truth, and originality of his thought, the vividness and truthfulness of his portrayal of character, and to prefer to all these elements facile clearness of exposition, and an immediate attack upon the mere nervous excitability of the listener; a willingness to accept any trite absurdity, if it is only dramatic and exciting in its essence and expression; a tacit desire to thrust *all* the work upon the author's shoulders, reducing him to the necessity of absolutely storming the citadel of his audience's understanding and sympathy, and utterly refusing to make any intellectual effort to meet him half-way. Here is, to my mind, the most salient and also the most fundamental difference between the characteristic French and Anglo-Saxon points of view in dramatic criticism. It is not for nothing that the word "theatrical" in English is almost always used to imply something unworthy, whereas the French word "*théâtral*" carries with it no such implication. We deplore what is theatrical on our serious stage; M. Sarcey and his kind refuse to admit the viability of the drama if it is not theatrical to begin with.

The two writers on the Paris press in whom I have found this element of levity reduced to a minimum are M. Henri Fouquier, of the *Figaro*, and M. Jules Lemaître, of the *Journal des Débats*. M. Fouquier can hardly be called a dramatic critic by profession; he is a *député*, and what he contributes to the press is, for the most part, on political or sociological subjects. But he is an ardent and experienced theatre-goer, an intimate friend of M. Sarcey's, at whose hospitable Tuesday and Thursday *déjeuners* he is often to be seen, and a man of exceedingly high general and special culture. When a new play of especial importance is brought out, he generally writes the criticism on it for the *Figaro*. Exactly what his influence is in the Paris dramatic world I could hardly make out. My attention was first called to him as a dramatic critic by a distinguished actor, who pointed him out as "the finest intelligence in dramatic matters that we now have on the Paris press." Afterward I met him several times at M. Sarcey's; but the shots of repartee that fly thick and fast across that breakfast-table of the gods leave little room for talking on "subjects," a thing, moreover, which the socially-minded Parisian particularly abhors in good company. Upon the whole, it is the hardest thing in the world to get French men of letters, artists or musicians, to talk shop, unless you pin them down in a *tête-à-tête*. You can hardly get them to admit that they are really doing anything, or especially interested in anything; and yet they are, as a rule, the hardest workers, the most engrossed in their chosen department of activity, I have ever met. You stroll down the boulevard at five in the afternoon, and find one of them sitting placidly in front of a café, the picture of easy leisureliness, puffing a cigar behind a little table on which is a *bock*, or a glass of absinthe or other *apéritif*, and you ask him what he has been doing lately.

"Oh, nothing much; now and then I take a little turn at the mill, but I haven't anything particular in hand now." You may be perfectly sure that that man has been hard and steadily at work since early in the morning, and is thoroughly fagged out now. But he will chat with you as much as you please. To return to M. Fouquier. The few dramatic articles by him I read last winter showed a wonderful keenness of perception, a security of mental balance, and a power of thought that were very remarkable. He is one of the writers with whom you do not merely agree, or disagree, but you feel all the while that he can teach you something. Much the same may be said of M. Lemaître, of the *Débats*, whose influence upon the public is steadily growing. He has already made his mark as a thinker on dramatic subjects, and, although he may seem at times to be rather addicted to intellectual hair-splitting, his point of view is, in the main, a generously large and comprehensive one. He does not move in a rut. Neither he nor M. Fouquier are partisans of any particular school; M. Sarcey is the only champion left of ultra-traditionalism, and the *naturaliste* and *symboliste* schools have, as yet, no important spokesman on the Paris press.

FRANCE ADORÉE.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

SCOTT GORHAM was standing at the angle made by the union of the rue de l'École de Médecine and the rue Racine, watching a common enough Parisian street scene. There was a bakery at the juncture of the streets. From it a working-woman had just come. She wore a straight black skirt. Heavy shoes were on her feet. About her shoulders was drawn a knit shawl, the ends of which were knotted at her waist. Her head was bare, showing a mass of glossy black hair braided and coiled at the back. On her left arm the woman carried a square willow basket, in which one could see a bunch of the little red radishes with which, in their season, all Paris gives relish to its meals, and beside them a plump head of white cauliflower. In her right hand was a stick of bread at least three feet in length, brown and crisp it looked, too. Before she had reached the middle of the street a sly gamin had made a raid on the radishes, and at the moment when Scott's attention had been attracted the woman was pouring forth a volley of French execratives, and belaboring the marauder furiously with the bread which was to furnish the family dinner. Scott had seen such things a hundred times before in Paris, but he was a healthy fellow who kept his interests, and he still experienced a piquant surprise at seeing bread used for all purposes where a club is *apropos*. He was turning away with an amused twinkle still in his eye, when Bertha Lang greeted him.

"Ah, Scott! just the person I have been wanting to see all day!"

"Well met, then; I was going to look you up after dinner. What is this I hear about your going back to Illinois? What am I going to do, I want to know, my only chum gone? What takes you off?"

"It all depends on you whether I go or not; that is what I want to see you about."

The girl spoke earnestly, and with a trace of embarrassment in her voice. For a moment her friend felt a quaver of horror. Could it be that Bertha, the jolliest, most matter-of-fact girl in the world, was going to be sentimental? over him too? Could she have so far forgotten herself as to allow a personal feeling to get the uppermost? She, who was devoted to art? He looked at her, her trim, resolute figure, her clear, un-

wavering eye, her firm lips with the half mocking curl; *no*, it could not be, and he pulled himself together.

"Come in, then, and dine with me, and tell me how in the world your going home depends on me. I may as well tell you at once that you will not go, if it does." The young man took her arm, piloting her toward the Duval near by.

"I'll go in and tell my story while you dine, but no dinner, thank you." The two found a seat in a corner. It was only six o'clock, and the place had not begun to fill up. Everything was favorable for a *tête-à-tête*.

"Fire ahead, Bertha. I see by your face that you won't be good for anything until this mystery is off your mind. What is it?"

"It will sound queer, I expect, Scott. But—I—I—want you to look after my grave in Père Lachaise."

Scott sat bolt upright. "Take care of *your* grave in Père Lachaise? Certainly this is extraordinary. You don't mean to say that you have been following Bernhardt, and erecting a tomb while alive on which to lay your laurels?"

"Oh, no—no, Scott. Please, don't guy me. It is not my tomb, of course. It's—a—a grave I look after." There was a half-defiant, half-pathetic look on her face.

"You see, Scott, I dislike to tell you. We have been such cynics together, and so cold-blooded while so congenial, that I expect you will not like me so well for my bit of sentiment. My trip each week to Père Lachaise was a thing quite foreign to the side of myself which I showed you. I thought it would bore you, and that you might drop me if you knew I harbored sentiments."

Scott did not reply for a moment. Was this the girl from whom he had so carefully concealed his weakness for the blind beggar at St. Sulpice, whom he had never had courage to tell of the lame cat he housed in his fifth story studio? He had thought her true, honest, awfully bright and jolly. Did she use her heart, after all? He felt a rush of fondness at the revelation, almost a joy.

"Well, I won't say, Bertha, that I like you any the less *yet;* sentiment, however, is the last thing I had expected from you. Will you be good enough to tell me what this extraordinary grave contains? Is it the bones of a lover?" There was a suspicion of jealousy in the tone. Bertha did not detect it, but Scott did, and he felt again that quaver of horror. Was he going to so far forget himself as to entertain a personal feeling? He who was devoted to art?

The reply was indignant. "No, of course not. You know I do not enjoy such questions. Let me tell you the story from the beginning, perhaps then you will have more patience with me."

"Very well, Bertha."

The girl sat for some moments in silence before she began.

At last, with a little rallying sigh, she said, "You remember when I came here, a year ago, that you were surprised that I had enough French to get around alone, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And you remember perhaps that I told you that I had been talking every day for a few weeks with a Frenchman at home."

"Yes, but what in the world has that to do with——?"

"The grave? Be patient. It has everything. I'll tell you the story."

Dr. Gustus, whom you know, is a good friend of mine, speaks French. When I told him my plan for studying here he asked about my knowledge of the language. I was confident that I had enough for practical use, for I read fluently, and had been told at school that my accent was good. I attempted to prove to the doctor that I was equipped for the start by telling him volubly of the last picnic. I shall never forget the slow-growing disgust on his face. When he could not endure it any longer he groaned, "Execrable, Bertha, execrable."

"Honestly, doctor?"

"Honestly, Bertha. No one can understand that jargon. Forgive my brutal frankness. We must do something."

"But what? I have only six weeks. I cannot relearn my French in that time. Besides, who is there to give me lessons? You are too busy."

"Yes, I am too busy. But there is Bonnet."

Bonnet, I remembered, was the town dyer. I had an indistinct recollection of taking old gowns there to be dyed or pressed. I remember, too, that Monsieur had always talked French with a black-eyed little woman who kept the counter in his shop, and now that I came to think of it, I remembered that I had never understood what he said. But could he give lessons? The doctor said:

"He has an excellent pronunciation, is an intelligent fellow. You do not want lessons. You want daily practice. If he and Madame will let you sit with them an hour or so after their day's work is done, you can, if you are a skilful director, get the most practical kind of instruction. Go try at any rate."

So it was that I went to M. Bonnet's one May night to arrange, if possible, for daily practice in French.

I remember well the impression the place made on me. It was a large wooden house, two stories in height, with a peaked roof. Across the front was a porch divided into two parts by a low fence running across its width. Before the first half of the porch was a flight of steps on which hung the sign, C. Bonnet, French Dyer and Cleaner. The windows in this part of the house were very large. Evidently here Monsieur had his shop.

The space occupied by steps before the first half of the porch was before the second half fenced in and devoted to flowers. Such masses of them! dahlias, lilies, roses! Vines covered the porch. There was no gate in this fence. A little gate in the paling which separated the two divisions let one into the bower the vines made. Evidently here was the dwelling-place of Monsieur. I liked the idea. It savored of a desire to separate work and leisure. I mounted the steps and tried the little gate. A head was thrust from the shop door and a resolute voice said:

"Pleez, Mademoiselle, my peezness eez here."

I entered the shop door. There was no mistake about the "peezness" being there. It was a small, dark room with a high desk and a low counter. One wall was lined with shelves heaped with packages in brown paper wrappings. Gowns, mantles, trousers, vests, all sorts of garments, hung upon the walls or were spread over the scant furniture. There was a little woman behind the counter. Her eyes were sharp, but her lips curved sweetly. At the desk stood a Frenchman with a bald head, a full white face, a drooping mustache, a fine nose, and brown eyes. Just now he was scowling slightly at the individual who had been so bold as to attempt to enter his private house on business.

It did not take long to explain my errand. My desire to talk French did not interest M. Bonnet. My request to come daily did not meet with response. It was only when I mentioned that I was going to Paris that Monsieur gave attention.

"You go to Paree, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You ztay long time?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Ah, ze buteeful zetee! I love her, Mademoiselle, I love her. Come to me. I talk wiz you. I speekz ze English az well az I can't, but I not love eet; but ze French—I love eet. I talk wiz you all ze evenings teel you know ze language. When you pee at Paree, everepodee unnerztan you."

The preliminaries were soon arranged. I was to go each evening, was to question them freely, was to talk with them on all sorts of subjects. They in turn were to correct me and suggest subjects for our talks. All this for a trifling fee.

So I began, and after that we spoke only in French. They were a common enough looking couple as I found them on their porch on my evening visits, Monsieur in a big rustic arm-chair which he had sufficient embonpoint to fill comfortably, Madame on a foot-stool in the doorway. Monsieur never wore a coat unless the evening was unusually cold, and his feet never had patience enough for a heavier dress than slippers. His shirt was a loose flannel, open at the neck. But for all this carelessness of dress there was an air of dignity and self-respect about him which indicated a man of respectable life and brains. He did not smile often

at new-comers, for he greeted everything at first with suspicion. But when he knew one and had faith in his intentions his smiles were sunny and frequent. There was much drollery about him. He loved to tell a story, to describe a humorous situation, to laugh at my mistakes. He had quick sympathies and would fire at wrong-doing and melt before suffering.

Monsieur Bonnet prided himself on his plain speaking. I shall never forget how when Madame, a tender little body who loved to flatter, would say, "Mademoiselle speaks very well, *n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?*" Monsieur, with a lifting of eyebrows, a shrug of depreciation, and a turn of the head, would say, "Mademoiselle has much to learn yet, very much." His contempt for stupidity was enormous; especially was he disdainful of his neighbors, stolid dragging fellows who worked ten and twelve hours a day, slept eight hours, and ate and drank the rest of the time. "*Bêtes*, Mademoiselle, they do not read the journals."

Usually when I entered in the evening he was absorbed in his newspaper. It often took him some minutes to drag himself away. It was the only affectation that I ever detected about him. He wanted to be thought a student. Besides his journals his reading was confined to two books, both of which he had brought from France, Perrault's "Fairy Tales" and Lemercier's "Augustin." He knew both by heart, but would read them over and over as if perfectly new. Of the tales his favorite was "Le petit Poucet." The idea of a boy no bigger than his thumb had never ceased to tickle his fancy. He would measure the little fellow's height on a stick and then try the effect on the floor or table. He would argue whether or not he could have entered the door of Madame's bird-cage, or could have slept inside the clock case. He would delight in pointing out places where Tom Thumb could hide in his room. I think he always experienced a disappointment when he considered that it was quite unlikely that he could have passed through the keyhole. He would debate the question seriously, but always end by saying:

"It would be impossible, Mademoiselle."

We read "Mère Michel" together. With absorbed interest M. Bonnet followed the adventures of that famous cat. At the manœuvres of the wicked Lustucru he fairly gnashed his teeth, but lest I be completely discouraged on the seeming victory of the villain, he would assure me,

"Have courage, Mademoiselle. He gets his pay. He gets his pay."

Madame made a pleasant complement to Monsieur in size, in gentleness, and in sweet courtesies. She busied herself, sitting on her stool in the doorway, with the patches of a crazy quilt, embroidering in wools straggling conventional designs, deformed beasts, grotesque birds, ragged flowers. The quilt came to have uncanny interest for me. It seemed like a relic of another age, so dingy were its patches, so faded its wools, so crude its patterns; I never could rid myself of a desire to figure out its relation to Egyptian decoration, to Aztec pottery. She did not talk much, never when Monsieur talked, but she heard everything, and had a trick of nodding her head to indicate her opinion of the matter in hand. She had a pretty way, too, of glancing suddenly at you, with a smile on lips and in eyes so sweet, so gentle, so appreciative, that I never lost an impulse to kiss her for it.

I have said that M. Bonnet was suspicious. All the neighborhood came under the vane of this suspicion. There was a little Alsatian maid near by whose mother came in one night to tell us she was going to send her daughter back to Alsace to marry there. The plan kindled a warm interest in my heart. Scarcely had she gone when M. Bonnet performed his chilling gesture and declared:

"She will not go to Alsace. She speaks not the French. A Frenchman wants no wife who speaks not his language, if she has not money. She will not go."

And I was compelled to let his logic go unanswered. Every romance I spun, every illusion I cherished of their world, he shattered with eyebrows, lips, and shoulders. One day, after a particu-

larly severe arraignment by him of the wiles of the butcher, I said :

"Surely, Monsieur, there are honest people in the world?"

"No, no, Mademoiselle, all the world cheats. All the world fills his own pocket."

"But you are honest, Monsieur?"

"No, no, Mademoiselle. I'm not honest. I must live. When everybody cheats, I cheat too."

Everybody who came within his range was quickly analyzed. A bouncing young woman in a gay summer gown passed one evening. "*Mardi Gras. Le Carnaval*," he cried. His only name for a sulky neighbor was *Madame Vinaigre*. An impertinent little miss near by he called *Le Diable*, and the child's delight in having a foreign name so tickled M. Bonnet's touch of malice that he never failed to call her by it. A seedy lawyer who came often to have his clothes dyed or cleaned, they called *L'avocat fripé*. It was not his poverty, I discovered, which made them ridicule him. It was his ragged morals they detested. He had deceived them once by representing a coat which he had brought to be dyed, to be for his father, who he said was very old, and whom he, a man with a large family and a small business, supported. Afterward the lawyer wore the coat himself. He always put an extra price on the lawyer's work to punish him for his deceit. American traits were, many of them, odious to M. Bonnet. Particularly did he dislike the practice many of his neighbors had of trying to get everything which they saw other people have.

A French friend had sent Madame a package of seeds of a particularly attractive flower. Its riotous way of flowering, its delicious pervading odor, its foreign air, brought it many admirers from the passers-by. One and all wanted slips. Many a fine lady would offer in exchange anything she had in her garden.

When Madame was out of hearing Bonnet would break out, satirically :

"Yes, I see, I see. The American trades, trades, trades. He wants all that everybody has. He wants all in the botanical garden. I do not want all that everybody has. It is too common. The American is so busy in getting the things his neighbor has, that he has not time to look at what he has himself. He does not know the color of his own flower. He wants mine because I have it. He will not get it."

Under his imperativeness, his suspicion, his malice, there was a warm and tender heart. He never showed it if he could help it, but sweetness will leak out. Madame, to whom he gave such positive orders, he would address in asides of rarest gentleness. Louise was her name. How tenderly he pronounced it! with a half glance of admiration and confidence. There was a wretched half-foolish fellow who passed every night. I never knew Bonnet to fail to give him a friendly call, to throw him a bit of fruit or a cake.

One day, I remember, Monsieur received a letter from a nephew in France. He read it to me. It told all the news of Champagne, where Monsieur had lived in boyhood: how old Martin, his former playmate, was now in a government position at Havre; how little Marguerite had grown a fine young woman; how André, so long the village milk vender, was dead at last. He sent them many kind messages from friends, and promised them his picture soon, taken in his military cap; said he had been too lazy to have it taken before this. How they laughed at the idea that their brilliant Pierre could be lazy!

They gave the letter to me to read aloud, and cautioned me repeatedly, *Pas cassez les mots, Mademoiselle, pas cassez les mots, doucement, doucement.* Such precious French must not be broken! When the letter was finished M. Bonnet told me long stories of this nephew, how kind he was, how rich he was growing. At last he grew quiet. Finally he arose, wiping his eyes and saying, with the appealing pathos of the Frenchman and the child, "Ah, Mademoiselle, sometimes I weep when I have a letter from France." Then he went into the little kitchen and put the letter carefully aside with his money and his accounts.

That evening I had Béranger's "Le Retour dans la Patrie" to repeat. A strange emotion crept into my stammering accents:

France adorée!
Douce contrée!

I said it without the mellow flow, but tears were in our eyes.

Après vingt ans, enfin je te revois :
De mon village
Je vois la plage,
Je vois fumer la cime de mes toits ;
Combien mon âme est attendrie !
Là furent mes premières amours ;
Là ma mère m'attend toujours ;
Salut à ma patrie !

The long silence which followed was broken by Monsieur's testy *Allumez la lampe, Madame, allumez la lampe.*

And before the lamp had come he was telling at the top of his voice, with gesture and laugh of the American who had visited them that day and asked for *des yeux fraiches*, and how, after much questioning, they discovered that he wanted *des œufs frais.*

But the deepest passion of M. Bonnet's life I discovered by accident. We were bending over my letter one evening, when the town bells broke out noisily. It was the weekly prayer-meeting night. On the block beyond the shop stood a German Catholic church. Of all the bells of the town it possessed the one with the clearest, the richest tone. I had never been so near it before, and paused in amazement, exclaiming, enthusiastically :

"Listen, Monsieur, how deep, how sweet!"

But M. Bonnet! He had dropped my letter. His ears were stopped. In an instant he pressed both hands to his heart in a tragic gesture.

"That bell, Mademoiselle! You not know its story? It breaks my heart! Ah, France, la belle France!"

"Mademoiselle!" His eyes glowed with anger. His face was magnificent in its stern passion. His head took the superb poise of noble indignation.

"Mademoiselle, that bell! It is—it is a—a French cannon! Listen. When the people built the church they were very poor, they had no money to buy a bell. The curé wrote the great Bismarck, 'We have no money for a bell, will not the good Emperor send us one?' The Emperor had his city full of cannon that he had stolen from Paris, from France, Mademoiselle, from my country. He sent a cannon to the church. A French cannon. The Germans were very much pleased. All the people go—to—see it."

His words were slow. His head dropped in humiliation. His voice shook. Madame Bonnet sat shaking her head slowly in memory of the time so bitter to them.

With an effort he resumed.

"The persons who come to my shop say, 'Monsieur, have you not seen the cannon?' I say, no, no, never, I hate that cannon, I hate it! I do, Mademoiselle, I hate it!"

Passion, misery, bitterness were in his clenched fist, his white face, his tense lips, his quivering form now half raised from his chair.

He sank back and went on, "*Eh bien*, Mademoiselle, the cannon makes the bell. I close my ears when it rings. It hurts me. It is France, Mademoiselle, crying for Alsace-Lorraine. La belle France crying that the Germans rob her so. A friend had told me how at Paris, in a grand park, are the figures of the French cities. One of these is Strasbourg. It is the child of France, is Strasbourg, Mademoiselle ; but the Germans have her now all the days and the Frenchman keeps on the statue the veil of black and the flower of sorrow. Here come the soldiers who love Strasbourg and lay wreaths. Here comes the poor peasant from Alsace-Lorraine and weeps to see his city in a veil of black.

But, Mademoiselle, the day comes when France will have her own. When the German will hang his head and the Frenchman will speak his own tongue in Alsace-Lorraine ; then, Mademoiselle, the veil of black will come from off the statue of Strasbourg ; then the bell will stop its cry ; then I will go to see it ; then I will kiss it, Mademoiselle, I will kiss it!"

Monsieur stopped, sobbing with emotion, and Madame, her work fallen idly in her lap, her eyes fixed sadly on her husband, slowly shook her head.

One evening, about two weeks before I was to sail, I found the porch empty. Bonnet was in the little salon, propped up in a big chair. His face was pale, his form drooping in a dejection startling in its contrast to his usual aggres-

sive attitude. To my "Why, why, Monsieur, what is the trouble?" he replied,

"I am sick, Mademoiselle."

"But what is the matter?"

"The douleur of the heart, Mademoiselle; I am good for nothing, Bonnet is worn out. Ah, ugh! ugh!" as a sudden motion caused him an unexpected pang.

By a little questioning I found that his trouble was rheumatism of the heart. He had suffered a great deal in the past with the rheumatism, and once before, he told me, it had gone to his heart.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked, in some concern. He was on the defensive at once.

"No, Mademoiselle, no. The doctor is not necessary. He comes. He looks at me. He says 'Ah, ah! Yes!' and he writes on a paper. I pay him one dollar for saying 'Ah, ah, yes' and writing on a paper. I take the paper to the apothecary and pay him fifty cents for the medicine. No, Mademoiselle, I buy my own medicine."

"But do you know what to buy, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I buy the 'Hozteet.' It is good medicine. I have taken it. My brother who died has taken it. '*Dites*, Louise,' he called, 'show Mademoiselle the Hozteet.'"

Madame brought out a large black bottle in the old log cabin style I remembered well from childhood—Hostetter's Bitters.

"Monsieur," I said with some hesitation. (He and Madame were too exclusive to tolerate much unsolicited advice.) "Permit me to urge a doctor. In a serious case, don't you think it unsafe to trust to yourself?" I said no more, lest I overdo the matter.

The next night and the next Bonnet was no better. He sent for a physician. He took medicine, but his pain was terrible. The poor fellow was growing thin. He was convinced that he would die. The fourth night, when I called he shook his head forlornly at my inquiries.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, Bonnet die. *Eh bien*, I have had much fun in my life. I have had many sorrows. The good God is welcome to me. All the world will forget me. I am not afraid to die. But, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle—" his voice broke into a sobbing cry—"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I want to see my country first, to see only the shore of France, to feel only once her air. I cannot die without one little look at la belle France. I love her so, Mademoiselle, I have thought to see her again. I have saved the money, but now it is too late. I'll not see her. No."

I tried to cheer him. Assured him he would soon be better, and then that he could go to his beloved country. But there was no comfort for his sorrow. At last I left him and hurried to the doctor, to find if there was any immediate danger in the case.

"He is a very sick man, Bertha," the doctor said; "I am afraid he cannot weather it. Any sudden shock might kill him."

I could not sleep that night. Poor Bonnet's broken cry, "I want to see my country," filled my heart. Why should he not see France, or at least try? Perhaps the effect might help him. Before morning my head was filled with the idea. At the earliest possible hour I went to the doctor with the proposition that he urge Bonnet to try the voyage, and that he and Madame go with me the next week.

At first the doctor was emphatically opposed to the plan.

"He *might* live to see France, Bertha, but more likely he would die before he reached New York."

"But he will die here anyway, you say, and in this misery of longing. Why not let him die with the hope of France in his heart?"

"Would he go?"

"I do not know. If we both advise it I think he might."

"Well, well. It is a wild venture to send a patient with rheumatism of the heart on such a journey, but I'll think of it."

He did think of it, and before he had finished his call at Bonnet's that day, he suggested to the sick man a change of air.

When I made my visit afterward, Monsieur told me what the doctor advised, and said, wearily, "I'm too sick, Mademoiselle."

"No, no, Monsieur," I said. "You are going to get well. Be hopeful. Why not have a change? Why not go to France with me next week? I'll make your arrangements. It will cure you; and then, think of it! you will see your own country again."

I tried to speak carelessly, as if the idea had just occurred to me, but in spite of myself I felt excitement in my voice, and feared lest I might communicate my feeling to Bonnet.

He shook his head. "Impossible, Mademoiselle, impossible!"

I did not press the matter, but left the suggestion to work. The next day I was sent for to go at once to M. Bonnet's. He was as usual propped up in his big chair, but with quite a new look on his face. He was better, he said. The pain had left him entirely. Was I in earnest about my suggestion that they go to France with me? Could I make the arrangements? Would I try? His questions were rapid. He searched my face eagerly. My response was quite satisfactory to him, and he called Madame.

"Yes," she said. "I go if Monsieur wishes it."

And so ten days before my departure I found myself arranging for their passage. No person could have been more tractable than Monsieur became under the thought of seeing France again. Only once did he try to assert his authority. I suggested a first-class cabin for them. The price horrified his thrifty soul. He refused and declared, "We go by the steerage, Mademoiselle. It is not bad going. We will come back by the second-class."

"Monsieur," I said, "you must not go that way. It will kill you."

"No, Mademoiselle, no. It will not hurt me. I have known many disagreeable things. It is good enough."

But though he said it positively, I missed the tone of finality with which he had been accustomed to assert himself. There was a greater desire in Monsieur's heart than exercising the mastery. I improved my slender chance, and we compromised on a second-class cabin. In all other particulars he made no objection, but looked on quietly from his position in his chair. He talked almost none and slept a great deal. Neither did he arouse himself during the trip to New York, nor in our settling on the vessel. This docility astonished me, but to Madame it was an incomprehensible mystery. She watched him constantly. Often I found her shaking her head as she gazed at him dozing peacefully.

"Monsieur will soon be well," I assured her, but she only sighed. "He is very sick, Mademoiselle," she would say. "He has never been so still before."

His gentleness was a more alarming symptom to her than the suffering of the days before. It happened that the second-class on our steamer was not crowded, and that there was a particularly pleasant class of passengers. They vied with each other in their attentions to Bonnet. Every morning, when I crossed the bridge I found that someone had carried him on deck and had wrapped him snugly in his blankets. Here his meals were served. Here he remained whenever the weather admitted. His chair was always placed near the rail, where he could look toward the bow. Rarely did he turn to the right or left. He was looking toward France. After the first five days out he began frequently to ask: "How long is it, Mademoiselle?" and I would tell him all the gossip about our runs, repeating what the stewards, the waiters, or some ship authority had said, and I would show him the little chart on which I marked each day our latitude and longitude, and traced our course. He was always deeply interested in this. Indeed, it was the only subject about which he cared to talk. He would smile at the games played, listen to the songs sung, thank people sweetly for their attentions, but he was happier alone and quite silent. At first this indifference did not cause me any alarm, but toward the end of the voyage I became nervous about it. I expected a gradual return to his old vivacity. It did not come. Oh, for only one sarcastic remark, one chilling of some small enthusiasm, one contemptuous characterization of somebody's foibles!

The voyage was almost over. Land had been promised for the next day.

I kept any definite time from Bonnet, dreading lest he become anxious or excited. When we awoke in the morning the shore of France stretched to east and west, veiled in purplish light. Before Monsieur had awakened we were in sight of Havre. The morning was soft and sunny. The shores swam in tender light. The walls, the roofs, the towers, and the shipping were traced faintly on the sky. Then it was that M. Bonnet was brought up.

He had not thought of our being so near, and when the people at the rail made way for him and he saw before him that perfect sight, he stared for a moment in bewilderment, then he turned to his wife.

"*Dites, Madame,*" he said imperiously; "*nous sommes arrivés?*"

"Yes, Monsieur," I said trying to speak lightly. "Here we are at last."

He raised himself from his chair, pushing from him impatiently the willing hands stretched out to help him, and stood straight and strong by the rail, his arms folded on his breast. There was an awful white passion of love and longing on his face. People fell back to look at him. It was only a moment that he stood there like a stone man; it seemed an hour. Then the storm broke. He stretched his arms out as if he would gather the fair shore to him——

"*France, ma France, encore je te revois!*" he cried aloud.

His arms fell to his side, his head to his breast. A convulsion wrung him and he tottered. We caught him and laid him in his chair. For an instant his face was distorted with agony. The pain passed and peace succeeded.

"*France adorée,*" he muttered, "*France a-do-rée.*"

Monsieur Bonnet was dead.

There was silence for some minutes at the little table in the corner of the Duval. Scott broke it.

"And Madame, Bertha?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, Madame. We buried Monsieur at Père Lachaise, no other cemetery would satisfy Madame. It was the one of which her husband had talked when he told her of Paris. He had known its narrow streets, its queer monuments, its famous citizens by heart. Madame used half of her little savings to buy him a permanent resting-place there. She stayed with me two months, every day she sat for hours, silent and stony, by the grave. She was dying here, and I urged her to return. Her relatives were all in America, she could carry on the old business there. The change I thought would arouse her. But she objected.

"I cannot go, Mademoiselle."

"But why, Madame?"

"The grave, Mademoiselle. Who will care for it?"

"I will, Madame."

"But you will come to America too, Mademoiselle, and poor Bonnet will be alone."

"I will not go until I have found a friend whom I trust, to care for the grave, Madame."

"Then I will go, Mademoiselle."

I went with her to Havre, and watched her out of sight.

I have kept my promise. I shall keep it now. I am not going home until I have a guardian for Monsieur's grave. Have I found one, Scott?"

"Yes, Bertha."

"And you are not bored by my story?"

"No, Bertha."

And as they prepared to leave the Duval, Bertha noticed that her friend put her mantle about her with a gentleness that she had never noticed before in him, and when he took her arm to pilot her across the street it was a tender touch quite new. Could it be that Scott had a vein of sentiment, too?

HISTORIC MOMENTS:
THE FIRST NEWS MESSAGE BY TELEGRAPH.

By John W. Kirk.

The number of "first" messages by electric telegraph which have been recorded, is large enough to have caused discussion, at one time or another, throughout the past forty years. They range from the first signals given by an electro-magnet in the laboratory of Professor Joseph Henry, at Albany, to the message "What hath God wrought," which marked the formal completion of the line between Washington and Baltimore on May 24, 1844. It is well established that the first message sent over a wire by dot-and-dash signal was "A patient waiter is no loser," which was sent by Alfred Vail in the old factory at Speedwell, N. J., on January 6, 1838, in order to satisfy all doubts of his father, Judge Vail, as to the practicability of this new invention. Another of the earliest messages (sent when the line had been built five miles on the way from Washington to Baltimore) was intended to convince the doubting members of a congressional committee, which I had summoned at Professor Morse's request, that the telegraph could accomplish all that its inventor said that it could. As I was present I can vouch for the authenticity of the incident. The committee were in a little room at the north end of the Capitol, at Washington, where Professor Morse was conducting his experiments. "Now, gentlemen," he said to them, "what shall we send over the wire? Pick out your own message and I will show you how simple this whole thing is, and how it accomplishes everything that I claim." One of the party proposed the message, "Mr. Brown, of Indiana, is here." Professor Morse immediately sent it over the five miles of wire and back by the metallic circuit, the Morse register at his side reproducing exactly the signals which made up the words of the original message. I recall that after leaving the room the congressmen were not convinced by this, because, as those present could not read the indentations on the slip of paper coming from the receiver, we all had to take on faith what Professor Morse told us he had sent and received. One of the congressmen whispered to me, "That's what I call pretty thin." Another remarked, "It won't do. That doesn't prove anything."

I became acquainted with what Professor Morse was doing in those days in a curious way. During the winter of 1843 and 1844 I had come from Ohio to Washington to look over the bids which my associates and I had sent in, for carrying the mails over important stage routes between Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other Western towns. This brought me into intimate relations with the post-office department, and particularly with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, the Honorable John A. Bryan, who was a clever Ohio politician, and besides a very cautious man in all his public relations. One day he said to me, "See here! there is an abominable scheme to ruin me," and he proceeded to tell me that his superior officers, in order to implicate him in a foolish transaction, had put into his hands the handling of the appropriation of $30,000 which Congress had voted for the electric experi-

ments of Professor Morse. He believed, as was the almost universal opinion, that the result of Morse's experiments would be to prove that he was impracticable or crazy, and all those associated with the project would be looked upon with suspicion. The Assistant Postmaster-General, therefore, asked me to help him out of the difficulty by undertaking to look after the expenditure of the money as made by Professor Morse. I was to see that if he put up wires and undertook any other actual work, he was to have the money for only what was really accomplished. To that end Mr. Bryan gave me a note to Professor Morse, who seemed pleased at even that much recognition. During the previous winter I had often seen him about the Capitol waylaying members of Congress and trying to induce them to favor an appropriation for testing his system of telegraphy. I observed much dodging by the members of Congress to avoid him, as he was then considered a crank. Therefore, when Mr. Bryan requested my supervision, I was somewhat prepared for the duty, which under the circumstances I could not well refuse. It was in this capacity that I came to see a great deal of Professor Morse. He had taken possession of a little room in the Capitol, to which I have referred, and, day after day, as I watched the careworn, spare, and anxious man working in the midst of his curious apparatus, I learned to have sympathy with his sincerity and perseverance. The derision with which the congressional committee had received the preliminary message, to which I have alluded, convinced me of the wisdom of the Postmaster-General in not wishing to be mixed up with what he called "Morse's foolishness;" and indeed, personally, I was not sure that there was anything in the experiment.

Toward the end of April, the wires being erected for five miles in the direction of Baltimore, I suggested to Professor Morse that now was an opportunity for taking advantage of a great public event, conclusively to prove to everybody that the telegraph was what he claimed it to be. In a few days the Whig National Convention was to meet in Baltimore, and the poles were nearly all set as far as Annapolis Junction —twenty-two miles from Washington, where all the trains stopped. I urged him to push on the stringing of the wire to that point, and have the nomination sent to him in Washington from there as soon as the train arrived from Baltimore bearing the news.

On May 1st, the Whig Convention met in Baltimore, and the eyes of the country were upon it. By that morning Professor Morse had established telegraphic communication between Washington and Annapolis Junction, where was stationed the assistant of Morse who, I understand, was Alfred Vail. All that afternoon Professor Morse and I were alone together in the little room in the Capitol. A gratifying message had come from Annapolis Junction that everything was ready at that end of the line, and that there could be no doubt of the success of our plan to convince all doubters that the electric telegraph was a wonderful invention, which would revolutionize the transmission of news.

It is almost half a century since that day, and yet I have a vivid recollection of the dramatic incident with which it culminated. The room in which we were was small and dingy, with a window looking out on Pennsylvania Avenue. Across the street was the station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and all the afternoon we could see the people coming and going, in groups and crowds, eager to learn from passengers on incoming trains the progress of the Convention. They were scattered along the track for several hundred feet, as far as the switch where the engine left the train, in order to go back on a Y and push it into the depot. Across the window a shelf had been made of a single board, and on it was the strange-looking machine, with its paper tape and the crank by which the weight was wound up to revolve the rollers through which the tape moved when a message was being received. At the other end of the room was a series of step-like shelves on which were placed the curious pots and jars which made up the primitive battery. Along the floor had been placed narrow strips of scantling, between which were stretched the wires leading from the battery to the

telegraphic instruments on the shelf at the window. Over all were a few loose boards on which those walked who entered the room. To this day I can see plainly the narrow, disordered room, with its wires and jars and chemicals, and in the midst of it the weird figure of the great inventor who was about to realize his one hope, after so many years of disappointment and delay. He was very quietly dressed, his coat muffled about his throat, and his long hair tumbled about his forehead. He appeared to be nervous and apprehensive. The grave question which was to be settled, was whether the electric current would remain on the wires with sufficient strength to work the signals through so long a distance as forty-four miles (for in those days a metallic circuit was used). Even those who believed that the instrument had done its work over a short circuit of a few miles, doubted its commercial value over long distances.

At this late date the wonder to me is, that so few persons took any interest whatever in the proposed experiment. I was in the room many times preceding this trial, and I recall that there were few visitors and no anxiety whatever to learn how Professor Morse was progressing with his work. A general opinion among those who had heard of the proposed attempt was that it would not succeed. It was too absurd to discuss.

Late in the afternoon, suddenly, the instrument on the table began to click. Eagerly Professor Morse bent forward over the strip of paper that slowly unrolled from the register. The paper halted, moved ahead, stopped, and moved again in an irregular way, till finally Morse rose from his close scrutiny of the paper, stood erect, and looking about him, said, proudly, "Mr. Kirk, the Convention has adjourned; the train for Washington from Baltimore has just left Annapolis Junction bearing that information, and my assistant has telegraphed me the ticket nominated." He hesitated, holding in his hand the mysterious message, and then said, "*The ticket is Clay and Frelinghuysen.*"

By a curious coincidence I am able to describe here, in the exact words of an eye-witness, the scene that was taking place at the other end of the line at this moment. It happened, a few years ago, when I was telling this story in the lobby of a hotel in New York, surrounded by a group of friends, that a stranger who stood near us rose as I finished my story, stretched out his hand, and said, "I hope you will pardon my intrusion, but this story has been a treat to me. They call me Colonel Ralph Plumb in my home in Illinois, where they elect me to Congress. I want to add a word to your story." And then he narrated what he afterward put in writing for me as follows:

"I was on the way to Washington, on special business, from Ohio, where I then resided, and came to Baltimore on the day that Henry Clay was nominated for President by the Whig National Convention. A train left Baltimore for Washington before the Convention had adjourned, but after Mr. Clay had been nominated, and I was a passenger on that train. When we had reached a point near what is now known as Annapolis Junction, the train stopped, and looking for the cause of the halt, I noticed a young man seated on a rudely constructed platform, resting on a square pen made of railway ties, beside a pole which appeared to stand twenty feet high and at its top a cross-piece with two wires, one on either end of the cross-timber. From the car I could see a succession of such poles, cross-pieces, and wires, stretching toward Washington, and along the railway track; but I was specially interested in the performance of the young man on the platform above described. He had a small machine before him and was engaged in manipulating it while reading from a manuscript which had been handed him by some one on the train, and on inquiry of him I learned that it was the fact of Mr. Clay's nomination that this young man was sending to Washington. I have since, and very lately, learned that the operator was a Mr. Vail, of New Jersey, and from his son I have a valued photograph of the identical machine I saw his father working with then, and from Mr. Kirk I understand that but two men then living understood how to telegraph messages, one being Mr. S. F. B. Morse, and the other Mr. Vail. This message sent, we again started for Washington,

arriving an hour later. At the B. & O. depot there was an immense crowd of people awaiting the arrival of the train, for the purpose of getting the news of the result of the Baltimore Convention. Nevertheless the news was there before the train had arrived. It had been received by Professor Morse, written out, printed on slips, and scattered among the waiting crowds; but, it being the first successful attempt ever made to send a telegram for so long a distance, the crowd seemed to have no confidence in what the telegram had told them, until it was verified by passengers on the incoming train."

My recollection of how we announced the news is not vivid. I only recall that when it was proclaimed to the crowd outside they said: "You are quizzing us. It is easy enough for you to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket; but Frelinghuysen—who the devil is Frelinghuysen?" "I only know," answered Professor Morse, "that it is telegraphed me so from Annapolis Junction, where my operator had the news a few minutes ago from the train that is bringing the delegates."

A search of files of Washington and Baltimore newspapers of that date (May 1, 1844), and days following, shows no reference whatever to this despatch. The *Daily Globe* (which was published in the late evening), on May 1st (with what would now be thought ridiculous ingenuousness), said, in regard to this Convention, "The newspapers in Baltimore with which we exchange failed to arrive here to-night, but we have been permitted to look over the Baltimore *Patriot* of this afternoon, which enables us to state from recollection all that is important"—and then follows a brief announcement of the nomination of Clay and Frelinghuysen. This was on the afternoon of the very day when the first news despatch in the history of the world had been sent by telegraph, and received in the city where the *Globe* was published. It was not until the line had been completed to Baltimore, on May 24th, and the formal message which opened the line, "What hath God wrought," had been sent, that the newspapers began to take any notice of the invention which was to revolutionize the whole business and profession of journalism. In the Baltimore *Patriot* of May 25, 1844 (Saturday afternoon), is what appears to be the first use of the telegraph by a newspaper, which is as follows:

"At half-past twelve o'clock, the following was sent to Washington:

'Ask a reporter to send a despatch to the Baltimore *Patriot* at two o'clock P.M.'

In about a minute the answer came back:

'It will be attended to.'

Two o'clock P.M.—The despatch has arrived, and is as follows:

One o'clock.—'There has just been made a motion in the House to go into the Committee of the Whole on the Oregon question. Rejected, ayes 79, noes 86.

Half-past one.—'The House is now engaged on private bills.'

Quarter to two.—'Mr. Atherton is now speaking in the Senate. Mr. S—— will not be in Baltimore to-night.'

"So that we are thus enabled to give to our readers information from Washington up to two o'clock. This is indeed the annihilation of space."

In the Washington *Madisonian* of Monday afternoon, May 27th, appears for the first time the heading "Telegraphic News," under which is an account of a Maryland State convention in Baltimore.

In the Washington *Globe* of the same date is the announcement "that by a telegraph which is in operation between this city and Baltimore we learn that the convention reassembled at four o'clock P.M.;" and there is in the same issue a "Postscript from the Telegraph at nine o'clock P.M."

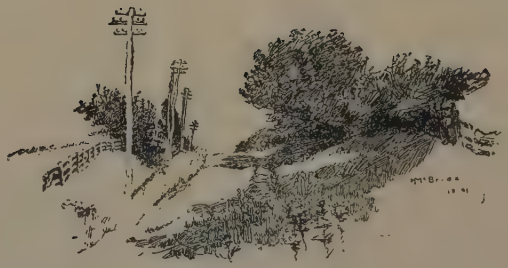
By May 28th the *National Intelligencer* had waked up to the possibilities of the new invention, and had a despatch headed "By the Magnetic Telegraph," with the explanation that it was "politely furnished by Professor Morse." Editorially it said (seemingly by way of return for this courtesy), "The working of this wonderful result of human ingenuity acting upon developments in science excited universal admiration in this city yesterday;" and on the following day, May 29th, the

newspaper records that the north front of the Capitol was crowded by an anxious multitude to whom the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore were announced.

At last the brave and persevering worker was receiving his reward of popularity, which was expressed in an impromptu organization by the crowd in front of the Capitol on that day, which unanimously voted the following:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be, and they are hereby tendered to Professor Morse, for the promptitude with which he has reported, via his electro-magnetic telegraph, the proceedings of the Baltimore political convention; and that we consider this invention as worthy the countenance and support of the Government."

This is the story of the first news message as I recall it. From these few words sent on the afternoon of May 1, 1844, to the present day, the telegraph, as a bearer of news, has grown with astounding rapidity. It is not unusual now for the New York office of the Associated Press to send and receive in a single day more than one hundred thousand words of news messages over more than seven hundred thousand miles of wire reaching every community in the United States, and telling the rest of the world the history of a single day. For the year 1891 the special and regular telegrams for newspapers in the United States, transmitted by the Western Union, reached the remarkable total of 524,502,952 words, which does not include messages sent over the private wires of newspapers.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE enlarged edition of Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" has inspired a rediscovery of the fact that our fine things have all been said for us long before we were born. If the exposure is confined to a forestallment perfectly general, one wherein, as in Adam's fall, we have sinned all, no particular discomfort is likely to follow. The individual will still abide in comparatively undisturbed enjoyment of his private little illusion of himself being or passing for an original. But from the enlargement and reissue of a book like Mr. Bartlett's is always to be feared an increased zeal in the detective in plagiarism for the capture of specific offenders; and just at this time increased zeal in this at best questionable servant of morality, does not seem to be a real need. There are other things that the world wants more.

The detective in plagiarism would be a trustier functionary than he is if he were less like the detective in other branches of roguery. He is rarely a luminous exemplar of virtue himself, and he seems to be urged in his public service less by hatred of dishonesty and love of justice than by the hope of proving his own cunning. Not dread lest offenders go undetected, but dread lest his own skill in detecting them go unknown, is his urgency. Thus there is a constant overstraining of clues and evidence. With great flourish and noise, people are dragged to the bar who either are no offenders at all, or else are offenders too petty for notice. Besides, the business long and exclusively pursued is debasing. It induces a state of morbid suspicion under which the honest author will as hardly escape question as an honest woman under the eye of a certain class of street loungers. To the confirmed plagiarist-hunter it is inconceivable that any literary resemblance should not be also a literary borrowing, and that any literary borrowing should not be a literary theft. Looking, for example, into a book like Gray's poems, where, as Mr. Lowell wittily says, "the thin line of text stands at the top of the page like cream, and below it is the skim-milk drawn from many milky mothers of the herd out of which it has risen," he at once starts up with a gleeful cry of "Stop thief."

To anyone really versed in these matters, on the other hand, it is inconceivable that Gray coolly and consciously picked up here and there phrase after phrase, and wrought them into his poems as one might take a sleeve from a neighbor's coat and sew it into one's own. They must have been for the most part remembered phrases, slipping from his pen as easily as if they had been his own, or, like a remembered word, naturally giving a turn to his own. And just there is a difference that always marks the cultivated from the uncultivated writer: the latter writes wholly from a store of remembered words, while the former writes also from a store of remembered phrases. Thus in Carlyle you will rarely find a page that does not carry a reminiscence of Shakespeare, and never an inverted comma to keep the peace with the plagiarist-

hunter. But Carlyle was not adapting Shakespeare any more than he was adapting the dictionary. He was going on in the fashion that came easiest to him, and never stopping to think whether he were repeating Shakespeare or not, or, if stopping to think, likely enough felicitating himself a little that the discerning reader would give him credit for knowing his Shakespeare well, as the discerning and intelligent reader certainly would. For it is not merely for the handiness of it that writers are pleased to borrow a phrase, but also because they thereby secure the grace of a new association, the scholarly reader's satisfaction being much heightened at finding in a book traces of the same studies that he himself has pursued. But very likely with Gray, as with many another, some of the apparent borrowings are not borrowings at all, either conscious or unconscious; only a making of the phrase entirely anew, but by a mere chance in the precise form in which it has been made before. This is a chance by no means so rare as one who knows no more than the average detective in plagiarism would fancy.

But undesigned parallels in phrase are not so hard, perhaps, for the plagiarist-hunter to conceive of as undesigned parallels in theme and treatment; and it is over these that his cruelest blunders are likely to occur. Under present conditions, such parallels are bound to be very frequent. With the topics and material of literature drawn more and more from the life under our very eyes, and with such a company of writers trained to the craft in like circumstances and under like influences, to escape the closest correspondences in subject and point of view is simply impossible.

There have been scholarly exposures of imposture that literature greatly profited by; there will yet be, no doubt, others. But such exposures are not made by the sort of person here in question, and we do not discountenance them in deprecating his dismaying energy.

It is interesting to students of human nature to watch the weather-vane of public sympathy veering around to different points of the compass. Happening recently upon an article calling attention to the woes of servants I was reminded of the stir made a number of years ago by numerous philanthropic ladies in this matter. Strenuous efforts were made in behalf of these unhappy beings in the way of securing them higher wages, half-holidays weekly, and mutual benefit associations; efforts I believe mostly crowned with success. But that banner hangs limp now. The wind has changed. Public sympathy flows in the direction of the mistresses.

Whether or not the servants at some former time stood in need of aid and sympathy I cannot say; but at present it is so obvious that the best-intentioned mistress finds it difficult to "get along," as the phrase is, with her servants—that there is so much of incompetence, indifference, unwillingness, insolence, intemperance with which she has to deal—that the most callous man softens into pity for her; and as for the ladies, this matter lies so near the heart, and is of such pressing moment, that it is almost impossible for a group of them to be together for an hour without at least touching upon the subject. And the talks all end with: "Things are getting worse all the time! I see no way out of the trouble."

In all this it is assumed that the servants are "bad," but this word is too sweeping in its condemnation. There are legions of servants who are truly bad in the sense in which the word is commonly applied to them, but there are a great many good servants who are "bad" only in the sense that their standard of righteousness is not that of the family they live with. With the truly bad we have nothing to do in this little study. They are bad, and that is all that can be said about them. But the amount of worry, anxiety, dread, nervousness, vexation, and weariness of mind and body that two or three good servants can manage to inflict upon the mistress of a house is beyond the belief of any one who has not passed through the fire; and this has not, I think, been sufficiently considered by writers upon this fruitful theme. And the servants do not wish to do it; they would gladly live in peace with their mistress; they have a desire to please her and to spare her. Why is it, then, that with a good and conscientious mistress on the one part, and a good and conscientious servant on the other part, there should be so much unhappiness and such frequent partings? It

seems to me that the answer to this question gives the key to the whole situation. And the answer may be put somewhat in this form: It is because the mistress draws all her inspiration from American traditions, and the maid draws her inspiration from the traditions of any country under heaven except America. It is because the mistress's "manners" are inbred, and the maid's "manners" are a forced growth. It is because the mistress has been trained to certain habits, and the maid has been trained to no habits whatever. It is because the mistress has been taught one set of principles, and the maid has been taught the principles which govern the lower class in the country she came from, and which are never quite the same as those of the mistress. Add to this the fact that they never meet until both are women with fixed ideas, habits, and principles, and then are suddenly brought into close relationship, and it will easily be seen that there must be friction. It is impossible that it should be otherwise where so much forbearance is required on both sides; where there must be a constant adjustment of one to the other; a perpetual watch and carefulness; a daily balancing of the scales to keep them even. What wonder is it that they so often give unfortunate dips on one side or the other? It may be said that the members of a family are not all of one mind and temper, and we have to bear with them, which is true enough, but does not make the cases parallel; for affection counts for much, and, besides, on the whole, the members of a family all have the same ideas of principle and conduct. And in connection with this, the mistress of a house might ask if it is not a hard thing upon her, not only to be moderator and peacemaker among the "trying" members of her own family, but to be forced to take up the additional task of bearing with the trying idiosyncrasies of her cook and waitress, competent servants though they may be. She needs all her mental strength for her own family. Why must she use it up to soothe, to teach, to parry, or to fight, as the case may be, the aliens in her house?

The "servant question" can never be settled upon any present basis. Oh for some domestic Napoleon to arise, and, defying all precedents and traditions, to sweep the whole fabric, as it is at present, into a bottomless abyss of oblivion, and erect a new domestic empire where, in some fashion now unknown to man or woman, the home-life of the mistress may be apart from the home-life of the maid!

Sitting up late to-night, "while rocking winds were piping loud," I took down an old anthology, and turned over its leaves with a wonder often felt before, at the number of men who survive in it by virtue of doing small things well. Sometimes, in fact, one thing has been enough to give a man his world-wide fame, and send him down to posterity hand in hand with the greatest. At the names of Carew and Colonel Lovelace, Sir Henry Wotton and Sir John Suckling, we stop to read once more their thrice familiar lines; but, too often, the sad word "Unknown" makes the tribute thus paid an indirect one. What would not one give to know who wrote "The Two Corbies," for instance? or that song of which "Love will find out the way" is the burden? Things go much by names nowadays, and good anonymous poets of our own time are few and far between. But Fame laughs at titles, and choosing leaves that fall neglected, binds them into her immortal garland whether their rightful owner will or no.

What is it that fills these trifles with the breath of long life? that makes them linger in the minds of us all, until by constant half-unconscious repetition we come to know them by heart? Certainly no striking originality in their theme, which is often as old as the ages; nor is it mere felicity of expression, drawing our attention from the matter to the manner. It is rather the fusion of thought and word and form into one harmonious whole, clear, definite, final, with the art so well concealed as to seem no art at all; while, in reality, no imitative skill can compass its perfection; the same quality of distinction which marks the man in whom thought and word and form are combined, by instinct and by training, so happily that we pronounce him to be "a perfect gentleman." This distinction, more than anything else, gives the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy" their claim to be considered "the noblest in the language," as an accomplished critic called them. It shines out in Malherbe, in Waller, and in Shirley, and in others of the

lesser lights that burn undimmed because of it. We neglect whole shelves of the books no library should be without, time and time again, for these.

This same quality of distinction may illuminate prose as well as verse; and it is often the last ornament of genius, as in the prose of Irving and of Hawthorne But genius is strong without it; while without it, what would become of such a book as the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" of De Maistre, in which each new generation finds the old, eternal charm? I remember once hearing Lowell say that a certain passage in Chapman's Homer "floats on the boundless sea of literature like a Fortunate Island." Judged by such a standard, the best minor poets and prose writers are the merest flakes of foam upon its waters. But who ever grew tired of the foam of the sea?

In looking over one of the articles recently published in this Magazine on "Paris Theatres," I was greatly interested to find in a number of the portraits confirmation of a long-cherished fancy of mine, that actors, and particularly good actors, can be recognized by a peculiarity of their mouths. I have sometimes amused myself, when passing the little strip of sidewalk in Union Square south, known to theatre-goers, and still more intimately to the players, as the "Rialto," in trying to decide which of those loitering there were actors. Of course, I could never be sure that my inferences were correct, but there was this in their favor, that most of the "subjects" were of that calling, and most of them had the kind of mouth that has seemed to me a mark of the calling. It is not easy to describe it, but anyone who will glance at the face of M. Got, the dean of the Comédie Française, will, I think, perceive what I mean. He has the mark well defined, and so have M. Febvre and M. Coquelin *cadet*, though in less degree. M. Coquelin *aîné*—I am sorry I cannot refer to a portrait—has it in even a greater degree.

It is a certain indication in the lips that they are subject to the will of the owner. It is something quite different from the set firmness of the reticent man—as in Von Moltke, in whose face the thin edges of the closed "gash" express the capacity to "keep silent in seven languages." On the contrary, it is an expression of controlled mobility, of artificiality, highly intelligent in the case of good actors, but curiously, fascinatingly artificial. The late John Gilbert had it very decidedly; in equal force, but slightly more refined, Edwin Booth has it. An eminent criminal lawyer told me once that when he had to decide whether a witness was lying to him, he watched his mouth. His theory, based on years of acute observation, was that a practised deceiver could render his eyes inexpressive, or even make them express the contrary of his thought or emotion, but that the lips, especially at the critical moment when a well-contrived question touched the vital point of his story, would most often betray the truth, though the voice straightway began to deny it. My own quite limited experience had suggested to me the same view.

Entertaining it as I do, I like, when I watch the mouth of a really competent actor, to think of the complex and patient exercises to which it must have been subjected on and off the stage. M. Coquelin is authority for the statement that every accomplished actor must spend hours on hours before the mirror, his only totally unprejudiced critic, "making up" the expressions of his face. It is no wonder that the process results in impressing upon the lips a strong indication of that training. In connection with this I have been a little puzzled by the fact that I have never, save in one instance, been able to detect the player's mouth in a woman. The exception is Mme. Bernhardt, whose lips in repose, and off the stage, have distinctly the appearance noted. On the other hand, to refer again to the portraits in the Magazine, neither the face of Mlle. Réjane, nor that of Mlle. Reichenberg, has a trace of it. It may be that the persistent spontaneity of the sex refuses to yield any enduring evidence of subjection; it may be that that spontaneity, under the impulse of the part, supplies the place of training; or it may be—though I am not bold enough to admit the belief—that woman's life is so continuous and successful a piece of acting, that that training leaves no perceptible indication. But if either of these theories be correct, how does it happen that Mme. Bernhardt is an exception?

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ON THE GREAT CATTLE TRAIL.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

By A. F. Jaccaci.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

TRAVELLING away from Paris in the late autumn days there passes gradually out of my vision the gray landscape of France, filled with melancholy signs of the decline and decay of nature. As the train leaves the Alps behind and descends toward Turin, the charm of the South begins to make itself felt. With each succeeding hour it grows in witchery; a brightness, a warm radiance that rejuvenates mind and body and sets one's whole being on the alert to enjoy every feature of the new scenes.

The trip from Paris to Sicily in this season, from fields strewn with sere leaves, powdered with hoar-frost, and lined by desolate trees stretching their naked branches in dumb entreaty, to the breathing, expansive nature of Italy, acts on the senses as a powerful stimulant. One drinks pleasure with each look cast at sky and sea of such deep, iridescent color; at landscapes garbed in abundant vegetation and spotted with villages set in the shadows of ancient castles; at chains of hills looking in the distance like trembling veils of light. The fatigue and tedium of a sixty hours' trip are easily forgotten in the succession of fresh sensations.

Taormina, midway between Messina and Catania, is my first resting-place; and after a night's sleep in a bed 'tis good to wake breathing the sweet scented mountain air that vibrates with echoing guttural cries of street-venders and tinkling of church-bells. Bright sunlight floods my room, and through the open window little houses, all white amid the foliage, look like an alighting of doves in a garden. Beyond are rows of mountains, some near all rugged, the farthest suggestions more than realities.

Women of Nicolosi.

From a terrace I look down a precipitous incline four hundred feet deep on the scattered huts of a fishing village. An immense stretch of coast juts out its promontories and curves its bays from that village to the far distant horizon, and between the blue and the green of

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sea and land the sandy shore seems a golden ribbon growing narrow till it is lost in haze.

Fitly crowning the tableau is the goal of my trip, Ætna, rising gently from the sea until its head towers above all else. I had first seen, from a car window as the train crawled along the southern coast of Calabria, this giant guardian of the flock of hills which constitute the island of Sicily, and from near as from far it brings to one's mind the striking epithets bestowed on it by Pindar, "Father of the Clouds," "Pillar of Heaven." Ever covered with clouds, so that its immutable mass of rock and the airy, fanciful shapes, uniting in endless combinations their dual natures, appear as a composite whole, Ætna is indeed of earth and heaven. The shining sun glorifies it, the moving shadows of its crown of cloud-banks give to it an always changing aspect, and through the clear atmosphere appears distinctly its furrowed garment of craters and valleys, lava torrents and forests.

In this marvellous panorama, facing which the ancient Greeks with their passionate feeling for beauty had placed the theatre of Taormina, one does not realize the colossal bulk of the volcano. The range of vision is such that the component parts, simple details in a grandiose *ensemble*, lose their individual value. Yet from eastern to western spur Ætna covers forty miles, and more than forty towns and villages are strung in rosaries of bright beads over its flanks and feet.

From the highest rows of seats in the Greek theatre, with the ruined stage as foreground, there unfolds that pano-

A View of Mount Ætna from the Greek Theatre at Taormina.

Ætna from the Harbor of Catania.

rama like the most sublime of backgrounds. From down the stage, framed in superbly by broken columns and fragments of brick walls, Ætna's solitary cone, set against the southern sky, is a symphony of snow and azure, of mother-of-pearl whites and transparent blues—an ineffably soft and vaporous vision.

On the way to Catania, shortly after leaving Taormina the train passes through several tunnels cut in ranges of lava. The first savage marks of the volcano are these torrents of solid matter that from the central mass twenty miles away have run into the sea, forming continuous ridges. A few miles beyond them one enters fully into Ætna's kingdom. There against an uniformly purplish background, the purple of lava, springs forth the brilliant leafage of orange, lemon, and fig trees, and of vines chastened by the silvery sheen of the classical olive. White splashes in this bubbling color, where all the gamuts of greens and purples mix and melt, are the walls of tiny houses quaintly built, and to the hurried passer-by mysteriously suggestive of the character of their unseen inmates.

It is a sight of singular beauty, this earth, which is but lava ground to dust, so enveloped in the tenderness of growing vegetation. The patience and industry of generations of men have changed the once grim wastes into things of loveliness. Yet now and again the nether monster reveals his power. Like marks of the lion's paw are seen lonely cairns of the frothing, seething matter stopped in mid rush and turned to stone. How strange and uncanny a

The Church of Trasecca, with Lava-stone Decoration.

On the Road to Nicolosi.

substance is this lava belched forth in lightnings and thunder from a mountain in labor—a sooty mineral calcinated to the core; all good substance in it destroyed, leaving but a skeleton embryo scorched and shapeless, that gives an awful impression of the agonies of its birth and death.

The train in skirting but the western side of the volcano rambles incessantly through tunnels and by embankments of lava. From the fact that the other sides bear no less testimony to frequent devastations, one gathers an idea of the extent of those eruptions whose unbroken record is carried down from prehistoric times to our day.

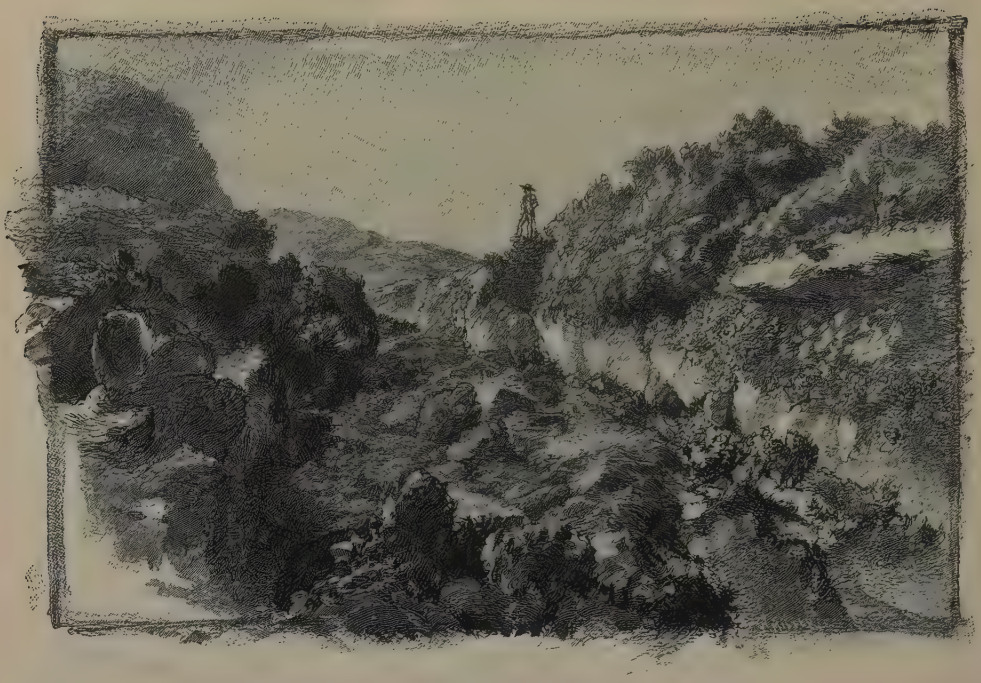
The average of eruptions in this century alone is one every four or five years. Fortunately Ætna has had long periods of rest following its active moods. Noticing that these periods alternate with those of Vesuvius, scientists have inferred that there is a subterranean connection between the two, and that they belong to a group of which the Lipari Islands are a minor part and the little island of Pantelleria the last outlying summit.

All poets of antiquity were familiar

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

Mount Ætna.



In the Lava of 1886.

with Ætna. Curiously enough, Homer does not allude to its volcanic character except in his episode of the blinded Cyclops Polyphemus hurling rocks after Ulysses, which is but a transparent myth of the molten lava rolling down the mountain with such impetus as to leap from the high cliffs far out into the sea, forming those islets still known to the Sicilians as the seven "*Scoglie dei Ciclopi.*" The war of the Titans against Jupiter, the forge of Vulcan, allude no doubt to eruptive phenomena utterly inexplicable, that by their very suddenness and magnitude, seemed not less than supernatural, to the pantheistic imagination of the Greeks.

Ætna, placed in Magna Grecia, the oldest historical ground of Europe, and at the doors of Athens and Rome, has been visited and described by many eminent personages of classic antiquity: Pindar, who narrates the eruption of B.C. 476; Aristotle that of B.C. 340; Pythagoras, Sappho, Thucidides; Empedocles, who found a voluntary death in its crater; Cicero, Catullus, Virgil, Ovid, Diodorus, Strabo, Suetonius, etc., and through them even the memory of a violent outbreak in prehistoric times, that made the Sicanians abandon the district, has come down to us.

To look from a speeding train, the embodiment of the tendencies and achievements of our epoch, at that landscape teeming with souvenirs of generations whose ashes are mingled with the ashes of the volcano, stirs the mind to a train of philosophic thought. How can we help feeling the pathos of that history of the life and death struggles of twenty-five hundred years, come home to each of us, when we are so forcibly reminded of the fragility of human effort and life before that nature ever living, ever young, ever cruelly indifferent to the passing human herd?

From its huge neighbor Catania borrows the chief objects of its adornment. Blocks of volcanic material are used for the pavement of streets, the construction of houses, and often also in the exterior decoration of important buildings. The idea of relieving the white stone façades with ornamental details wrought in dark lava, when judiciously carried out, is well adapted

to the curious style of architecture known as Sicilian, a composite of three distinct styles—the Byzantine, Arab, and Norman.

Despite its originality, its cleanliness, the city to me has a stinted, formal look, unpicturesque in the extreme, but it may be that the far from good name Catania bears in Italy, a name synonymous with unfair dealing, prejudices me. It is a fact that reckless speculation, characterized by a deluge of worthless promissory notes, has within a few years plunged the once flourishing Catania into a most miserable condition. Not having visited it since the days of its boom, I was struck by one pleasant evidence of the usefulness of worldly misfortune, which had transformed the boom-period dummies attired in ultra gaudy finery into sensible folk, oblivious to the etiquette of Italian city manners, and who wore their old clothes and had worn them so long that shiny seams and scrupulous patches bespoke a poverty sincere as it was self-respecting.

I had to journey toward Nicolosi, my starting-point for the ascent of Ætna, behind one of those thin, unfortunate brutes, a Catanian horse, not, however, without making an express bargain that under no condition should the whip be used. "Ma, signor," the driver had exclaimed in amazement, "he won't go!" Well, he did go, but very gently, for the drive is a hard twelve miles of steady up-hill grade.

The road winds and clambers pleasantly between vine-hung walls and peeping villas. The little retaining stone walls incasing each field on the rapid slopes are almost buried in verdure; umbrella pines look down from their loftiness, and once in a while some dead crater protrudes its burnt head above the sea of living things.

It is vine harvest; files of burdened donkeys pass us, prodded on by the peasants following with swift and swinging

The Little Path Threading the Vineyards on the Slopes of Ætna.

strides. These *contadini* stare at us intently, yet with faces immobile and so brown and furrowed, so sharp of contour, that they might have been cut from the dark soil beneath. Miserable beyond belief, submissive in suffering, they have the dull gaze of ruminants, the soul asleep, the mind alert only for food and shelter; and their types, bearing the stamp of their great ancestors, the Greeks, somewhat mixed with traits of former alien oppressors—Arabs, Normans, Spaniards—are the living witnesses in our day of the glory and vicissitudes of their race through the ages.

Night falls as I reach Nicolosi and its primitive inn, deserted now, as it is past the season for climbing the mountain.

The chief of the Guides of Ætna, a corporation established by the Catania branch of the Alpine Club, comes to make the necessary arrangements for my trip. At six the next morning the guide arrives, straps the provisions on his back, and we are off.

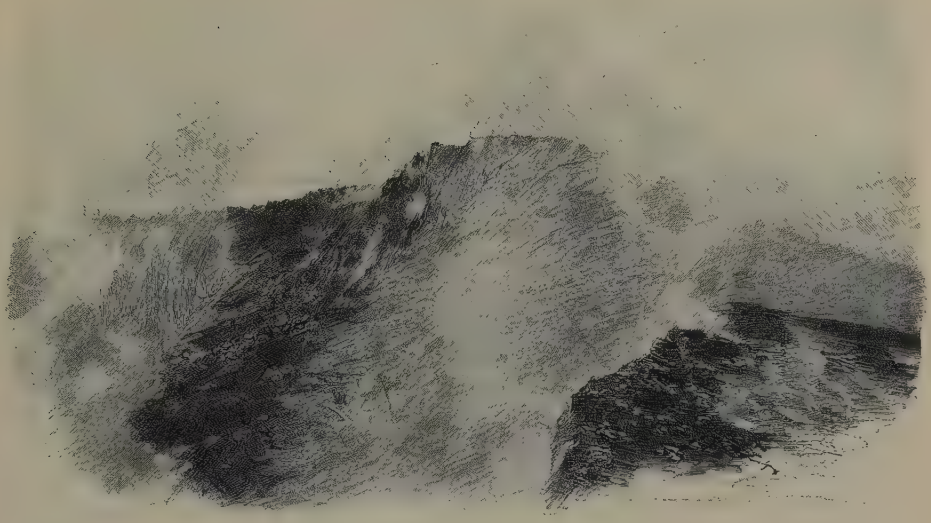
The road, threading vineyards, is flanked a few hundred feet to our left by a serrated fin, standing a defiant barricade before two big reddish cones, the Monte Rossi, upheaved in 1669 by an eruption which almost destroyed Catania. Scarcely a mile from the village we came to the limit of the lava of 1886, which, pouring in a vast flood down the slopes, seemed about to sweep away the Altarelli, an open chapel dedicated to the three patron saints of Nicolosi. The priests, with a piety no doubt strengthened by terror, displayed the veil of Santa Agata, a holy relic which in Catania has performed miracles innumerable, and the destructive lava, respecting the sanctuary, divided in two branches, leaving it untouched.

It would have been a personal insult to my guide, who proudly related this story, to notice that the Altarelli is built on an eminence, and that there is present evidence that when the fiery stream reached this point it must have been in its last spasms, for a few feet beyond it stopped altogether. Besides, it would have been a useless task, as every good Nicolosian considers a natural explanation of the miraculous event an invention of the devils, enemies of his patron saints.

Anyway, I was soon too busy to think of miracles. A mule-path skirts the lava-bed of 1886, but the quickest route lies straight across it. We took this short cut, and it gave me a full taste of volcano climbing, to the understanding of which a few words of explanation are necessary.

The Serra del Solfizio, from the Valle del Bove.

Liquid lava has two distinct forms: the first, when, issuing in a bubbling mass,



On the Brink of the Great Crater of Ætna.

it flows like compact gruel; the second, when in the subterranean depths water coming in temporary contact with burning liquids, the two elements issue pell-mell. The imprisoned steam, tearing and bellowing within the molten lava, whose temperature often exceeds 2,000° Fahrenheit, bursts forth, hurling to the heavens fiery, chaotic masses. Continuous explosions upheave the masses again and again into air, pounding and grinding them against one another. Thus they leap and fall, battering and battered, in Titanic, vertiginous dance, scattering, as from a monstrous engine of destruction, a storm rain of rocks, sand, and ashes. Now, imagine this inferno caught in its maddest, wildest activity and held fast, the knife-edge excrescences bristling all over it like savage teeth gnawing the air, the awful piling up on its heaving sides of the very vitals of the volcano, and you will have an idea of this lava which for seventeen days of the spring of 1886 furrowed and desolated a thousand acres of fair country into semblance of hell.*

We descend into valleys and pits, silent and dusky as the portals to the world of the dead, whose monochrome dark purplish tone makes their aspect the more sinister. The forbidding stones rise in ragged walls piled into fantastic shapes, and rivers of rigid lava writhe serpent-like about this Laocoon of Ætna.

Peasants by the Way.

It is a severe test of endurance to force our way for a long hour and a

* The new crater of the Monte Gemellari, situated four and a half miles above Nicolosi at an altitude of four thousand six hundred and fifty feet, was formed May 19, 1886, after a violent earthquake. Lava flowed until June 3d, reaching within half a mile of Nicolosi.

View from Monte Gemellari, showing some of the Mouths of the Eruption of 1886.

half across these diabolical wastes, every instant looking down to find the next foothold, jumping from stone to stone, tottering, falling, our shoes cut by sharp edges, until we reach a territory redeemed from some more ancient lava-bed, as this desert will also be redeemed in a century or two.

Amid the vineyards along a little path hemmed in by stone walls *contadini* meet and pass us. Here asperities have been somewhat smoothed down by constant travel, the rougher, larger stones removed, the gaping holes filled. Time and nature have spread a surface soil where flourish wild plants starred with fragile blossoms.

We pass near craters of which a continuous array will precede us to the highest cone, yet we see but a very small part of the mountain whose craters extend on every side within a radius of twenty miles. Thinking of what terrible conflagrations, loss of life and property these are proof of, the power within appears extraordinarily formidable.

Now the stately mountain seems to rise in its might above and over our heads, though its crest is hidden in cloud. The vegetation about lacks the orange and lemon trees ; we have passed their altitude. Sturdy vines continue the fight longer, but we leave them also behind. Big oaks and chestnuts, copper beeches, birches, and the tall Laricio pines keep us company till we arrive, four hours from Nicolosi, at the way house in the woods—*Casa del Bosco*, 4,215 feet above the sea-level. We are higher than the summit of Vesuvius, the air has grown perceptibly sharper, and is now quite cold.

After lunch and a rest, having taken in a supply of water for the remainder of the journey, we resume climbing through a narrow and crooked valley, along a zigzag path barely discernible in the chaotic confusion. The higher we reach the more pleasant it is to turn and look back on the constantly growing panorama of bleak volcanic stretches dotted with woods and gaping cavities ; further below floating in the green are villages—Catania, then the turquoise sea, and far out the hilly coast terminated by Cape Augusta, behind which Syracusa

hides. Here and there isolated clusters of birches and pines, set in an undergrowth of gigantic ferns, mark all that remains of the dense forests which as late as the last century entirely covered Ætna's flanks. These trees no longer soften the stern impression of our surroundings. In a rarified atmosphere that dwarfs and stunts them, they lose all beauty and simply vegetate between life and death. Becoming rare, they disappear entirely as we enter the "*Regione Deserta*," the region of cold and death, where the nakedness of rock is absolutely unrelieved. A bright sun imparts neither cheer nor warmth, but striking the velvety darkness of the lava gives it a steely, glittering aspect, as though the mountain were clad in chain-armor.

The wind rises and falls; blustering gusts in the *couloirs* and on the plateaux are succeeded by delightful lulls. Mists, thin as veils, and threatening storm-clouds, drift slowly and softly, rolling, lifting, and revealing vistas of bleak mounds piled high. This quiet, delicate life, playing in goblin-like fashion about these rigid and desolate scenes, is inexpressibly lovely. Such sights and sensations charm the long hours of an ascent, arduous and intensely fatiguing, though devoid of the worse dangers and consequent excitement of Alpine climbing.

The trail becomes steeper and steeper as we catch a first glimpse of the deservedly called "*Serra del Solfizio*," a saw-shaped ridge whose feet are sunk in enormous hollows filled with eternal snow. This is our first sign of the neighborhood of the magnificent Valle del Bove, reached after crossing a tableland—the Piano del Lago. We skirt the edge of the cliffs, three thousand feet deep, which form a border on all its sides, except for an open gap toward the east.

Geologically this basin, three miles in width, is the most interesting part of Ætna, as competent authorities unite in considering it the original crater. On its brink stands the Tower of the Philosopher, presumably the ruin of an observatory built for the emperor Hadrian on the occasion of his visit to the volcano.

I am too thoroughly exhausted to do justice to any more sights, and it is with the yearning of the flesh that at last I see at the base of the central cone two white buildings—the Observatory and a refuge, both unoccupied at present. We have the key to the latter, the Casa Inglesi, so called because it was built by English officers during the English occupation of Sicily in Napoleonic times. Though rebuilt and enlarged by the Alpine Club of Catania, it remains a primitive affair, its walls lined with bunks, one above another, as in a ship's steerage, yet it affords welcome shelter against a cold so intense that our beards and coats are united in a covering of ice.

Too tired to talk we sup hastily and fall asleep in utter weariness, our bodies sunk in yielding straw, our feet to the fire, which warms, soothes, relaxes the strained muscles, and sets the blood to buzzing the most effective of lullabys.

Awakening at midnight I leave the guide to gather up himself and our traps while I go outside. The door closes behind me and I stand alone in the night. Lo! what a strange stillness there is in this outer world. The wind blowing fitfully is charged with unearthly smells and faint echoes of subterranean seethings and rumblings. From invisible holes snaky vapors rise and quiver in spiral contortions. Monstrous shapes of lava like Titanic dead upon a battle-field lie on the plateau, their icy profiles brought out by the oblique rays of a waning moon, shine weirdly among inky shadows, until these threatening rocks seem the gathering of a silent demoniac host to overwhelm and engulf us. But the guide opens the refuge door and at the light of his lantern the phantasmagoria vanishes.

I take my axe and we start to pick our way, among treacherous crevices, yawning and bottomless, toward the crater that lifts above us its twelve hundred feet of immaculate whiteness.

In August an ascent of the last cone, whose perfectly smooth sides slide down at a gradient of thirty-five degrees, is comparatively easy because of the absence of snow; but thus late in the autumn the thick snow, hardened into ice, and nightly covered with fresh coats, compels the frequent cutting of steps.

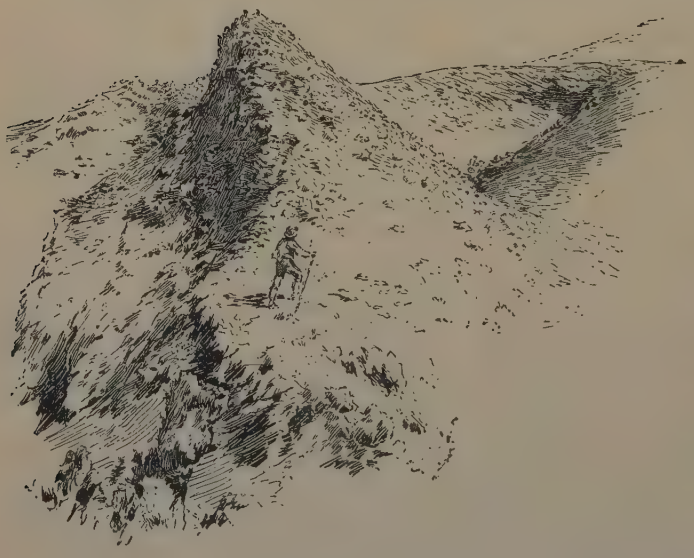
That means hard work and dangerous. It takes two hours to reach the brink of the crater, a single abyss two or three miles in circumference, from whose depths emerge countless wreaths of thin, damp smoke. The impression of that silent gulf with its vitality expressed only by the sulphurous, nauseating vapors incessantly rising, curling, and disappearing, is supremely grand. Beside Ætna one remembers Vesuvius's sputterings as the efforts of an infant.

It was three o'clock when I stood, eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, on a small pyramid of ashes which keeps guard over the crater and the whole of Ætna. The north wind having cleared the atmosphere, brushing away clouds and haze, all circumstances were favorable to my watching the sun rise.

The moon has now disappeared, leaving no trace of her passage. Sky, sea, and land are of the same color, an immensity of indistinct blue, clearer somewhat overhead, darker around and below. The only sensation of being at a great height is the piercing cold that keeps us moving about, stamping our feet on the ice, that resounds sonorously, as if it were but a thin covering over cavernous depths. A change of color, so gradual that it is more felt than seen, begins. A subdued radiance, opal, dissolving into a suggestion of pink, tinges the east. The details of the crater become more distinct as night recedes to the lowlands. Impalpable grayish light creeps up, invading the heavens, and Aurora's rosy refulgence increases every moment—a veiled splendor, a symphony *en sourdine* of exquisitely delicate tints, restful and lovely. A like scene must have suggested the poet's descriptions of the Elysian Fields.

Banks of billowy clouds wall up that part of the horizon where the sun is to appear. Their fleecy bosoms rise and swell, yield and part, before the oncoming dawn.

Above them the glory of light continues to grow. I keep my eyes anxiously strained on the most luminous spot, whence of a sudden a dart of light crosses space, fleeting over the sea. That dart increases into a golden streak, clearly cut, for a perceptible moment, on the purplish water. It changes to a flood of light while the disk of the sun emerges slowly from under the horizon. The shadows palpitate, dissolve about the crest of Ætna, transfiguring her into an island of gold and rose. Passionately now the day advances, flinging wide her magic skirts. The lower valleys awake, the colors of their vegetation glow and dance. The trees lift up their heads; it seems as if in that profound stillness one could hear the murmur of the reanimation of things. The sun touches every corner



An Old Crater.

of his vast kingdom ; day—full day—is with us.

Beautiful with the beauty of dreams is the spectacle.

To the north the archipelago of the Lipari Islands, with their smoky lighthouse of Stromboli, floats on the iridescent sea. To the south, on the border of the vast horizon, hover two ghosts, Malta and Pantelleria ; while the purple shadows of the Calabrian Mountains on the mainland bridge the Straits of Messina, hiding Charybdis and Scylla. Cameo-cut against the sea Sicily lies at our feet, displaying her fifty towns, her countless villages, the silver ribbons of her rivers, the thousand varied details of her uneven soil ; and across her whole length, as a tangible sign of his dominion, lord Ætna stretches his enormous triangular shadow.

THE RETURN OF THE YEAR.

By Archibald Lampman.

Again the warm bare earth, the noon
That hangs upon her healing scars,
The midnight round, the great red moon,
The mother with her brood of stars.

The mist-rack and the wakening rain
Blown soft in many a forest way,
The yellowing elm-trees, and again
The blood-root in its sheath of gray.

The vesper-sparrow's song, the stress
Of yearning notes that gush and stream,
The lyric joy, the tenderness,
And once again the dream ! the dream !

A touch of far-off joy and power,
A something it is life to learn,
Comes back to earth, and one short hour
The glamours of the gods return.

This life's old mood and cult of care
Falls smitten by an older truth,
And the gray world wins back to her
The rapture of her vanished youth.

Dead thoughts revive, and he that heeds
Shall hear, as by a spirit led,
A song among the golden reeds:
"The gods are vanished but not dead !"

For one short hour, unseen yet near,
They haunt us, a forgotten mood,
A glory upon mead and mere,
A magic in the leafless wood.

At morning we shall catch the glow
Of Dian's quiver on the hill,
And somewhere in the glades I know
That Pan is at his piping still.

THE DRURY LANE BOYS' CLUB.

WHAT IT GREW FROM. WHAT IT IS. WHAT WE HOPE IT WILL BE.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

TO all English children—to all London children especially—the words Drury Lane represent Fairyland. The happy well-to-do ones, on hearing them, recall nights in glorious Christmas holidays when, attired in all their festive best of gauzy white frocks and big sashes, and floating waved hair, or in trim Eton jackets and broad, spotless white Eton collars, with gentlemanly little beaver hats on their smooth-cropped, shining heads, they descended from their carriages, attended by mammas and papas, or governesses, or tutors, and mounting certain broad stone steps were ushered into a land of rapture and light with which ordinary, every-day London seemed to have nothing whatever to do. Little boys at boarding-school, little girls in the school-room at home, had talked all through the year of last year's pantomime at Drury Lane, and delighted themselves with imaginings of what this year's pantomime might be. As the Christmas holidays approached anticipation and conjecture became breathless, and when some morning the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph* all announced the exciting fact that Cinderella, or the White Cat, or Humpty Dumpty were to be produced with unusual splendor at Drury Lane, a rapturous sigh of relief and bliss was breathed through every nursery in the land.

The very building itself was enchanted. It did not betray itself by its exterior, as a weaker-minded structure might have done. It was sufficiently secure in its own resources not to endeavor to allure in any trivial manner. It had artfully placed itself in an ugly, dingy-looking street, and had allowed itself to be built in a dingy, plain, uncompromising way, scorning outward adornments, deigning no external hints of joy; but certain enslaving bills confessing—almost, as it were, with magnificent reluctance—that kings and queens, princes and princesses, fairies and goblins, clowns, harlequins and pantaloons—caverns of delight and palaces of fairy dream, *might* be beheld inside on payment of certain sordid coin at the box-office. There must be imaginative children who privately compare it to a good ogre. (Which is a very rare thing, ogres being by nature most unpleasant as a rule, having a habit of roaring, and legs a mile long with which they chase people, devouring them when caught—besides frequently putting them into caves to fatten before they are served up, which is really a most irritating idea.)

But Drury Lane might be compared to a good ogre, who looks gruff and plain of exterior, but who, when he takes you into his care, does *not* eat you or annoyingly suggest you must be kept till plump enough, but surprises you by showing you all the ecstasies of Fairyland.

No one can adequately describe what there really is inside the cave. It is a kaleidoscopic dream of brilliant light and changing color, of glittering rainbow, troops of fairies with wings, and draperies which make them floating flowers, or bees, or birds, or snowflakes. But no one ever dreamed such things, though perhaps in a dream one sometimes might laugh as one laughs at the jokes—at the mischievous goblins, at the clown and his unfading feud with the dignified policeman, or the irascible old gentleman, or the easily gulled landlady, or shop-keeper. No one ever laughs so heartily when he is awake, and perhaps even at Drury Lane, after the passage of a certain number of years, the point of a joke founded on an innocent old gentleman with a hatful of stolen sausages craftily secreted by a clown, modifies its power to produce ecstasy of mirth.

But this is Drury Lane as it ap-

pears inside. The outside is different. The Good Ogre's Cave, which is such a power that it speaks of itself and is spoken of oftenest merely as "Drury Lane," without any one's feeling the necessity of the addition of the word "Theatre"—just as a queen writes her name "Victoria," or "Adelaide," or a duke "Marlborough," or "Norfolk"—the Good Ogre's cave is not *all* of Drury Lane—and the rest of it is very different. Most of its surroundings are ruled by ogres of a race less kind—who do not show their captives Fairyland—ogres of Hard Life, of Poverty, of Misfortune, of Lack of Opportunity, of Ignorance, often of Hopelessness, and Hunger, and Disease; always of want in one form or another, whether it is want of comforts or want of rest, or sustenance for body or mind.

If one drives by the theatre one nearly always sees a few dirty, more or less ragged children staring with eager, longing eyes at the wonderful bills and talking to each other, evidently about the goblins or fairies not-too-lavishly pictured on some of them.

They belong to the outside. They never go inside, and it is only the one of them who has the good luck to have a brother who is a printer's "devil," or a newsboy or a crossing sweeper capitalist enough to indulge in a seat in the gallery, who knows anything definite about the inside's glittering splendors.

And it is not permitted to look too long even at the bills and the outside, or it is quite likely a big policeman may walk by and tell you to "move on."

Drury Lane means so much. It means street after street branching out of it, narrower and poorer streets, where there are poor shops, and poor people, and poor courts; streets where one sees slatternly women and unkempt men, and always swarms of children playing, squabbling, darting among carts and under horses' heads in a way to excite marvel and terror; little ones staggering under the weight of babies who seem bigger than themselves, some of them with nice little faces, some of them with wretched ones, some with hungry eyes, some with quite merry ones, but all dirty—dirty—dirty. Poor little things—God help and love them! The poor in London *cannot* be clean. It is not only poverty they must contend with, but smoke and grime and fog which stick and smear all in the West End as well as in the East, and which cannot be ignored and evaded even by ladies with luxurious baths and deft attendant maids—ladies who are not touched by the sordid details of every-day existence.

In passing through these streets, in looking at these children, one cannot help but think of what possibilities they might represent and what life holds for them. It is such a thing of chance that one man or woman is born with some great gift not given to the rest. Who knows when it is born into the world—in what baby brain the germ of it lies? It is such a thing to ponder of—the chance that sometimes the seed, for want of the right soil, the right air, the warmth of the sun, may wither away and never be a flower at all. Take the root of the rarest and most splendid bloom on earth, plant it in hard, dry earth, in a cellar, shut it from air and light and dew; and what common weed will not grow to a lovelier thing, if it has an open field where the rain falls and the sun shines? And among the little men playing or sauntering in the unsavory streets, with dirty hands in their ragged pockets; among the little child-women, staggering under burdens of unwholesome babies—who knows what splendid fruit or flower may be waiting to spring to life or die without a blossom?

I have often asked myself what germ of what gift lay in the mind of the boy who was the originator of what is now called the Drury Lane Boys' Club. It must have been some gift of executive ability, and for organization.

He was a little fellow, small for his age, and I do not know what that was. His name was Andrew Buckingham, and his mother had a kitchen in a cellar where she kept a mangle.

This is what he told me—as nearly as I can remember—and he told it to me the night I opened the Lionel Reading-room in the new premises of the Club, in Kemble Street, Drury Lane.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "there seemed to be no place for us boys anywhere. If two or three of us stopped a bit to talk in the street, the policemen

came and told us to 'move on.' Wherever we went, or stood about, or met each other, we was moved on. Seemed as if there was nothing for us anywhere but to 'move on.' So it come into my mind one Sunday, when there'd been some trouble, that if mother'd let us meet some nights in her cellar, we might make some rules and call it a club, and we couldn't be moved on from there. So mother let us meet in her cellar, and I made some rules—and that was the beginning of it. And I can tell you, ma'am, little did I think we'd ever have such a night as this, or such a place to meet in."

This is what his mother told me. I made her acquaintance in a room up a court near Covent Garden, where a simple, substantial dinner is given to about forty hungry children three times a week during the winter, by a young lady who is a daughter of the rector of the very poor parish, and who is the good angel of all the courts and back-streets in it. It is a very simple organization—the work of this one lady—a matter of two long tables in a small room, some homely, savory combination of meat and potatoes, and a homely, simple pudding; but it means warmth and comfort to forty hungry children three times a week.

Andrew's mother was presiding over the big dishes of "shepherd's pie," and while I helped the Good Angel to cut up the food for the youngest ones, we talked together.

"It was Andrew who founded the club," said the Good Angel. "Tell Mrs. Burnett about it, Mrs. Buckingham."

She was a stout, motherly, most respectable woman, with a round, kindly face which beamed with delight when her boy was mentioned. (He is not a little boy now, but a little young man.)

"Well, ma'am," she said, "Andrew always was a good boy. And when the others got in trouble it bothered him. And the police wouldn't let them have no meeting-place. And one Sunday a policeman wanted to take a little fellow up, and I got him away from him. I nearly got into trouble myself. I never told you about that, miss. (Beamingly, to the Good Angel.) And Andrew got to thinking about it. An' he says to me, 'Mother, let us meet in your cellar. There's four of us, and I've heard something about clubs, and I believe I could draw up some rules, and we should be all right.' And I says, 'I dare say, Andrew, but there's the mangle. There wouldn't be room. What could I do with the mangle?' And he says, 'You could sell the mangle, mother. That wouldn't ruin you.' Just think of that now!" with maternal pride at the enterprise and daring of the suggestion. "But I always did want to please him. And I did sell the mangle. I sold it for fifteen shillings. And they began to meet in my cellar, the four of them. And Andrew drew up some rules. And that was the way it started, with Andrew and three other boys in that cellar, and me selling my mangle."

I myself have never seen these first rules, but I believe that they still exist somewhere, and to my mind they are most interesting because, in a quite primitive and rudimentary way, they indicate that these four boys in the cellar were moved by a sort of embryo impulse toward making the best of themselves, in as far as they knew how to do it.

I argue this because of one rule which was prominent among those drawn up.

To educated boys, to cared-for boys whose homes surround them with an atmosphere of good taste and refined feeling, a rule which suggested that in a club to which they belonged "No bad language should be used," would be a rather singular addition to the regulations. But to little London lads, living their sharp young lives in a hard-driven, realistic world, brought up in the streets and lanes and courts, in the midst of the struggle for life, hearing every hour the wrangling or chaff of costermongers and hawkers who have a vocabulary of their own, of great scope and richness of vigorous epithet—to boys such as these a choice or moderation of language positively amounts to an indication of an actual *genius* for morals and good manners. Why should a boy of that class decide *not* to use certain words and phrases current in the world he knows? How should he be aware that blasphemy and worse are not desirable elements of conversation? It

is in the vicinities of Park Lane and Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares they are not used, and he does not visit in Mayfair. In Slum Street and Fragrance Alley the ladies and gentlemen adorn argument, expostulation, and even *persiflage* and sprightly repartee with flowers of speech which Mayfair most probably never heard of. We of the fortunate world place our children in the care of French or German nurses that they may become "familiar with the language;" the children in the London streets become "familiar with the language" in something the same way, though not through nurses or governesses, and "the language" is neither German, Italian, nor French. There are, of course—there must be, even among the poorest—some fathers and mothers who, even amid their limitations, try to weed "the language" in some degree, but it is not in the nature of things that there should be very many.

So, that four lads should make for themselves a sort of refuge from the streets, and that they should resolve that there should be "No bad language," denotes an ingenuous desire for improvement quite as strong and as much to be respected as the impulse which leads more fortunate, educated boys to decide that their clubs shall speak French or German and debate the questions of the day. I am not even sure that the gathering in the cellar had any name when it was first decided that its members should "use no bad language." Perhaps the boys called it "The Club," and nothing else, but whether it had a name or not, it was the beginning of a good thing. And when one thinks how much is meant by those words, "the *beginning* of a good thing," one respects very much the four boys in their cellar and their primitive resolutions.

The Club met for some time in this small way, but, as was to be expected, other boys hearing of it thought it must be more comfortable to meet and talk where they were not liable to be "moved on," and where even a cellar protected them from wet, and cold, and mud, and fog. They wanted to "join," and one after another was taken in. What the subscription fee was in those early days I have not inquired, but to suit the incomes of the members it must have been small, and as to this day, it is only sixpence a month (about twelve cents) moderation must have marked its bounds modestly.

But the cellar was not large and even the sale of the mangle did not provide much space, and in time necessity demanded that something should be done.

What *could* be done by boys who possessed nothing, and who were regarded by the general public merely as an element to be "moved on" when seen by a policeman. Here I must again take the liberty of mentioning the "Good Angel." I feel it *is* rather a liberty to make her a part of a published sketch, because she is such a very quiet and modest little young lady and lives her life of daily and hourly good and kind deeds in such a simple, gentle way—as if what she does were the only natural thing to do and could not possibly be left undone. I am sure she does not even know she is a "Good Angel," but I know it, and what is more, so many—oh, so many poor, hungry, cold, and unhappy ones in wretched back streets and alleys and courts, know it a thousand times better. In her quiet way she is part of that "beginning of a good thing" as much as Andrew was.

The little room in Russell Court—the one where the poor children's dinners are given them—is known as the Parish Room. How primitive it seems in connection with such a dignified parochial name would not be easily conveyed. But it has space enough to allow of its being used for small gatherings, such as charity dinners or teas.

To Andrew there occurred the courageous idea that as the Good Angel (suppose I call her "Miss Gracie" which is *not* her name)—as Miss Gracie had been kind to them and given them encouragement, she might be able to aid them in their extremity. So he went to her and explained the situation, and asked if she would intercede with her father, the Rector, to give them permission to meet in the little Parish Room a few nights each week, when it was not being used for any other purpose.

Being interceded with, the Rector told Miss Gracie that if she could find among her friends some young man who was willing to take charge of the Club, by spending with it the evenings it met and making sure that it did not reduce the little Parish Room to ashes or minute fragments, he would give his permission. His views on the subject of the London street "boy" were not tinged with any romantic, roseate glow, and it would not have been a trifling matter if anything had happened to the Parish Room.

Miss Gracie, having been a Good Angel so long, had naturally some friends who had some of the same qualities as herself. I do not know whether it is that a Good Angel draws goodness and kindness within her radius by some subtle natural power, or whether by merely existing herself she creates such things in those around her, but it is certainly true that no Good Angel—man or woman, girl or boy—ever existed without, somehow, seeming to bring to light kind and gentle things. There can be no more doubt of this than there can be doubt of the simple fact that if the sun shines constantly enough the very stones themselves will be warmed a little, and the poorest bit of common earth will find itself trying to put forth some tiny green thing, if it is only a blade of grass.

So Miss Gracie found a young man who was willing to aid her and her boys. I believe he was a very young man indeed at that time—not very much more than a boy himself. He was a Mr. Carlos Wilson, and if regarded from the story standpoint, Miss Gracie is the heroine and Andrew Buckingham the first hero. Mr. Carlos Wilson is another one.

I did not know him then, and I cannot tell at all definitely what his methods and plans were when he began first to go down to the Parish Room two or three nights a week and take charge of the embryo Drury Lane Boys' Club. But I do know that he meant to be the Club's friend, and, whatever his methods, he won the boys' confidence and liking, than which there could be no better beginning.

I think his first plan was quite a simple one, and I am sure its very simpleness was its strength. He wanted to help them to establish a small corner for themselves in which they could spend their evenings better—more comfortably—more healthily, and more safely than they could spend them wandering about in all sorts of weather in the streets, or lounging in the flare of the gas-lit corners of them. It seems a modest undertaking, perhaps, but one has to remember that London streets have their attractions. An active, curious, sharp-minded lad does not rush naturally and readily away from the deceptively bright-looking world of street life at night, unless he has something interesting and attractive offered to him in exchange. People who have plenty of amusements, people who drive comfortably to the theatres, almost inevitably, I think, find themselves looking out of their brougham windows with interest. For myself, I know that on cold nights, when the warmth inside the carriage formed a clouded dimness on the glass, I always found myself involuntarily rubbing off a clear place with my handkerchief, so that I could look through when we passed certain places, particularly that big crossing where Piccadilly seems to divide itself into various tributaries pouring into the great city sea, and where the Criterion and the Pavilion dazzle and glow, and there are so many lights and people and carriages and majestic policemen. I liked it myself, and often wanted to get out of my brougham and stand on the corners, or near the theatre or music-hall entrances, and watch the people as they walked past, or left their hansoms or carriages and turned in to be amused. If a lady from the West End found it attractive, why should not a lad neither well clad nor well housed, whose only theatre was the streets, and to whom walking about was a perfectly unfatiguing matter. If I had unlimited space I could write many pages giving color to the delights of that night life of the gas-lighted London streets, and the farce and comedy one can see and hear in the chaff of hansom-cab drivers, in the witticisms of coster ladies and gentlemen, in the casual banter of young

swells as they stand at theatre entrances. Any sharp street lad knows where the best entertainment is to be found, and that there are certain brightly lighted places where he can seem, for the moment, almost to belong to the world of the fortunate ones as he stands and watches the carriages draw up, and the powdered footmen descend to open their doors for pretty women in lovely frocks, who seem only to set foot on common pavement to pass from luxurious carriages to the theatre's brightness.

By night the gas-light and the specious suggestions of festivities serve to cast a glamour over the hard things dull daylight reveals, and so it is but natural that one must have some counter-attraction to offer to boys who know the street fascinations in all their variety.

And without any other capital or resources than a kind heart, good sense, and a sympathetic knowledge of boyish nature, the very young man who went down to Russell Court to be the friend of the Club managed to provide the counter-attractions. To provide them, if one had at command a number of well-fitted rooms, a gymnasium, a collection of games, a library and a number of people ready to represent something in the way of entertainment might not be so difficult, but for one extremely young man to provide them, in one unattractive room, without anything but his own wits and energy to draw upon, was to do a thing which fills me, at least, with a combination of amazement and intense respect

One thing which has also caused me amazement on this matter is, that I have found, in speaking of it, that neither the young man nor his friends regard his undertaking as in the least remarkable or heroic. They refer to it, as the Good Angel and her friends refer to her unending good deeds, as if it was the most casual and natural thing in the world. And yet thinking people know that a young man has usually many things to do more exciting than spending evenings in an unavoidably stuffy room, entertaining miscellaneous street boys. But in the English nature there is much moderation of view, and the tendency to poetize a situation and see color in it is not strong. And, after all, one cannot help liking immensely the many of them who in doing fine things never think of calling them fine, in fact never think of calling them anything at all, but simply do them in their practical steady-going fashion and never expect that they will even be commented upon.

To my mind the most interesting feature of the Club is its growth from such a small beginning, and the good to be gained by writing about it is that its simple history may hold suggestion.

In its one room its efforts were unavoidably the most economical and primitive. Their success must have arisen absolutely from the amount of energy and good feeling put into them.

The young fellow who had befriended it in course of time enlisted the interest of two or three other young men like himself. A few cheap games were bought, a few old books were given them, the young men, having formed themselves into a committee, evidently were possessed of both ingenuity and invention, and exercised them to the fullest extent. More boys and still more boys heard of the Club and wanted to join it. Boy nature talks about itself and its doings, and boy curiosity and interest are easily excited.

It became necessary to get a room which could be used every night instead of three nights a week. Additional sixpenny fees from added members made this possible, though, of course, the room was a poor one, in a poor house, in a poor street. The young committee, feeling that as much out-of-door exercise as possible would be a gain in the months when the weather allowed of it, organized a cricket club, a hare and hounds club, and managed occasional simple outings where fresh air, at least, could be breathed.

There came a time when a drum-and-fife band became a possibility. A kindly fellow, who had, I think, been bandmaster in some regiment, gave a lesson or two a week with excellent results. The opportunity to thump on a drum or play on a fife without calling forth violent opposition and bitter reproach is one no normally constituted boy could regard lightly. The fife-and-drum band made gigantic strides and became

the most inspiring institution. The cricketers and harriers flourished and grew strong, the few old books were read and re-read until they almost dropped to pieces, the games of draughts and chess saw active service, and when, somehow, a second- or third-hand bagatelle-table appeared in the room, and a venerable but still audible piano lent the inspiration of its tones to the gatherings, the Club felt itself rich indeed.

The point one remembers with interest is that the organization was, as it were, a private undertaking. It was not "under the distinguished patronage" of any one, it would not have been mentioned in any list of charities. Nobody made it donations; except for the young committee and the street boys who belonged to it, and, perhaps, an occasional friend outside, it was not heard of. As far as the big world was concerned it had no entity, and yet it was doing its work—work the world would feel the effect of, though it would not know where it was done. No handful of young, growing human beings, however small it is, can be given even the simplest chances for mental and physical development without the world's being the better for it. The young committee had work enough to do, and difficulties and annoyances enough to combat against, but they had their encouragements. Gradually, though they were not preached to or lectured—boys who came to the Club seemed to get a nicer mental and moral tone, a less rough manner, and a more manly and well-meaning outlook on things in general. London street lads are not dull as a rule, their very lives make them sharp and quick to see and comprehend what is honestly and practically presented to them.

To the generality of them texts and sermons would not be a safe method of appeal, they can always hear those, and they regard them with frank distrust, but honest friendliness and helpful, intelligent good feeling are not lost on them.

When I first heard of the Club, nearly three years ago, I had two boys of my own. To my mind, the Boy has long been the most interesting object in nature. He is an unworked mine, whose wealth of resources we cannot even guess at; he is an unclimbed mountain, the view from whose summit may be of such expanse and beauty that we might stand breathless with love and awe before it; he is an untrodden forest, whose labyrinths may reveal such wonders of rare growth as the world has never seen; he is an unsailed sea from whose depths the diver, Life, may bring forth strange treasures; he is the dawning of a day whose sunset may illumine a whole world. He may not be a romantic object to-day, he may have—probably has—a stalwart appetite, a habit of reducing order to chaos—a tendency to break into whoops and uncouth sounds, he may exhibit a distinct antipathy to correctness of demeanor, and to study, but—who knows? There is a lovely story of a celebrated man, who, when he saw in a garden a beautiful rose growing, took off his hat to it as to a beautiful lady. The Boy suggests to me a parallel mental attitude. Figuratively, I make a little reverence, saying — even to an unprepossessing one:

"Far be it from me, your Highness, my lord Bishop, your Statesmanship, my lord Judge, your Honor, the Maker of Pictures, of Books, of Laws, of great Benevolences, whichsoever it is to be, in forty years from now, far be it from me to treat you with unbelief and disrespect. I have lived long enough to know all that I may do, but you—who knows how low I should feel called upon to bow before what you may be—if I lived long enough to see your ripeness." It may be politic to be amiable to a boy, certainly it is doing wise and good work for the world to give him all the chances that belong to him.

The two I knew the best had been denied no "chance," nor had they been stinted in any. They had had books, pleasures, travels, clever friends who were men and women, and the love which makes such things worth having. All given to them had been capital well invested. They were fine, young, human things.

When, one evening in London, the young man who had first been the friend of the Club told me its story, it occurred to me that two fortunate boys with

nice natures and tremendous boyish experiences would be a good element to introduce into the club-room in the back street in Drury Lane. They would have so much to say and could say it in the way boys could best understand. I was just on the point of leaving London, but I suggested to the Club's Friend that, when I returned the next season, my two should be introduced to the Club and interest themselves in it. I knew they would regard the experience as delightful, and gather material which might form a stratum of their very varied education.

To the members of the Club, themselves, I knew they would represent as much novelty and entertainment as the bagatelle-board and piano had done.

My visitor found the idea excellent. We discussed the plan with much pleasure and interest and finally parted with the understanding that the next summer it should be carried out. I introduce this personal detail because it was the reason for my becoming later more intimate with the Club.

The next summer we were not in England. One of the two who were to have visited the room near Drury Lane was being taken from one Continental health resort to another. His brother was travelling with him. The next time I returned to London, the following year, one had been sent home to America, the short life of the other was ended.

It was then that, among other work which brought interest, the Boys' Club presented itself to my mind. The boy, as an object to appeal to one's heart and touch it, to appeal to one's mind and fill it with thought and the wish to help him to all his chances, was even more powerful than he had been before. To be human is to be personal—to be personal is to be human.

I asked the Club's Friend to call on me again. He came and told me how they stood. The membership had grown so that the place they occupied would not hold it. If they could find something which would give them more room it would be of advantage to them in every way. Boys were applying for admission whom they could not take in, and a young man, who was rich and generous, had said he would fit up a room as a gymnasium if they had such a room to spare. I had a plan also which required a room.

The few old books they possessed had been read until their contents were known by heart. In memory of a boy whose brief life had been spent among books he revelled in, I thought I should like to give them a comfortable reading-room and at least the nucleus of a library, forming itself on the books he had been fond of.

The committee had found a building in Kemble Street, Drury Lane. It was very plain and rough, having been merely used as a small printing establishment, but there was a room in the basement which could be used as a gymnasium, there was a good-sized room above which could be used as a general meeting-place, and one above that which could be used as a reading-room if they had one.

But the trouble was to secure the place. Rough and bare as it was, with its dingy, whitewashed brick walls and apparently unplaned flooring, the owner, on being applied to, and hearing that the premises were to be used by a boys' club, whereof the members were not gathered from the West End, refused to let it to them. His ideas of the London street lad were not poetized in any greater degree than most people's.

"So there we are," the Club's Friend said to me. "And I assure you we are quite in despair. They won't hear of us."

Then it occurred to me that perhaps if a person who was known to be responsible should intercede for them with the owner of the property, and guarantee that it would really be in safe hands, he might be induced to reconsider his decision.

"The truth is," said the Club's Friend, laughing, "that when I went to him and he saw that I was a young fellow, myself, I suppose he thought we should only be a lot of lads all together, and he would not trust us to behave ourselves."

The end of our discussion of the subject was that I went to call on the owner of the building, myself, and finding him out of town wrote to him. I told him what I knew of the Club and what I thought of its character, and, feeling

that such an intention must bear some conviction with it, I explained that I sufficiently respected it and its object to be on the point of giving it a reading-room and library in the name of my own son. The result finally was that the adverse decision was reconsidered and, certain forms being gone through, the triumphant Boys' Club entered into possession of No. 30 Kemble Street, Drury Lane, on whose one entrance-door was painted the words "Drury Lane Boys' Club."

But there were many things to be done before the premises were in good working order, and it is the details of what was done with the rough, bare rooms, which may be useful to readers who wish to do a practical thing, having only unpromising material and space to make use of.

The basement room was not a large one. It was, in fact, an ordinary sized cellar, but the floor was cemented, and as many vaulting-bars and poles, and ropes and pulleys as could be used in it, were put up substantially, by order of the donor of the gymnasium. When finished it was a most practicable and valuable addition to the Club's resources. On the entrance floor two small rooms were partitioned off, one to be used at night by the man who was care-taker, the other to be used by the boys as a place in which to put on the clothes in which they played cricket, and ran with the harriers. The floor from the entrance was covered with very thick and substantial linoleum cloth, which looked clean and could be easily washed off each morning. The room on the floor above was a large one. It made no pretence at beauty or decoration. It was furnished with the articles which had seen hard and honorable service in the first room the club had owned. Its floor was covered with what I think is called cocoanut matting; it contained some strong small tables to play games on, some veteran chairs, the bagatelle-board and the venerable piano, which at the time was suffering from the temporary loss of a leg. The little Drury Lane Boys' Club had none of the sumptuousness of the People's Palace.

From this apartment one mounted a sort of ladder to the rooms on the third floor. This had contained the printing-presses used by the previous occupiers. The walls were brick, the rough wood rafters formed the ceiling, the floor was covered with accumulations of printer's ink.

I looked about me with some slight dismay when I first saw it. I had a fancy that I should like to make the Lionel Reading-room a place as far comfortable and pleasant to look at as was compatible with a back street and a working-boys' club. In fact, I had had a dream of being able to combine the practical and the simply decorative in such a manner that the boy whose portrait was to look down from the walls might himself have found it a place cheerful and pleasant to sit in and turn over books.

But there were several points to be considered in the effort to produce this combination. There is nothing so difficult as to combine the ornamental with the sternly practical.

"I do not want a room which openly proclaims itself a poor boys' library the moment one enters it," I said. "I should like it to have an atmosphere of its own, which would put a boy—even a rough boy—into the mood for sitting down quietly to read and let others read about him. They can make as much noise as they like in the Gymnasium, they can talk and chaff each other in the General Room over their games; but here I should like them to come when they want to enjoy themselves in a restful sort of way. If it looks bright and rather pretty, I am sure it will be good for them."

The young committee thought I was right, though I don't think, as they surveyed the room, they quite saw how it was to be accomplished. In fact, I did not myself.

"I can plaster the walls and ceiling, and have paper put on," I said, "but what am I to do with all these windows, and what is to be done with the floor?"

"With the floor?" repeated the committee, with a slight air of trepidation.

"Look at it," I said. "Nothing looks more desolate than a bare floor; and yet you tell me anything like upholstery is out of the question."

The committee laughed.

"Stuffed chairs and carpets are," they said. "The stuffing would get knocked out of the chairs, and as the members naturally run to hob-nailed shoes a carpet would not have much chance. It would be worn out in a week."

"Staining and polishing——" I began, with a timorous sense of unpracticalness.

"Just as bad," they said. "They would unstain and unpolish it for you in no time. They could not help it."

"Linoleum," I said, rather discouraged; "though I can't say I like it very much."

"That would do first-rate," was the decision. "It could be easily washed off, couldn't it?"

So I made up my mind that I must confine myself to linoleum, and console myself by choosing the pattern with care and discrimination. A man was given the work of plastering the walls and ceiling, and giving the ladder-like approach something more of the air of a staircase; and while the work was being done I made some visits to the furnishing departments at Shoolbred's. My feeling about linoleum had been that its oilcloth look always suggested a bath-room in restricted circumstances, but I found at Shoolbred's such clever and new designs that I was pleased beyond measure. The one I chose was a preparation about a quarter of an inch thick, as solid and substantial as a board, and a wonderfully perfect representation of a neatly inlaid wood floor. It was really so good in its taste and effect that it might well have been used in rooms of much more pretension than the one I bought it for.

The difficulty of the floor covering being disposed of, there was still the difficulty of the windows.

The peculiarity of the room was that it was all windows—broad low windows, one nearly the full length of the end of the room, two nearly as long taking up the greater part of one side, two long ones and a small one on the other. It is supposable that they had been put in for the convenience of the printers, who needed all the light they could get on the many dull days.

The windows were a problem for more reasons than one. A vast expanse of bare window, giving view on all sides of a dreary narrow street and dingy houses, is not cheerful, and one cannot indulge in art muslins and lace draperies with impunity even in the West End of London. In the vicinity of Drury Lane they are worse than out of the question.

A most clever invention, known as the Glacier Window Decoration, came to the rescue here. Sheets of a preparation of isinglass made in artistic stained glass designs, were used to cover the panes. The designs and colors are so excellent and correct, that, treated in this manner and hung with warm-tinted, substantial curtains, the barren waste of windows became quite a decorative addition. Color was one's only resource. Nothing was practicable which could be pulled down by a chance movement, knocked over, or trodden on. Upholstered chairs were out of the question, so, comfortably-shaped, stained and varnished ones were used. An ordinary table-cloth, the most unconscious boy movement might push out of place; an uncovered table presents an expanse of chilly barrenness; so the rather long and broad and very solid reading-table was covered with thick crimson baize, secured all round with brass-headed tacks. A smaller square table, meant to be used when large volumes were being looked over, was covered in the same way. This had its first *raison d'être* in the fact that the brother of the Good Angel had given to the club a set of the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, than which, it seemed to me, few things could be more instructive and interesting. It represented, as it were, an illustrated history of the events of the times, placing itself before young minds and eyes in the manner most likely to arrest attention and rouse contemplation.

The walls were covered with a paper of good color — one of the terra-cotta shades, avoiding heaviness or dulness; the ceiling was tinted in the same tone; a line of stained book-shelves surrounded the room from the floor to the sills of the all-pervading windows. There was only one comparatively small space which would permit of the shelves being built from floor to ceiling.

The windows filling so much space,

there was not much wall-surface to be used in decoration, and the idea also suggested itself to one's mind that the few inexpensive pictures hung might be subject to choice also. The ordinary pretty or romantic thing, whatever its sentiment or grace, might be more fitted to other places. To the boy mind something more definite may better appeal.

Over the corner fireplace hung the portrait of the boy whose gift to these unknown boy friends of his the room was. One space between the windows was given up to a lovely little picture with a sad and sweet story. I had found it in the General Room downstairs—the sole decoration of the white-washed walls except a brilliantly-colored picture of Her Majesty in full regalia, and I had taken the liberty of bringing it myself to this memorial room, because it seemed the atmosphere for it.

It is the most sweet photograph of a lovely down-gazing-faced girl of eighteen or nineteen. When the Club was a poor little embryo, as it were, when it had few acquaintances but the Good Angel and the fellow I call "the Club's Friend," this young girl was kind to it also. There are early members who remember the summer day when she entertained them in the gardens of the country house which was her home. Perhaps they remember it all the more tenderly because before another summer's coming the blossom of her beautiful girlhood had faded out of life. It seemed fitting that her lovely drooping face should have a space of its own in the room which was the quietest, and where the boys would be most likely to spend their most thoughtful moments. The picture is not a large one, but there is nothing else hung on the panel of wall between the window draperies—nothing, at least, but a small hanging receptacle for flowers placed beneath it. I dare say that, as he passes by the hawkers' baskets in the street, it will occur now and then to more than one boy to spend a copper on a simple little nosegay, that it may bloom under the gentle girl face.

The largest picture in the room is an engraving of a painting, the story of which is the touching one of old Argus's death. Ulysses, in tattered, travel-worn garment, stands on the marble terrace by the sea, his arms behind him, his face tender and pitiful as he looks down at his one faithful and un forgetting servant—the old dog who, after all the years of exile, lifts his fading eyes to his master's face, knowing him again, and dies.

The story suggesting itself in the picture might cause an imaginative boy to ask questions, and the answers to them might lead him to wish to read the rest. That was why it was chosen. The few other pictures are merely framed and well-tinted photographs of Venetian scenes. A city whose streets are the sea must suggest inquiry and interest. There is one picture of an ideal young head, thoughtful and beautiful; there are some blue pots with palms, in safe places, a few simple bits of color on the crimson-covered mantel and the only hanging cabinet the walls give room to, and there the decoration begins and ends. Nothing could be more simple and inexpensive. Any description of it would be totally superfluous, but that it does look bright and comfortable, notwitstanding that it was necessary that the practical view of the situation should be so continually kept in view; and so the detail may have a use to other furnishers of utilitarian rooms.

The books which fill the shelves I was aided in my choice of by more than one person. One list of titles was founded on favorite books of the original of the portrait over the mantel; another was made for me by a boy of seventeen whom I had never seen, and who at the time was lying ill under the care of a doctor in Harley Street, and who had beguiled some of his easier moments by making it for me; another was made for me—a most intelligent and interesting little catalogue—written in a small account book by a dear little fellow of thirteen who had never been strong enough to be sent to boarding-school, but whose bright, thoughtful mind reflected itself and its tastes clearly in the books he chose for other boys to read. One list was made by Mr. Harold Warne, of the publishing firm of Warne

& Co., and was founded on books he had found popular and useful in a boys' club of something the same kind as the one in Kemble Street, which he had been interested in at Hampstead. Besides kindly procuring for me the books on my lists, Mr. Warne supplemented them with a gift of their own publications. Mr. Passmore Edwards also presented two hundred beautiful volumes of standard works, such as might have been a most valuable addition to any library. And when, on the afternoon of February 27th, I turned to look back at the room before leaving it, I did so with the feeling that I left the pictured eyes over the mantel to look down at pleasant things, and that no Drury Lane Club boy could enter without finding a comfortable corner, and without finding on the low shelves some book which would suit his tastes, whatsoever they might be.

I had never seen the Club's members until the evening of that day when the new premises were formally opened. With the magic assistance of the Good Angel a substantial evening meal was prepared in the General Room. When I arrived, at eight o'clock, two or three long tables had tea and coffee, bread and butter, cake and sandwiches adorning them, and numberless boys—as it seemed to me—filled the benches on each side of them.

The impression I gained, when I could look round at them after the applause with which they greet a friend subsided, was an agreeable and encouraging one. I was struck by the good-natured intelligence of their faces, and by the smart cleanliness of their appearance. The faces did not look as if the life and hard work of Drury Lane and its vicinity had dulled the brightness of their faculties, or discouraged them.

I think I had been imagining that the limitations of poverty and the lack of advantages might have had a depressing and repressing effect which would stamp itself even on young faces. We know it does that sometimes. But I was glad, as I looked up and down the tea-tables, to see that they all looked more or less quick-witted and alert; in fact, it seemed to me that there was not a boy there on whom a reading-room would be wasted. There might be boys who would prefer the gymnasium and the clubs of cricket and harriers, and the fife and drum band; and why should they not? Exercise, and fresh air, and inspiriting music are boons to any boys. But even the gymnasium patrons looked as if they might now and then mount to the reading-room to turn over the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, or forget the vaulting-bars for a while in the marvels of Jules Verne, or Du Chaillu, or the romancings of Harrison Ainsworth in the "Tower of London," or "Old London Bridge," or "Windsor Castle." I had been asked to present myself this evening to "open" the Library. The prospect had rather frightened me. I had been very happy in preparing the room and choosing the books, but I had never "opened" anything, and I did not know how. I timidly asked the young committee if they could instruct me. They said that if I would "say a few words to the boys" it would be all right. I had never "said a few words" to boys in public in my life. I had said a good many words to two boys in private, and they had always understood and liked them, but they were my own two, who were my most intimate friends. If I had had time to become intimate with the seventy-five members of the Club, I could have talked to them, but this was my first meeting with them. I knew I could write some simple and direct things which might suggest thoughts to them, so I asked the young committee if I might write a little letter which would be equally personal to each boy, and, being printed, might be given to them to read for themselves—a copy for each boy, as if it were a private epistle. They thought the boys would like this, so it was done.

After the tea we all adjourned to the Lionel Room together. There were several guests who were interested, and the young Member of Parliament for the district (almost everything connected with the Club seems young) had kindly come to preside. The room looked very bright and full, and the ceremonies were very simple.

The Club's Friend read a brief history of the Club's origin and growth. The

young Member of Parliament was the son of a man whose name all England knows and honors for many reasons. His father was W. H. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, and the king of the book trade of the railway-station stalls throughout the land. He himself was a man whose intellect, energy, and uprightness had made his own rank and fortune; his charities and generosities are as well known as his name, and it seemed a fitting thing that the son, whose ambition might well be to follow his footsteps, should preside over the simple ceremony whose results might mean much to this roomful of boys.

He read to them the letter I had written and made a brief speech himself. One of the young committee said a few friendly words, and then the founder of the Club, the boy who had gathered the four in the cellar, and disposed of the mangle—Andrew Buckingham—spoke to them too. I knew his mother had assisted to prepare the tea in the room below, and I could not help hoping that she had stayed and could hear what he said.

There was no pretension in it. His little modest speech was simply a few words of pleasure and congratulation from a good-hearted, manly fellow who was glad to have been the means of beginning a good thing. Then I wished them good fortune and good results, and declared the new premises open; and the small ceremony was over.

I stood behind the crimson-covered table, and the boys passed by me in single file as I shook hands with them, one by one, and gave them their copies of the letter. I saw their faces more closely than I had done at the tea-tables, and I was glad to think that when these seventy-five thought of me, it would be as of a friend.

This was the letter each of them has a copy of:

My Dear Boys: I am told there are 75 members of your Club. I wish that I could say some words to you that would be helpful to each one of the number. To have said even a few words that 75 boys would remember, and gain some good thoughts from as they grew to manhood, would be to have done a good service to the country they live in. 75 boys represent a great deal. They represent the whole lives of 75 *men*, who will be an influence for good or evil every day they live. It is the boys of to-day who have the progress of the future in their young hands. I want you to feel that, and *never* to forget it. There may be boys in this Drury Lane Boys' Club who have in them the power and gifts which will produce some of the finest things the next century will be benefited by. Remember that. Who can say what any boy may do in the life which lies all before him? Only time will tell. Who can guess in what group of lads to-day stands the great scientist, artist, politician, or inventor whose name will be a household word in thirty or forty years from now? There might be one of them in this very room, and he might form his mind by reading some of the books on the shelves. What each boy himself must make up his mind to is, that he—*he himself*—will make the very best of himself that he can, and that he will do all he can to make the very best of others. When I say that—I mean the best of his heart, the best of his mind, and the best of his body. I think I put the heart first. The boy or man whose heart is full of kind, brave, generous thoughts will find his intellect developed by them, and an intelligent man will realize that his body must be respected and kept strong and fine and fresh, or it will not help him to do his work.

I used to say to my own two boys, "You are like the block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon *you* whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble, or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought is a false stroke of the chisel and mars the statue."

There is another simile I have thought of, and which I wish you would reflect on. You have seen a pebble thrown into a pond and have watched the movements it sets up in the water—the ripples which widen and widen until their circles reach the shore. It is so with each human being's existence. There is no human life cast into the great ocean of Time which does not set circling ripples moving, which in the end widen to the shore of Eternity itself. Each one of us—you, I, your friend, every creature who lives—sets the great sea of humanity astir. Is there one among us who would not wish that the waves his life makes might help to bear to safety some boat that needed aid. This reading-room, given to you to-night by a boy like yourselves, is one of the ripples made by his life, which ended so early. He had a warm heart and a generous nature, and he liked to share his pleasures and luxuries with other boys who had not so many. Now that he is not with me on earth it is my comfort to try to do for such boys the things which may help them to make that "best of themselves" I have spoken of. I like to think of this room in Drury Lane, where his portrait looks down on you while you read books he was himself fond of. If those books help you and prompt you to fine thoughts, then, you see, the ripples *his* life made will have helped *your* boats onward. It was a very short life, but it was not lived in vain if it was the means of

giving even *one* boy a better chance to develop into a man who will help the world he lives in instead of harming it. He was only a boy, as you are boys; but he would have felt that, I know. Keep always before your minds this great fact—that whether a man's world is at the West End of London or the East, in Drury Lane or Grosvenor Square, Nature gives him at his birth a capital of his own—a brain to think and plan, a heart to feel, two hands to work. It is for the man himself to put this capital out at the best interest, and prove what it will yield. Invest yours well, not only for yourselves but for your fellow-man.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

February 27, 1892.

After they all had received their letters a pretty thing happened. Remembering that they are boys to whom spare coppers are a positively unknown quantity, it seemed to me a very pretty thing indeed, as it was an idea originating solely among themselves and carried out without any consulting of other people.

As I was talking to some of the committee by the crimson table, a boy with a nice, rather shy face appeared by my side bearing a beautiful bouquet of flowers. It was a lovely nosegay, with long, pale, pink streamers and bow.

The bearer was the spokesman of the Club, who had presented this pretty thing to me as a token of their gratitude and pleasure.

I went down afterward to the entertainment they gave us in the general room below, behind a perfect screen of flowers. The young committee had given me a lovely, airily arranged thing of violets and lilies-of-the-valley, and I sat as it were in a bower.

The entertainment was infinitely interesting to me. The enthusiasm of the boys when some ladies sang them some pretty, tender songs—not sentimental, but *tender* little songs—was a nice thing to see. It was such a genuine thing. A member of the Club recited wonderfully well a dramatic little poetic story of an old groom, an affectionate, faithful servitor of a noble family whose young heir had ruined his fortunes by racing and play, and whom the old groom rescues from utter despair by his clever management of a young filly known as "Kissingcup," who wins a great race. It was very spirited and horsey and emotional, and the fact that the boy not only evidently *felt* all the emotion of it, but had taught himself to enunciate marvellously well, was very interesting.

His audience, both the Club and the visitors, were as appreciative as he could have wished. The comedian of the Club (there is always a comedian in everything—I believe he is a supply which is the result of natural demand, and he is always the best beloved of all), the comedian was one of the old members who, after many vicissitudes, had enlisted and become a smart, well-behaved soldier. He was greeted with rapture the moment he rose from his seat. He sang some of Chevalier's inimitable costermonger songs with an appreciative sense of humor which was quite delightful. The coster dialect naturally was easy enough for him, and his expression and gestures could scarcely have been better.

He sang the song beloved of the music-halls and street boys at the present moment—one of a number as individual and clever in their representations of the costermonger cockney world as the stories and songs of Uncle Remus are in their pictures of the negro.

This particular one is called "Wot cher?" (which is a sort of coster salutation meaning "What cheer?"), or sometimes "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road." "Knocked 'em," I believe signifies, being freely translated, something like "overpowered the public by the splendor of my appearance and appointments." The coster in the song relates "'ow a most respectable party came to our court," with the astonishing and brilliant news that they had "come into" property—the property being a coster's cart and "moke." (I think almost everyone knows that a "moke" is a donkey.)

Then the song describes how the court was electrified and filled with awe and burning jealousy by seeing the patrician manner in which he and "the Missus" drove away in state on Sunday "arfternoon" to dazzle the less aristocratic and "knock 'em in the Old Kent Road." Of course, he observes, the neighbors

"Ses nahsty things about the moke.
But 'taint nothin' but their envy, cos *they* ain't carriage folk."

And the chorus (there *must* be a chorus to a music-hall song) is the derisive chaff of these envious ones, and the coster's observation upon it.

"'Wot cher?' all the neighbors cry.
'Who'r yer goin' to meet, Bill?'
''Ave yer bort the street, Bill?'
Lor' me—thort I should hev died
When I knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

I dare say my quotation is by no means exact, but it may give the flavor.

The singer gave all of it, and it seemed to me that there might have been circumstances under which his talents might have developed into something which would have been quite marked in its line.

Finally we were favored by the Drum-and-Fife Band. It was a credit to its teacher and to itself. I had really had no idea of finding it so proficient, though I had been sure I should find it energetic and spirited.

When I went down to my brougham the boy who had been the presenter of the bouquet carried it before me triumphantly. His nice face looked nicer than ever.

The street was dark and a little crowd of people stood on the pavement near the door, some women stood in the street on the other side of the carriage, and looked at me through the window. They were as interested as they are when they watch people going to a Drawing-room or a grand party. The modest festivity of the Club had been like a party to Kemble Street, and here was one of its guests getting into a carriage with her arms full of splendid bouquets with ribbon streamers.

The lights were still burning in that upper room where the pictured boy-face looked down from over the mantel. The stained glass effect of the windows made a rich bit of color in the gloom surrounding it. It looked quite foreign to the narrow, sordid street, but it wore an air of warmth and promise. I watched it until the brougham turned the corner and it was out of sight, wondering what work the ripples set up by that pebble dropped into the ocean of life might do—hoping that it might be permitted to it to help, at least, some boats to a wider shore.

THE PRICELESS PEARL.*

By John White Chadwick.

"Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl:"
And straight a rapture through his being runs,
A fire that seems the essence of all the suns
That ever made the summer's pomp unfurl
Its banners, and the green leaves softly curl
Back from the fruit; a sense of shining ones
Engirding round, until his vision shuns
The awful splendor of that radiant whorl.
And then a voice: These things wouldst thou explore?
Who drinks the pearl of life compounded so
Of love, and joy, and hope, and peace, and pain—
All sweetest, saddest things that mortals know—
Drinks to his own salvation: he shall gain
Life beyond life, and Death shall be no more.

* Written after reading Mr. T. W. Higginson's Sonnet in the April number of Scribner's Magazine.

HISTORIC MOMENTS: A MEMORY OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

By David Swing.

IF to us, who were wandering homeless in front of the great conflagration of 1871, anyone had whispered the words of Acestes: "It will be a pleasure some day to remember these things," he would have seemed to be trifling with the sufferers and the event. But twenty years have sufficed to justify the words of the Latin. With a great pleasure I shall pass again along the path which once was so beset with smoke and fire. Emerson once wrote in the blank leaf of a book these words:

> "A score of piny miles will smooth
> The rough Monadnoc to a gem."

With his usual spirituality he thus declared that twenty years would transform a painful experience into a rather pleasing dream.

The Chicago fire began on Sunday evening, October 8, 1871, at a quarter before nine o'clock. It raged until half-past ten the next evening, pausing suddenly in a large isolated dwelling-house, which fell into ruins at that time. The work of destruction thus, under the impulse of a driving wind, lasted only about twenty-six hours. The houses destroyed were about fourteen thousand; the people rendered homeless ninety-eight thousand; the value of property destroyed two hundred millions of dollars.

The rain of cinders upon the waterworks soon made the roof-timbers fall in upon the pumping-engines and block their working-beams. In three or four hours from the outset of the conflagration, the whole city was without water. It lay helpless. Had the wind changed at any time within two days, no part of Chicago would have remained. The historian would have recorded the total erasure of everything above ground. But the wind, which caused the destruction, intervened to limit its extent. It never veered for three days, and thus it held the destroyer to a definite channel widening out to the northwest. The gale blew until it sank down under the smitings of rain.

It was never learned how the rumor originated that a cow had kicked over a lamp and had burned a city. The fire started at a quarter before nine. The O'Learys had milked their cow at five o'clock, and had had no lamp lighted that Sunday in either cottage or barn. The air was so much like summer that the inside of both stable and house was deserted. It is probable the cow-story sprang up out of the inventive power of some man or woman who was hungry for a small cause for a great disaster. Men love the aphorism of Mother Goose, that "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

It was never learned how many lives were lost in the burning and falling of so many buildings. The coroner was

called upon to make report on one hundred and seventeen bodies. But against such a report one fact must be kept in mind, that the wind and blaze, acting together, created a form of blast-heat before which window-glass dropped like rain, and in which iron columns melted as though made of lead. Many bodies may have been obliterated so completely as to leave no trace of a life or a death.

It was about ten o'clock at night before any person a half-mile from the place where the great flame started knew that the situation was unusual and alarming. The dryness of every roof, the high wind, the exhausted condition of the fire department, combined to make the red sky a painful spectacle. It has many times happened, in the lives of most men, that an alarm of fire has awakened a sudden desire to walk rapidly to the doomed building and, boy-like, enjoy the battle between engine and blaze; but there was something in this October night that depressed the spirits and made the foot fall as though made of lead. Already in the sky overhead there was a great line of sparks moving slowly toward the northwest. It was a fiery belt, having a breadth of perhaps two hundred feet, and composed of millions of sparks and bits of material on fire. This hot upper river added to the seriousness of the scene, and raised the question: What is to be the end?

My own domestic group soon went to the roof of our house to battle if need be with falling coals. But as we watched and worked the stream in the sky grew wider and the sparks grew in size, until not a few of the burning objects seemed as large as a plate or as long and wide as a shingle. Our home was in the exact line of the wind and the fire, and all this red volume was rolling along directly over our heads. It was, perhaps, four hundred feet above the level of the streets.

So unusual was the scene that the thought came into my mind: the city will burn up to-night. I determined to go at once toward the field of battle, and soon I was nearing the place and source of the destruction. Men hurrying back paused long enough to tell me that the trouble had begun in a stable a mile to the southwest of the city's heart; that the conflagration had spread out fan-like; that it was raging in more than a hundred houses; had crossed the river, and was coming along on the wings of the wind. The reports were terrible, but I walked on, not in the least sceptical, but wishing to make a survey and an estimate for myself. I walked slowly and looked back often to see if the rainbow of fire in the sky were not assailing the city in some other places—far away from the point of first attack. Soon before me were streets arched over with flame, and massive buildings, the pride of each citizen, were smoking, blazing, falling.

There was not much clamor of men, women, or children. It is probable that the awfulness of the situation made the mind silent rather than noisy. Personal friends said to me: "The city is gone," or "No power can save us," or "All is lost;" but beyond such ejaculations few were the words to be heard. Quite a stream of vehicles and persons was moving northward, but the movement did not seem that of a panic, but rather that of an orderly retreat. The guests were issuing from the Tremont and Sherman hotels. The banging of trunks was only a little more violent than usual, and the vehicles into which trunks were going showed that the exodus of guests was informal; and yet not much was said by the man with the team or the man with the trunk. The fire was raging in the business district, and its population at midnight was not great. The scene was not that of families fleeing for life, with mother calling to child and child crying for parent. The ruin was advancing in the great commercial blocks, whose clerks and business heads were perhaps miles distant from their counters and desks. It was a common event to see one or two men come down from a bank or office and unload their arms or a basket into either an express-wagon or a well-equipped carriage, and then hasten away. Where there was distrust of a vault, the valuable contents were extracted and headed for some place not yet doomed.

One banker hailed a colored man who was moving along slowly with an express-wagon. Whether the two persons had ever met before I do not now remember, but the banker had dragged as far as down to the sidewalk a large trunk full of bills and bonds. The African and his wagon assumed the form of a special providence. A bargain was soon made. Its terms seemed liberal to Sambo. The banker simply said, "If you will see that my trunk and I are safe and secure, I will give you a thousand dollars." The two moved toward the lake, and there the acute negro drove into the water to a depth which enabled him to fight well, with all kinds of splashing, the rain of hot coals which smote wagon and trunk, driver and horse. He triumphed, and in a few hours had in his possession, in place of the usual fifty cents for carrying a trunk, the more satisfactory fee of a thousand dollars.

My advance ended at the Court House. All beyond was a furnace. Here, and a little after midnight, the fact that the city was doomed, that my home was doomed, and that tens of thousands of persons would be homeless and penniless in a few hours, was fully realized. Before me lay in one mass of fire a district nearly a mile long and fully four squares wide; and, under a wind which was almost a hurricane, this red army was advancing. At intervals, like minute-guns, came the boom of some falling wall. I turned to go home. The tumbling buildings made a solemn sound like the pulsations of a volcano, or the heavy artillery of some field of battle.

Many of those moving in the same direction were acquaintances, but few were the words from our lips. My own memory was full of all the doleful phrases and sentences which had long before come into it from classic and modern sources. Terms which had been long forgotten came back and were saying to me with Croly: "Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads." St. John came with his deep bass: "Babylon the great is fallen, fallen," while mingling with the Bible and Croly, came all those precious tears from Virgil, such as: "Once Troy stood," and "Time too great for grief," and "The end of all fortune," that "*finis fatorum*" of Anchises.

The way homeward was beset with fire. The rain of sparks had set going little groups of autumn leaves and bunches of dried grass. The bridge on which we were crossing was on fire. Here a wooden fence, there a stable, or a wooden porch was blazing. Fire and ivy were both seen winding around the same columns of a veranda. Far in advance a large building was burning, thus revealing the fact that the enemy was holding a line two and a half miles in length, and was reaching out right and left for more churches, hotels, palaces, and cottages.

From one family learn the motions of thousands of households. Trunks were packed hastily. Servants and mistress and children were one in mutual helpfulness. Each attempted to put the house into a trunk. Some were absent-minded for a moment and locked an empty drawer as though to keep the fire from getting in; one put a gold watch and money into a trunk, and then prepared to carry in hand a two-dollar clock; one turned down the gas through habits of economy; one neighbor, routed at half-past one, put on a dressing-gown and began to shave himself. It was difficult for each one to do the best thing for the occasion, but all made an earnest effort to be sensible.

In a few minutes three or four large trunks were down on the sidewalk. But why were they there? No promises, threats, or money could bring a wagon. My wife, two little daughters, and I made up a specimen group—prepared for exile. The wife carried a favorite little marble clock, one daughter carried the cat, the other daughter a canary-bird in its cage, while I held on to a hand-trunk in which were all my manuscripts up to date. There was no weeping. All who joined us or passed us seemed satisfied with the re-

mark: "It is awful." We were dumb rather than tearful. A theological student relieved me of my box of sermons and lectures, and told me to trust those things implicitly to him. It was well that I did; for he soon found a pretty girl who was carrying a bundle of fine dresses. He threw the box of manuscripts down and enlisted in the service of attractive womanhood. Those documents never again were spread out to weary a metropolitan or rural audience. And after all the girl married a lawyer.

Few historians of the fire have done justice to the velocity of the wind. After midnight, at least, it was so violent that it was difficult to walk in its face. The tall spire of the Church of the Holy Name had just been blown down. It lay in the street as we passed, but no fire had yet kindled in the spire or the building. It was a perfect riot of wind and fire. At intervals the wind would seem to dip down from above and roll around us a hot volume of smoke, fire, and dust, such as often rolls out from the rear of an express train. For one instant only in that night did our group seem on the margin of death. When we had walked a few squares the fire seemed continuous upon three sides of us, and the open space in front seemed narrow. Suddenly a tidal wave of red flame rolled across that open place, and it rolled so long and hot that the thought came quickly: Perhaps this is death. No one of us spoke. We stood still. My own heart seemed to follow that habit hearts have of "coming up to the throat." The wind bounded up again and revealed once more an open street. We all walked rapidly or ran until we had gotten through that narrow gate.

To recall this part of the great event, the reader must remember that this was not a poor man's fire. It smote the rich and the middle class. After destroying six hundred great business houses, great churches, hotels, and theatres, it crossed the river and attacked the most fashionable homes in the North Division. The scene at four o'clock in the morning was most wonderful in this, that fine residences were open to anybody. The inmates had left them. Pictures, books, pianos, clothing, table-ware, ornaments, were alone, waiting for fire or some one to take them. It was not just to call by the name of thief the man or the woman who ran up a front step and looked around the parlor rapidly for something to transfer to basket or pocket. There were not thieves enough in the North Division to meet the demand of the night. If any there were, it was the most honest night any of them had ever lived. One citizen, having run back to his home, found a plain man coming out with his arms full of the gentleman's clothing. If the loaded man was a thief he must have been amazed at the greeting from the owner of the goods: "That is all right, my man, take anything you want, it is all yours."

The houses were full of varied articles, and the sidewalks and streets were rich in choice objects for which the owners had expected to find a wagon or a cart; great baskets full of dishes and plated ware, bookcases and books, trunks, costly pictures in rich frames, pianos, carpets, and rugs. And yet the crowd moved along among these things as it would move among stones or stumps. In many instances a costly piano, with its lid off, had caught sparks enough to be already on fire. Trunks were burning and letting silk dresses loose to cut high antics in the wind.

In the business blocks there was stealing of the meanest form. Where merchants were loading-up into trucks valuable packages of silks, laces, and velvets, there the professional criminals were active, and merchants were robbed before their own eyes, and in return for any word of remonstrance got a threat or an oath. But in the residence portion of the burning district there were not criminals enough to ransack the houses, or appropriate even the goods in the street. Many a domestic had a furnished house given her by the retreating mistress, and Bridget was queen for an hour.

The flames cut their first channel through to the lake in a few hours. This channel was then widened on both sides with more of deliberation on the part of the enemy. The houses

which escaped the first wave had only to wait for the second rush. Coming to La Salle Avenue we found the houses still inhabited, but the inmates were debating whether they would have to retreat at nine o'clock or ten or at noon.

It was about four in the morning when our little group dropped out of the motley procession and went into the luxurious home of a near friend. Quite a number of neighbors had assembled, and the consumption of coffee and biscuit and butter was very great. The heat of the night had brought to the hands and face perspiration enough to serve as a fluid for mixing soot and dust into a paste for the complexion. The nearest friends were recognized with difficulty. Ladies thought beautiful now held a teacup in hands that were black as those of a coal-heaver, and polite "thank yous" and "if you please" came from faces which looked as though dirt had been flung into them with a shovel. And yet the coffee and biscuits were delightful. All the houses of these residence-streets were thus open to passing people, and each dining-room was transformed into a restaurant.

It must have been ten o'clock Monday morning when the flames had come so near as to make it necessary for us to move on, and for the La Salle Avenue people to join the exodus. It was not necessary to run, or even to walk rapidly. It was necessary only to work toward the open fields outside the limits of the city. At no point was there a crowd or a panic, for the fire being in the centre of the city the victims could at many points pass into the long circumference. In our line of retreat there were not more than ten thousand persons; and these were spread out through many squares, reaching out toward the west. Each wagon, each wheelbarrow, each family on foot had plenty of room. My little family impressed an abandoned hand-cart into service, and with our living and inanimate plunder placed in this little two-wheeled affair we moved along in a manner more comfortable, even if not more elegant. A man driving a fine team and having a great truck-load of valuable goods, looked down upon us with not a little air of a better consciousness, but when we informed him that his load was all ablaze in the rear of the big mountain his vanity passed away, and he hastily unhitched his horses, and left all else to become a bonfire in the street. The dresses of many women and children took fire, but there were many eyes watching, and many hands ready, so that personal injuries were rare. Late in the afternoon our group reached an open field. It had been recently plowed. It contained nothing which could be burned. It offered us the one thing most needed — rest and security. Here we encamped and sat down with faces toward a mass of smoke and fire now four or five miles in breadth.

No memory returns in more of charm than the fact that few of these homeless ones were loud in any lamentings. Families which had in a single day been reduced to poverty were glad that no child or member was missing. Many a father or mother said, "We have lost all our property, but we are all here." That eventful time was evidence complete that no educated person compares the ashes of a dwelling-house with the silent face of a dead child or a dead father or mother. In those open fields, where so many of us were to pass the night, there was one sentence which made the distant column of smoke powerless, and which would make the midnight stars seem kind, the words: *We are all here.* Great as the love of money is, civilization has built up home ties which are tenfold stronger than the chains which bind humanity to gold; and the same civilization forbids us to compare this burning of a city with those convulsions of nature which have made the living bow in grief over those loved forms hurried by death away from each household.

And yet this fire of 1871 was, to many excellent men, a financial blow from which they never recovered. To many homes where the father had passed his fiftieth or sixtieth year, the loss came too late to be retrievable. The family accepted the complete ruin, and soon dropped out of public sight.

The city went forward, but many noble men could go forward no more. The time, the means, and the hope were gone.

In the night of Monday, on ground which had been dried by a sun that had been unrelenting in summer and autumn, on a field where no grass remained to attract a blaze, under a sky as balmy as June, we all lay or reclined and fell into a deep sleep. This sleep had been made the more possible by the news that the fire had been checked on the south and west, and had only one or two houses more to consume at the north. The great enemy was dying out at the edge of Lake Michigan. Peace came over us and we slept. At some time in the night a slight shower beat us all gently in the face. The children did not so much as wake, and the old hearts wakened only far enough to rejoice that water was coming from heaven.

When we awoke we were in a new world. The line of Byron was reversed, and we marvelled, not "that on a night so sweet such awful morn could rise," but that on a night of such ashes and poverty there could come a dawn so roseate with the world's charity. The tens of thousands of sleepers sunk away in weariness and grief, but when they awoke they saw around them a Nation full of kindness, and a great circle of states and empires all colored deeply by an undreamed of civilization.

AFTER SUNSET.

By Graham R. Tomson.

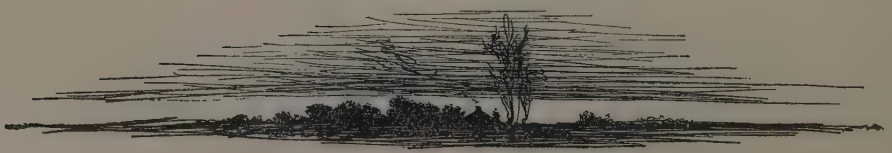
The black Downs tower to westward
A tomb for the buried sun,
The flats of the water-meadows
Are fading from green to dun.

Dark spreads the vast arena,
Swart on the yellow light,
And out of the gloom and the silence
A strange voice cries to the night.

Cries—and a strange voice answers,
Sudden, and hoarse, and slow,
Heavy with pain past telling,
The weight of a monstrous woe.

Still, as I wait and hearken,
I know not which they may be;
Voices of down and marshland,
Or the voice of my heart in me.

But I know that the cry they echo
Was old when the world was young,
The plaint of a nameless sorrow
Whose speech is an unknown tongue.



The Home of a Thousand People.

LIFE IN NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSES

AS SEEN BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

By William T. Elsing.

FOR nearly nine years I have spent much of my time in the homes of the working people, on the East Side, in the lower part of New York City. I have been with the people in their days of joy and hours of sorrow. I have been present at their marriage, baptismal, and funeral services. I have visited the sick and dying in cold, dark cellars in midwinter, and sat by the bedside of sufferers in midsummer in the low attic room, where the heat was so intense and the perspiration flowed so abundantly that it reminded me of a Turkish bath. I have been a frequent guest in the homes of the humble. I have become the confidant of many in days of trouble and anxiety.

I shall in this article tell simply what I have heard, seen, and know. I shall endeavor to avoid giving a one-sided statement. I have noticed that nearly all those who work among the poor of our great cities fall into the natural habit of drawing too dark a picture of the real state of things. The outside world has always been more inclined to listen to weird, startling, and thrilling statements than to the more ordinary and commonplace facts. If I were to crowd into the space of one magazine article all the remarkable things which

The Bright Side of Life in a Tenement-house.

I have heard and seen during the past nine years, I might give an absolutely truthful account and produce a sensation, and yet, after all, I should give a most misleading idea of the actual condition of the homes and the people with whom I have been so intimately associated. We must not crowd all the sad and gloomy experiences of a lifetime into a history which can be read in an hour.

What I have said applies especially to the homes of the people in the tenement-houses. An ordinary tenement-house contains five stories and a basement, four families usually occupying a floor. The halls in nearly all the houses are more or less dark, even during the brightest part of the day. In the winter, just before the gas is lighted, dungeon darkness reigns. When groping my way in the passages I usually

The Dark Side—under the Same Roof.

imitate the steam crafts in a thick fog and give a danger-signal when I hear someone else approaching; but even when all is silent I proceed with caution, for more than once I have stumbled against a baby who was quietly sitting in the dark hall or on the stairs. In the old-style halls there is no way of getting light and air, except from the skylight in the roof, or from the glass transoms in the doors of the apartments. In the newer houses a good supply of air comes directly from the air-shafts at the side of the hall. The new houses are not much better lighted than the old ones. The air-shafts are too narrow to convey much light to the lower floors. In the older houses the sink is frequently found in the hall, where the four tenants living on the same floor get their water. These sinks in the dark halls are a source of

great inconvenience. A person is liable to stumble against them, and they are frequently filthy and a menace to health. In the new tenements the sink is never placed in the hall. In addition to the owner and agent, in connection with every large tenement-house, there is a housekeeper. The housekeepers are usually strong and thrifty housewives who take care of the halls and stairs, light the gas, sweep the sidewalks, and show the rooms to new applicants, and frequently receive the rent until the agent or landlord calls for it. Sometimes the housekeeper deals directly with the landlord, who comes once or twice a month to look at his property and collect the rent. The housekeeper is frequently a widow, who gets free rent in exchange for her work, and by means of sewing or washing is able to provide food and clothing for her children. It pays the landlord to have one tenant rent free in order to have a clean house. If the house is small the housekeeper usually receives her rent at a reduced rate in exchange for her services. There is never any difficulty in getting a good housekeeper. The landlord or agent sees to it that the housekeeper does her duty and the housekeeper watches the tenants. If they soil the stairs and halls, she reminds them of the fact in no uncertain way. If a careless tenant gives unnecessary labor to the housekeeper that tenant will soon be compelled to seek other quarters. The result is that the stairs and halls in all the large tenement-houses are remarkably clean. I have visited a great number of them, and can confidently say that I have never seen the halls of a large tenement-house in as neglected and dirty a condition as the corridors of the New York Post-Office. But the moment you enter the rooms of the occupants you often step from cleanliness into filth. The influence of the housekeeper and the sight of the clean halls and stairs is to some the first lesson in cleanliness, and is not without its beneficial effects. There is a slow but constant improvement in this direction, and every year strangers from many lands are getting gradually acquainted with the use, value, and virtue of clean water.

Pig Alley.

The housekeeper is frequently wanting in the older and smaller houses, which were formerly occupied by one family, but now serve as homes for three or four. Every tenant is here expected to perform a portion of the housekeeper's duty without remuneration. These houses are sometimes extremely dirty, and the death-rate is higher than in the larger and better kept tenements.

Let us leave the hall and enter some of the homes in the larger houses. To many persons, living in a tenement-house is synonymous with living in the slums, yet nothing is further from the truth. It would be an easy matter for me to take a stranger into a dozen or more

A New Tenement of the Better Sort—One of Many Recently Erected by Private Enterprise.

homes so poor, dirty, and wretched that he would not forget the sight for days, and he would be thoroughly convinced that a home cannot exist in a tenement-house; but I could take that same person to an equal number of homes in the same section of the city, and sometimes in the same house, which would turn him into a joyful optimist, and forever satisfy him that the state of things is not by any means as bad as it might be. To the casual observer the tenement-houses in many portions of New York present a re-

markable degree of uniformity. The great brick buildings with their network of iron fire-escapes in front, their numerous clothes-lines running from every window in the rear, the well-worn stairs, the dark halls, the numerous odors, pleasant and otherwise, coming from a score of different kitchens presided over by housewives of various nationalities — these are all similar; but the moment you enter the rooms, however, you will find every variety of homes, many of them poor, neglected, wretched, and dirty; others clean, thrifty, and attractive; indeed, as great a variety as exists in the interior of homes in an ordinary town. There

A Grandfather Cutting Carpet-rags.

are homes where the floor is bare and dirty, the furniture broken and scanty, the table greasy, the bedlinen yellow, the air foul and heavy, the children pale, frowsy, and sticky, so that you squirm when the baby wants to kiss you; but there is also another and brighter side. There are at the same time thousands of cheerful, happy homes in the tenement-houses. The floor is frequently as clean and white as soap, water, and German muscle is able to make it. The tablecloth and bedlinen, although of coarse material, are snowy white. The stove has the brightness of a mirror, the cheap lace-curtains are the perfection of cleanliness, and the simple furniture shines with a recent polishing. There is nothing offensive about the well-washed faces of the children. A few favorite flowers are growing on the window-sill. The room contains a book-shelf with a few popular volumes. A bird-cage hangs from the ceiling; the little songster seems to feel that his music is appreciated in this tenement-kitchen, and pours forth more rich and tender notes than are ever heard in the silent chambers of the wealthy. In such homes the oft-recurring motto, "God Bless Our Home," is not an idle mockery.

Poverty and Death.

A large number of tenement-houses in the lower portion of New York are only a little below the common up-town flat. It is often difficult to tell where the flat leaves off and the tenement begins. You get about as little air and sunshine in the one as in the other. The main difference lies in the number of rooms and the location. If some down-town tenement-houses stood up-town they would be called flats. The word *tenement* is becoming unpopular down-town, and many landlords have dubbed their great caravansaries by the more aristocratic name of "flat," and the term "rooms" has been changed to "apartments."

There are three distinct classes of homes in the tenement-houses; the cheapest and humblest of these is the attic home, which usually consists of one or two rooms, and is found only down-town. These are generally occupied by old persons. Occasionally three or four attic rooms are connected and rented to a family, but as small single rooms are sought after by lonely old people, the landlord often rents them separately. An old lady who has to earn her bread with the needle finds the attic at once the cheapest and best place for her needs. The rent of one or two unfurnished attic rooms ranges from $3 to $5 per month.

A large number of very poor people live in three rooms—a kitchen and two dark bedrooms. Where the family is large the kitchen lounge is opened and converted into a double bed at night. The rent for three rooms is generally from $8 to $12 per month.

The vast majority of respectable working people live in four rooms—a kitchen, two dark bedrooms, and a parlor. These parlors are generally provided with a bed-lounge, and are used as sleeping-rooms at night. The best room is always carpeted and often provided with upholstered chairs. The walls are generally decorated with family photographs and inexpensive pictures, and in some of them I have found a piano. These parlors compare very favorably with the best room in the house of the average farmer. The rent for four rooms is from $12 to $16 per month.

The rent is an ever-present and unceasing source of anxiety to a great many poor people. The family is sometimes obliged to go half clothed and live on the cheapest and coarsest food in order to provide the rent money. The monthly rent is a veritable sword of Damocles. To a poor woman who dreads the coming of the landlord, the most enticing and attractive description of heaven which I have been able to give is a place where they pay no rent. The landlords are of necessity compelled to be peremptory and sometimes arbitrary in their demands. If a landlord were even a little too lenient his tenement property would certainly prove a losing investment. The apparently unreasonable harshness of many landlords is often justifiable, and the only means of securing them against loss. Generally where a good tenant is unable to pay the rent on account of sickness or lack of work the landlord is willing to extend the time a few weeks. I frequently find families who are two or three months in arrears. In the majority of cases where dispossess papers are served, the landlord does not know his tenant sufficiently well to trust him, or the tenant is unworthy of trust. Very few of those who are evicted are compelled to take to the street. In most cases sufficient money is collected from friends, neighbors, and charitable people to procure another place of shelter. Occasionally, however, all the worldly possessions of an unfortunate tenant are placed on the street. It is a pathetic sight to see a small heap of poor household stuff standing on the sidewalk guarded by the children, while the distressed mother is frantically rushing from one charitable organization to another in search of help.

A poor German woman came to me last year and informed me that her furniture was standing on the sidewalk, and she knew not what would become of her. She had with her a beautiful little girl. The child cried continually, but the mother's distress was too great for tears. She begged me in God's name to help her. I gave her but little encouragement, and dismissed her with a few kind words. She left without heaping abuse on me or cursing the church for its neglect of the poor. A little later I went to the place where she informed me her furniture was and found all her earthly goods on the sidewalk. I inquired of some of her former neighbors about her character, and on being convinced that she was a worthy woman, rented two small rooms in a rear tenement. I found some young street-corner loafers, told them about the woman, and asked them to lend a hand in getting the furniture moved. There is no man so bad that he will not do a good turn for another if you approach him properly. These young roughs went to work with a will, and when the poor woman returned from her last fruitless attempt to collect enough for a new home she found everything arranged. She was thankful and happy. I did not see her until two months later. Then she appeared in as great distress as before, and showed me a new dispossess paper. She informed me that she had failed to find work, everything had been against her, but she hoped to get on her feet if I would once more help her. I told her it was impossible for me to do anything more for her; so she thanked me for my former kindness and departed. That afternoon I heard of a lady in Orange, N. J., who wanted a house-servant and a little girl as waitress. I immediately thought of the German woman and promised if possible to send her out to Orange as soon as arrangements could be made. I was soon in the little rooms of the widow and her daughter and expected to be the bearer of joyful tidings. When I finished she looked sadly at the few scanty pieces of furniture and said:

"If I go to the country what shall I do with the stuff?"

"My good woman," I said, "the stuff is not worth fifty cents; give it to the boys to make a bonfire, and do what I tell you."

"But I have not money enough to leave the city."

I provided the fare, the boys had a glorious time around their fire, and that night, instead of sleeping in her comfortless room, the poor woman was on Orange Mountain. It would have been a losing investment for any land-

DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.

Evicted—on the Sidewalk.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

lord to have given an extension of time to that woman, and yet she was a thoroughly worthy person, as the sequel proved; her old misery and trouble were at an end. She found a good home and gave perfect satisfaction.

Many other experiences like this, and my constant association with the conditions of tenement-house life, have, of course, led me to certain conclusions as to the best remedies, which I shall reserve for specific mention in the latter part of this article.

A Hovel in the Italian Quarter.

The population of the tenement-houses in lower New York is continually changing. There is a constant graduation of the better element. As soon as the circumstances of the people improve they want better homes. A foreigner who took up his abode in a tenement-house fifteen or twenty years ago may be perfectly contented with his surroundings, but when his children grow up and earn good wages they are not satisfied with a tenement-house, and give the old people no peace until a new home is found. Sometimes a man who has led a bad life reforms and immediately seeks a better home for his wife and children. I know several men who were at one time low and degraded drunkards, who would have been satisfied with a pig-sty, who had torn the clothes from their children's backs, the blankets from their beds, and taken them to the pawn-shop to get money for drink; but through the good influences that were thrown around them, the wise counsel of friends, and the

saving power of the gospel they became changed men. Their circumstances began to improve, the children were provided with clothes, one piece of furniture after another was brought into the empty rooms, until the place began to look like a home again. These men were charmed with the new life. Home became so dear a place that they are willing to travel an hour each morning and evening in order to make it still more attractive. They began to see the disadvantages of life in a tenement and found a new home on Long Island or in New Jersey.

This constant sifting of the best elements makes religious and philanthropic work in lower New York exceedingly difficult and apparently unfruitful, but none the less encouraging and necessary. The fact that the people leave the tenements in search of better homes is the best proof that a good work is being accomplished. A few months ago we celebrated the tenth anniversary of the dedication of one of our city mission churches. There were six hundred present, and out of this number there were only twenty-four who were at the dedication ten years

The Monroe Model Tenement.

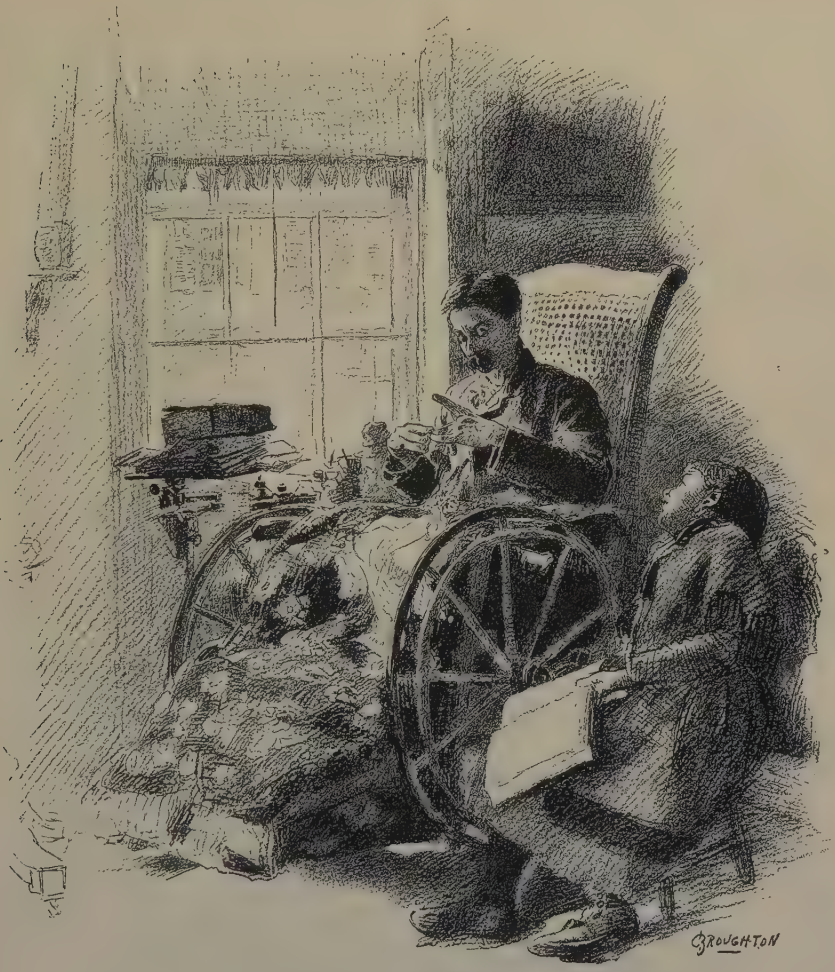
before. While the better class is being constantly sifted out of the tenements, a steady stream of new-comers flows in to take their places.

Successive waves of population follow each other in rapid succession. It is often impossible to tell what the character of the population will be in the next ten years. In 1830 the agents of the New York City Mission visited 34,542 families. Among this number there were only 264 who desired foreign tracts, showing that the population was then almost exclusively American or English-speaking. Now the English language is rarely heard in some of the lower parts of New York, except by the children. That section of the city between the Bowery and East River, Grand and Houston Streets, has been successively occupied by Americans, Irish, Germans, and is now fast coming into the possession of Russian and Polish Jews. The Jewish invasion has been remarkably rapid. Eight years ago I used to see occasionally a Jewish face on the streets or a Jewish sign over the stores. Now the streets swarm with them.

I recently made a careful canvass of a typical block and found 300 families composed of 1,424 individuals. The nationalities of the families were as follows: 244 German, 16 Irish, 11 American, 13 Hungarian, 6 Polish, 4 Russian, 2 Bohemian, 1 English, 1 Dutch, and 2 Chinese. Among the 244 German families there were 192 Jews, 38 Protestants, and 14 Roman Catholics. The German Jews are the most highly respected, and on this account many call themselves German who are in reality Russian or Polish Jews. These 300 heads of families are engaged in 72 different trades, occupations, and professions. There are 73 tailors, 17 cigarmakers, 17 storekeepers, 12 pedlars, 11 painters, 9 butchers, and 9 shoemakers in the block. The remaining 65 trades and professions are represented by 148 different persons. Thirty of the heads of families are Roman Catholics, 47 Protestants, and 221 Jews, and 2 have no religion. The Jews do not as a rule mingle to any great extent with the Christians. When they come in large numbers into a street, the Christians gradually withdraw, and the neighborhood finally becomes a Jewish quarter. There are streets in New York where it is a rare thing to find a Christian family.

During the transition period, when a locality is neither Christian nor Jewish, an interesting state of things prevails—a Jewish family, a Roman Catholic family, a pious Protestant family, and a heathen family, as far as religion is concerned, frequently live on the same floor. Suffering appeals to our common humanity. In trouble and sickness these neighbors render each other assistance and often become warm friends. I have seen a Jewish woman watching anxiously by the bedside of a dying Christian. A Roman Catholic or Jewish woman will often stand as godmother at the baptism of a Protestant child. A pretty, black-eyed Jewess occasionally captures the heart of a young Roman Catholic or Protestant, and they have come to me to perform the marriage service. Persons of various nations and religious beliefs are sometimes present at a tenement-house funeral. Bigotry and national prejudice are gradually broken down and the much-abused tenement becomes a means of promoting the brotherhood of man and the union of Christendom. You may hear daily from the lips of devout Roman Catholics and Jews such words as these: "We belong to a different religion, but we have the same God and hope to go to the same heaven." Such confessions are not often heard in small towns and country districts, but they are frequent in the tenement-houses.

The Jews, who in all ages have been noted for their exclusiveness, are affected by this contact with Christians in the tenement-house. In DeWitt Memorial Church, with which I am connected, an audience of three or four hundred Jews assembles every week to hear Christian instruction. From the standpoint of social science such a gathering every week for the past eighteen months is significant. The Jew in every land has preserved his identity. Persecution has isolated him; when he has been most hated he has flourished, when he has been despised



An Invalid Supporting His Family by Making Lace.

he has prospered. Like the symbolic burning bush, the fires of persecution have not destroyed him. It remains to be seen whether he will preserve his identity in this country, where, as a citizen, he enjoys equal rights, and where the doors of the public school and the Christian church stand open to Jew and Gentile alike.

Whatever may be the nationality of the parents the children are always thorough Americans. The blond-haired, blue-eyed German children; the black-haired, dark-eyed Italians; the little Jews, both dark and blonde, from many lands, are all equally proud of being Americans. A patriotic Irishman gave a beautiful edition of "Picturesque Ireland" to one of the boys in my Sunday-school. The lad looked disappointed. His father asked him why he was not pleased with the present. He answered: "I want a history of the United States." We have a circulating library, patronized almost exclusively by foreigners. The librarian informs me that four boys out of every five call for United States histories.

The most powerful influence at work among the tenement-house population is the public school. Every public school is a great moral lighthouse, and stands for obedience, cleanliness, morality, and patriotism, as well as mental training. When the little children be-

gin to attend the schools their hands and faces are inspected, and if they are not up to the standard, they are sent home for a washing. A boy who is especially dirty is sometimes sent down-stairs with the cleanest boy in school, and told to wash himself until he looks as well as his companion. Such lessons are not soon forgotten, and the result is the public-school children in lower New York present a very respectable appearance. The fresh-air excursions, with many other benefits, promote cleanliness. The heads of the children must be examined before they can enjoy a trip into the country. There is no more beautiful and beneficent charity than this fresh-air work.* In two or three weeks the pale-faced children return to the crowded city with renewed health and with larger and better views of life. I know boys who became so enraptured with green fields, running brooks, waving grain, and life on the farm that they have fully resolved to leave the city when they become men. One little fellow was so anxious to become a farmer that he ran away because his parents would not permit him to leave home.

The fresh-air work usually closes in October, but the young ladies connected with the "College Settlement" have added a new feature, which will commend itself to everyone who is acquainted with the condition of life around us. Every Saturday afternoon during the winter two of the ladies take

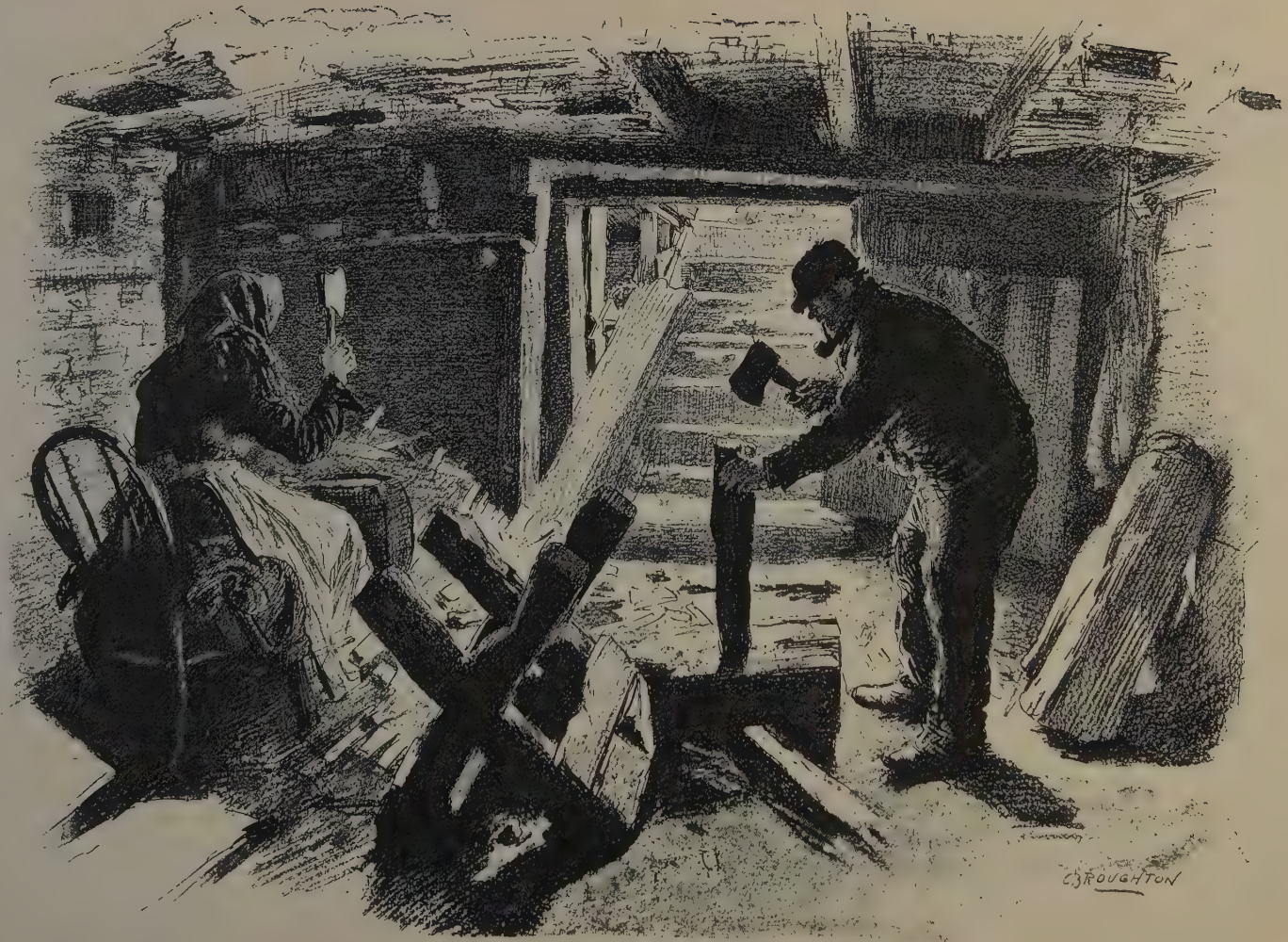
The Poor Helping the Poor—Distributing Thanksgiving Dinners.

* See The Story of the Fresh-air Fund in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1891.

a small party of children to their summer home. Saturday evening is spent in playing various games, or enjoying a candy-pull, and having a general good time. On Sunday the children attend the country church, and Sunday evening, seated before a blazing open fire, a good book is read, or the ladies in charge give some practical talk to the children. On Monday the little party returns to the city and the house is locked until the following Saturday. Such a visit to the country will be indelibly impressed upon these children. You cannot do people very much good at long range. Hand-picked fruit is the best.

A Missionary Workshop—De Witt Memorial Church (non-sectarian).

Last summer I took a party of boys from my mission church to Northfield, Mass., and attended Mr. Moody's students' conference. We pitched our tents in the forest, cooked our own food, and sang college songs around our campfire at night. In ten days I became thoroughly acquainted with the boys, and was able to help them in many ways. I believe if every minister, priest, rabbi, and Sunday-school superintend-



DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.

Both over Seventy.—"Wood for Sale."

ent would select eight or ten young men and spend two weeks with them under canvas by the side of a mountain-lake or trout-stream, more good might be done in permanently influencing their lives than by many weeks of eloquent preaching.

To keep the boys off the streets, and to train them to habits of cleanliness, obedience, and manliness, military companies have been formed in several of our down-town Sunday-schools. It is astonishing how well a number of wild boys will go through military tactics after a few months' drilling. The hope of our great cities lies in the children of the poor. If we can influence them to become upright, honorable men and women, we shall not only save them, but produce the most powerful lever for lifting up those of the same class who are sinking. I know scores of children and young people who are far better than their parents. Some of the noblest young men I have ever known have worthless, drunken parents. Some of the most beautiful flowers grow in mud-ponds, and some of the truest and best young women in our city come from homes devoid of good influences; but in all such cases uplifting outside help has moulded their characters.

While the people in tenement-houses are compelled to sleep in rooms where the sunlight never enters, and suffer many discomforts from overcrowding, especially in summer, there are certain compensations which must not be overlooked. The poor in large cities who have steady work are, as a rule, better fed and clothed than the same class in rural districts. Fresh vegetables, raised in hot-houses, or sent from Southern markets, are sold throughout the winter at reasonable prices, and in the early spring strawberries and various other fruits are for sale on the streets in the tenement district long before they reach the country towns and villages. In the poorest quarter of the city you find the so-called "delicatessen" shops, where the choicest groceries, preserves, and canned meats are sold. The clothing, too, worn by the young people is stylish and sometimes expensive; anyone who walks through these districts will be astonished at the number of well-dressed young people. A young woman who earns from $6 to $8 a week will often be dressed in silk or satin, made according to the fashion. The teeth, finger-nails, and shoes are often the only signs of her poverty. When visiting a stylish young woman's plain mother, I have sometimes seen all the finery in which the daughter appeared at church on Sunday hanging on the wall of a bare, comfortless bedroom not much larger than a good-sized closet.

The tenement-house people are not all thriftless, as the records of the down-town savings-banks clearly prove. Seven hundred out of every thousand depositors in one of the banks on the Bowery live in tenement-houses, and if it were not for tenement-house depositors several of our down-town savings-banks would be compelled to give up business. An abundance of cruel and bitter poverty, however, can always be found. The "submerged tenth" is ever present.

A widow, for instance, with three or four young children who is obliged to earn her bread by sewing, is in a most pitiable and terrible position. Hundreds of such weary mothers continue their work far into the night, with smarting eyes, aching backs, and breaking hearts. There is nothing which makes a man who has any feeling for the suffering of his fellows so dissatisfied with our present social system as the sight of such a poor woman sewing shirts and overalls for twenty-nine cents a dozen. There are good people in all our large cities who live just above the starving point. The average earnings of the unskilled laborers with whom I am acquainted is not over $10 per week. When a man is obliged to spend one-fourth of this for rent, and feed and clothe his family on the remainder, it is impossible to lay by anything for a rainy day. When the father is out of work for a considerable time, or when sickness or death enter the home, distress, hunger, and an urgent landlord stare him in the face.

It is easy for those who have never felt it to overlook the constant strain

of poverty and the irritation which it causes in families which in circumstances of ordinary comfort would be contented. In such cases particularly can great good be accomplished by a visit from some clear-sighted and sympathetic person.

Recently I was invited to act as referee between a husband and wife. There were three little children and a grandmother in the family. The man worked in a cigar-box factory; business was slack and he was employed only half time. His average weekly earnings were $5. They had a debt of $11 at a grocery-store and another of $35 at an undertaker's shop. I know the family; both husband and wife are honest, sober, and industrious people. The wife wanted to break up housekeeping; the husband was opposed to this plan, and they had agreed to abide by my decision. I examined each one separately. I began with the husband and said:

"When a physician prescribes a remedy he must first know the disease. I want you, therefore, to tell me plainly why your wife wants to break up the home. There may be good reasons why her plan should be adopted. If you two cannot possibly agree, and are fighting like cats and dogs, then I may be in favor of breaking up. Tell me just how the matter stands."

He informed me that he and his wife had always lived in perfect peace. They never had any trouble except poverty. The wife had become completely discouraged, and the only way she saw out of the difficulty was to put the children into an orphan asylum and go out as a house-servant until she could earn enough to clear off the debt, after which she hoped to get her home together again. The wife and grandmother gave me the same account. The perpetual strain of poverty was the only reason for breaking up the home. For the sake of the three little children I decided that the home must not be broken up and promised to see that the debt at the grocery-store was wiped out and the family clothing was taken out of the pawn-shop. The grandmother was so pleased with the decision that she determined to become a servant and begged me to find a place for her.

In our large cities there is too much isolation between the rich and the poor. The charitable societies are often the only link between them. If the mother of every well-to-do home in our large cities would regularly visit, once a month, a needy family, a vast amount of good would be accomplished among the worthy poor, and distress would be unknown. Human nature is too selfish for such a happy state of things ever to be realized, but it is possible to bring the givers and receivers of charity closer together than they are. If some of the wealthier ladies who now give a few dollars each year to the charitable societies would seek through these societies to come into direct personal contact with the recipients of their charity, they would experience a deeper happiness and fully realize the blessedness of giving. Business men are too much occupied to make a monthly visit to the tenement-houses, but if their wives and daughters would undertake this work a new day would dawn for many a poor, heartbroken mother who is now hopeless and longing for death to end her misery. We are frequently asked, "Is it safe for a lady to visit these great tenement-houses?" We answer unhesitatingly, perfectly safe. The young ladies connected with the City Mission go unmolested into the darkest portions of New York. The first visit to a tenement-house might be made in the company of a city missionary, after which the most timid could go alone.

Nothing is easier than to make paupers out of the poor. Great discretion must be exercised, but the Charity Organization Society, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the City Mission, the Children's Aid Society, and other equally worthy institutions are ever ready to give direction to individuals who desire to do personal work. A few persons have through the City Mission come into personal contact with the poor, and the results are most gratifying.

While in a small town the distress of the poor is easily made known through friends and neighbors or the clergyman, in our large cities the most deserving are often overlooked and suffer most intensely; and it is these

cases which are reached by personal visitation. The worthy poor are generally the silent poor. Their sufferings must be extreme before they make their wants known. There are many poor, upright, God-fearing old people who struggle against fearful odds to keep body and soul together, and yet they drift daily toward the almshouse on Blackwell's Island, the last and most dreaded halting place on the way to Potter's Field. I have nothing to say against the administration of the almshouse or the treatment of its inmates, but I do not wonder that old men and women who have led a good moral life would rather die than be stranded on the island and take up their abode among the broken wrecks of humanity which fill that institution.

It is very unwise to give aid without a thorough investigation. Not long ago a Polish Jew asked me the way to a certain street. I directed him, and he said: "Dear sir, I am in great distress; my furniture is standing on the sidewalk in Essex Street, and my children are watching the stuff, while I am trying to collect a little money to get another place." He drew from his pocket a few coppers, and asked me to add my gift. I said: "I do not know you, and I am acquainted with a great many poor people whom I would like to help, but I have not the means; how, then, can you expect any help from me?" Two streams burst from his eyes. The big tears rained down his beard and coat. "It is hard," he said, and bowed his head, buried his face in a red handkerchief, wiped off the tears, and passed on. I crossed the street. The tears of that sad man touched me. I turned, ran after him, and said: "Where is the stuff?" "In Essex Street." "What have you?" "A table, bureau, bed, and looking-glass," he replied. "Have you nothing small that I can take with me and loan you money on?" He pointed to his well-worn greasy coat, and said: "I have this." "Show me the stuff," I said. We walked together, and I endeavored to carry on a conversation with the stranger in German, for he was ignorant of English, but suddenly he seemed to have lost all knowledge of the German tongue in which he had before addressed me, and was perfectly dumb. When we reached Ridge Street he finally spoke, and asked me to wait for him a moment while he went to see a friend. I said: "Look here, I want you to take me to the stuff immediately." He looked amazed and said: "What have I to do with you?" "A good deal," I replied; "you either take me to the stuff or I take you to the police station." "Do you think I am a liar?" I said: "You must take me to the stuff or you are a liar." "Come," he said, "I will take you to the stuff." It was wonderful to see how that old man, who had moved so slowly before, walked through the crowded streets. I had all I could do to keep up with him. We soon reached Essex Street. It was Friday afternoon and Essex Street was in all its glory—old clothes, decayed meat, pungent fish, and stale fruit abounded. The Ghetto in Rome and the Jewish quarters in London and Amsterdam are nothing compared with Essex Street. At one place it was almost impossible to get through the crowd, and I left the sidewalk and took the street. In a moment my new acquaintance disappeared, and I have not seen him since. I have no doubt this man and many others like him are making a good deal of money by playing on the sympathies of poor people.

I have made it a rule never to give a homeless man money, but when his breath does not smell of whiskey I give him my card containing the name and address of a lodging-house. The card must be used the same day it is given. As some of those who ask for a lodging never use the cards, my bill is always less than the number of cards given out. One night a man told me he was tired of his bad life and he wanted to become a better man. I spoke a few encouraging words to him and was about to dismiss him, when he told me he was sick and needed just five cents to get a dose of salts. I took him at his word and immediately sent for the drug and made him take it on the spot. It is needless to say that he never troubled me again.

There remain many cases where charity is of no avail. Where poverty

is caused by crime, no relief can come except by breaking up the home. Not long since I was called to take charge of the funeral of a little child. I groped my way up the creaking, filthy stairs of a small, old-fashioned rear tenement. I knocked, but heard no response; I pushed the door open, but found no one in the room, yet this was the place—"Rear, top floor, left door." I made no mistake. I entered the room and found a dead baby wrapped in an old towel lying on a table. I learned from the neighbors that the father and mother had been out collecting money to bury the child and had both become beastly drunk. I returned to the dead child, read the burial service, and thanked God that the little one was out of its misery. A little later a man came and took the body to Potter's Field. The parents had buried (it would be more accurate to say starved to death) six children before they were two years old. Very little can be done for such people. Cumulative sentences ought to be imposed upon them each time they are arrested for drunkenness, so that prison-bars may prevent them from bringing the little sufferers into the world.

A great deal is done by the various charitable societies for the relief of distress, but as far as my observation goes the most effective charitable work is done by the poor themselves. Thousands of dollars are given away in the tenement districts every year by the inhabitants of the tenements, of which no charitable society makes a record. I have never related a peculiarly distressing case of poverty to a poor person but there was a ready response, and out of their own poverty the poor have ministered to those who were in need of relief. The children of our City Mission school, who come from the tenement-houses, contributed last Thanksgiving-Day $80 for the poor in our immediate neighborhood. A club of fifty small boys and girls saved their pennies and bought thirty-five Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, consisting of chickens, potatoes, beans, turnips, and cabbages. The original plan was to have a head of cabbage go with each chicken, but the money gave out; this did not in any way disconcert the children, for they quickly solved the difficulty by cutting a cabbage into four parts, and putting a quarter into each bag. The children worked from 7.30 to 11 P.M. distributing the provisions. The members of this club visit the hospitals, sing to the patients, and furnish them with reading matter. During the past ten months they have distributed 27,901 booklets and illustrated papers. Last summer the children noticed that the flies troubled the sick people and there were no fans in some of the hospitals. They saved their pennies, which in most cases would have gone to the candy-store, and bought a lot of palm-leaf fans at a wholesale house. They bound the fans with variously colored ribbons and decorated them with scripture texts appropriate to the sick, and on Sunday afternoon presented them to the delighted patients. The poor give that which costs them something, and their joy is correspondingly greater. That the most spontaneous and beautiful charity flourishes in the tenement-houses will undoubtedly be a surprise to many, but it is a fact well known to all who have any large acquaintance with the poor in our great cities.

It is equally true that there is more virtue in tenement localities than is commonly supposed. Darkness and sin have much in common. The dark halls and crowded homes are not favorable to virtue, but nevertheless virtue is the rule and vice the exception. The people who live in tenement-houses are not fastidious about rules of etiquette and propriety. Young women sometimes allow young men to address them and caress them in a manner which would offend well-bred people, and yet these girls would indignantly resent any liberties which they consider dishonoring. Young people occasionally desire to be married secretly, and timidly ask if it is not possible for me to date back the wedding certificate three or four months; such cases, however, are not common. There are many hasty marriages where the consent of the parents has not been obtained; these sometimes end in a speedy separation. Young

girls occasionally come to me accompanied by young men half drunk and ask me to perform the marriage ceremony. There are self-styled clergymen who put up conspicuous signs advertising the fact that they make a business of uniting young people in marriage. These hungry sharks are ever ready to give their services for one or two dollars, thus plunging thoughtless young people into misery. I have succeeded in breaking up matches which I knew would have brought certain ruin to the parties concerned. I always refuse to marry a young couple when I am not permitted to consult the parents before performing the ceremony. If a law were passed making it obligatory on young people to get a license from the civil courts before a clergyman could perform the marriage, some unfortunate marriages would be prevented. A few hours of sober reflection would bring both parties to their senses.

The young people in our cities are extravagant. Very few of them save anything. Many of them put all they earn on their backs, and sometimes have not enough to pay the wedding fee, and all the furniture for the new home has been bought on the instalment plan. When the young husband is sober and industrious the married life generally moves on smoothly. It frequently happens, however, that from the day of her marriage a girl begins to fade like a flower. In three or four years a bright young girl will degenerate into a careworn, ill-tempered, slovenly middle-aged woman, surrounded by two or three pale, ragged, ungoverned children. She spent her girlhood in a store or shop, and was never initiated into the art of housekeeping. Her husband finds the saloon a far more comfortable place than his home. When industrial training shall have been introduced into every public school and the girls get a thorough training in housekeeping we may look for improvement in the home life of the poor in our cities. The cooking classes in connection with the girls' clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association, and those opened in some of the City Mission churches are doing excellent service in training young women to assume the responsibilities of home-makers.

The influence of the church on the tenement population is not as great as it probably will be in the near future. The strongest churches have followed their constituents and moved up-town; those which remained have languished, and in some cases have been compelled to close for want of active support. A new era has dawned. All religious denominations are interested in the churchless masses. New churches and chapels are being erected down-town, and there is a strong feeling in every quarter that the old stations must be maintained. The wisest men fully recognize the fact that if the churches among the tenement population are to do efficient work they must be well manned, richly endowed, and run at high pressure all through the year. Wherever church work has been pursued on these lines the results have been most gratifying. The workingmen, although not hostile, are generally extremely indifferent to religion. They are concerned about food, clothing, and a place of shelter for the present, and trouble themselves but little about the future. The fact that the church is beginning to take an active interest in the temporal welfare of the working people is already producing beneficial results.

The daily press exerts as great an influence over the parents as the public school does over the children. The workingmen in the tenement-houses constantly read the newspapers, and they read almost nothing else. What we need is not more learned lectureship foundations on the evidences of Christianity, but endowments to secure a large number of short, concise, popular prize essays on moral and religious subjects, especially adapted in language and style to the working people. If these prize essays were published in the Sunday papers they would be read by tens of thousands of workingmen, and be a most powerful means of doing good.

There are a great many things which might be done to improve the condi-

tions of the poor, but most of the schemes proposed are altogether impracticable. If we could make the poor sober and industrious, and the rich unselfish and generous, poverty would soon disappear; unfortunately we can do neither. We must take the world as we find it, and employ the best means to reach the desired end. I have seen a great deal of wretchedness and poverty in lower New York, and for some of these evils I can offer no remedy; but if the following suggestions could be carried out I believe something would be done toward improving "darkest New York:"

First.—There is nothing the inhabitants of the tenement-houses need so much as more room, sunshine, and fresh air. At present the sun never shines in the bedrooms of three-quarters of the people of New York City. In some parts of our city the population is nearly twice as dense as in the most crowded part of London. Nowhere on the wide earth are human beings so crowded as in the tenement districts. The suffering in July and August is often intense. The bedrooms become unbearable, and the roofs, fire-escapes, and empty wagons are used as sleeping places. Thousands of little children do not see green grass during the entire summer; they are virtually prisoners in their own homes. The only true remedy can come in a complete system of cheap rapid transit. If the happy day ever comes when a poor man can be carried to the green fields of Long Island, New Jersey, or Westchester County for five cents, then a wonderful change will take place. It is commonly supposed that the poor enjoy herding together like dumb brutes on a cattle train, but nothing is further from the truth. The only reason why so many people put up with the numerous inconveniences of a tenement-house is simply that stern necessity compels them to live in this way. At the present time, with all the inconveniencies of travel, many persons are leaving tenement-houses and seeking better homes in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and upper New York. If the North and East Rivers were spanned with railroad bridges, so that in twenty minutes a workingman might be ten miles distant from the factory or store, there would be a great exodus from the tenement-houses, and many places now used as homes would be turned into shops and warehouses.

Second.—A great blessing would be conferred on the crowded multitudes of the East Side if the long-promised and eagerly-desired small parks were opened. There are stone, coal, and lumber yards on the river-front on the East Side which would make attractive breathing spots for the children of the poor. If the Park Commissioners would bestir themselves, and with all possible haste provide the children of the poor with small parks and play-grounds they would confer an inestimable blessing upon the city.

Third.—Great improvements have been made in the construction and sanitary arrangements of tenement-houses, but still more must be done in the same direction. There are scores of horrible, pestilential rat-holes which are utterly unfit for human habitation. All such places ought to be condemned, and the Board of Health must be backed up by public sentiment in its endeavor to root out these plague-spots. Our city lots are not of the proper size to erect the large rectangular European tenements with a court in the centre, from which light and air can be conveyed into every room. A few such model tenements, however, have been built by associations of philanthropists and private individuals. More of these model tenements are needed. They will bring down the exorbitantly high rents which are now exacted from the poorest people. The model tenement will confer a great boon upon large families. It is often exceedingly difficult for a man who has seven or eight children to get rooms in the better class houses. The first question asked is, "How many children have you?" I know families who have been compelled to pay a high rent for poor accommodations on account of the large number of children. A poor woman searched all day for rooms; wherever she saw a place that suited her the old question, "How many children have you?" was asked, and she was obliged to look else-

where. One morning she sent all her children to Greenwood Cemetery, put on a black dress, and began the search of rooms. When she had found a suitable place the landlord asked, "How many children have you?" "Six," answered the woman, sadly; "but they are all in Greenwood." The landlord was satisfied that the children would do his place no harm. The woman paid a month's rent and took possession. There was a scene at night, but during the month the woman proved to be such a good tenant that she was allowed to remain permanently.

Fourth.—The saloon is the poor man's club, and flourishes most vigorously in the poorest sections of the city. Instead of denouncing the saloon on account of the numerous evils it afflicts on the poor, something better must be supplied to take its place. "Home is the sacred refuge of our life," but notwithstanding all that poets have sung and moralists have spoken, many workingmen are perfectly convinced that two dark bedrooms and a kitchen is not an attractive place in which to spend a pleasant evening with a friend. The saloon is the only substitute. When Orpheus passed by the cave of the siren he took his lyre and made such wondrous melody that sailors, enraptured by the music, spurned the seductive strains that were wafted from the dangerous cave. The fable has its application—give the workingmen something they will like as well as the saloon and you will strike at the root of the evil. There are excellent places, like Cooper Union and the Young Men's Institute; but these institutions cannot expect to draw those who live one or two miles away in another part of the city. If the workingmen were fully alive to the advantages afforded them they would undoubtedly be willing to walk a long distance, but the majority of them have no ambition to improve themselves. They spend their evenings in the saloons because they are always within easy reach and form agreeable meeting-places. It is absurd to denounce the saloon in unqualified terms. The multitudes who patronize them are not all absolute fools. Many simply seek to satisfy the craving after fellowship which the Creator has implanted in their natures. The saloons are well-lighted, conveniently-located social clubs, provided in some cases with a pleasant reading-room, and always with obliging proprietors. Wise men are beginning to see that a substitute must be supplied to take the place of the saloon which shall retain all its good features and simply discard its evil elements. The churches of various denominations are taking a deep interest in providing attractive, well-lighted reading and club-rooms for the workingmen in our large cities. A great and beneficent work might be done by the Board of Educaton if free reading-rooms and libraries were opened in connection with every public school in the crowded portions of the city.

Fifth.—Good old John Wesley said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" but bathing in tenement-houses is exceedingly difficult and sometimes impossible. On pleasant days, when vast numbers of young men prefer the street-corner to the saloon, I have often stopped among a group of young fellows and said: "Boys, suppose a first-class swimming-bath were opened somewhere in this neighborhood, where you could for five or ten cents dive from a spring-board and plunge into a tank 50 feet wide and 100 feet long, full of warm, clean water, would you patronize such a place?" and the spontaneous and united answer always is: "You bet your life we would." I am fully convinced that if a first-class natatorium, with reading-rooms, library, and restaurant attached, was opened in some crowded district, the result would surpass all expectation. The baths have been remarkably successful in London. In one of these institutions over two hundred thousand baths were taken in a single year, and the receipts were more than $3,000 over the expenditures. Every humanitarian effort which is successful across the ocean does not succeed here, but from the sights which I witness every summer, when hundreds of young men plunge from the docks, lumber-yards, and shipping, at the risk of being arrested and having their clothes stolen, I am convinced that a swimming-bath would at once become

immensely popular. The old Romans were wise in this respect. One of their great baths in our modern cities would be an effective means of aiding all forms of good work.

At the Christian conference held in Chickering Hall, in 1888, I endeavored to impress upon the audience the need of public baths. The good work begun at that time by the City Mission has been completed by the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The first bath was opened last August, and the results are most satisfactory. Sixteen thousand baths have been taken in one hundred and fifteen days. One day in the latter part of August there were six hundred and sixty-nine bathers.

Sixth.—There is a great need of a universal loan association. The poor, as well as the rich, are frequently compelled to borrow money. Unfortunately the poor cannot get it at five or six per cent. There is no bank in the city which will loan a poor man money and take his old clothes, his wife's wedding-ring, or some little household treasure as security. Yet the poor man is forced to borrow. He has been out of work a few weeks. The landlord will come to-morrow. The children are hungry and call loudly for bread. In the dark bedroom lies a child with a burning fever. A physician has been to see the child. He is a kind-hearted man, he knows the hardships of the poor and does not expect his fee to-day; but of course the father cannot be expected to pay for the prescription he has just written. How shall the man get bread for those hungry children and medicine for this one who is sick? They have one last resort left—the household idols must be sacrificed. All the valuables are brought together. These little rings and lockets, and the silver cup which a proud uncle presented to the first baby boy; the father's overcoat and Sunday suit, with the mother's best dress, are all needed to make up the $10 for the landlord, and to get food and medicine for the children. The pawnbroker is ready to devour everything which has any value. The pawn-tickets are carefully put away, and the parents confidently hope that they will soon be able to redeem the things they have "put away." They redeem them at three per cent. a month, or else they finally lose them, not having received more than one-fifth of the actual value of the articles. I sent a boy to an East Side pawn-shop with a gold watch, the original cost of which was $150; its actual present value was certainly not less than $40. The boy received $5, and this was as much as he could get. I redeemed the watch the next day, much to the disgust of the pawnbroker. It would prove a great blessing to many people in distress if the Charity Organization Society, or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, would open a general loan association. Two or three rooms in the United Charities Building, now in course of erection on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, would be well suited for this purpose. I fear, however, that no charitable society will undertake this work, from the mistaken idea many people have that such an institution would foster thriftless habits among the poor. Such persons forget that it is not a question of pawn-shops or no pawn-shops, but whether we shall have one large, reputable loan association, where the poor man's clothing and jewelry shall be as good as the rich man's real estate at a banking-house, or a vast number of little pawn-shops — those whirlpools in which the valuables of many poor families are swallowed. Thieves who want to get rid of stolen property, and thriftless drunkards who go to the pawnbroker to dispose permanently of their property at the highest prices, will continue to visit the pawn-shop; but persons who need a temporary loan to help them through a period of enforced idleness or sickness would be greatly benefited by a wisely managed loan association.

Seventh.—There is great need of trained nurses for the sick. Hundreds of mothers who are obliged to care for their homes during the day, are sitting at night by the bedside of sick children. If the sickness is of a temporary nature these periods of broken rest and double duty are passed without disaster. It frequently happens, however, that two

or three children are sick at the same time. The mother is compelled to work night and day until nature gives way and she breaks down under the strain. Sickness brings increased expenses, therefore it is impossible for the husband to stay at home to take care of his family. If he does not work there will be no money next week for food, rent, and medicine. When the physician tells him that the end is near for wife or child, then he gives up his work. I have visited homes where I found the mother and all the children sick, and if it had not been for the occasional visit of a neighbor there would have been no one to give a cup of water to the sick or dying. Into such homes the trained nurse comes like a ministering angel. She lights a fire in the cold stove, bathes the sick, provides clean bedding, dresses the little children, puts in order the rooms, and when the place looks like home again, she takes from her basket some beef-tea, a little jelly, or some other tempting morsel for the sick. The mother, who has been lying hopeless in the dark bedroom, begins to revive, and watches with deep interest the ministering stranger, and with wet eyes says: "God bless you and reward you for what you have done this day." The nurse not only aids the sick, but is able by her counsel to help the mother when she has recovered. The friendly talks on housekeeping and the care of the children are often of the greatest value. The nurse also forms the connecting link between the hospitals and the invalids hidden away in the tenement-houses, many of whom would have been left to rot and finally to die on their filthy beds if the nurses had not found them and sent them to the hospital. The nurse does not stop to ask what the nationality or creed of the sufferers is. The only recommendation required to receive her services is sickness and distress. The nurses of the City Mission are doing a noble work, but their number is too small and they must be constantly restrained lest they break down from overwork. Here is a work which can be done at once. Anyone who desires to relieve the suffering poor in the most direct and effective way can do it through a trained nurse. It would be a source of the purest happiness to many a man and woman, when they go to rest in their beautiful and luxurious homes, to know that $600, the saving, perhaps, of some needless luxury, is keeping a faithful nurse at work the entire year, moistening the fevered lips of the sick, or soothing the last hours of the dying. The Great Teacher of men consigned Dives to hell, not because of erroneous theological opinions, but because he neglected the beggar, who lay at his gate full of sores. Dives is among us to-day. He is clothed in the finest robes and fares sumptuously every day. Lazarus is also here. He lies in the cheerless bedroom of a tenement-house, hungry, sick, and full of sores. The two have been brought together for a purpose. The only salvation for our modern Dives lies in Lazarus.

Eighth.—There is need of greater cooperation among all good men. When we see anyone endeavoring to cast out social demons among us, let us not forbid him because he does not accept our creed or follow our party. Prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry have too long stood in the way of social reform. Wise men must recognize that whatever is good is of God. It makes no difference from what source it comes. When all good men shall work together on the broadest lines of social reform, great and beneficent changes will be brought about, and New York will continue to be a great, happy, and prosperous city.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

By Robert Grant.

IX.

AID my wife to me one morning, just after the arrival of the postman, "Julia is going to pay us a nice, long visit."

"I'm very glad to hear it," I answered, cheerily.

Julia is my wife's only sister, who lives in the suburbs and has been in the habit of staying with us for a month or so during the winter, ever since we have been man and wife. She is an attractive girl, but is less comely than Josephine and not so sagacious. In fact she has always seemed to me rather flighty. Still, as girls go, she is decidedly prepossessing, and I am very fond of her, notwithstanding the fact that Josephine invariably collapses after she has gone, as the result of her stay.

"Julia will be nineteen the twenty-sixth of December," continued my wife, reflectively.

"I remember, dear, that she has labored all her life under the misfortune of a birthday so near Christmas that people made one present do double duty. I have always thought it was very hard on Julia."

"Well, considering the hardship of her case," said my wife, boldly, taking advantage of my sportive mood, "what do you think of giving her a party?"

"A party?" I faltered.

"Yes. Julia comes out this winter, you know. Mamma is too delicate to take on her own shoulders the entire brunt of the wear and tear involved, and I should like to do what I can to help. Besides, we have been married now ten years, and have accepted so many invitations without returning them that I am almost ashamed to look people in the face. It was all very well not to entertain until we had an excuse, but we shall never have another excuse so good as this until Josie comes out."

I will frankly confess that I have failed to experience the compunctions as to looking my acquaintance in the face referred to by Josephine. It has never occurred to me to quail in the presence of the long line of social benefactors who have proffered us hospitality during the last decade in the form of dinners, cotillons, and evening receptions. People entertain because they or their wives feel an inclination so to do, and considering that I have very often dragged myself to their festivities despite every inclination to remain at home, I feel that I am entitled to cry "quits" on the score of obligation. Moreover, Josephine's strictures were by no means just, as I hastened to point out to her. Surely she had not forgotten the huge kettledrum and two smaller teas, by means of which she had killed off her entire visiting list? Had not her sewing-circle eaten us out of house and home biennially since we had plighted our troth at the altar? Then,

too, in point of dinner company I was ready to challenge comparison with almost any one of my contemporaries. How often had I aroused her ire by bringing home a friend to share pot-luck without even telephoning to her that he was coming, so that she could send to the butcher's shop around the corner, which we patronize only in case of exigency, for an extra brace of chops or a head of lettuce! At least she would bear witness to the dinner-party we gave in the second year of our married life to my old chum Gorham Delany on his wedding-trip, when I maintained that champagne was far more indispensable than an extra girl to wait and she exactly the opposite?

"And we ended by having both," broke in Josephine, with a tragic air. "Oh, I know, Fred," she continued, "that in one sense of the word we have done our part, and I would not for an instant suggest giving anything big if it were not for dear Julia. It will be such a help to the child to be properly introduced to people. And though the house is small and not particularly convenient for entertaining, it can be made to look well enough now that the drawing-room ceiling has been retinted."

Craftiness, thy name is woman! It was obvious to me now why Josephine had seemed so eager to have that ceiling done over before we moved from the sea-side.

As it happened, however, I was feeling tolerably flush, by reason of a windfall which had left me with an extra thousand dollar bill. Somebody had told me to buy cotton. I had done so, and sold it a month later at a handsome profit, and I had been trying to make up my mind for a fortnight whether to spend the proceeds of the venture in a diamond crescent for Josephine or a fur overcoat for myself. Somehow I felt that it was money to be squandered rather than saved. Consequently I now remarked, with a sigh of resignation:

"Very well, dear; give a party if you see fit."

Josephine looked successively bewildered, radiant, and finally anxious.

"You know, Fred, that a party means more than two or three moulds of ice-cream with mixed cakes."

Evidently she had expected a much more serious tussle, and wished to make sure that I realized what I was in for.

"Have a dozen moulds, then, if necessary."

"You cannot give a party nowadays for nothing," she added, with conscientious insistence.

"Everything costs more than it is worth nowadays," I answered oracularly. "Give your party, Josephine, and I will pay the bills. Only," I added by way of a prospective brake on extravagance, "remember that we are not millionaires."

"You are a dear, kind, good, generous duck," she exclaimed, effusively, throwing her arms around my neck. "I will send for Sam Bangs to-morrow."

Sam Bangs is a convenient friend of the family, a second cousin of mine, and rather a pal of Josephine's. The world at large christened him "Slam" Bangs early in life because of his rattling energy; but contact with the world in question has toned down the rattle to a conventional key and left the energy unimpaired. He has led more germans, and been an usher at a larger number of weddings and funerals than any man of his years in town, and is consequently a social authority.

Sam duly appeared in all the regalia of evening dress and a chrysanthemum, and smiled benignly on the project. "I shall depend on you to help me make it a success," Josephine said to him with a supplicating air; and thereafter the pair was deep in consultation for at least half a dozen evenings during the next three weeks.

The married man whose wife is on the eve of giving a ball, is absolutely of no account, and colloquially speaking, his room is far more desirable than his company. He is the last person to whom anyone would think of referring the various knotty problems to be solved, and they are diverse. Josephine's throes over her invitation list were simply agonizing, and, as she herself informed me after all was over, her distress of mind was intensified by the consciousness that I was of no use whatever as an adviser. I was fortunate enough, however, to be allowed to remain within earshot of the arrange-

ments, on the tacit understanding that I was on no account to ruffle the current of conversation with my oar.

Sam Bangs laid down many precepts for Josephine's guidance, but first and foremost he impressed upon her the necessity of plenty of men. He declared that, no matter how elegant a party might be, or how admirably conducted, a scarcity of men would be the ruin of it; that a party where men were abundant was pretty sure to go off with snap, and that snap was of the essence of things where entertainments are concerned.

"But where are we to get the men?" anxiously inquired Josephine, who had Mrs. Willoughby Walton's list, which she had borrowed, in one hand and a pencil in the other. "I don't know half of these."

"You must invite everyone, whether you know them or not."

"Certainly, if I know their fathers and mothers."

"Then you will never have enough, Cousin Josephine. There is a large floating contingent of dancing men who are destitute of fathers and mothers in the conventional sense; but they, the sons, are the rank and file of every large party nowadays, and you have to ask them. Otherwise there is a dearth of partners and the girls have a stupid time."

"What would they think of me if I should ask them without knowing them?"

"Most of them wouldn't think of you at all; that's the beauty of it. They would come and dance and eat supper, and dance again and then eat supper again, without bothering their heads about you in the least. They are quite used to it, I assure you. Five out of six would not know you or Miss Julia from Adam if they were to meet you the next day. Of course, if you were going to give a very small, select affair, you could pick and choose, but in a *tutti frutti* you must have men, even if you have to hire them."

"Then why shouldn't I give a small affair instead of a—a *tutti frutti?*" inquired my darling with a pathetic gasp as though she were a drowning woman snatching at a straw.

"In that case you would have to leave out half the people you do know, which might be embarrassing."

"Indeed it would," said Josephine, and for the next half-hour she endeavored to compute whether it would be more distressing to have to invite the rag, tag, and bob-tail as she called it, or be compelled to leave out half her social acquaintance.

"Would it be possible, Cousin Sam?" she pleaded.

"To do what?"

"Give a small dance without offending people?"

"That depends on the number you feel obliged to ask."

"I made an impromptu calculation the other day," she answered, ruefully, "and I don't see how I can escape from inviting six hundred in any event—and that of course without the extra young men you mentioned."

"Forty couples are all this house will possibly accommodate with comfort for a german, Cousin Josephine, but you can invite any number of people to a jam."

"And there are forty-three buds alone without counting Julia," she groaned. "I had better go in for the jam and get it over."

"You can kill off everybody now, and another time it will be easier to give the smaller dance."

After the decision of this momentous question came the excruciating task of overhauling the invitation list. Incessantly one or the other would burst out with some such horrified exclamation, as "he died three years ago, strike him out," or "mercy on us, I was nearly forgetting that Polly Flinders isn't Polly Flinders any longer." There was a constant bickering between them also on the score of admissibility. Sam, in the interest of the dancing phalanx, was in favor of applying the pruning-knife freely among the "ancient and honorables," as he called them, and on the other hand Josephine, from fear of giving offence, was disposed to include every grandmother and great-aunt in her social category. Three evenings were spent in this manner before the last letter in the alphabet was reached, and my darling was able to smile again.

Even then it was a little ghost of a smile, accompanied by the disheartened utterance that she fully expected to discover, after the invitations had been issued, that she had omitted her dearest friends and made many mortal enemies.

When the invitation list was out of the way the parquet floor became Josephine's crowning concern. The fact that the drawing-room happened to have a parquet floor had been, as I have since discovered, a constant spur to her to give a party ever since we had been married. For what can equal for dancing a carefully oiled floor? What, indeed! And what is more detestable than one out of condition? Josephine fancied that she had merely to remove the rug and apply a little furniture polish to the surface of hers in order to render it a terpsichorean paradise. How often are our most confident expectations blighted! For a fortnight she was racked by the alternate consciousness that her paradise was so slippery as to be dangerous to life and limb, or so sticky as to dishearten the least exacting of waltzers. Hour after hour housemaids, with cloths bundled about their feet, rubbed it with judiciously moistened mops, and hour after hour experienced furniture polishers treated it with lubricating liquids, until the house smelt like a combined chemist's and sign painter's establishment; and even the willing Sam Bangs had grown weary in pirouetting over it with Josephine in order to decide whether it was just right. When at last Sam pronounced solemnly that it was perfect, Josephine looked as though she would cry with rapture; but she restrained her tears until the following day, when she caught sight of me standing in the middle of it fresh from the street in my muddy boots, as she graphically described the situation.

As for Sam Bangs, he was completely in his element; that is to say, he was in and out of our house half a dozen times in the course of every twenty-four hours: ringing the door-bell before breakfast, and as likely as not at night just when I was on the point of turning out the gas and thanking my lucky stars that I had seen the last of him for that day at least. The household was up in arms, and the house in the possession of dress-makers and small mechanics. The hall was full of camp-stools. One afternoon, when I chanced to return home earlier than usual, there was a scurrying exodus from my dressing-room of Julia in dishabille and two dress-makers, who shrieked as they fled, like the squawking sheldrake of the lake. I had interrupted my sister-in-law in the process of being fitted to the waist of her new ball-dress. Afflicting days these for a married man! Although Josephine explained that a cloth was thrown over the floor of my dressing-room every morning, and that the housemaid had explicit orders to tidy up as soon as the dress-makers had departed, I picked up a dozen needles and three score pins in the course of their stay, and trod the carpet in perpetual fear of lock-jaw.

The eventful day arrived at last. Early in the afternoon Josephine introduced me to a caterer of predatory mien, who demanded the key of my wine-cellar and proceeded to supplement the dozens of champagne which were being iced in tubs with the few bottles of choice Madeira, brandy, and port which I had collected from time to time with a view to opening them when I and they had grown mellow with age. When I entered the drawing-room at ten o'clock, I felt some doubts as to whether Sam Bangs or I was the proprietor of the establishment. These vanished completely after he insisted on re-opening the windows, which I had closed, on the plea that, unless the mercury were detained in close proximity to the freezing point until the guests arrived, the heat would be unendurable later, a proposition which Josephine and Julia supported so vigorously that I turned up the collar of my dress-coat and abandoned the field to my rival. He was already attended by a corps of magnificent youths who were to officiate as ushers. Several of these did me the honor to exchange a few words with me, but the most of them ignored my presence, or rather tolerated it with much the same air of toplofty unconcern with which they put up with the presence of the waiters and the musicians—nuisances, so to speak, but under the cir-

cumstances not to be got rid of. Happening to filch a tinsel rose from the basket on the mantel-piece containing the favors for the german, intending to save it for little Winona, I quailed before the frosty gaze of one of these dragons of the ball-room, and as the result of his words of counsel, informing me that they were not to be taken until later in the evening, I replaced it with an apology so humble that he unbent himself sufficiently to add that, if everyone were to follow my example, the favors would be exhausted before the german began. Five minutes afterward I heard him inquire of Sam Bangs who that old cock was, and I cherish, among the few delightful memories of the evening, the sickly expression of his features consequent upon the answer of his chief.

In much the same fashion as the tide advances up a shingly beach, do the guests arrive at a large party. A preliminary straggler or two put in an appearance, then a batch of three or four; there is a lull, followed by a file of stragglers, and more frequent batches; another lull, and of a sudden a continuous stream which swells and subdivides until it loses itself in a seething, murmuring concourse which hurls itself upon the bewildered hostess and is sucked back by the undertow.

Dazed by innumerable greetings and hand-shakings, I merely try to keep steadily in mind Josephine's strict injunction that I am to look out for the girls who are left stranded without a soul to speak to them, and to relieve men who have been too long in the society of any one woman. As I worm my way through the crowded rooms I feel myself to be a conglomeration of the good Samaritan and an amateur detective. From time to time an emissary recalls me to the side of Josephine to receive whispered instructions to restrain the children from displaying themselves at the head of the staircase in their nightgowns, or to caution the caterer not to let salt get into the ice-cream. She is nervous and excited, and informs me with delight three separate times that the Reverend Bradley Mason, our spiritual adviser, and Doctor Henry Meredith, the specialist on nervous diseases, are among our guests.

"You know, Fred, that it is the rarest thing to see either of them at a party, and I consider it a great compliment that they should have made an exception in our favor."

It seems as though every friend and acquaintance whom I possess has made an exception in our favor, for the rooms are perspiringly crowded. Mrs. George Scott and Mrs. Willoughby Walton and Mrs. Guy Sloane arrive later than ever, and their advent is scarcely less notable than a decade ago, when they were fresh and youthful as the half dozen younger married women threatening to usurp their places. Youths who are, figuratively speaking, babes in arms, dance attendance on them, and Mrs. Walton's bosom is banked with the same profusion of flowers. Mrs. Guy drops me a courtesy and bends upon me a glance of melancholy yet tender reproach which seems to inquire why I have failed to visit her for three years. Is it verily three years since I have called upon her? I blush for the rapid flight of time. Another emissary touches my shoulder and emits the mandate that my wife is waiting for me. I find Josephine in a fever of nervous tension over the fact that supper has been ready for ten minutes, and that she has been unable to find me to tell me that I am to lead the way with Mrs. Cadwallader Kean.

"Why doesn't Sam Bangs lead the way?" I inquire, gravely. "He is running this thing."

My darling opens her eyes in bewildered astonishment at my pleasantry. Then, with a little toss of her head, which implies that she has no time to waste over such nonsense, she gives me a gentle push, saying:

"Don't dawdle, Fred; there she is standing exactly in the direction where I am looking."

I hie me to the wrinkled sexagenarian in question. Her husband had been one of those admirably attractive men who manage to drink themselves to death early in life and yet leave behind them an aroma of fashionable importance which gilds their posterity. It is not easy to state in terms why Mrs.

Cadwallader is entitled to precedence, yet everyone knows that she is, and she takes my arm as though she were accustomed to the attention. Our exit toward the supper-room is the signal for a general stampede thither. Young men and old men, like an army of black ants, infest the tables and struggle fiercely for hot bouillon, raw oysters, chicken-salad, lobster croquettes, filet of beef, champagne, ice-cream, rolls, napkins, and ice-water. I behold a judge of the Supreme Court foiled in an attempt to capture a remaining sweet-bread by a youth barely out of his teens, who is foraging for his rose-bud partner. Through a sea of black coats and jostling elbows and surging beards and mustaches I catch sight of our diminutive but beloved pastor wedged in between two rowing men from the University, who seem to be determined that he shall never reach shore with the plate of ice-cream which he is clutching like a vice. I notice, too, Dr. Meredith partaking freely of most of the articles of diet against which his professional fulminations are uttered. And ever and anon I am recalled to the side of my darling, who is beset by a hundred fears. Why are there not plenty of rolls? Where are the napkins? Why do the waiters neglect to offer Apollinaris water to the ladies in accordance with her positive orders? It is I who am in her service and at her beck and call now, for Sam has yielded to temptation and established himself with his Dulcinea del Toboso in the only cubby-hole in the house adapted for two.

Little by little the press diminishes, until only the few who are fain to eat and drink in peace are left in the supper-room. I notice Gillespie Gore sampling my Madeira and pressing it upon the attention of discriminating pals. The musicians are tuning their instruments and a few people (thank goodness!) are going home. Josephine's parquet floor is overrun by a bevy of gilded youths contending for camp-stools, and out of stormy chaos the german forms itself at last under the supervision of Sam, who has been dragged from his cubby-hole. Three hours of strenuous dancing follow, during which I flit restlessly from pillar to post, from the benches where the matrons are dozing with one eye open on their daughters to the supper-room where perpetual hot ducks and my Madeira still detain Gillespie Gore and company, and where the dancing men without mothers and fathers quaff goblets galore of champagne after each figure of the thirst-provoking dance. I am yearning to go to bed, and I recall the answer of the host in *Punch*, to whom the bored spirit at his side, leaning against the wall, whispered, "This is jolly stupid; I say, let's go home"—"Would to heaven I could, but I can't, for it's my house!"

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning, and now it is a quarter of four. I peep behind a curtain and ruminantly scan the glimmering east. At last the waltzers, who have grown more exuberant with every hour, show signs of cessation. Chaperones, exhausted in patience, rouse themselves from their somnolence and exercise authority over their charges. Mrs. Cadwallader Kean, drawing her old-lace shawl around her shoulders with dignified impressiveness, announces that it is time for her daughter to go home. Even Sam, the inexhaustible and inextinguishable, admits that the german is at an end, and that there is to be only one final polka to wind up with.

Oh, the joy and rapture of that last polka! Maidens on the point of departure tear themselves free from the maternal grasp at the invitation of the first partner who offers his hand and fall into the delicious rhythm of the swinging quickstep, and the old war-horses, who have been looking forward to it all the evening, fling themselves into the maddening whirl with almost the abandon of the cancan. Who can be indifferent to plenty of room and a perfect floor at four o'clock in the morning when you are conscious that in five minutes more all will be over and you will be face to face with the cold, pale morn and reproachful stars? There is a dash and a go to it which carries away the least frivolous and the least elastic, so that they speed round with the verve and exaltation of twenty-one. There are just enough remaining,

and they the cream of the dancers. The gayety and enthusiasm of the rout recall from the supper-room the last of the old stagers and lure from the cubby-hole Mrs. George Scott and the boy of nineteen, who is her favorite slave at the moment. It is the fag end of the evening, the lees of the entertainment by means of which another of the rose-bud garden of girls has been introduced to the great world. She, dear child, the sweet sister-in-law of the house, is spinning radiantly round the room with her hand resting on the shoulder of one of the youths without parents, who has claimed her for this last polka of all. My feet beat time and my pulses respond to the well-remembered measure, and suddenly in an acme of transport I pounce upon and possess myself of Josephine and precipitate her into the madcap whirl. Fast and faster we revolve, rejoicing in our ecstasy and fearful at every seeming pause in the music that the end has come. It is demoniac, but glorious. And all at once, at the inspiration of Mrs. Willoughby Walton, who is dancing madly with Sam Bangs, everyone begins to chant with delirious voices the air and cadence of the entrancing polka. The ecstasy is at its height; the madness of the madcaps is at the climax. On and on, round and round, faster and faster, we spin, and then of a sudden the music throbs and bounds, rises and screeches, vibrates wildly, falls and ceases; the melody from half a hundred throats expires in a groan of regret, and Josephine's party is over.

X.

The lady in the house across the way, the mother of the seven girls, is dead. A week ago she was carried to the cemetery and her husband has begun life again in a sable hat and gloves. He walks bravely arm in arm with the eldest of his tall daughters, with one of the others on either side. I turn away from the window with a lump in my throat. My heart bleeds for him, and I cannot help thinking that it might have been Josephine.

We look into each other's eyes, conscious of the same thought. Sooner or later death, the inevitable, will come to rob me of her or her of me. The spinster falls asleep and all is over. She is respectfully mourned; her little charities cease, her account with her boarding-house keeper is closed, and her last instructions regarding her parrot are respected. But when a wife and mother dies all nature sobs.

And yet men marry again; men and women also. One of my great-grandfathers took unto himself four wives, and Josephine's maternal grandmother had three husbands. Josephine, who knows Robert Browning's "Any Wife to Any Husband" by rote, pretends that if she were to be taken away I would marry again, but I know she is no less sure in her secret soul that I would remain a widower to the end than she is sure of being faithful herself in case I should be the first to go. We have often pondered why it is that the one who is left behind to mourn can so quickly stifle the old love. To be sure, we have been told that in heaven there will be no marrying or giving in marriage, but, as Josephine says, this would scarcely reconcile the woman who has gone before in the faith of an everlasting love to sharing it with another. Nevertheless there is the example of her grandmother with three husbands and my great grandfather with his four wives staring us in the face. Are we to argue that our ancestors loved less truly and deeply than we?

Josephine insists that this is so, and I am disposed to agree with her. If, indeed, we are to live again on the further side of the tomb, what will it profit us unless we can see and know those whom we have loved here? Life without consciousness of this world's associations would be to all intents and purposes annihilation. If I am to be separated forever from Josephine by death, what boots it to me whether I shall rise at the last trump a winged angel with the power of worship, or be resolved into the elemental clod from which my bones were fashioned?

"And yet," said Josephine to me one day when we were discussing the matter, as we occasionally do, "supposing I had died when the children were mere tots,

and you had been left to struggle through life alone, it would really have been the most sensible thing, after all, for you to marry again, if only to provide my darlings with a mother. It would have been frightfully lonely for you; Fred, you would never have been able to stand it. But if I had known what was going on I could never have forgiven you—never. I should have hated you and her. You are mine for eternity, and I wish the whole of you or none at all."

The mystery of mysteries, death! In the twinkling of an eye we shall cease to rise, and dress, and eat, and walk, and sleep, and we shall be laid in the ground where the bones of our ancestors lie wrestling with decay. It may be that one of us will be called to-morrow, and like the wife and mother across the way, leave the other to walk alone; and it may be that we shall walk side by side until we are old, and wrinkled, and bald, and paralysis or cancer carries us off within six months of each other. Yet not for a single moment are we secure from the touch of the great destroyer, who may to-day divide our hearts as with a shear. The priest kneeling at the altar with his face to the sky smiles at death; he knows not the terror of the thought which haunts us because we are so happy.

Many a time, when our thoughts have this way tended, have we endeavored to forecast the topography of the future state, undaunted by the fact that the wisest men and women of past generations, both married and single, have bent their wits upon the problem in vain. Yet here we encounter some progress, for even Josephine, with her predilection for magnificent effects, has ceased to contend that the immortal spirit is likely to be trammelled by pearly gates and the manipulation of a harp. Similarly, we put aside as no longer germane to the issue the quandary, which harassed our ancestors, as to how the amplitude of the heavens will afford seating capacities for the myriad souls whom a previous condition of rectitude has entitled to enter grace; an architectural feat calculated to palsy the imagination even of those enthusiasts who insist that the huge population of India's coral strand, to say nothing of the sparse aborigines of Greenland's icy mountains, are to be omitted from the computation. In spite, too, of the fulminations of a certain portion of the clergy, we are unable to screw our convictions up to a belief in the traditional hell which was alike the terror and the solace of bygone generations. We are oppressed by the fear neither of a bottomless pit nor of interminable fires of brimstone. A willingness to torture seems to us too utterly inconsistent with the attributes of the divinity who brings to pass the sunsets and inspires the human soul with the sublimities of poetry and art.

"It would be immensely interesting, though," said Josephine one day, "if we only could catch just a little glimpse of the future. I feel as you do, Fred, that the idea of eternal torment is old-fashioned, and that very few really believe in it, whatever they may say with their lips; but, on the other hand, I can't help feeling that there will be some sort of distinction between the sheep and the goats, and that people who have been horribly wicked will not be quite on a par with the righteous."

"I will admit," said I, "that there was a certain gorgeous satisfaction for our ancestors in the old hope that those who did not toe the mark would be held up to a sulphurous blaze on fiery pitchforks, and I can almost envy the complacency of the poor suffering souls to-day who are being buoyed through life by the fervent expectation that the people who have been well to do and happy in the present world will be tormented in the next in order to make things even, and that they themselves will be proportionately indemnified for their terrestrial misery."

"And the trouble is, Fred, that we who believe that God is love, and consequently dismiss the old conceits as too terrible, just as we no longer burn folk as witches and hang them for petty larceny, are left without the comfort of a definite theory on the subject of what will happen to other people, and are also unable to entertain physical fears on our own account. It seems to me that there ought to be a separate place in the other world for pretty good peo-

ple, those who are neither saintly on the one hand, nor criminals nor detestably selfish or malicious on the other. It would have to be much the largest place, for after all we are most of us pretty good. There are a few saints and a good many miserable sinners, but the most of the people we know are pretty good."

"And would you limit your limbo to people we know, my dear?" I inquired. "Are you canvassing in the interest of a celestial four hundred?"

"Don't be blasphemous, Fred. It would necessarily include the greater portion of the people we know, because the greater portion of the people we know are of just that kind, people whose faults, though numerous enough and discouraging enough, as we are painfully aware in our own cases, don't seem exactly to merit everlasting torture. Just think how many people there are in the world like you and me, who would be utterly incapable of committing murder, or robbing a bank, or putting sand in sugar, or telling downright lies, or wantonly slandering their neighbors; people who have courteous manners, and tempers tolerably under control, and a decided sympathy with culture, and a disposition to contribute their mites to the cause of philanthropy; people who would cut their right hands off rather than dispute a will, because they hadn't received what they expected, or live beyond their incomes, or violate a confidence; people who are not geniuses and will never set the world afire, and who, though they don't understand exactly why they have been created, wish to live as long as possible and have not the least desire to die, and who go on from year to year without seeming to accomplish very much, and yet trying—trying—trying to understand what God expects of them. For we do try, don't we, Fred?"

"Indeed you do, my dear. The only trouble is that, though I might possibly be included in the category of the pretty good, you would rank as a saint."

"Which only shows how little you really know me," she answered, with a sigh. "Unfortunately the recording angel sees me with very different eyes, and knows that I am far from saintly." My darling bent her glance upon space for a moment with a dejected little air, as though she were appalled by the realization of her imperfections, then she turned to me and said, "Of course anyone would be glad to be a saint; and undoubtedly, if one were a saint, one would like especially to be with saintly people; but the most depressing thing of all in a certain way is that the society of the pretty good people is so attractive to me, that I am confident I should be very miserable if I were to be separated from them altogether."

"From your own true love, for instance?"

"Yes, from my own true love, alas! For I am forced to admit, Fred, that, though you are adorable at times, you are only pretty good." She added, as she threw her arms around my neck, "Only think how terrible it would be for me if you *were* a saint and I so full of shortcomings!"

A place hereafter for pretty good people! I have often recalled since that notion of Josephine's as an eminently pertinent suggestion. Lord Bacon well said that "he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or of mischief." The married man who is chary of drinking tea from his saucer and ambitious to send his sons to college, is unapt to expose himself to obloquy for the sake of his convictions, nor is his wife fain to become a St. Theresa. Less likely, on the other hand, is either to stoop to flagrant vices. As I have already specified, I renounced on the day I wedded Josephine even the hope of stopping a runaway horse, and I am free to admit that I dismissed forever at the same time a sneaking intention of presuming on my hitherto unblemished reputation to become some day a foot-pad in disguise. What, pray, is there to prevent Sam Bangs for instance, I was going to say—but even he has bowed his neck at last to the matrimonial yoke at the behest of the Dulcinea with whom he retired to the cubby-hole at Josephine's party; so let me invoke for my argument the traditional

Tom, Dick, and Harry of fiction, and ask again what is there to prevent any of these single gentlemen from putting Paris green in the porridge of his dearest foe, or from hieing to the North Pole in the cause of glacial science? The world lies open before them. They are free to become hardened villains of the deepest dye, or benefactors of their day and generation. But for Josephine and for me the path of life is straight and narrow. Has not my darling, with her own fair hand, daily to butter rolls for the little ones to take to school, to make sure that the buttons which support their gallowses are not lacking, and to keep a watchful eye on the length of their hair? Have I not in my turn to remember to bring home the money for that everlasting sewing-woman whether I have earned it or not, and to foster a nostril perpetually on the scent of sewer-gas?

"Where, O where are the visions of morning
Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Gone like tenants who quit without warning
Down the back entry of time."

"And have you ever thought, Fred," said Josephine to me one day, "that we suddenly awake at forty and realize that we are just the sort of people we intended not to be? I for one—and I am very sure that you once felt the same—cherished such glorious visions and plans as a girl of what I was going to make of my life, and yet here I am living along just like everybody else, bringing up children, and going to kettledrums, and taking a spasmodic interest in the arrangement of tenement-houses, and planning for winter and summer clothes, no better, and I dare say no worse, than the most of my neighbors."

"*Eppur si muove*," I murmured encouragingly.

"I could have told once what that meant," said she, with a mournful smile. "I used to know quite a little Italian."

"'And still it moves,' the world moves. It was Galileo who made the remark under circumstances even more depressing than ours," I answered. "There is a certain comfort in the reflection that we pretty good people have very different ideas from the pretty good people who lived before we were born. As you said the other day, we no longer burn witches, and yet even the people who passed for saints two centuries ago took a hand in that. Perhaps with the same ratio of improvement we shall, in another two hundred years, cease to be at the mercy of the reporter, the saleslady, and the political striker. I flatter myself that we are a little more liberal, a little truer-hearted, a little wiser than our progenitors, just as our children are likely to be an improvement on us if pretty good people are not swept away in the deluge of democracy. How interesting it would be if we could take a peep ahead and know what the world will be doing two hundred years hence; or half a century even! Think of it, my dear, pretty good people will probably be flying and doing all sorts of amazing things which will make our boasted progress seem a mere puppet show," I added, as I drew my darling's head down upon my shoulder and held her closely.

"Fancy," said Josephine, "being able to skim like a bird! It would be glorious, wouldn't it? Perhaps the dear children will live to cross the ocean on a genuine air-tamer." She was silent for a few moments, lost in rapt reflection, then looking up into my face with wistful tenderness, she whispered,

"I only hope, Fred, that they will be as happy as we have been."

THE END.

CATTLE-TRAILS OF THE PRAIRIES.

By Charles Moreau Harger.

IN 1860, Texas, as it had been for many years before, was the chief producer of live-stock in the Western States. Upon all its widespread ranges were feeding herds by the thousand, and no other industry approached that of cattle-raising in importance or extent. The few hundred thousand cattle of Spanish blood which had been placed there during the State's life as a Mexican province, were multiplied until three and a half million head were estimated as Texas's belongings. They had been somewhat improved in breed, but were still wiry, nervous, long-limbed creatures, with slender, branching horns and restless eyes. They could run like deer, and were almost as wild.

The peculiarly favorable climate of Texas gave the State almost a monopoly of the business. The pastures were green the year around, and the proximity to market, either at points on the Mississippi River, to which herds from the eastern part of the State could easily be driven, or by water from points on the Gulf, gave a distinct advantage. Mexico had in times past been a valuable consumer, but was now nearly deserted, and the nearer selling-places were able to handle the supply. The fine, hair-like "buffalo grass" that covers the prairies for four hundred miles east of the mountains, and wherever found is as nourishing in winter as in summer, flourished in abundance, and the mesquit was not to be despised as a change of diet for the herds.

The outbreak of the war brought upon the ranch-owners a peculiar embarrassment of riches. With the Northern market cut off, and Southern business life demoralized, no disposition could be made of the rapidly increasing herds. Occasional fugitive sales along the Mississippi became almost the only markets. Prices declined, and for a time two to four dollars a head would purchase the best animals on the ranges. Driving northward had not been much practised, and now, with the sharp skirmishing along the Kansas and Missouri frontier, there was no opportunity to begin it. Stock was neglected as valueless. Men were "cattle-poor," and it was a time of discouragement to those who had looked for fortunes in their enterprises.

In 1865 and 1866 the ranch-owners determined to seek Northern markets at any cost, and thousands of animals were massed in the northeast portion of the State preparatory to driving to Missouri railroad stations. The summer of 1866 saw this movement begin. Fully two hundred and seventy thousand head were pushed northward. There was little regularity in the courses taken. The Rock Bluffs ford, on the Red River, was the starting place for many. Up the Kinishi Valley, across the plains to Fort Smith, Ark., then, with a circuitous

route among the Ozarks, across southeastern Missouri—that was the line most followed.

But a new danger threatened. There had ensconced themselves among the wilder regions of southern Missouri and northern Arkansas bands of outlaws, legitimate successors to the guerrillas of war days, who by mere force of advantageous position levied unmerciful tribute upon all drovers passing through their territory. The tax was an oppressive one, and no matter how shrewd were the movements of the herders, the unwieldy masses of animals were sure to be detected. Should the demands of the outlaws not be acceded to, the drover was in many instances subjected to bodily punishment. At the same time one of the persecutors would ride furiously at the herd, swinging a colored blanket. The timid beeves, bewildered by the unwonted sight, would scurry in every direction, becoming more frightened as they ran, until the herd would be scattered over miles of territory. Days and weeks of search on the part of the cowboys, as the herders who assisted the drover were called, would serve to secure only a portion of the lot.

Fear of Spanish fever was made the pretext for other delays, while the hostility of the Cherokee Indians in the northeastern part of the Indian Territory shut off a more westerly route to avoid the bandits. Many head of cattle were lost on the way by reason of the toilsome track through the Ozark Mountains, and the remainder reached markets in St. Louis and Sedalia in poor condition and brought low prices. The year's drive was discouraging and unprofitable to the Texas cattle-barons, and many plans were considered for the disposition of the constantly growing surplus. Northern prices for good stock were flattering; capital was ready for investment in the business; nothing was needed but an outlet for the abundance of beef.

The solution of the problem confronting the cattle-raisers came through the construction of the railroads across Kansas. In 1867 the old Kansas Pacific Railroad, now the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific, was being built from Kansas City along the valley of the Kaw due west across the State. It had reached half way from the Missouri to the mountains before the possibilities it offered became apparent. The country traversed was but sparsely settled; the towns consisted for the most part of a few rude cabins, including the inevitable saloon. But the tide of emigration was pushing westward, and there was a magnificent empire for it to conquer.

One of the first comers was an Illinois stock-dealer, Joseph G. McCoy, to whom is due the honor of originating the Kansas and Texas cattle-trails. He was familiar with the situation in the Lone Star State, and conceived the idea of forming a great shipping-point on the new railroad. He was encouraged by the officials, and arrangements were made for the location of the proper yards at Abilene, a station one hundred and sixty-five miles from Kansas City, situated in the midst of a richly-grassed prairie section, admirably adapted for grazing grounds of incoming herds. The town had less than a dozen houses, and was within less than thirty miles of the end of the road, as then completed. Yards were built and steps were taken to induce the cattle-men to make this a point from which to ship their herds.

A single horseman was despatched on a lonely ride across Indian-infested prairies to send every herd he could encounter to the new shipping-place. He went southwest, crossing the Arkansas River near the site of the present city of Wichita, thence into the Indian Territory. It was some time before he found any of the straggling herds, and when he did he could with difficulty induce the drovers to believe that they would be treated with respect and fairness, so used were they to the violence of the old course. However, many were convinced, and a herd of nearly two thousand head, belonging to some Californians, was the first to break the northern end of a trail over which so many million restless hoofs were destined to travel. About thirty-six thousand cattle, one per cent. of Texas's supply, reached Abilene that season, and every drover went back well pleased with the facilities afforded. The first shipment from Abilene was made September 5, 1867, and was cele-

brated by an excursion of Illinois stock-dealers coming in a special train to see the start. Money was lost on the year's business, both from damage to the droves by floods and Indian raids, and because of the prejudice in the East against Texas beef, then considered by many too wild for use.

The movement was started, and 1868 saw a general friendliness for the new market among Texas stock-owners, and a northward drive that exceeded seventy-five thousand head. But the succeeding year, 1869, showed a greater increase, and one hundred and sixty thousand cattle came tramping up like a horned army from the ranches of the South.

By this time well-defined trails had been located, and for two decades those trunk-lines connecting the great producing and consuming points held their supremacy. The most famous of these was the "Chisholm Trail." It was named after John Chisholm, an eccentric frontier stockman, who was the first to drive over it. Chisholm lived at Paris, Tex., was a bachelor, and had many thousand head of cattle on the ranges in the southern part of the State. Later he removed to New Mexico, and died a few years ago, leaving almost uncounted droves upon his ranches. There was through Texas, reaching down from the Red River, the irregular "Southern Texas Trail," ending at the north near Cooke County. From the Red River, Chisholm broke the way to Kansas, riding ahead of his herd and selecting what seemed the most favorable route. He forded the Red River near the mouth of Mud Creek, followed that stream to its head, kept northwest to Wild Horse Creek, to the west of Signal Mountains, and crossed the Washita at Elm Spring. Due north took him to the Canadian River, after leaving which he soon struck the Kingfisher Creek Valley. This was followed to the Cimarron. Touching the head of Black Bear and Bluff Creeks, its next considerable stream was the Salt fork of the Arkansas, which was crossed at Sewell's Ranch. Sewell was a Government post-trader, who was a favorite with the Indians, and had two large ranches in the Territory. Coming into Kansas near Caldwell, the course was a little east of north, crossing the Arkansas near Wichita. Here was the famous "First and Last Chance" saloon, with its sign-board facing two ways to attract the cow-boys coming up across the Territory and those returning from market. Thence the trail turned northeasterly, striking Newton, and so on over the divide between the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas to the prairies south of Abilene. Following Chisholm's track came thousands of herds, and the trail became a notable course.

From two hundred to four hundred yards wide, beaten into the bare earth, it reached over hill and through valley for over six hundred miles (including its southern extension) a chocolate band amid the green prairies, uniting the North and South. As the marching hoofs wore it down and the wind blew and the waters washed the earth away it became lower than the surrounding country and was flanked by little banks of sand, drifted there by the wind. Bleaching skulls and skeletons of weary brutes who had perished on the journey gleamed along its borders, and here and there was a low mound showing where some cow-boy had literally "died with his boots on." Occasionally a dilapidated wagon-frame told of a break-down, and spotting the emerald reaches on either side were the barren circle-like "bedding grounds," each a record that a great herd had there spent a night.

The wealth of an empire passed over the trail, leaving its mark for decades to come. The traveller of to-day sees the wide trough-like course, with ridges being washed down by the rains, and with fences and farms of the settlers and the more civilized red-men intercepting its track, and forgets the wild and arduous life of which it was the exponent. It was a life now outgrown, and which will never again be possible.

Dividing honors with the Chisholm was the "Old Shawnee Trail." This led to the lesser Northern shipping-point, opened about the same time as Abilene —Baxter Springs. This city was on the then just completed Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad, and was located in the southeastern corner of Kansas. The trail left the Red River near Snivel's Bend, about forty miles east of the

starting-point of the older course, and ran nearly parallel with its rival for about a hundred miles. Here was a connecting trail running into the Chisholm at Elm Spring. The Shawnee then bore northeasterly on the north side of the Shawnee Hills, crossed the Canadian and North Canadian near the Sac and Fox Agency, then passing through the Creek reservation forded the Arkansas west of Forts Davis and Gibson. Turning more easterly, it passed west of Vinita and so on to Baxter Springs. This trail, called from its passing through the Shawnee Indian country, became as well worn as the older one and was equally well-known. Both were barren as city streets and were marked by the whitening bones of four-footed travellers who had died on their weary journey.

Between the two main trails was the "Middle" or "West Shawnee Trail," leaving its namesake near the Canadian and going nearly due north until it struck the Arkansas, up which valley it followed into Kansas. Up the White-water Valley, then north and east, crossing the Cottonwood and along the Neosho and Clark's Creek valleys, ending at Junction City, twenty-five miles east of Abilene. In later years the Chisholm trail gave off a western shoot which left it near Elm Spring, and passing near Fort Reno, went on northwest into western Kansas, striking Dodge City on the Arkansas, also northeast to Ellsworth, on the Smoky Hill. With the settling up of the country, cattle were driven farther and farther west, until this "Western Chisholm Trail" came to be the chief thoroughfare for herds destined either for market directly or for maturing in the bracing air and rich pastures of Wyoming and Montana.

Individual drovers often varied their course from the beaten roads, but for the most part the traffic of the cattle days followed the greater lines as the bulk of commercial shipments is now made over a few prominent railroads.

Along the trails ranches were started, where lands could be secured on either side suitable for the purpose, and northern Texas, southern and western Kansas, and later on portions of the Indian Territory, rivalled the Gulf region in the production of marketable animals.

The number of cattle reaching Abilene in 1870 bounded to three hundred thousand, and almost a continuous line of bovine travellers was pouring over the Chisholm Trail. In order to facilitate the herds' movements surveyors were sent out to straighten the trail from the point where it entered Kansas to the shipping-station. Fresh mounds of earth were thrown up to mark the route, and the drovers found considerable saving in distance. They spread the news of the efforts being made to accommodate the cattle-men, and the Texas ranch-owners, appreciating these advantages as well as the rapidly increasing prices of stock in the Eastern markets, prepared to send forward still greater supplies.

The ranches were, for the most part, in southern and southwestern Texas, and the hundreds of young men who at the close of the war had sought fortune in the far Southwest were just coming into a position to put some of their salable stock on the market. In 1871 nearly a million cattle were driven north. Six hundred thousand came to Abilene alone, while Baxter Springs and Junction City received half as many. For miles around the chief shipping points the stock was herded awaiting a chance to sell or ship. From any knoll could be seen thousands of sleek beeves, their branching horns glistening in the sunlight and their herders watchfully riding in the distance. Several counties of central Kansas were practically turned into cattle-yards, and it seemed that the industry would soon absorb the energies of the entire State.

But it was the height of the wave. Prices fell off; wet weather and cold winds injured the cattle's condition, and the so-called Spanish fever, always a terror to the Northerners, and which seemed ineradicable from the Texas cattle's blood, was causing more trouble than usual. The herds were held on the grazing grounds until fall, in the hope of better prices, but to no purpose. Finally, shipping was stopped entirely, and over three hundred thousand cattle were unsold. Every year

there had been some carried over, either because of their being unsalable, or, as has been so general in late years, to fatten on the Northern corn; but this number was unprecedented. The drovers took their stock westward to the buffalo grass region, it being impossible to procure hay and corn in central Kansas for the great throng.

At the beginning of winter (1871–72) came a storm of sleet, putting an icy coat over the sod; and multiplied thousands of cattle and hundreds of horses died of cold and starvation. Some of the carcasses were skinned, but the majority were left for food for the wolves. A hundred thousand hides were shipped from three stations after the storm. The winter was severe throughout, and it was estimated that less than fifty thousand cattle lived through it. From herds of sixty and seventy thousand, only a few hundred survived. Like other booms in which the West has overreached itself, this one had its collapse.

Abilene's prestige was gone. Ellsworth, forty miles further west, became the shipping point on the Kansas Pacific. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad being nearly completed through the southern portion of the State, began to compete for the trade. Newton, where the road crossed the trail to Abilene, stopped many of the herds, and with Ellsworth divided the claim to the title Abilene had held for several years, "The wickedest town in the West." This description was afterward appropriated by Dodge City, and then, with the opening of the mining regions of Colorado, passed from the State and became the property of Leadville and Deadwood. It was of the new shipping-point that another picturesque saying became popular, "There is no Sunday west of Newton and no God west of Pueblo." Wichita, too, claimed attention from the drovers, and eighty thousand head went from there in 1872, while three times as many were shipped from the other towns combined. In 1873 four hundred and fifty thousand head were shipped from Kansas, and then again came a back-set in prices and weather conditions, but not equal to that of two years previous.

Soon after, Dodge City, on the Chisholm trail's western offshoot to Ellsworth, being reached by the Santa Fé, took the more northern station's trade as Newton had absorbed Abilene's, and for twelve years was the acknowledged shipping centre for Texas cattle in the State. While the drives never reached such proportions as in 1871, they continued to be extensive until the building of the railroads across the Indian Territory and the establishment of shipping points in Texas itself. Even then they did not wholly cease, and many thousand head came straggling across the line each year, being marketed at Dodge City, Wichita, or other railroad points.

The opening of Oklahoma, in 1890, made another barrier, however, and the season of 1891 saw the last of the bovine exodus that through more than two decades had furnished employment and profit for a large portion of the West's workers. Neither advantage nor convenience is now found in that method of marketing, and henceforth the only herds to wind their slow length over the once populous thoroughfares will be the young stock taken leisurely through the season from the warm climate of the Gulf region up northwesterly, skirting the foot-hills of the Rockies, to reach, after a six months' journey, the highland feeding grounds of Wyoming and Montana. A year or two later they will go to market, sturdy and hard-fleshed beeves, ready for the export trade.

The task of the drover and his assistant cow-boys in getting the herds from the Southern ranches to the Northern shipping points was one involving both skill and daring. Only a man of unflinching courage and quick movement could succeed in handling animals whose characteristics were rather those of the wild beast than of the creature bred for the sustenance of man. The Texas steer is no respecter of persons. For the man on horseback he has a wholesome fear; he seems to have something of the savage's conceit that the combination is irresistible. Separately, neither man nor horse has any more chance in a herd fresh from the range than among so many wolves or jackals. With their long, sharp-pointed horns these steers rend an enemy with ease, and the fights among

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

A "Round-up."

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

themselves have all the ferociousness of contests in the jungle.

The first contact between the cow-boys and the cattle is at the annual round-up, when the whole territory over which the owner's herds range is gone over and the cattle gathered for branding. The offspring are given the mark of the mother, and the ranch-owner possesses a brand as exclusively as does a manufacturer a trade-mark. After the young have been lassoed, held, and had their flesh burned with the red-hot branding-iron, leaving a scar in the form of a letter, figure, or combination design that will last for life, they are turned loose and no human hand is laid on them until they become "beeves," that is, four years old and ready for market. The cow-boys live in cabins near the water-courses and watch the stock from day to day, sometimes having the herds ten or twenty miles away. Should any "mavericks," that is, unbranded stock over one year old, get with the herd, they become the property of the person branding them, hence no inconsiderable addition is frequently made to a herd by this means.

The cattle-barons in the palmy days of the cattle trade lived like princes. They did not reside on the ranch, but in some of the Texas cities, or spent their time in luxurious travelling while their wealth increased at a ratio beyond their capacity for spending it. Many of them did not know how many cattle they owned. Their career was one of extravagance and display. Diamonds, carriages, and banquets made their life brilliant while it lasted. When, in the later 70's and the early part of the decade following, their power and wealth were at the highest point, they practically owned the Lone Star State. From No Man's Land to El Paso their cattle grazed; prices were high and capital was flowing in for investment. But the agriculturist came, too, and farms drove out the ranches.

The first owners did not always send the cattle to market. Drovers made a business of going from ranch to ranch and purchasing the marketable beeves. "Dogies," "sea-lions," and "long-horns" were favorite nicknames for the cattle, and size as well as title depended on the latitude. The southern Texas stock was smaller, and from four to six thousand were driven at a time. Of northern Texas stock fifteen hundred to three thousand made a good-sized "drive."

The drover secured, besides camp equipage and eatables, about eight men to the thousand cattle as drivers, and from six to ten horses to the man, according to the quality of the equines. After 1883–84, when Indians were less dangerous and fewer herds were on the trails, four to six men to the thousand head were considered sufficient. Having "cut out" the cattle one by one with lassoes (long rawhide ropes attached to the cow-boys' saddles and thrown with great accuracy by the riders), the steers and cows all received a "road brand," a supplementary mark to prevent confusion on the way to market. All was then ready for the long march.

Spring was the usual starting time, and during the seasons of the large drives, May, June, July, and August saw almost a solid procession passing over the great trails. So near were the herds that the drivers could hear one another urging along the stock, and frequently even the utmost care could not prevent two companies stampeding together, entailing a loss of much time and labor in separating them.

Once started, it was remarkable the orderly manner in which a herd took its way across the plains. A herd of a thousand beeves would string out to a length of two miles, and a larger one still longer. It made a picturesque sight. The leaders were flanked by cow-boys on wiry Texas ponies, riding at ease in great saddles with high backs and pommels. At regular distances were other riders, and the progress of the cavalcade was not unlike that of an army on a march. There was an army-like regularity about the cattle's movements, too. The leaders seemed always to be especially fitted for the place, and the same ones would be found in the front rank throughout the trip; while others retained their relative positions in the herd day after day.

At the start there was hard driving, twenty to thirty miles a day, until the animals were thoroughly wearied. After that twelve to fifteen miles was considered a good day's drive, thus extend-

A Stampeded Herd.

ing the journey over forty to one hundred days. The daily programme was as regular as that of a regiment on the march. From morning until noon the cattle were allowed to graze in the direction of their destination, watched by the cow-boys in relays. The cattle by this time were uneasy and were turned into the trail and walked steadily forward eight or ten miles, when, at early twilight, they were halted for another graze. As darkness came on they were gathered closer and closer into a compact mass by the cow-boys riding steadily in constantly lessening circles around them, until at last the brutes lay down, chewing their cuds and resting from the day's trip. Near midnight they would usually get up, stand awhile, and then lie down again, having changed sides. At this time extra care was necessary to keep them from aimlessly wandering off in the darkness. Sitting on their ponies, or riding slowly round and round their reclining charges, the cow-boys passed the night on sentinel duty, relieving one another at stated hours.

When skies were clear and the air bracing, the task of cattle-driving was a pleasant and healthful one. But there came rainy days, when the cattle were restless, and when it was anything but enjoyable riding through the steady downpour. Then especially were the nights wearisome, and the cattle were ready at any time to stampede.

No one could tell what caused a stampede, any more than one can tell the reason of the strange panics that attack human gatherings at times. A flash of lightning, a crackling stick, a wolf's howl, little things in themselves, but in a moment every horned head was lifted, and the mass of hair and horns, with fierce, frightened eyes gleaming like thousands of emeralds, was off. Recklessly, blindly, in whatever direction fancy led them, they went, over a bluff or into a morass, it mattered not, and fleet were the horses that could keep abreast of the leaders. But some could do it, and lashing their ponies to their best gait the cow-boys followed at break-neck speed. Getting on one side of the leaders the effort was to turn them, a little at first, then more and more, until the circumference of a great circle was being described. The cattle behind

blindly followed, and soon the front and rear joined and "milling" commenced. Like a mighty mill-stone, round and round the bewildered creatures raced until they were wearied out or recovered from their fright.

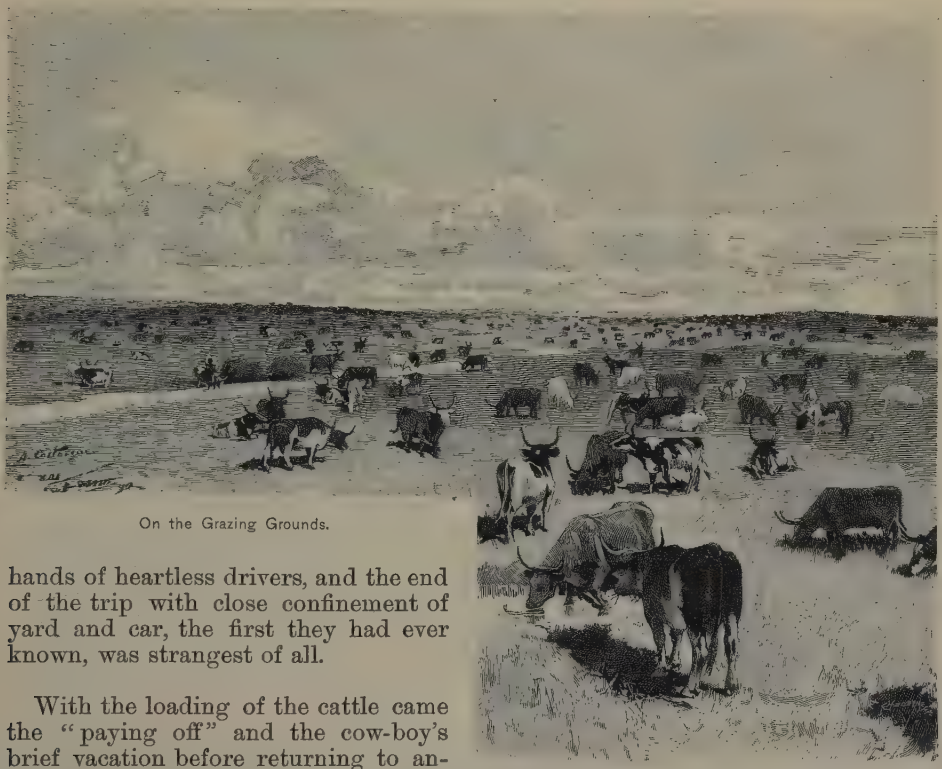
To stop the herd from milling, either after a stampede or when in the cattle-yards at the end of the trip, was a necessary but difficult task. As in a stampede, it was death to an animal who failed to keep up with his comrades, for in a moment his carcass would be flattened by thousands of trampling hoofs. The human voice seemed the most powerful influence that could be used to affect the brutes, force being entirely out of the question. As soon as the "milling" began the cow-boys began to sing. It mattered not what so long as there was music to it, and it was not uncommon to hear some profane and heartless bully doling out camp-meeting hymns to soothe the ruffled spirits of a herd of Texas steers, a use which might have astonished the fathers and mothers of the churches "back in God's country," could they have known of it.

A stampede always meant a loss, and rendered the herd more likely to be again panic-stricken. Certain hysterical leaders were frequently shot because of their influence on the remainder of the column. Another danger was that of the mingling of two herds; while in the earlier days the presence of buffalo was a decided peril. A herd of buffalo roaring and tearing its way across the plain was almost certain to cause a panic, if within hearing, and outriders were necessary to watch for these enemies and turn their course from the trail. Besides, marauding Indians were always to be feared, and many a skirmish was had between the cow-boys and redskins. An understanding with the chiefs was, however, usually sufficient to insure safety. Thus accompanied by incidents that brought into play all the strength and strategy of their guards, the horned host moved on. Rivers were crossed by swimming in the same order that had been followed on land.

Reaching the outskirts of the shipping-station the herd was held on the plains until the drover effected a sale or secured cars for shipment. Then the animals were driven into the stockades, dragged or coaxed into the cars, and were sent off to meet their fate in the great packing-houses. The journey had

Herd Swimming a River.

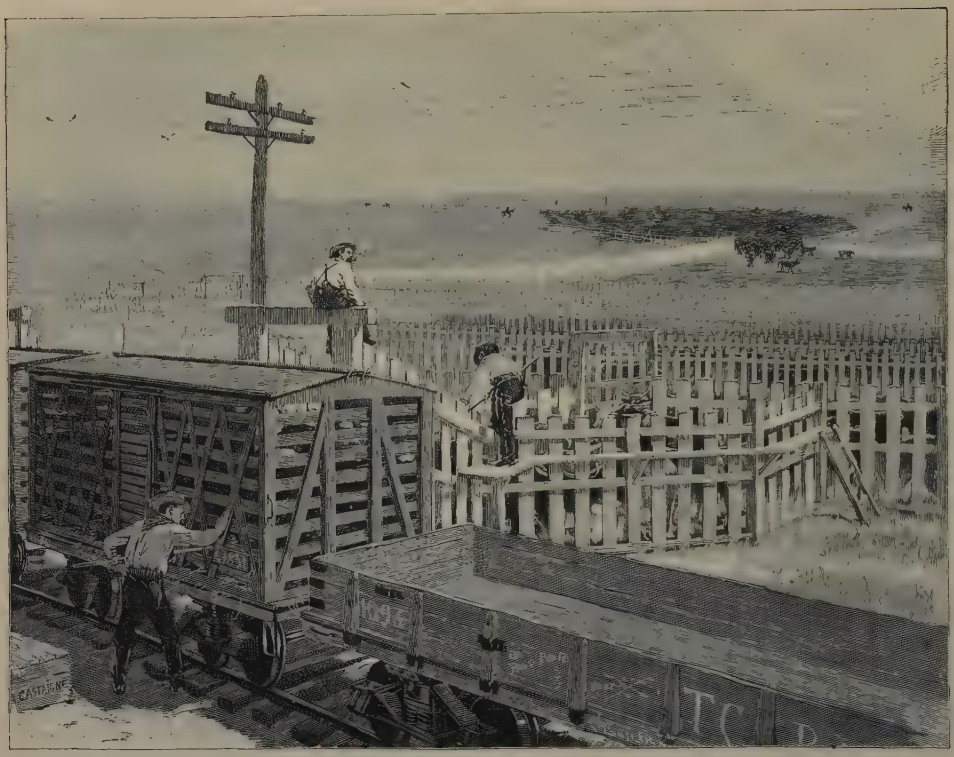
been a strange one to them, often accompanied by savage cruelties at the hands of heartless drivers, and the end of the trip with close confinement of yard and car, the first they had ever known, was strangest of all.



On the Grazing Grounds.

With the loading of the cattle came the "paying off" and the cow-boy's brief vacation before returning to another year's round of hard work and coarse fare. It was not, perhaps, to be expected that after nearly a twelvemonth of life on the prairies he should spend his outing in quiet and dignity. And seldom indeed did he. The cattle towns catered to his worst passions, and saloons and dance-houses flourished with startling exuberance. Gambling ran riot, and quarrels ending in murder were of frequent occurrence. During the height of the season might was the only law, and if occasionally a marshal was found, like William Hickok, the original Wild Bill, who could rule an Abilene in its rudest period, it was because he was quicker with the revolver and more daring than even the cow-boys themselves.

Much glamour and romance have been thrown around the figure of the cow-boy. He was not the dashing and chivalric hero of the burlesque stage, in gorgeous sombrero and sash, nor was he the drunken, fighting terror of the dime novel. He was a very average Westerner, dressed for comfort, and with the traits of character that his business induced. The cow-boy lived a hard life. For months he never saw a bed, nor slept beneath a roof. He seldom had access to a newspaper or book, and had none of society's advantages to lift him to higher things. The roughest of the West's immigrants, as well as many Mexicans, drifted into the business because of its excitement and good wages, and this class by its excesses gave the world its standard for all. With the influences of actual contact with bucking bronco ponies and ferocious Texas steers, themselves by no means elevating, added to the temptations of the cattle towns, all the worst in the herder's nature was sure to be brought out. But hundreds of cow-boys were sons of Christian parents, and when they had made a start in life settled down at last as good citizens of the great West they had helped to develop.



The End of the Trail—Loading the Stock at the Railroad.

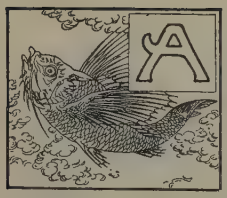
The cow-boy with his white, wide-rimmed hat, his long leathern cattle whip, his lariat, and his clanking spur is a thing of the past. The great Texas ranches are enclosed with barbed wire fences, and a genuine Texas steer would attract almost as much attention in the old cattle towns as a llama. Abilene, Ellsworth, Newton, and Dodge City are busy little cities surrounded by rich farming communities and with churches, schools, electric lights, and other evidences of modern civilization. No trace of the old life remains, except some weather-stained and dilapidated buildings, pointed out to the stranger as having been saloons where Wild Tom, Texas Sam, or other strangely named characters, killed men unnumbered "during the cattle days." But even these traditions are known to but few of the modern inhabitants, so entirely has a new people filled the land in the last decade.

The cattle-trails were in a measure educative. They brought the north and south of the Mississippi Valley into close business relations, a condition which was to the advantage of both. But the life that surrounded them could not endure. The homes of thousands of settlers have pre-empted the grazing grounds. Railroads are ten times more numerous than were the trails, and like the cavalier, the troubadour, the Puritan, and the "Forty-niner," the cow-boy and his attendant life have become but figures in history.

RAPID TRANSIT IN CITIES.

II.—THE SOLUTION.

By Thomas Curtis Clarke.



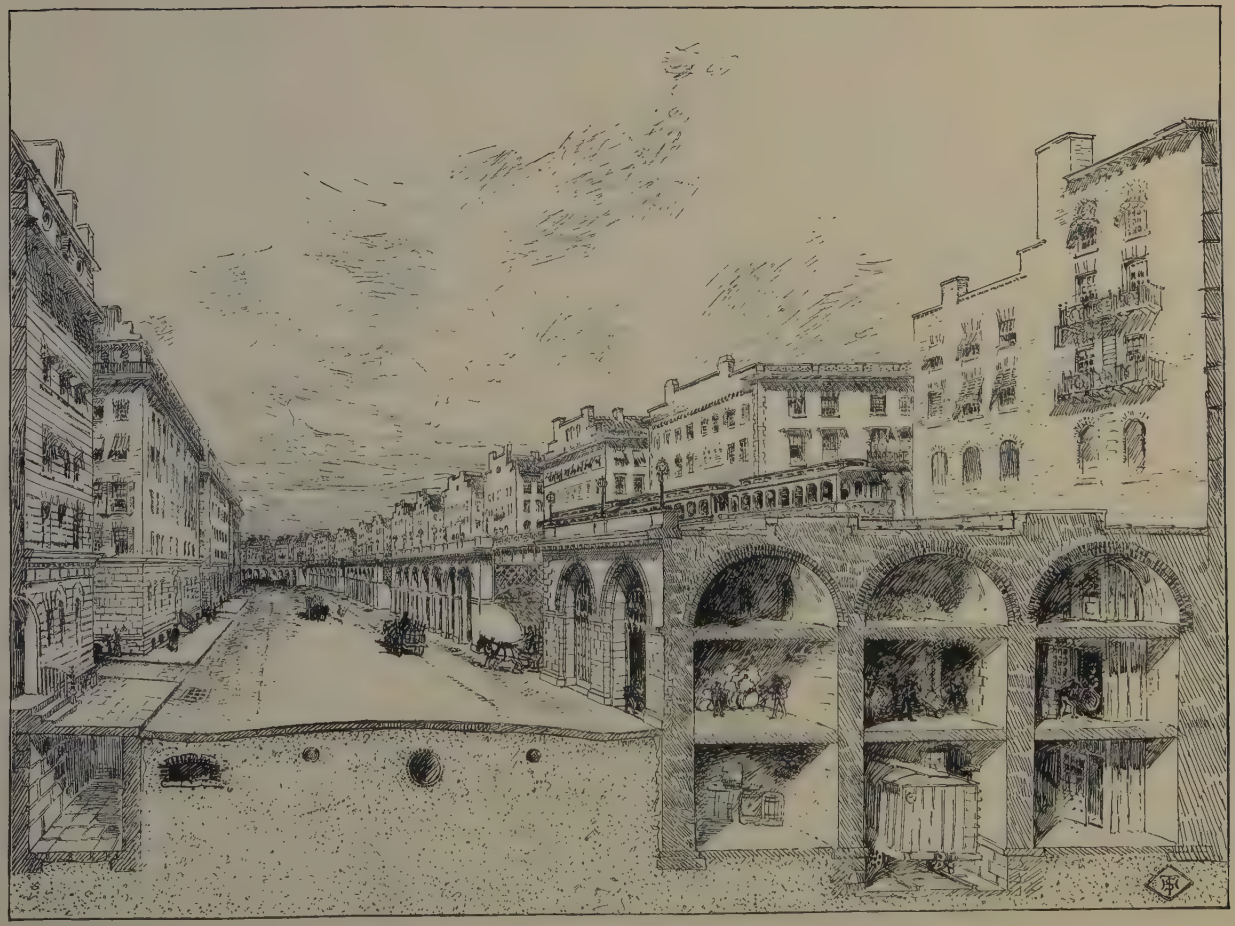
MEDIÆVAL CITY was a very picturesque object, with its narrow and winding streets and overhanging houses, and the tall cathedral towering above the market-place. As nobody rode, except here and there "an abbot on an ambling pad," or a noble lady on her palfrey, its area was small, and had to be kept small, so that people could get over it on foot. Hence the strong aversion which we find expressed in the literature and history of those times to the growth of cities. Even as late as in Charles II.'s days, Sir Christopher Wren, in making a new plan for London after its great fire, proposed to move all the graveyards and arrange them in a ring around the city, for the express purpose of preventing its enlargement.

People dwelt in all parts of these cities, and carried on their trades, manufactures, and selling of goods under the same roofs where they ate and slept. There are persons still living who have heard it said that the proper place for a tradesman to live was over his shop. But with the changes caused by modern inventions the evolution of a city makes it more complex. Differentiation of parts takes place. One part becomes the financial centre; another, that of wholesale business; a third, that of manufactures; and a fourth, that of retail shops; while the residence quarters are farther and farther removed from the centre. These changes everyone must have noticed in almost all cities, but few have paused to consider that this evolution of the modern city comes from the extensive use now made of the sun's energy stored up in coal, and utilized through machinery in all the innumerable processes of manufacturing, industry, and transportation. Cities depend upon coal mines. They have grown with their growth, and prospered with their prosperity: and if ever the mines become exhausted, the cities will dwindle with their decay; unless we learn to transform the energy of the medium which surrounds us into power.

We have shown that the growth of population and the habit of riding in cars have increased faster than capital has been able to supply the means of transit, from whence has come congestion of traffic in the larger cities, and from whence it will come in all. The evil has become serious, and is fast changing rapid transit back to slow transit.

Various remedies have been suggested. Were it confined to one or two cities, we might hesitate to advise. But the same causes will produce similar effects in all of our cities, so that the matter becomes one of universal interest. The extension of cable and electric railways in cities like San Francisco, Denver, Kansas City, Buffalo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, etc., is covering rapidly with houses great areas of outlying territory, that were lately farms and pastures. As everybody wishes to go to the heart of the city, which is small, congestion of traffic must come sooner or later to all. The question is not one of invention and engineering alone, but it is interwoven with one of the most difficult problems of modern economic science—how far shall the community control and share in the burden of serving the community? We will take up this question farther on, and will now discuss some of the engineering features of an improved rapid transit.

An inspection of the maps of cities, in this and the article in the May number, will show that the shape and contour of the town, as determined by the physical features of land and water, has much to do with the manner in which its rapid transit is developed. Thus, the steep hills of San Francisco were the



DRAWN BY H. T. SCHLADERMUND.

Section of Proposed New Street, Viaduct, and Warehouses, New York.

cause of the invention of the cable system, which is also used in the steep streets of Kansas City. The long, level, and straight avenues of Chicago and New York, are also suitable to the cable system on account of their concentrated traffic and absence of curves. The crooked and narrow streets of Boston, with their frequent curvings and intersections, are not suited for cables, but are worked very well by the electric system. Where there is a wide extent of sparsely settled territory, the electric trolley system is the most economical of all.

The question is sometimes asked, what is the comparative cost of working street railways by horses, cables, or electric motors? The investigations of the last census throw light upon this, and I have collected some other statistics showing the cost of carrying a passenger, which is a resultant of the cost of running a car, and the number of people in that car.

Table showing cost of operating Horse, Cable, Electric, Steam, Locomotive Lines, per Car Mile run.

Description.	Actual Cost in Cents per Car Mile Run.			Number of fares taken per car mile run.	Cost per passenger.
	Motive power.	Other expenses.	Total.		
Horse Cars Lines.					
Census Bulletin No. 55, average of 15 lines...	7.10	11.06	18.16	4.95	3.67
Chicago, Southside, 1891	12.00	6.90	18.90	5.03	4.64
West End, Boston, 1891	10.86	14.69	25.55	6.35	4.02
Bobtail cars drawn by one animal, with no conductor..... ...	7.00	8.00	15.00	.....	....
Electric Lines.					
West End, Boston, Trolley.....	7.65	14.10	21.75	6.70	3.20
Census Bulletin, average of 10 lines.....	5.36	7.85	13.21	3.46	3.82
South London Subway, 1891.....	5.20	8.10	13.30	5.00	2.70
Cable Lines.					
Census Bulletin, 10 lines	3.40	10.72	14.12	4.30	3.22
Chicago, Southside Cable, 1891.....	3.00	6.39	9.39	3.58	2.60
Brooklyn Bridge Cable, 1887...	2.23	10.87	13.10	8.85	1.50
Brooklyn Bridge Cable, 1891.....	2.24	8.44	10.68	7.83	1.364
Locomotive Elevated Lines.					
Manhattan, N. Y., 1890.	5.85	7.15	13.00	5.20	2.68
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1890..	5.00	4.54	9.54	3.17	3.00

Figures are misleading without explanation. Thus in the horse-car lines, there is evidently a difference between the division of cost of motive power and other expenses, in the roads given by the *Census Bulletin* and in the other three. The West End of Boston, both in its electric and horse-car statements, charges to the "other expenses" some properly due to the cost of changing from horse to electric power, which, after this is done, will disappear from the account. After making all allowances, the result remains that cable power is the least expensive to operate, then locomotives, then electric motors, and the most expensive is that of horses. But all these conclusions may be reversed when we take into account the interest charges on the cost of the systems. According to the *Census Bulletin* the total cost of road and equipment per mile of street length is for

Horse, mule railways	$71,387
Electric trolley railways.....	46,697
Cable trolley railways.....	350,324

to which we may add subways, $1,200,000 to $1,600,000 per mile; elevated railways, $600,000 to $800,000 per mile. The conclusion is that each case should be considered on its own merits, and where the traffic is light and diffused over wide areas, horse or electric lines are best. Where the traffic is very concentrated cables seem to give the best results, as on the Brooklyn Bridge. If, however, electric lines with their present imperfect development can do either heavy or light business economically, it is safe to assume that in their future development they will beat all the others. In an ideally perfect system of rapid transit:

1. The lines should run from the business centre of the city in all directions to the suburbs, like the spokes of a wheel, so far as the physical features of land and water will admit.

2. The lines should follow those streets which are already business thoroughfares.

3. The system should be one upon which cars can move with equal speed in all parts of the city.

4. No changes of cars should be necessary.

5. The system should be a flexible one, capable of extension through the outlying and thinly settled districts without too much cost.

The manner of carrying out this would be as follows: Beginning in the suburbs, we should have the present electric or cable surface railways; where there is not sufficient movement of ordinary vehicles to prevent a progress of nine to ten miles per hour, or even more. As soon as that part of the city is reached where a slower speed becomes necessary, the cars should ascend upon an elevated railway and run on it until either narrower streets, or any other reason, makes this kind of line objectionable. Then the line should descend from elevated to subway and pass under that part of the city where an elevated line would be inadmissible. After passing this the line may rise again to elevated and again descend to the street level. All these changes would not always be necessary. There is no reason why this cannot be done by either cable motors drawing trailing cars after them, or by cars each carrying its own electric motor. Not only do the smaller electric cars in Boston, but the great double-deck Pullman car, carrying thirty passengers below, thirty on deck, ascend six per cent. grades with ease. If it is desirable to run electric cars in trains, each should be supplied with its own motor, and all be connected and worked by one motorman at the end. It is true that the wheels of the old horse-cars, which have small flanges, would not allow them to run safely on an elevated structure. But safe wheels could easily be made, and as a matter of fact, the wheels of the double-deck Pullman street car are amply strong and safe enough.

Let us see the application of this suggestion to practice. Take the city of Paris for example. Here the Metropolitan Company projected by M. Eiffel does propose to run partly underground and partly on the surface. There is no physical difficulty in their running also on elevated lines, if it is necessary. We have said that, owing to the small size of its business centre, the city of Boston is probably suffering more from congestion of traffic than any other American city. The method of rapid transit which we have just described is admirably adapted to give it relief. Through the broad suburban streets the electric cars now move at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour. The congestion of traffic extends for less than one mile, and is chiefly confined to two parallel streets, Washington and Tremont, through which the great tide of travel running north and south, and representing a population of 850,000 souls, passes all day long. The great shopping districts are about in the middle of this mile. The West End Railway Co. finding that their cars take longer to pass over this mile than over three or four miles in the suburban districts, have asked the Rapid Transit Commission to recommend to the Legislature to allow them to construct a short subway running under the Common and a part of Tremont Street, and coming out at Adams Square. The nature of the ground admits of such a subway being connected with elevated lines at each end when desired. The subway would be similar to the short subway in New York under Fourth Avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Forty-Second Streets. It would be lighted at short intervals by openings in the roof, and would be unobjectionable in every respect. Near Park Street Church, where the great crowding shown in the illustration to the article in the May number now takes place, there would be a central underground station, where passengers could take trains to and from all parts of the city and suburbs. This seems to be a simple and reasonable way of relieving the difficulty, for the cars on the new subway would make so much better time than those on the surface of the streets, that the larger part of these would be withdrawn from the streets and take this route. The plan is one that can be quickly carried out, and at a comparatively small cost. The Commission, it is understood, will recommend this, but they go a great deal farther. They follow in the footsteps of Berlin, Paris, and London, and propose a circular or ring railway connecting all the steam railroad stations. Part of the line will be elevated, and it will descend under the Common and Tremont Street as the West End line proposes to do. This ring line will have no rail

connection with either the steam railroads, or the street railways. Passengers are expected to change cars, ascend and ride around this circle.

The experience of the European cities, to which I have referred in my former article, has shown that these ring railways, in consequence of their not following the lines of the principal thoroughfares where people want to go, and of trying to induce people to take a circuitous route where they do not wish to go, have been utter failures, and are now being supplemented by lines running across the circumscribed area in all directions, but always on the lines of main streets. It does not appear as if this Boston ring scheme would attract capital, as it would cost ten times as much as the other less pretentious plan, and people would not ride on it even free of charge, for they would have to pay another fare as soon as they left it, and no time would be saved. We have criticised this plan not in a hostile spirit, but present it as an object-lesson of what should be avoided. Of all difficult tasks, there is none more difficult than to make an American take the longest way around, when he can "cut across."

The Congested District of Boston.

[This map occupies the space enclosed by dotted line on the Map of Boston, on page 576, in the May number.]

The congestion of traffic, which makes the wide streets of Chicago almost impassable at certain times and places, comes from reasons which an inspection of the map on page 749 will clearly explain. The clear area shows the suburban districts; the lightly hatched area the built up part of the city; while the still darker lines show the business centre. It is separated from the north and west divisions by the rivers with their obstructive swing-bridges. This area is so small that land has become immensely valuable, and has caused the erection of those very tall buildings peculiar to Chicago.

The system which we have described adapts itself as if specially designed for Chicago. Run in on the surface as far as you can make speed, then run up upon elevated lines, and then run down under the streets of the small business area, crossing under the rivers by tunnels, limiting the subways to the shortest possible lengths. Then delays from bridges and from street traffic would cease, and the large damages consequent upon running through the streets of the business area would be avoided. The map of Chicago shows one thing peculiar to that town. In no other city that we know of are there so many steam railroads running so far into the heart of the city. The numerous grade crossings of these roads are a source of delay to them, and of danger to all. No matter what the cost may be, at some future time they will all have to be separated from the street level, and the only practicable way is to elevate the level of their rails. Their right of way is so valuable that within much of the area included by the encircling parks

and boulevards, it would seem profitable to elevate the railways on structures rather than on embankments. This would give a second right of way under them, upon which electric cars could be run for local traffic passengers, interchanged with trains above, making fewer stops. The structures could carry the trolley wires necessary for supplying power to the surface electric cars. The surface lines would descend into subways which would connect all the railway stations together, cross under the rivers, and traverse the business centre in various directions. The map will show that such a plan as this, taken in connection with the present street lines and some new elevated lines, would satisfy the rapid transit requirements of Chicago for all time, and a no less comprehensive plan will do this.

A new system of carrying passengers, called "the Multiple Speed Railway," has been invented in Chicago.

One enemy of railroads is friction, and another momentum; or that stored up energy which makes trains unwilling either to stop or start. If they could be kept always moving and without stops, the motive power would be much less than now.

It has been supposed (except by horse-car conductors) that it was necessary to stop a car to let passengers get on and off, but this plan does away with all that.

Imagine a continuous line of platforms on wheels moved by electric motors at the rate of three miles an hour, at which speed persons can step on a moving platform from a station. Along side of this is another line of platforms moving six miles an hour. We step upon this. Beyond this are the cars, moving nine miles an hour, into which we step and take our seats. There being a continuous line of cars the whole length of the road, the carrying capacity of this system is enormous, being at least three times as great as that of the Brooklyn bridge cars.

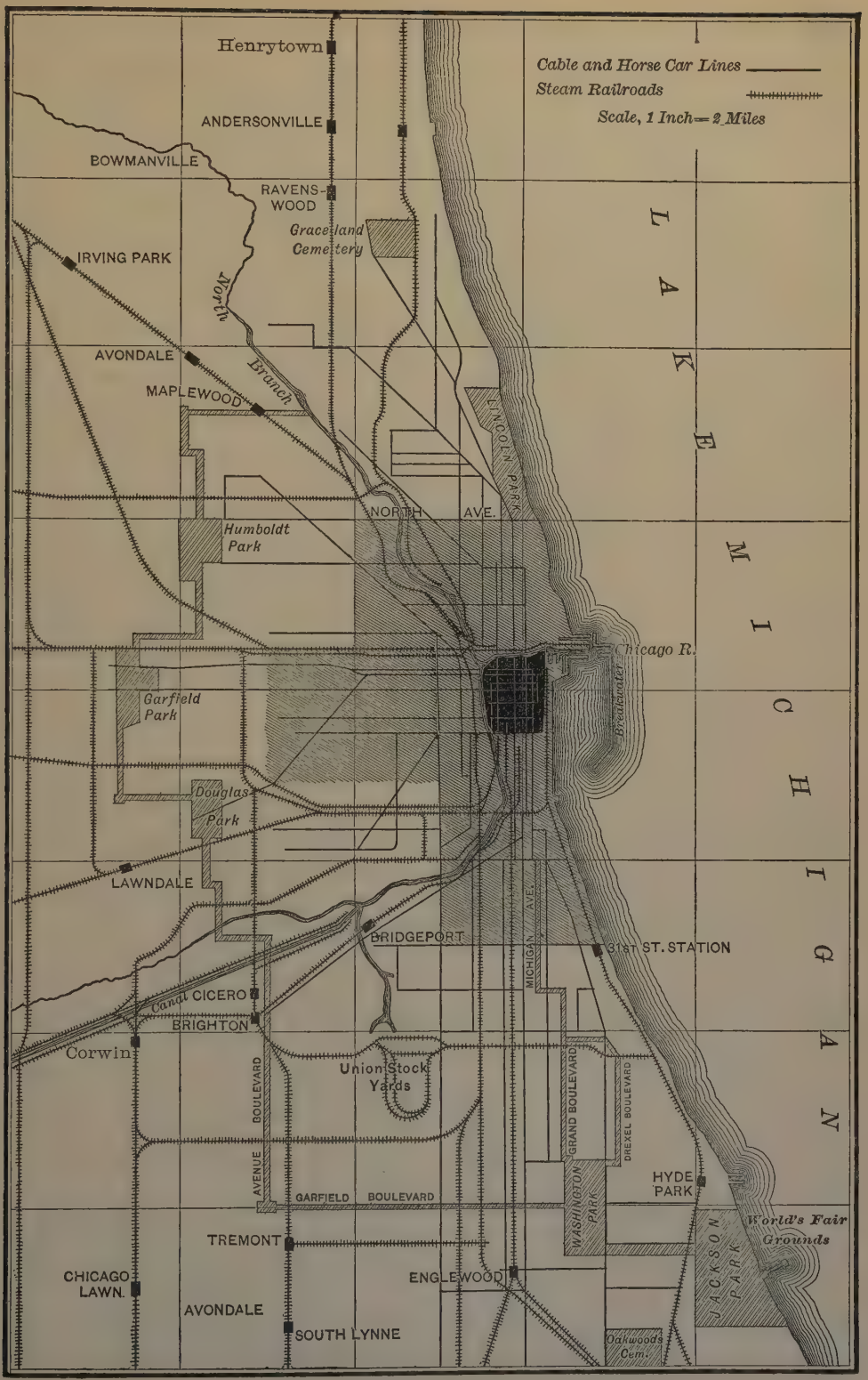
It is stated that this system will be used to carry passengers about the World's Fair grounds.

The city of New York, as everybody knows, is surrounded by water and is long and narrow. This means a great concentration of traffic on parallel avenues and streets running north and south. From this peculiar shape, the walking distance was reached earlier than in other cities, and this led in New York to the earliest invention of horse-car lines. The same causes made New York the first city to build elevated railways, and these causes are now urging New York to undertake a still more costly system of rapid transit, either above or below ground. The official Commission on Rapid Transit has decided in favor of subway lines from the Battery to the Harlem River, and surface or elevated lines above the Harlem River, a distance of about ten miles. While street railways are unobjectionable, such a long one would not be popular in our climate. The questions of ventilation and motive power are not yet solved. Lines under ground have much less capacity than those in daylight, where trains can be run twenty to thirty seconds apart, which no sane man would dare to do in a tunnel. Mr. Depew, with equal wisdom and wit, has summed up the whole case. "Americans do not like to go under ground until they are dead."

The Commissioners themselves say, that while they appreciate that a masonry viaduct would be the most desirable means of transit, they fear that it would be too costly, and take too long to acquire the right of way. The map on page 751 shows the location of the subways proposed by the Commission; with the exception of Madison Avenue, which is not suitable, the locations seem the best possible, following as they do the lines of the crowded streets.

The vital defect of the New York Rapid Transit Commissioners' scheme is that it tries to throw all the burden on private capital, when it ought to be shared by the whole community, as the whole community is benefited in many ways. To do this, the following plan is suggested:

Let the city of New York open two new streets, one on the east, one on the west of Broadway, extending as near the southern point of the island as possible. The western street should run to the Boulevard at Fifty-Ninth Street.



Map of Chicago, showing Rapid Transit Lines.

The eastern street to the New York Central line at Forty-Second Street. These streets should each be one hundred and fifty feet wide, of which seventy feet should be set aside for a stone and iron viaduct, sixty feet for a roadway on one side of it, and twenty feet for a sidewalk, as shown in the drawing. This viaduct could carry two express and two local trains, with platforms between at the stations; and the spaces which extend from one station to another should have extra tracks for turnouts, storage of cars, etc. The viaduct should be of solid masonry through the blocks, while the streets should be crossed by structures like those of Berlin. The viaduct foundations should be carried below the level of the streets, forming subways in which freight trains could run. The viaduct would thus form a series of fireproof storage warehouses, artificially cooled if required. They would be all connected by rail with the New York Central and other railways. The rental of such storehouses would return four per cent. on the cost over and above taxation and repairs of their construction. The city should lease this seventy feet, which is needed for the viaduct, to a private company who would build it and operate the road under proper conditions. The city would gain two new wide avenues, running north and south, for wheel traffic, which would relieve the congested condition of Broadway and other streets; and, as all will admit, are much needed. It would also gain an ideally perfect system of rapid transit.

Let us see if the cost would be an insuperable obstacle. Valuing 25 feet lots and buildings at $50,000 each, or $20 per square foot, there would be, exclusive of present streets, 594,000 square feet per mile, costing nearly twelve million dollars, the fixed charges on which at three and one-half per cent., the rate at which the city borrows money, would be $415,800 per mile, from which deduct rental of 70 feet at same rate, leaves a balance of $221,760 per mile. There would be about nine miles required, costing the city annually about two million dollars. The warehouses would be taxable property, and new buildings would be built on one side of the new streets, whose rapid transit facilities would make them very desirable. The increase of revenue from taxation would in a few years meet the whole annual outlay. The private company would pay $1,746,360 yearly for its right of way. Its masonry viaduct would cost it nothing, as the rentals would pay for that, leaving only street crossings to be provided for. A subway line with its stations and land damages cannot be built with four tracks for less than three million dollars per mile. The fixed charges on nine miles at five per cent., the current rate of interest, would amount to $1,350,000. To make up the difference of $396,360 would require but 7,927,000 more passengers yearly at five cents. Is it not probable that a line running in open air and daylight, and having double the capacity of a subway, would do as much as this? *

Above Fifty-ninth Street very much less expensive elevated lines could be run in the centre of the Boulevard. Above Forty-second Street, on the East Side, it has been suggested to run over the centre of Park Avenue, which is one hundred and forty feet wide. This would allow of making openings in the New York Central tunnel below, which would improve it very much.

As any comprehensive scheme of rapid transit for New York would require a long time to carry out, present relief can be best obtained by giving greater facilities to the elevated lines. Instead of being prevented from laying third tracks and acquiring better terminals, they should be encouraged, so far as it can be done without cost to the city. The completion of a third track on the Eighth and Ninth Avenue lines, upon which express trains with few stops are run, has reduced the time from the Harlem River to South Ferry from fifty-two to twenty-five minutes. If the East Side lines could run similar express trains the public would be greatly benefited.

New York was built up by commerce, borne in ships and canal boats on the water, and she is connected with the railway system of the country by only

* The year's rent to be paid to the city on viaduct line could be reduced one-fourth by making it for four tracks only, or 57 feet wide, except at stations. This would make yearly rental $1,309,770, or *less* than the fixed charges on a four-track subway.

Map of New York—Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

one line, a very great one, it is true. Passengers and freight we know are transferred from the trunk lines which end in New Jersey by ferry-boats and barges. No better way of handling freight can be devised, as the barge with its load of eight or ten cars can be towed to wharves at any part of New York or Brooklyn, just as the canal-boats that come down the North River are towed.

Ferry-boats were invented for the harbor of New York by Colonel John Stevens, not long after Fulton's successful trips by steam on the Hudson River, and are admirably adapted to their purpose. The design has been imitated all over the world. There are few better designed craft than one of the modern steel ferry-boats with twin screws at each end, and double deck accommodations. The great crowds of foot-passengers and teams that come and go to and from the lower part of New York cannot be better served than by these ferry-boats. But the through passengers who arrive at Jersey City and Hoboken by train require a better mode of crossing the river. A bridge upon which trains could run into the heart of New York would be a great convenience and saving of time, especially when the ferry-boats are detained by fogs or ice. The success of the Brooklyn Bridge has been so great that it is proposed to build three or four new bridges over the East River; two at the lower end of the town to connect the elevated railway systems of New York and Brooklyn; and two above Forty-second Street for steam railroads only.

The New York & New Jersey Bridge Company propose to cross the North River at Seventy-first Street and connect with ten railroads that now stop at the right bank of the river. This bridge will be connected by a steel viaduct with a great union station at Forty-second Street and Broadway. Another line will give connections with the New England railroads. The grades will be easy, averaging forty feet per mile. It is intended to have a large hotel at the station, so that passengers can reach their rooms without leaving the building.

Besides this bridge, there are numerous tunnels projected under both rivers, and one is partly built. Of these tunnel projects, it may be said that the difficulties of making approaches to them and connections with railway lines are very great. Their capacity also is very much less than that of a bridge, and they are not looked on with favor by capitalists.

A few words more on the social and economical advantages of rapid transit will close this article. Let us see what has been done:

Mr. Henry M. Whitney, President of the West End Railway Co., of Boston, in his admirable argument before the Committees on Cities and Taxation of the Massachusetts Legislature, contrasts the European systems of increasing the fares according to distance travelled, with the American system of one fare for all distances. The American street lines lose money on their long-distance passengers, but more than make it up on their short-distance passengers. The tramway fare in Berlin is 2½ cents, or 10 pfennigs, for each 1½ mile. When you go beyond the line you have to pay two fares, and so on, so that to ride six miles would cost 10 cents. By the American system, which discriminates in favor of the suburbs, a man can ride ten miles or more to his home for 5 cents. Also, as Mr. Whitney well shows, the increase of speed due to

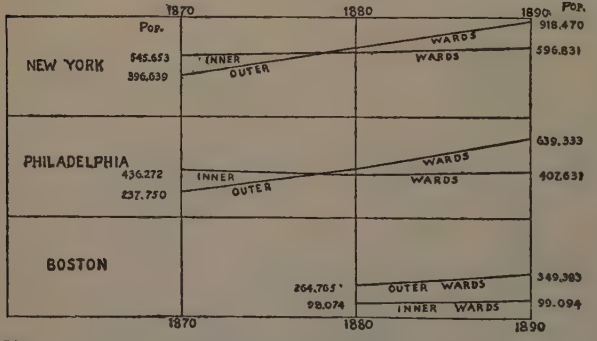


Diagram showing Relative Increase of Inner Congested City Wards and Outer Wards in Twenty Years.

[From figures by Carroll D. Wright, in *Popular Science Monthly*, February, 1892.]

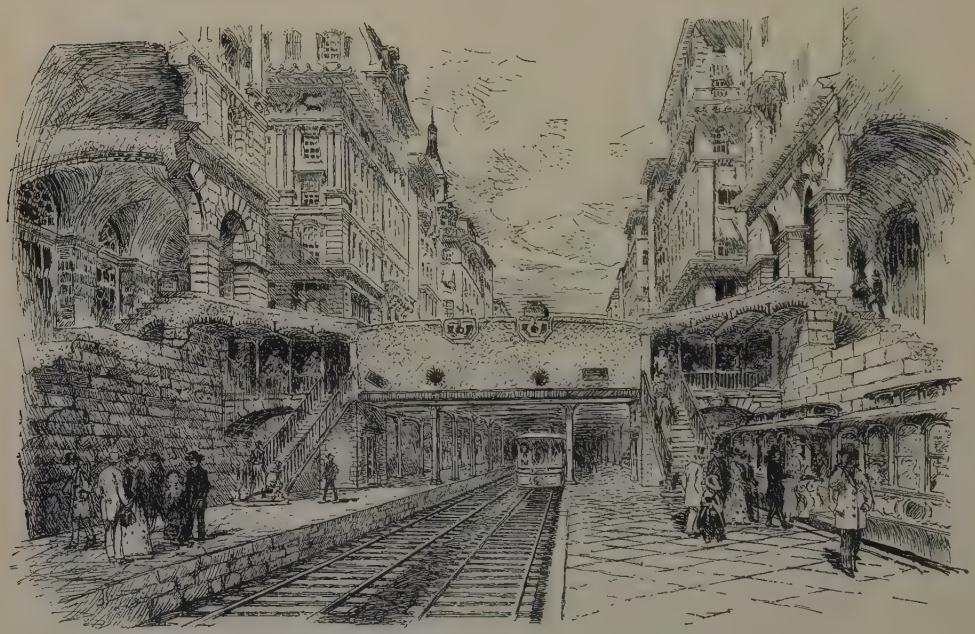
DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

Proposed Subway Station, Boston.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

the electric system, shortens each trip ten to twenty minutes. "While you are legislating under this roof," he says, "to reduce the hours of labor, this transportation company, by simply changing its system, has reduced the hours of labor nearly half an hour per day." The effect of the other system, where the suburbs are discriminated against, may be seen in the crowded state of the houses in Berlin. In 1885 there were but 2,820 private houses, and 900,000 out of 1,122,000 persons lived in tenements; 478,000 of whom lived in one room that could be heated, 302,000 in tenements of two rooms, and 101,000 in cellar or underground tenements. Contrasting this with Somerville, a suburb of Boston, containing about forty thousand persons, Mr. Whitney shows that there are 7,000 houses, making the number of persons to a house 5.9, which is about the same number as is found in the rural districts of our well-settled States. That is to say, people can live in a comfortable town only five miles, or half an hour's time, from Boston, paying ten cents a day to go there and return, and be no more crowded in their dwellings than are people who live in the country.

Is it any wonder that our cities and their suburbs grow at the expense of the rural districts? How fast they grow has been shown by the United States Commissioner of Labor, C. D. Wright, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*. I have translated his columns of figures into a diagram [p. 752], which shows the increase of population in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, in the inner, congested wards and in the suburban wards, during the thirty years in which street railways have been in use. Other observations show that the rate of increase in the suburbs of London, over that of the older, congested parts of that city, is equally great. "Outer London is beginning to vie in population with the 'inner ring.' In a few decades hence it will have passed it." The English writer goes on to say: "If the process goes on unchecked, the Englishman of the future will be a suburb-dweller, and the suburban type will be the most wide-spread and characteristic of all, as the rural has been in the past, and the urban may be said to be in the present."



Proposed Local and Express Train Station, Broadway, New York.

The same thing may be said of this country by those who see the great ex-

The Berlin Viaduct Railway.
[From the *Engineering Record*, New York.]

tent of suburban area that has been annexed to all our cities since the introduction of the electric trolley system. While it is true that, without the skill and ingenuity of inventors and engineers the rapid transit of to-day would not be possible, yet it is also true that, unless the relation between these systems and the community is fixed upon a proper and just basis, trouble will always come, and neither the public nor investors will be satisfied.

Our present systems have grown up in a hap-hazard sort of way. Certain astute persons have procured from State legislatures charters for street or elevated lines, granting all the privileges that could be thought of and imposing very few obligations. All that the city, whose streets were taken, could do was to try and get as much money as possible out of these companies by taxation. If it succeeded, the company took it out of the public by diminished service. As the Legislature commanded the situation, the companies were obliged to retain lobbyists to protect their interests. The effect of all this has been that the ownership and control of street lines has fallen into the hands of persons eminent rather as politicians than as capitalists.

The advent of the electric system has changed all this. Street railway shares are now sought eagerly by investors, are quoted in the money markets of the world, and have attracted the attention of the most conservative bankers. The vast amount of capital invested in these lines is shown by the following list, showing those of the United States and Canada up to September, 1891 :

Miles operated by animals	5,443
Miles operated by electricity	3,009
Miles operated by steam motors	1,918
Miles operated by cables	660
Total	11,030
Number of all cars	36,517
Number of animals in use	88,114

The number of animals has diminished during the last year 26,181, showing the rapid increase of the use of electric and cable power. The total capital invested is not far from nine hundred and twen-

The South London Subway.
(Showing Stockwell Station, the lift, platform, and carriages.)

ty millions of dollars. This shows the great importance of a proper regulation of those important properties.

There are but two ways in which public service can be performed—either directly by the paid servants of the public, or indirectly through chartered companies. In our country, public opinion has decided in favor of the latter. Until our cities are managed on business principles and run by experts, few would wish to see their powers extended. The management of steam railways can be regulated by competition, and all that government should do is to see that safety is provided for, and that all are treated fairly and alike. Competition cannot be applied to street railways except in the beginning, for when all the avenues of access to the heart of a city are occupied, no new lines can be built, and those who first get possession have a monopoly of surface travel. Charters may be given to elevated lines and to subways, but combination may take

place and the monopoly then becomes absolute. This is the justification for the exercise by the community of regulation and even interference with the management of street railways.

The community, however, should not only be just but generous in its dealings with the companies, and share with them the burden of rapid transit by furnishing the place to put the lines, either on the surface, or above, or below ground. That is to say, the city should condemn the damages caused by any of these forms of rapid transit, pay the abutting property owners before they are built; and charge the companies a rental for the same based upon the rate at which the city can borrow money, as we have suggested in the case of the proposed new viaduct streets for New York.

The companies, who are the other parties to the contract, should be strictly held to perform the following duties:

1. To run cars as often as the public service demands, and extend their lines when the public service demands. In case of disagreement the matter should be settled by arbitration.

2. To charge uniform fares for all distances, and but one single fare, all over the city or town limits. Even where there are many companies, interchanges should be free.

3. To run at agreed-on rates of speed, maintain clean and well-lighted cars, properly heated in winter, and having all modern improvements.

4. To use that form of rail which interferes least with ordinary traffic, and to keep the pavements clean and in order between the outer lines of rails.

5. To pay an annual rental for the right of way.

In return for the proper performance of these duties the community should give the companies the place to put their tracks. In case of strikes they should have the full protection of the military and police, as if they were public servants. Conductors should be special constables authorized to arrest drunken or disorderly persons. In running cars they should have the right of way, and other vehicles should not be allowed to detain the cars and their passengers.

Finally, after paying their rental they should be exempt from all taxation, except on real estate owned by them. In lieu of taxation the payment to the community should be by lowering fares. The accounts of the companies should be subject to the inspection of public officers, and when the net earnings during a certain number of years should be found to exceed *ten* per cent. on the capital invested, a lowering of fares should take place. In case of dispute, the matter should be settled by arbitration. It may be said that fares can only be lowered a cent at a time, and that this is too much. But there is nothing to prevent the sale of tickets in bunches of twenty-five, at any fraction of a cent discount.

All these stipulations should be embodied in contracts between the cities and the companies, which should be perpetual, except in case of forfeiture by the company for neglect or non-performance of duties. All the mutual stipulations the courts should enforce. It seems to the writer that such an arrangement would place the operating of rapid transit lines in the same position as if it were done by the public directly, except that the payment to the company would be a possibility of a ten per cent. dividend to be earned by business ability, instead of payment by fixed salaries. It is a great mistake to tax transportation in any shape, for all experience has shown that the tax comes out of the public in the end, from economies which result in inefficient service. The higher the tax the company pays, the less it does for the public in other ways. Also, high taxes upon corporations are direct incentives to public extravagance. On the other hand, the lowering of fares is a positive gain in every way. When the fares on the New York elevated lines were reduced from five cents during four hours and ten cents during the rest of the day, to an uniform fare of five cents all day, the increase of travel more than repaid the Manhattan Company. The saving to the community during five years has amounted to $1\frac{36}{100}$ cent on 890,824,786 fares, or a total of $12,107,600. If the city of New York had taken this sum in taxes, what would it be now? There is no reason why, when new franchises are to be granted, that the city should

give away a safe ten per cent. investment. A rental should be fixed, based upon the cost of condemnation of damages for right of way, and the franchise should then be sold to those who would bid the highest sum for it, after agreeing to pay the rental and be bound to perform the duties we have described. The maximum allowable dividends are purposely placed high, so as to induce the companies to adopt improvements and attract custom, as private individuals do in their business. If they were restricted to a small dividend, they would not be induced to improve their service and change from horse to cable or electric motors. Under some such mutual arrangement as we have suggested, made definite and lasting, not only would street railway investments be safer and more attractive, but the complaints of slow and dirty cars and no seats would quickly disappear.

Finally, we re-state our original propositions :

The population of our cities is increasing in a greater ratio than that of the country at large. This increase is caused by the increase of industrial occupations which can best be done in a city. The growth is mainly a suburban growth, and the places once occupied by crowded tenements are being taken for purposes of business and manufacture. The steam railways can supply food and access to a city of any size. The growth of cities will never stop as long as these conditions last. The only question is, how to get in and out from the suburbs where people live, to the heart of the cities where they work and trade. The solution is found in such methods of rapid transit as we have attempted to describe, or in other better ones yet to be invented. What shall be the relations between the community and its servants, the chartered companies, is one of the most important questions of the day.

Henry George, in his letter to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., says : "There is a natural law by which, as society advances, the one thing that increases in value is land—all growth of population, all advance of the arts, all general improvements of whatever kind add to a fund."—So far we all agree with him. But this is his conclusion : "Add to a fund that both the commands of justice and the dictates of expediency prompt us to take for the common uses of society."

No ! Mr. George. So long as a poor man can buy an acre of land within an hour's ride of that city where he finds constant work, and can buy everything he wants at the best rates, and do all that for ten cents a day—he will never allow Henry George to tax his little home out of existence for the good of an imaginary creature of the brain called Society. And this increase of health and comfort to the people, this strengthening of the bonds of the commonwealth, this barrier against anarchy, has all been brought about by the humble invention of "paving the roads with iron bars." Thus doth God work His changes upon this earth.

SEA-BEACHES.

By N. S. Shaler.

THERE are two great divisions of the shore-line which even the cursory observer quickly learns to recognize : these are the cliffs and the beaches. In the cliff section he easily perceives that the sea is gaining on the land. The conditions under which the ocean extends its empire afford, as we have already seen, a beautiful subject for inquiry. We have now to turn to the parts of the coast where the sea spends its energies, not on rocky steeps, but on the softer—yet really more resisting —walls of sand. Below the frowning walls, formed where the surges are effectively assailing the land, we find generally a wide slope where the breakers are continually at work grinding the stone they have rent from the cliff into small bits. Usually, however, this

incline is made up of large, bowlder-like masses, with a few small pebbles and a little sand packed into their interstices. We readily see that the greater part of the fine stuff into which the waste from the cliff is ground journeys with the currents, which the storms and tides produce, to some point where it is built into sand or pebble-beaches. In this migration the pebbles move along next the shore, in the shallow water where the waves and currents are strongest, while the sand often travels in the deeper water at some distance from the shore-line. They both commonly arrive in the end at some characteristic beach where they enter on another chapter in their singular history.

In beginning our study of beaches, it will be well to choose some part of the shore where the cliff district has an irregular front, exposing bold headlands to the free assault of the waves, while near by there are embayed recesses into which the detritus, in the form of pebbles, can be impounded like the balls in the pockets of the old-fashioned billiard table. An ideal exhibition of these conditions is given in the illustrations of this article. It will be seen that the waves and shore currents necessarily import the larger part of the *débris* they rend from the promontories into the bottom of these bays. Places where a study of the results of these conditions may be made can be found along almost any mile of shore, from New York City to Greenland, where hard rocks face the sea. It is rare, indeed, on every cliff shore that we have to search for as much as five miles along the coast without finding one of these pocket-beaches, whereto the rocky matter from the neighboring cliffs swiftly journeys to undergo the last stage of its destruction.

To the naturalist's eye the most striking feature of the beaches is the symmetry of their form. This is so characteristic that everyone, however little trained in the methods of interrogating nature, is sure to observe it, provided he follows the path which leads him from the rude cliff shore to these more gracious outlines of the beaches. On the steeps, where the sea is eating into the land, all the outlines are ragged; the scenery has the hard, irregular quality which belongs to all fields where the destructive influences of nature preponderate over the forces which build up or renew. On the true beaches the gentle and harmonious curves attest the constructive order of the actions. They have the peculiar grace which marks all things which grow, their form is truly vital. We note the delicate finish of the curve of the line of contact between the water and the land, and the equal symmetry of that which extends from deep water to the crest whereon stands the seawall and perhaps the attendant dunes. However much the eye and the mind may for a time enjoy the stern scenery of a rockbound coast, we turn with abiding satisfaction to the calm beauty of these more perfectly organized shores. They are like calm weather after a storm, which, however well we may enjoy the tempest, is the more grateful to our senses. We may visit the rude scenes of the besieged cliffs with the grim pleasure with which one may behold a battle-field, but there is not the place, where one would dwell if he seeks harmonies and the peace which comes with them. If one would abide by the sea it is better to seek a home by the beaches.

At first sight even the most beautiful beach is likely to seem, to those who are uneducated in the study of the shore, to be rather monotonous and devoid of interesting features. The smooth outlines of the scene suggest in themselves a simplicity in the conditions which, we shall find, does not exist. In fact, these smooth shores present a greater array of actions, and afford the student a larger field of profitable enquiry, than he has found in the apparently more varied rock shores. It is because all the conditions of the geologic life, which lead to their growth and maintenance, are perfectly adjusted to each other, that the well organized beaches appear so simple. They are like the living forms of animals and plants, where the shapely exterior hides the complicated anatomy and the marvellously delicate adjustment of varying and interesting functions, so that the creature seems to need no ex-

planation. This is not a vain analogy, for, as we quickly see when we make a detailed study of any beach, it is in many ways a highly organized structure.

The best way to begin the study of these portions of the strand is to select some small and pebbly pocket-beach near a cliff section whence comes a plentifal supply of *débris* worn from the bed-rocks by the action of the waves. At the horn or extremity of the beach, next these cliffs, we may often find bowlders roughly rounded by the rude mill of the surf to the spherical form, and of great size: they are sometimes two or three feet in diameter. We can, in times of heavy storm, see that the surges roll these masses over and against each other, and we note their constant wearing as they journey onward, not only in the sound of their clashing, but also in the steady diminution in their size as they go farther away from their place of origin. Near the points of the crescent shore these rolling stones are more exposed to the action of the waves than they are as they slowly creep down into the curved bay, so that, notwithstanding their weight, they are ground against each other and consequently diminished in bulk. As we follow them toward the centre of the crescent, we observe that they constantly become smaller, until, a mile or two away from the point where they escape from the cliff section, they may be no larger than billiard-balls. If the beach be very extended, the central portion of its front may be composed of fine sand, the pebbles having been ground to dust in the powerful attrition of the waves. We thus arrive at the first and most important point in the history of these pocket-beaches and see that they are mills which serve to grind up the rocky matter torn from the cliffs, and that they bring it to the finely divided state in which it can easily be taken by the marine currents to great distances. We must now proceed to see the details of this admirable mechanism of the rock-grinding mill.

When the ocean is in its ordinary summer state of stillness, with only the light pulsation which sends a few times a minute a little breaker against the beach, we find that only the sand and smaller pebbles are stirred by the motion of the water; but now and then, even in this peaceful time of the year, storms send in more powerful surges. These may come from a wind which blows directly upon the shore, or from some storm in the open sea so far away that the ground-swell alone attests its passage over the waters. These waves may roll upon the beach with a height of from five to ten feet, and at the rate of from four to six strikes a minute, each blow applying to the shore-line in a mile of its length energy which is to be measured by thousands of horse-power. These surges break or overturn, not at the very shore-line, but at a distance from the dry sands determined by their altitude and the shape of the beach. On ordinary fronts of sand they tumble into surf-waves, a hundred yards or more from the point where we may stand dry-shod, and on many parts of the coast they break at a mile or more from the water-line. Within the outer line of surf the waves gather again and again to form lesser breakers, so that there is a wide belt of tumbling water extending, it may be, for hundreds of miles along the coast.

Next the shore this turmoil of the sea is marked by fierce splashings arising from the overturning waves; the water rushes up and down the steeper slope of the inner part of the beach, sweeping the coarse sand and pebbles before it in each movement, it may be for sixty feet or more. If the pebbles are abundant, we can easily hear the dull, grating sound arising from the friction of the stones against each other as they are driven to and fro. Standing with bared feet in this splash, we easily note the fact that it is not only the surface of the beach which is moved, but the mass to the depth of perhaps a foot or more partakes of the movement which the surging waters impress upon it. The stones are ground against each other and the sand among them pulverized as if between millstones. The result is that at each swaying of the mass a considerable amount of rocky matter is made into

fine mud which is free to drift away in the whirling waters. We may often see that the clear sea-water is perceptibly muddied by this action for a considerable distance from the shore, a wide fringe of the sea attesting by its turbidity the work of this mill. If the student be an expert surf-bather, he may venture beyond the boiling shore belt to the point where the waves topple over in the breakers. There he will discover another mode of action of the waves which differs in many regards from that brought about by the swayings against the shore. When the wave topples over the upper part of its mass falls down, it may be from the height of ten feet, upon the bottom, upon which it strikes with great energy. If this floor of the sea be fine sand, the effect of the blow is slight, the particles are little disturbed, being trodden to a firm mass by the long-continued tramping of the surges. If, however, the bottom be composed of pebbles, with their faces made slippery from the water or the gelatinous ooze of the sea, they fly about when the falling wave strikes them, giving forth a hoarse roar from their friction against each other. Sometimes we may observe how these swift-moving stones striking against a firm-set bowlder skip into the air like a ball from a bowler's hand. So we see that there are two kinds of rock-grinding done on the beach, that which is accomplished next the land by the swinging movement of the waves and that which is effected by the breakers.

The rate at which the pebbles are reduced to sand and mud by these processes of the beach varies of course with the hardness of the materials and the energy with which the waves assail them. We may judge the speed of this work not only by the rapid reduction in the size of the pebbles as they pursue their devious way down the coast but by many other even more instructive examples of this work. It not infrequently happens that vessels loaded with brick, coal, iron ores, and other hard substances are cast away on the exposed beaches of the Atlantic Ocean, and their cargoes delivered to the shore waves. In a few months we find the waste scattered, it may be for miles, in the direction in which the materials of the beach are running. In some cases hard-burned brick or anthracite coal will journey on a sand-beach for a distance of five miles before the bits are entirely worn out, and they may endure for a year before they are quite ground to dust. If the shore be pebbly and well exposed to the sea all the fragments save those which find protection in some sheltered place will commonly be destroyed within a mile of the place where they were first exposed to the surf action. On the eastern face of Cape Ann, where exceedingly hard fragments of granite—the waste rock from the quarries—have been cast into the sea, it requires several years for a fragment the size of a nail-keg to be rounded into the spheroidal form so characteristic of marine erosion. Slow as this wearing may seem, we must remember that, measured against the geologic ages, it is indeed exceedingly swift.

It will readily be seen that a portion of the beach, that which is above the limit of the sea except in times of high tide and great storms, rises more steeply than the portion which is below the roll of the water ; in fact, the line from the shallow water to the crest of the beach is like one-half of a catenary curve, or the shape in which a chain or cable hangs when it is suspended between two elevated points. Such a curve is, as we easily recall, nearly flat in the middle and rises steeply near the support. This shapely form is due to the action of the waves, which continually thrust or heave the sand and gravel against the shore. The effect of this urgence is modified by the continued reflux of the waves ; in their backward movement they carry away the greater part of what they have brought in. In a short time an equation is established between the incoming and outgoing of the detritus, and so the sea-shores of all the world establish the same rate of slope for like conditions. In times of storm the slope may for a little while be brought to a greater declivity, but the waves moderating in violence proceed to drag away a part of the detritus and soon restore the slope to its normal condition.

When a storm has blown obliquely upon the shore so that it has produced a strong current in one direction, the beach in its upper parts will rapidly waste away, but a change of current will quickly restore the usual outline. On some coasts, however, there is a constant current in one direction, so that the beach would quickly disappear were it not for the constant accession of sands which march down the coast or are brought in from the deeper sea. Thus on the southern coast of the United States from Cape Hatteras to Cape Florida, particularly along the shore of the Florida peninsula, the sands are journeying toward the south under the influence of the prevailing current which sets in that direction on the landward side of the Gulf Stream. From Cape Canaveral toward the coral-reef section of this shore the coast current is so strong that the beach is much scoured away and has a slope which is often fifteen degrees of declivity between high and low tide mark. The unhappy footman who has to toil up this desert strip of sand finds it almost impossible to make a day's journey of twenty miles without exhaustion. The grains of ever-shifting sand are so incoherent that the foot sinks deep into the mass and the unequal position of the feet racks the walker in a painful way. I remember a walk of sixty miles along this shore, from Biscayne Bay to Jupiter Inlet, as among the most trying incidents in my field experience. The extended sand-shores differ in certain important ways from the smaller pocket beaches which still deserve our attention. Along the water-washed portion of these strands we find that the beach suddenly changes its character. Below the level of high tide it is exceedingly shapely, all of its contours are very regular and present little else than a gentle, uniform slope toward the waves which give it form. Where the waves do not act, the contours at once become rude, and, when first and imperfectly seen, apparently shapeless. We commonly find on pebbly beaches a rude wall of water-worn stones, rising, it may be, ten feet or more above high tide. This wall sweeps around the crescent of the true beach, following its course from one end to the other, looking often like an artificial rampart. Now and then it is deeply breached or sometimes for a considerable distance swept away. The origin of this beach-wall is simple: in times of unusually heavy storms blowing directly upon the coast, especially when they fall in the season of the highest tides, the waves trespass upon the upper part of the shore and fling a great quantity of pebbles before their swift-moving front; when the onrushing surge conveys these pebbles beyond the seaward face of the beach to the crest of its wall they fall upon the more level summit, and the retreating waters cannot drag them back into the sea. When the ocean is in its stormiest condition, the pebbles may be tossed over the crest of the embankment and fall down its landward slope. If the seas struck the shore in a uniform manner, this wall would have a perfectly regular height; but now and then, in great tempests, there comes a vast wave, which has gathered unto itself the strength of several breakers, and which may assail a part of the sea-wall with such fury, that it breaks it away and sends the *débris* into a steep, delta-like fan out upon the lowland behind the elevation. Subsequent waves, which may be of less volume, pour through and deepen the breach, so that the wall acquires its crenellated or battlemented aspect. The open structure of the pebbly mass allows the swash of the wave to penetrate downward and escape slowly to the sea, so that the retiring water is diminished in volume, and its ability to drag the stones backward down the slope is less than its forward thrusting power: thus the pebbly sea-walls are much steeper-faced than those of sand.

The wave-made embankments on the sandy beaches differ in their form and in the conditions of their construction from those which are constructed of pebbles. The sand, owing to the fineness of its grains, is easily blown about by the wind. When the tide retires, a broad expanse of this material is left for some hours exposed to the sun. The surface dries, and the gales from the sea sweep the particles up the slope until they arrive at the crest-wall; here

they are often caught in the tangle of beach grasses, and other plants which flourish in arenaceous soils, and in the close-set leaves and stems, and are protected from the currents of air. Where the movement of sand is most rapid, it may bury these plants out of sight, but most of them are tolerant of this submersion and quickly grow upward and make a new entanglement for the moving grains. In this manner the crest of the beach grows upward in an irregular manner, its crown bearing a range of hummocky sand-hills which often rise fifty feet or more above their base, and in favorable situations may attain a height of two hundred feet.

The dunes, as they are termed, are less abundant on the beaches of the Atlantic coast than in many other parts of the seaboard, for the reason that the prevailing winds of that region are from the west; and the sand swept up from the sea-margin is to a great extent carried back by the off-shore winds; even the scanty dunes of our shore would hardly exist were it not for the fact that the vegetation on the land side of the elevations is generally quite luxuriant and holds the sand which has been brought to its protection from the shore. The most characteristic dunes of our sea-coast are found where there is a stretch of shore which, by some irregularity of the coast, is exposed to the sweep of the western winds. Thus the seaward extremity of Cape Cod is largely made up of wind-blown sands. So, too, the long stretch of shore tending to the southeastward from Portsmouth, N. H., to the mouth of the Annisquam tidal river in Massachusetts yields to the northwest winds a good deal of sand which is carried down to the great dunes of the Essex district on the main land. "The Banks" of North Carolina, fifteen to twenty-five miles distant from the mainland over the waters of Pamlico Sound, afford another excellent example of such dunes.

In this country the greatest dune districts are found about the southern end of Lake Michigan, where an abundance of sand of glacial origin is swept upon the shores in times of storm and is borne away by the winds. But if the student of these features would find them at their best he should visit the dunes of eastern England or those about the head of the Bay of Biscay, where these masses of sand not only grow to a great height but frequently separate themselves from the shore and slowly march as moving hills to great distances inland. Thus in Britain one of these dunes in the last century invaded the village of Eccles and buried the dwellings and the parish church so that even the top of the spire was hidden. After a hundred years the summit of the church began to reappear on the leeward side of the hill, and in time the remote descendants of the dispossessed people may be restored to their heritage. In the Biscayan lands the incursions of the sand have proved so menacing to the fertile fields of that country that the government has been to great cost in order to root the invading dunes to their places. The spectacle of these wandering masses of the friable portions of the earth's crust shows us how great is the effect of the plants in restraining the action of the winds. Where, as in the great deserts, the soil is too arid to maintain vegetation, the finely divided portions of the rock, which the plants convert into soil, are at the mercy of the air and are set upon endless marches which often convert the neighboring fertile districts to the state of the Sahara.

The way in which these hills of sand march is very simple. On the windward side the hill is scoured away by the blasts, which are the freer because of the exposed position of the slope. The sand whirls over the crest and falls into the lea where it is caught and fixed by the vegetation so that the less powerful winds which assail it on that side cannot stir it from its position. This process repeated may advance the dune into the interior at the rate of several feet a year. For a time it receives constant accretions of material from the neighboring shore; but as it departs from the coast these contributions become less in quantity, generally another dune forms behind the first of the train and absorbs all the sand which is blown from the beach. As the moving mass passes into the interior it usually becomes ever more and more

coated by vegetation, for the reason that it comes into a region where a greater variety of plants can dwell than upon the shore-lands; moreover the sand becomes decayed, tends to cement into a firmer shape, and provides more nutrition for the growth of vegetation. Thus in time the dune is brought into the state of a rooted hill, becomes grass or forest-clad, and only rarely and to the trained eye reveals its curious origin.

If, after studying the phenomena exhibited by any characteristic pocket beach, the student will compare the forms of a number of them, he will see that they—while agreeing in all the general features which we have already considered—differ much in certain important details of form. The most important variation is in the measure of the incurve which they present to the sea. Most commonly they are crescentic in their outline, like the slenderest sickle of the new moon, but they vary from this deeply re-entrant form through all the stages in which we may trace the filling of the lunar cup until there is scarce a perceptible hollow left. When the beach is newly formed it is always much curved; if it has lost this form we can easily note the fact that it is by the progressive heaping up of the pebbles or sand in the central part of the bay. If the supply of *débris* which is imported into the beach is greater than the wave action which there takes place can reduce to fine dust to be carried away by the currents, then the basin fills and the shore line becomes straighter. If the waves at any time grind up more detritus than is supplied to them, the shore moves backward into the land and the beach may, if the process continue long enough, utterly disappear. There is, however, as is the case in so many natural forces, a beautiful principle of compensation by which the several actions counterbalance or check each other. Thus, when a beach is ill supplied with detritus and its curve becomes deeper the waves which roll into it have a longer journey over the shallow bottom, are diminished in energy, and are less effective in their work. On the other hand, when the beach advances on the sea for any considerable distance the waves encounter less friction over the shallows and operate with far more power. In this manner the ill-fed beaches soon arrange their form so as to consume less rocky matter, and those which are gorged with pebbles consume it more rapidly.

There are many other noteworthy features in the pebbly beaches, only a few of which can be considered in this essay, for they are matters of detail, and, however interesting, have little bearing on the large problems we have to consider. We have already remarked the fact that the supply of these mills in which pebbles are ground to mud comes in the main from the neighboring cliffs. On the north Atlantic coast, and generally in all glaciated districts, a large part of these pebbles are from points where the sea is assailing the easily worn deposits of bowlders which were so plentifully accumulated in the ice-time. Besides these waste materials on the land, there is a large amount of the same kind of rubbish on the floor of the sea, and much of it finds its way to the shore in the following described manner: All along these shores sea-weeds abound; from the level of mean tide down to a few fathoms' depth the rock-weed thrives, and in deeper water, even to near one hundred fathoms of sea, the great laminaria, or "Devil's Apron," grows wherever it can find secure foothold. Sometimes these plants attach themselves by their root-like bases—which are not in fact roots, for they serve only for support—to shells which lie prone or are fixed upon the bottom. More commonly they adhere to a pebble left on the sea-floor by the melting glacial sheet, or drifted out in the "pan-ice," which in winter forms along the sea-margins.

All these sea-weeds have floats which hold them upright in the water, and as they increase in size, they pull on their bases with constantly augmenting force. As the waves roll over them they increase the tugging action, until finally, in some time of storm, the plant strips the stone from its bed and floats it in the water, buoyed up by the vesicles of air contained in its fronds. The plant and the uptorn stone are together borne in by the heave of the sea onto

the shore. Coming into the breakers, the weed is quickly beaten to pieces, and the pebble enters the mill where so many of its fellows have met their fate. The close observer after a storm may find any number of these bowlders along a pebbly shore which still show a trace of the sea-weeds which bore them to the coast. Wading out to near the breakers, he can often see these sea-weeds with their attached pebbles —sometimes as large as a man's head —poised in the wave the moment when it rises for the overturning which makes the surf. On a quarter of a mile of the Marblehead beach I have estimated that as much as ten tons of these sea-weed-borne pebbles came ashore in a single storm. Many of the beaches, which are so inadequately provided with pebbles from the neighboring shores where the waves are attacking the firm land that they could not be maintained from that source alone, are sufficiently fed by the means of supply afforded through the action of marine plants.*

The studious observer of the shore must often have noticed that when the section between high and low water mark is composed of pebbles, as is the case with nearly all the pocket-beaches, the bits of stone are generally arranged in successive ridges, the crests of which rise perhaps a foot above the general plane of the beach, the intermediate bays having a breadth of a score or more feet. Where these ridges and furrows are well developed, the whole shore-line may have a curious scalloped aspect. The origin of these peculiar structures is not easily accounted for; to attain the explanation we should note certain evident facts concerning them. In the first place they are extremely impermanent. By placing a mark in the centre of one of the elevations, we easily find that they change their position with almost every storm. Sometimes, indeed, when the currents which move along the shore are very strong, they may entirely disappear, to be reconstructed in a few hours in another time of high waves. If we smooth them away with a shovel, we may see them reconstructed before our eyes.

The way in which these pebbles are brought into this order seems to be as follows, viz.: The crests of the billows which form the breakers do not tumble down at the same moment along any extended line. A glance at them shows us that every few feet of their length fall to the beach at a different instant. Hence the swash-wave, which slips up the beach, has an extremely irregular front; it ascends not as a straight line, but in separate broad tongues of water which are impelled by the extremely varied currents which the irregular falling of the surf and the inequalities of the bottom bring about. If the beach is smooth when these tongues of water begin to sweep up its slope, they at once carve out broad, indistinct grooves. The very front of the swash-flow makes the beginning of an indentation, and each successive movement extends the depression. In the middle of the reentrant the current is strongest, because it has the freest play; in the reflux movement it scours out the *débris* which on the sides is left untouched; and, indeed, the sides receive a certain amount of material which the current brought with it, but which the retiring water, slipping between the pebbles, cannot take away. In this manner the little bays grow, cutting deeper into the beach at their heads and extending their horns farther out, until these projections come to the point where the inner lines of breakers beat them down. Each of these small divisions of the shore accumulations is in effect of itself a small beach, but it is peculiar in the fact that it is the product of the swash and not of the breakers.

The numerous pocket-beaches of our cliff shores have a very important influence on the history of the harbors, on which man's relation to the sea so immediately depends. Owing to the mi-

* On the parts of the shore where the land has been extensively occupied by summer residents, the owners have in many cases protected the coast from erosion by embankments and out-walls, thus diminishing the amount of *débris* which was formerly contributed to the pocket-beaches. In these artificial conditions the beaches often wear out and the sea begins to assail the part of the coast which was once well protected. In such cases the only way in which the erosion can effectively be corrected is by casting each year to the beach a sufficient quantity of large bowlders to give employment to the waves and prevent their encroachment upon the shore. The larger these bowlders the better; for if they are of small size they will be tossed about by slight storms and rapidly wear out, while masses weighing half a ton will be stirred only by the more tumultuous seas.

gration of the sand and pebbles along the shore, the greater part of this débris would soon find its way into the inlets which afford shelter for ships, and would shallow the anchorage grounds, or entirely efface them, were it not that the material is caught and imprisoned in the pockets and there ground into mud, which may be carried away by the current to the open sea. Wherever we observe a shore which by its wearing produces much detritus, we are sure to find a number of these beach-mills whereon the bits of rock are ground to powder. From them little pebbly waste escapes, as is shown by the fact that, though in all geological ages the sea has been at work upon vast stretches of shore-line, it is rare, indeed, that we find in the rocks any of the characteristically ovoidal pebbles which have been shaped by the waves. Even to the cursory eye the beach pebbles have distinct peculiarities which separate them from all other similar fragments. They are always spheroids, that is, they closely approach the globular form, while those which are formed, as most pebbles are — by glacial action—are much more irregular in shape, generally being many-sided with the angles somewhat rounded. Even the pebbles made by the torrents of elevated countries differ in character from those produced by wave or ice action.

As we pass from the northern portion of the Atlantic shore of North America to the southward, the pocket-beaches increase in dimensions and contain more sand: it is rare, indeed, in any part of the coasts of this ocean, to find considerable accumulations of sand along the shore. Going toward the tropics, this familiar element of the sea border becomes constantly more and more abundant, until beyond Cape Cod the hard rocks are rarely visible, and the pebbles, if they occur, are altogether from the glacial waste, either that which is excavated from the shore or that brought in by the sea-weed. From New York to Florida, and thence to the Rio Grande, there are no firm materials from which pebbles can be made. We pass from the northern type of pebbly pocket-beaches to the straight sand-coasts of the South by a somewhat gradual transition. The accumulations of detritus become more extensive here, and there the horns of the re-entrant bays no longer project far enough into the sea to contain the large amount of material which finds its way into the depression; so a portion of the matter flows out and streams down the shore to the next bay; this in turn is more completely filled, and finally we come to the conditions of continuous beaches.

The change in character of the shore which is brought about by the passage from the cliff- and pocket- to the continuous beach, is caused by the alteration in the geological conditions of the continent in the district in which the shore-line is laid. The hard rocks of the high north, because of their resistance to the action of the waves, yield but slowly to the sea. The water next the shore is deep and the bottom either of firm stone, close-set pebbles, or dense clay; all these conditions are opposed to the formation of sandy shores. Although the pebbly beaches grind up a great deal of rocky matter, they convert the greater part of it to fine material which forms clay. In the region south of New York, and generally in the regions neighboring to the tropics, the beds assailed by the sea are of more friable nature than those of high latitudes and yield vast quantities of sand, which are distributed far and wide over a rather shallow sea floor. The greater part of the vast accumulations of sand along our southern coasts come to the shore from the bottom of the neighboring shallow sea. The way in which this sand works in against the coast can easily be understood through a knowledge of the processes which are brought into action by the movements of the sea-waves over the shallow continental shelf. First, as to this continental shelf or fringe of shallows which skirts the ocean shores.

If the reader will take the admirable general charts of the Atlantic shore and neighboring sea which have been prepared by the United States Coast Survey, he will find, on examining the soundings of the district from the St. Lawrence to Florida, that the water very gradually deepens from the sea-margin

for a varying distance, amounting in places to as much as one hundred miles, declining generally at the rate of only four to six feet in a mile, for a distance from the shore, and then plunges down steeply to the abysmal depths of the sea. On the coast of Europe there is a similar shelf, and researches in other parts of the ocean seem to indicate that this broad platform is a frequent feature of the continental margins, being present along all parts of the great lands which have long been elevated above the sea and thus much exposed to the action of the tides and waves. This shelf is doubtless in the main composed of the waste from the neighboring land which has been taken to sea by the rivers, or contributed by the sea-waves to the ocean bottom. These contributions of sediment have been borne to their places mainly by the action of the tidal currents, which are the principal agents serving to distribute sediments next the shores. The action of the tide is in brief as follows: In the profounder depths of the ocean, say in water three miles deep, the water in a tidal swing moves to and fro for only a few hundred feet of distance twice each day. This rate of movement is so slow that it does not disturb the finest mud. As the tidal wave moves in toward the shallower parts of the ocean floor, the swing of the sea increases with every stage in the decrease of the depth, until on the higher part of the continental shelf the current which it creates becomes strong enough to move the grains of sand to and fro with each oscillation which the heavenly bodies communicate to the water. In the shoals next the shore the movement is often strong enough to roll even the pebbles about.

In order to conceive the effects of this tidal movement, the student should imagine a billiard-table slightly tilted at one end and a number of balls pushed with the same amount of force up and down the slope. He will easily understand that the balls will, when thus pushed up and down the table with equal impetus in each direction, gradually work toward its lower end, and this for the reason that the force of gravitation acts ever to diminish their upward movement and to increase their downward journey. The seaward slope of the continental shelf may then in the mind's eye be given the place of the billiard-table, the grains of sand that of the balls, and in lieu of the force applied by the hand we have the alternating push of the tide. There, age by age, the swinging of the water in the tidal flow and ebb, each movement acting with equal force, gradually, with the daily journeys, works the particles of sand from the shore where they are formed out into the deeper water, where the currents can no longer stir them, and where they are quickly bound to the bottom by the organic ooze or slime which abounds on the ocean floor. In this manner, by the endless procession of tide-borne sand, the greater part of the continental shelves are formed.

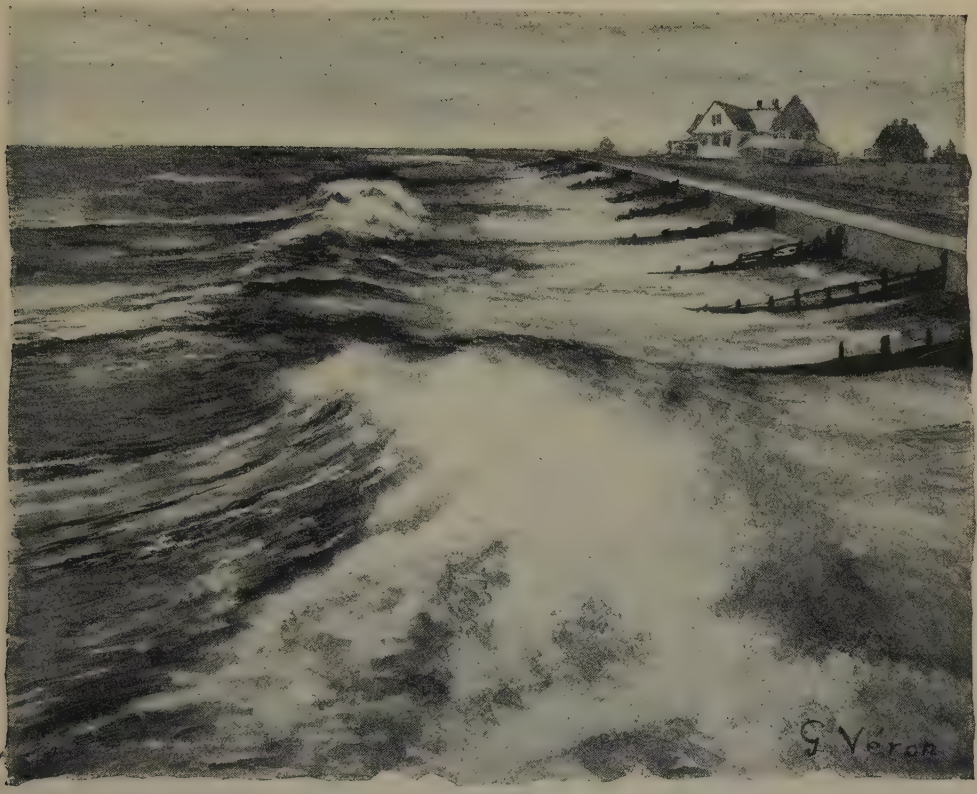
The work of the tides in conveying the sediments from the shore out toward the margin of these great submerged sand-plains, is directly and rather effectively opposed by the movement of the sea-waves. These surges, like the inconceivably wider tidal oscillations, have little effect upon the bottom of the ocean in its deeper parts. If the abysmal sea-floor were inhabited by a race of philosophical fishes, and they were provided with the most accurate appliances for observation which have been invented by men of science, they would hardly be able to detect the effect of the waves, however high, when they rolled over the surface three miles above the ocean-floor; at most they would find the water lifted a fraction of an inch as the wave advanced, and lowered by the same amount as it passed by. The trifling currents thus induced would not disturb the finest mud upon the bottom; but if the imagined aquatic observers carried their studies to higher levels of the sea floor, they would find an ever-increasing dragging action produced by the waves upon the base of the ocean. When they came to the shallows of the continental shelf, they would find that the water under each successive wave swung toward the shore with sufficient energy, where the surges were high, to drag the sand up the declivity. The less the depth of the water, the stronger this movement would be, and next the beach, where the water

was not more than fifty feet deep, the action would be strong enough to urge coarse sand or even fine pebbles to the margin where the breakers would commit it to the strand. The result is that the waves, which are only strong when they run toward the shore, oppose the work of the tides and tend to return to the margin of the continent the fine detritus which the tides labor to carry away.

While these two irregular classes of marine movements of tides and waves are contending with the grains of sand and mud, the ocean currents in their continuous, though slow, pace share in determining the fate of the wandering bits of stony matter. Almost all parts of the shallow water near the shore are the seat of these oceanic rivers, which flow with tolerable steadiness in one direction. In their currents, which generally flow at right angles with the run of the tides and waves, the particles of sand and mud are given a decided set in one direction. Thus on the eastern coast of North America there is a prevailing, though variable, southerly current which skirts near the shore over the surface of the continental shelf, and to a certain extent operates to convey all the sandy matter from the northern part of the continent to the southern part of its shallow waters next the coast. It is now contributing to the growth of the vast submerged sand-plains which extend from Cape Cod to Cape Florida, and in past geological ages has doubtless helped to bring to their place the extensive deposits of sand and clay once a part of the continental shelf but now uplifted into the dry land of the Southern States. We may recognize the fact that these lowlands were originally portions of the continental shelf by their gently undulating surface, which is exactly like that of the neighboring sea-floors, by the nature of the fossils in their beds, as well as by other indications of a more recondite nature. In fact, the greater part of the surface of the continents was doubtless originally formed as shore shelves near the old lands, then elevated above the sea, folded into mountains, and worn into hills, until we can no longer, or with difficulty, recognize their original aspect.

If the relative level of the sea and land remained steadfast for a considerable geologic time, the detritus of a continental shelf would, under the unceasing action of the tides, and despite the perturbing effect of the waves in occasional storms, grow steadfastly to the seaward; but all our study of the relations of sea and land tends to convince us that they are peculiarly unstable. It seems likely that nowhere in the world is the sea-margin at exactly the same height in any two successive centuries. In general this variation is so slowly brought about that in the brief moment of time for which we have any account, in the case of the longest-known shores, we do not have evidence of it, and the sea-level is said to be permanent. Again, it is sufficiently rapid to be observable in the duration of a single human life. Thus on the coast of New Jersey there is a tolerably rapid subsidence of the land, which is sinking at the rate of near two feet in a century. Along the shores from Eastport, southward, there have been many ups and downs of the shore since the glacial period; within a range of from a few score to a few hundred feet the last variations appear generally to have lowered the shore in the regions south of New Brunswick. In those regions where the later movements of the coast-line have been of an uprising nature the effect is to bring a great deal of sand, which had been in too deep water for the waves to affect the particles, within the power of the surges. In these cases the coast-line becomes inundated with sand swept in from the sea.

It is characteristic of the typical sandy shores that their materials are apt to be in a state of continued instability; their materials are generally moving with considerable speed in the direction in which they are borne by the shore currents. The march of the sands along the shore continues until they have attained the extremity of the coast or found their farther progress obstructed by some strong ocean current which sweeps the incoherent matter away into the depths. Thus along the Atlantic shore from Cape Hatteras to Cape Florida the sands are constant-

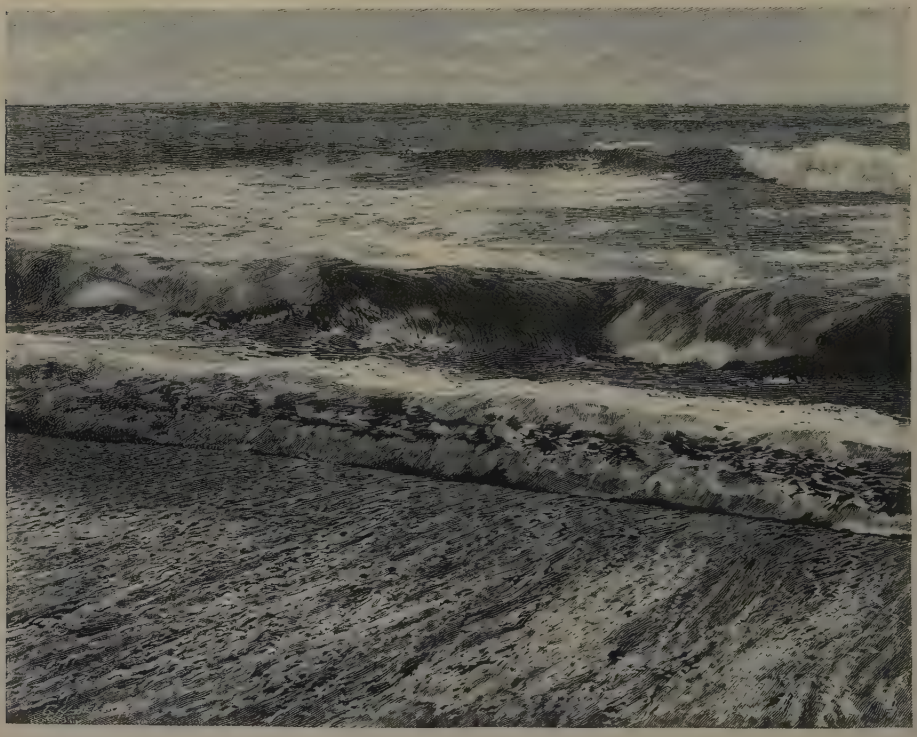


Moderate Surges seen along Their Crests.

The shore is in its nature alluvial and the most approved method of protection by means of sea-wall, together with spur breakwaters, is shown. The object of these breakwaters is to keep the sand and pebbles from working along the beach under the influence of the waves and currents.

ly and rather rapidly moving to the southward. At the last-named cape the coral reefs carry the shore out to the edge of the northward-flowing Gulf Stream, which speedily conveys a great part of the mobile waste into the deep valley between the Bahama Islands and the margin of the continent. Where these coast-moving sands abound the beaches usually lie upon the seaward face of long, low, sandy islands separated from the shore by lagoons. These sand-bar islands are a very conspicuous feature along all the shore from Portsmouth, N. H., to Cape Florida, and again along the Gulf of Mexico from the western coast of Florida to the mouth of the Rio Grande. This peculiar type of beaches appears to be originated under the following diverse conditions: Whenever by an elevation of the shore line a new beach line is to be formed farther out to sea than that which previously existed, the construction is begun, not at the very water's edge, but at a distance out from the shore at the depth where the storm-waves break, in perhaps twenty feet of water. When the wave topples over in the surf all the sand which it has swept forward from the seaward falls down, and each successive wave adds to the supply, until the mass reaches to the top of the water and forms a new bar. Upon this elevation the storms build yet more sand, grasses take root, and low dunes are formed. As the waves bring in not only sand but much shelly matter and the bones of fishes, the deposit may make tolerably fertile land, such as is found on the long beach islands which border the great lagoon known as Indian River in eastern Florida. In other cases,

where the sea-shore slowly sinks, similar islands may be formed in a rather different way. If the continental land is low, as it is next the sea in all the Southern States in this country, the beach-wall may in time be built to a considerably greater height than the shore upon which it lies. If, now, the land sinks down the waves and winds may constantly add to the height of coast current constantly cuts away the sand next the shore and conveys it to the eastward until it is discharged around the end of the island to form the great promontory of Cape Pogue. This leads to the deepening of the water next the shore so that the waves have very free access to it. In times of great storms the swash from the surf sweeps clear over the beach, and



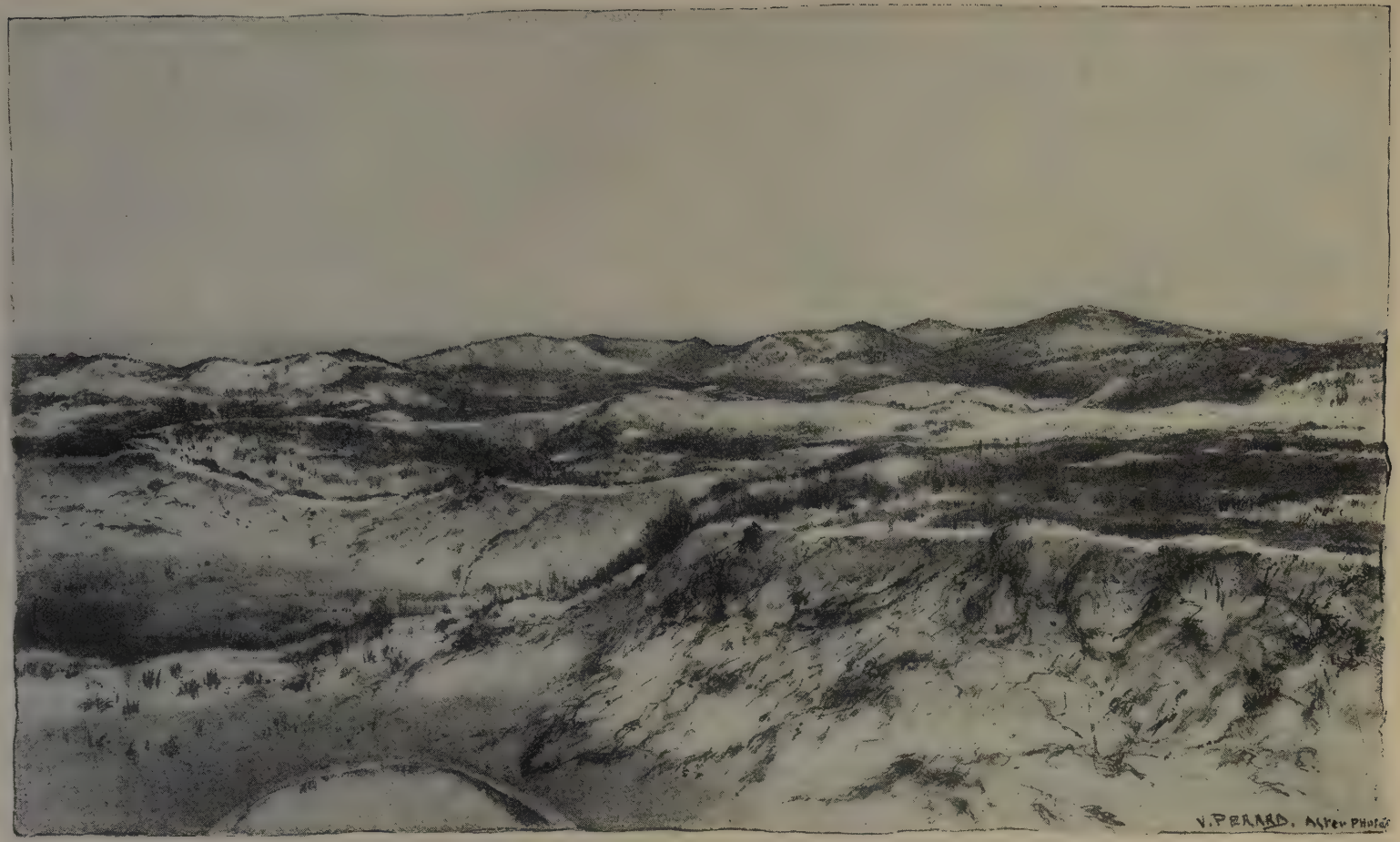
Heavy Surges on Beach Shore.

Showing successive lines of advancing breakers and the process of retreat of a surge which has broken upon the shore. The parallel lines on the strand represent the swash swiftly flowing down the slope, dragging the sands and pebbles with it.

this growing beach, so that its crown is kept well above the surface of the water, while the interior land, having no such means of adding to its mass, slowly subsides below the level of the sea.

These outlying beaches, especially where they are swept by strong, coastwise-running currents, are apt to work rapidly in toward the land. Thus on the southern shore of the island of Martha's Vineyard, where an extensive series of lagoons is shut out from the open water by a low sand barrier, the in its movement conveys a great quantity of sand from its outer to its inner wall. In this manner a beach moves inward in precisely the same way as a sand-dune, rolling over and over itself in its forward motion. On the coast of Martha's Vineyard the inward march of the beach is now at the rate of about three feet per annum. It is now probably near a thousand feet from the place it occupied when the land was first seen by the whites.

These barrier-beaches, arising, as we



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

General View of Dunes.

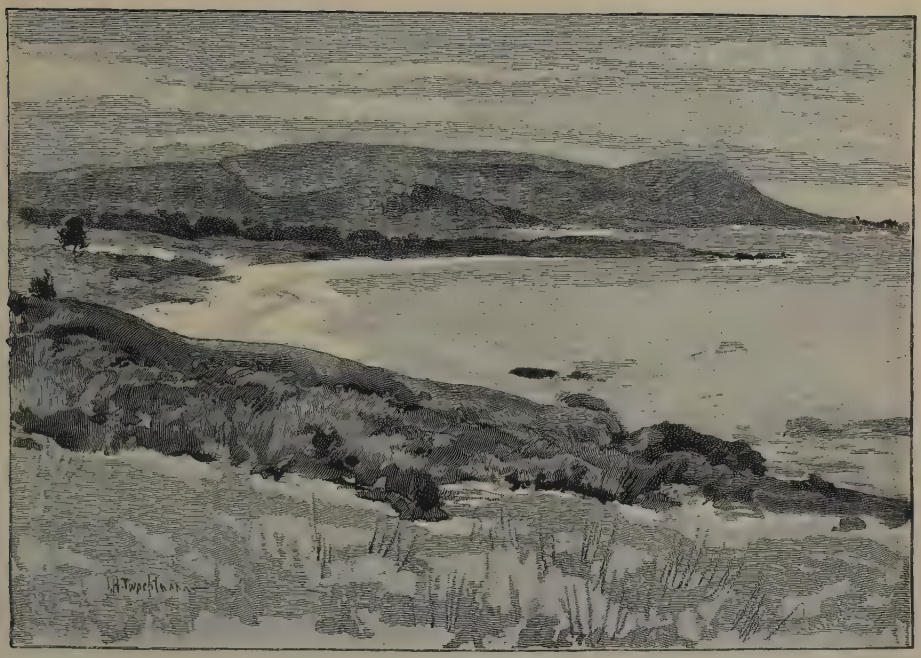
From photographs taken on the sea-shore in Essex, Mass.

Eastern Shore of Cape Ann.

Showing small re-entrant with pocket-beach. Thatcher's Island in the distance.

have seen they may, from either the uprising or the downsinking of the continent, are extremely common features of the ocean coasts ; probably near one-fourth of the continental shores are fringed by them. They are of much interest to man, not only because they afford numerous harbors but for the reason that they lead to the production of certain groups of marine marshes, which may be readily converted into very rich arable land. Some of the most fertile of the dyked lands of Holland were originally of this nature ; and on the eastern shore of the United States there is awaiting the thrift which shall win it to agriculture an area far greater than that occupied by all the Netherlands. These marshes, the products of the sea-beaches, afford such promise of good harvests in the generations to come that we may devote a portion of this chapter on the history of the shore to a brief account of their curious phenomena.

As soon as a space of tidal waters is protected by a barrier-beach from the incursions of the sea-waves, its bottom is occupied by various species of marine plants, of which the well-known eel-grass is the most common. These forms make a network in which the currents of the tides, or those of the rivers which may discharge into the embayed area from the land, are deadened and lay down such sediments as they may be bearing. A host of animals dwell in this vegetation and contribute to the deposits which rapidly shallow the water. When by these accumulations the surface is brought to the level of low tide, several kinds of true grasses and other flowering plants, as well as certain sea-weeds, continue the construction of the sedimentary deposit until the surface is brought to a level a little below high-tide mark. This growth of the higher tidal marshes usually begins next the shore, while that of the eel-grass flats, which never rise above the retreating tide, may take place anywhere in the basin where the currents are not strong enough to sweep the plants away. Starting at the shore the grassed marshes extend gradually outward until they leave only narrow channels for the entrance and exit of the tidal currents, as for the escape of



Carmel Beach, Cal.

Showing extensive sand-flat with slight dunes above the water level. The foreground also shows traces of blown sand partly imprisoned by herbage.

the land waters. In this manner bays originally of many square miles in extent appear as grassed plains, except for a few hours at high tide, when they have a foot or two of water on their surfaces. Thus the great marine marshes which have grown in the quiet waters land-locked by Plum Island, near Newburyport, Mass., have an area of about sixteen thousand acres, and there are many others in New England which exceed a thousand acres in area. Between New York and Portland, Me., a careful study has shown that there are over three hundred thousand acres of these lands, all of which are reclaimable and will make exceedingly fertile fields.

In the region south of New York, in New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas there are other and far more extensive marshes of the same general nature. It seems probable that ultimately not far from two million acres, or over three thousand square miles, of excellent land will be won from these fringes of the sea to agriculture, and this with a relatively slight expense for the necessary engineering work. With more costly contrivances the area to win to the best uses of men may be brought to more than three times this amount. There are, in other words, the agricultural possibilities of a Holland in these inundated lands awaiting the time when the increased population of this country shall make it necessary to utilize these naturally productive areas.

The process of subjugating these fields where the tidal rise and fall exceeds four or five feet is simple. The beach which protects the embayment from the sea usually constitutes a most effective dyke against the ocean waters. There is generally a single beach in this wall through which the tide gains ingress and through which the land waters pass into the sea. If the outflowing streams of fresh water are small, as is generally the case, it is only necessary to place a dam at this exit, provided with gates which open at low tide to allow the fresh water to escape and close as soon as the tide begins to flow in. In this way the surface of the

soil once overflowed at each tide is kept permanently from three to six feet above the level of the water in the river channel. It requires some time and care to take out the saline matter from the marsh, but within a few years the soil will produce luxuriant and varied crops. Its fertility is greater than that of the prairies, and from its depth and the variety of its natural constituents it seems almost inexhaustible. An excellent example of the possibilities of this interesting means of winning land from the sea is afforded by the Green Harbor lands of Marshfield, Mass., where a district of about fifteen hundred acres was freed from the sea by a dam costing a few thousand dollars.

Before we close this imperfect story of the sea-beaches we may well note the common fact that the sand of which the bulk of their masses is composed is vastly more durable than the seemingly more resisting pebbles. As we have seen, pebbles wear out rapidly. Scarcely any, even the hardest, can stand a year of steady thrashing on the shore, but these sands endure for ages. The reasons for this are simple. In the first place, each grain of sand is an admirable illustration of the principle of the survival of the fittest. If it be not perfectly coherent and very hard it will not be carried far before its weakness is found out and it is broken into mud

The Isles of the Cyclops, near Catania, Sicily.

Showing the extremity of a lava stream much carved by the sea. The bowlders in the foreground and middle distance constitute a natural sand-factory.

Where the tidal fall and rise is less than five feet it is difficult to secure the necessary dryness for tillage by any automatic system of drainage. In these districts recourse will probably have to be had to pumping by means of windmills, a method of drainage which has been found effective and economical in the low countries about the mouth of the Rhine.

on the pebble-beaches, where it is generally made and borne away by the sea to the deeper water. Then, because of their smallness, the grains lie with so little interspaces between them that they hold the water next their faces by capillary attraction. When a wave strikes the shore the grains of sand are

pounded together, but they do not touch each other. If we press on the wet sand with the foot we see that the mass whi-

ily floated away, if it had, indeed, any other than its actual assemblage of properties, it is doubtful if the lands

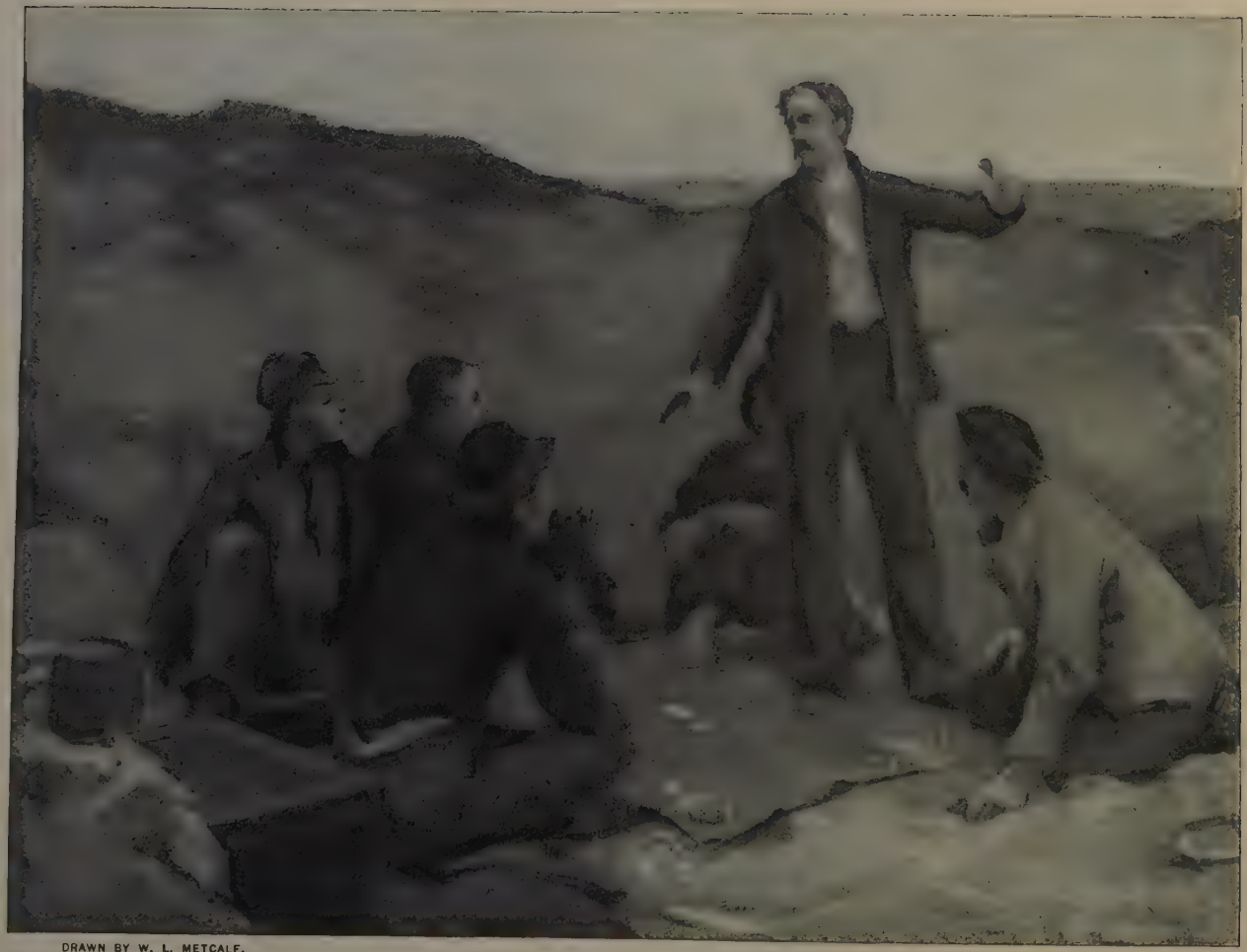
Eastern Side of Cape Ann, Mass.

Bowlder beach of the rudest type, showing large stones plucked from the neighboring shore, which are beaten against each other when heavy surges roll against the shore.

tens as the pressure is applied and a part of the interstitial water is poured out: take the foot away and the water returns to the crevices between the grains. Only dry sand will rub grain against grain and give the audible sound which when it is sharp and clear is called singing. No beach will thus creak or sing beneath the feet when it is wet.

This curious endurance of rocky matter, in its comminuted form, to the erosive force of the sea makes the sand the natural protector of the land against the fierce assaults of the sea. If sand were easily pulverized, if it were read-

could have made good their place in the contest with the ocean. These doughty little champions have certainly kept for our use empires which but for their good work would long ago have vanished beneath the waves. Thus a process which begins with swift wasting of the land on the exposed cliffs of the sea, and is continued in the wearing of the pebble-beaches, ends in the protective work of the sand-beaches. So it is with nearly all the processes of nature; however destructive the work may seem to be in its inception, the end, if we can but see it, is ever creative.



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"Now he rose mechanically, shaking and stumbling like a drunkard after a debauch."—Page 788.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BUDGET OF THE *"Currency Lass."*

BEFORE noon on the 26th November, there cleared from the port of Sydney the schooner, *Currency Lass*. The owner, Norris Carthew, was on board in the somewhat unusual position of mate; the master's name purported to be William Kirkup; the cook was a Hawaiian boy, Joseph Amalu; and there were two hands before the mast, Thomas Hadden and Richard Hemstead, the latter chosen partly because of his humble character, partly because he had an odd-job-man's handiness with tools. The *Currency Lass* was bound for the South Sea Islands, and first of all for Butaritari in the Gilberts, on a register; but it was understood about the harbor that her cruise was more than half a pleasure trip. A friend of the late Grant Sanderson (of Auchentroon and Kilclarty) might have recognized in that tall-masted ship, the transformed and rechristened *Dream;* and a Lloyd's surveyor, had the services of such an one been called in requisition, must have found abundant subject of remark.

For time, during her three years' inaction, had eaten deep into the *Dream* and her fittings; she had sold in consequence a shade above her value as old junk; and the three adventurers had scarce been able to afford even the most vital repairs. The rigging, indeed, had been partly renewed, and the rest set up; all Grant Sanderson's old canvas had been patched together into one decently serviceable suit of sails; Grant Sanderson's masts still stood, and might have wondered at themselves. "I haven't the heart to tap them," Captain Wicks used to observe, as he squinted up their height or patted their rotundity; and "as rotten as our foremast" was an accepted metaphor in the ship's company. The sequel rather suggests it may have been sounder than was thought; but no one knew for certain, just as no one except the captain appreciated the dangers of the cruise. The captain, indeed, saw with clear eyes and spoke his mind aloud; and though a man of an astonishing hot-blooded courage, following life and taking its dangers in the spirit of a hound upon the slot, he had made a point of a big whaleboat. "Take your choice," he had said; "either new masts and rigging or that boat. I simply aint going to sea without the one or the other. Chicken coops are good enough, no doubt, and so is a dingy; but they aint for Joe." And his partners had been forced to consent, and saw six and thirty pounds of their small capital vanish in the turn of a hand.

All four had toiled the best part of six weeks getting ready; and though Captain Wicks was of course not seen or heard of, a fifth was there to help them, a fellow in a bushy red beard, which he would sometimes lay aside when he was below, and who strikingly resembled Captain Wicks in voice and character. As for Captain Kirkup, he did not appear till the last moment, when he proved to be a burly mariner, bearded like Abou Ben Adhem. All the way down the harbor and through the Heads, his milk-white whiskers blew in the wind and were conspicuous from

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shore; but the *Currency Lass* had no sooner turned her back upon the lighthouse, than he went below for the inside of five seconds and reappeared clean shaven. So many doublings and devices were required to get to sea with an unseaworthy ship and a captain that was "wanted." Nor might even these have sufficed, but for the fact that Hadden was a public character, and the whole cruise regarded with an eye of indulgence as one of Tom's engaging eccentricities. The ship, besides, had been a yacht before; and it came the more natural to allow her still some of the dangerous liberties of her old employment.

A strange ship they had made of it, her lofty spars disfigured with patched canvas, her panelled cabin fitted for a trade-room with rude shelves. And the life they led in that anomalous schooner was no less curious than herself. Amalu alone berthed forward; the rest occupied state-rooms, camped upon the satin divans, and sat down in Grant Sanderson's parquetry smoking-room to meals of junk and potatoes, bad of their kind and often scant in quantity. Hemstead grumbled; Tommy had occasional moments of revolt and increased the ordinary by a few haphazard tins or a bottle of his own brown sherry. But Hemstead grumbled from habit, Tommy revolted only for the moment, and there was underneath a real and general acquiescence in these hardships. For besides onions and potatoes, the *Currency Lass* may be said to have gone to sea without stores. She carried two thousand pounds' worth of assorted trade, advanced on credit, their whole hope and fortune. It was upon this that they subsisted—mice in their own granary. They dined upon their future profits; and every scanty meal was so much in the savings bank.

Republican as were their manners, there was no practical, at least no dangerous, lack of discipline. Wicks was the only sailor on board, there was none to criticise; and besides, he was so easy-going, and so merry-minded, that none could bear to disappoint him. Carthew did his best, partly for the love of doing it, partly for love of the captain; Amalu was a willing drudge, and even Hemstead and Hadden turned to upon occasion with a will. Tommy's department was the trade and trade-room: he would work down in the hold or over the shelves of the cabin, till the Sydney dandy was unrecognizable; come up at last, draw a bucket of sea-water, bathe, change, and lie down on deck over a big sheaf of Sydney *Heralds* and *Dead Birds*, or perhaps with a volume of Buckle's "History of Civilization," the standard work selected for that cruise. In the latter case, a smile went round the ship, for Buckle almost invariably laid his student out, and when Tom awoke again he was almost always in the humor for brown sherry. The connection was so well established that "a glass of Buckle" or "a bottle of civilization" became current pleasantries on board the *Currency Lass*.

Hemstead's province was that of the repairs, and he had his hands full. Nothing on board but was decayed in a proportion; the lamps leaked; so did the decks; door-knobs came off in the hand, mouldings parted company with the panels, the pump declined to suck, and the defective bath-room came near to swamp the ship. Wicks insisted that all the nails were long ago consumed, and that she was only glued together by the rust. "You shouldn't make me laugh so much, Tommy," he would say. "I'm afraid I'll shake the sternpost out of her." And, as Hemstead went to and fro with his tool basket on an endless round of tinkering, Wicks lost no opportunity of chaffing him upon his duties. "If you'd turn to at sailoring, or washing paint, or something useful, now," he would say, "I could see the fun of it. But to be mending things that haven't no insides to them, appears to me the height of foolishness." And doubtless these continual pleasantries helped to reassure the landsmen, who went to and fro unmoved, under circumstances that might have daunted Nelson.

The weather was from the outset splendid, and the wind fair and steady. The ship sailed like a witch. "This *Currency Lass* is a powerful old girl, and has more complaints than I would care to put a name on," the captain

would say, as he pricked the chart; "but she could show her blooming heels to anything of her size in the Western Pacific." To wash decks, relieve the wheel, do the day's work after dinner on the smoking-room table, and take in kites at night—such was the easy routine of their life. In the evening—above all, if Tommy had produced some of his civilization—yarns and music were the rule. Amalu had a sweet Hawaiian voice; and Hemstead, a great hand upon the banjo, accompanied his own quavering tenor with effect. There was a sense in which the little man could sing. It was great to hear him deliver "My Boy Tammie" in Austrylian; and the words (some of the worst of the ruffian Macneil's) were hailed in his version with inextinguishable mirth.

Where hye ye been a' dye ?

he would ask, and answer himself:

I've been by burn and flowery brye,
Meadow green an' mountain grye,
Courtin' o' this young thing,
Just come frye her mammie.

It was the accepted jest for all hands to greet the conclusion of this song with the simultaneous cry: "My word!" thus winging the arrow of ridicule with a feather from the singer's wing. But he had his revenge with "Home, Sweet Home," and "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"—ditties into which he threw the most intolerable pathos. It appeared he had no home, nor had ever had one, nor yet any vestige of a family, except a truculent uncle, a baker in Newcastle, N. S. W. His domestic sentiment was therefore wholly in the air, and expressed an unrealized ideal. Or perhaps, of all his experiences, this of the *Currency Lass*, with its kindly, playful, and tolerant society, approached it the most nearly.

It is, perhaps, because I know the sequel, but I can never think upon this voyage without a profound sense of pity and mystery; of the ship (once the whim of a rich blackguard) faring with her battered fineries and upon her homely errand, across the plains of ocean, and past the gorgeous scenery of dawn and sunset; and the ship's company, so strangely assembled, so Britishly chuckle-headed, filling their days with chaff in place of conversation; no human book on board with them except Hadden's Buckle, and not a creature fit either to read or to understand it; and the one mark of any civilized interest, being when Carthew filled in his spare hours with the pencil and the brush; the whole unconscious crew of them posting in the meanwhile toward so tragic a disaster.

Twenty-eight days out of Sydney, on Christmas-eve, they fetched up to the entrance of the lagoon, and plied all that night outside, keeping their position by the lights of fishers on the reef and the outlines of the palms against the cloudy sky. With the break of day, the schooner was hove to, and the signal for a pilot shown. But it was plain her lights must have been observed in the darkness by the native fishermen, and word carried to the settlement, for a boat was already under way. She came toward them across the lagoon under a great press of sail, lying dangerously down, so that at times, in the heavier puffs, they thought she would turn turtle; covered the distance in fine style, luffed up smartly alongside, and emitted a haggard-looking white man in pyjamas.

"Good-mornin', Cap'n," said he, when he had made good his entrance. "I was taking you for a Fiji man-of-war, what with your flush decks and them spars. Well, gen'lemen all, here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," he added, and lurched against a stay.

"Why, you're never the pilot?" exclaimed Wicks, studying him with a profound disfavor. "You've never taken a ship in—don't tell me!"

"Well, I should guess I have," returned the pilot. "I'm Captain Dobbs, I am; and when I take charge, the captain of that ship can go below and shave."

"But, man alive! you're drunk, man!" cried the captain.

"Drunk!" repeated Dobbs. "You can't have seen much life if you call me drunk. I'm only just beginning. Come night, I won't say; I guess I'll be properly full by then. But now I'm the soberest man in all Big Muggin."

"It won't do," retorted Wicks. "Not for Joseph, sir. I can't have you piling up my schooner."

"All right," said Dobbs, "lay and rot where you are, or take and go in and pile her up for yourself like the captain of the *Leslie*. That's business, I guess; grudged me twenty dollars' pilotage, and lost twenty thousand in trade and a brand new schooner; ripped the keel right off of her, and she went down in the inside of four minutes, and lies in twenty fathom, trade and all."

"What's all this?" cried Wicks. "Trade? What vessel was this *Leslie*, anyhow?"

"Consigned to Cohen & Co., from 'Frisco," returned the pilot, "and badly wanted. There's a barque inside filling up for Hamburg—you see her spars over there; and there's two more ships due, all the way from Germany, one in two months, they say, and one in three; and Cohen & Co.'s agent (that's Mr. Topelius) has taken and lain down with the jaundice on the strength of it. I guess most people would, in his shoes; no trade, no copra, and twenty hundred ton of shipping due. If you've any copra on board, Cap'n, here's your chance. Topelius will buy, gold down, and give three cents. It's all found money to him, the way it is, whatever he pays for it. And that's what come of going back on the pilot."

"Excuse me one moment, Captain Dobbs. I wish to speak with my mate," said the captain, whose face had begun to shine and his eyes to sparkle.

"Please yourself," replied the pilot. "You couldn't think of offering a man a nip, could you? just to brace him up. This kind of thing looks damned inhospitable, and gives a schooner a bad name."

"I'll talk about that after the anchor's down," returned Wicks, and he drew Carthew forward. "I say," he whispered, "here's a fortune."

"How much do you call that?" asked Carthew.

"I can't put a figure on it yet—I daren't!" said the captain. "We might cruise twenty years and not find the match of it. And suppose another ship came in to-night? Everything's possible! And the difficulty is this Dobbs. He's as drunk as a marine. How can we trust him? We ain't insured, worse luck!"

"Suppose you took him aloft and got him to point out the channel?" suggested Carthew. "If he tallied at all with the chart, and didn't fall out of the rigging, perhaps we might risk it."

"Well, all's risk here," returned the captain. "Take the wheel yourself, and stand by. Mind, if there's two orders, follow mine, not his. Set the cook for'ard with the heads'ls, and the two others at the main sheet, and see they don't sit on it." With that he called the pilot; they swarmed aloft in the fore rigging, and presently after there was bawled down the welcome order to ease sheets and fill away.

At a quarter before nine o'clock on Christmas morning, the anchor was let go.

The first cruise of the *Currency Lass* had thus ended in a stroke of fortune almost beyond hope. She had brought two thousand pounds' worth of trade, straight as a homing pigeon, to the place where it was most required. And Captain Wicks (or, rather, Captain Kirkup) showed himself the man to make the best of his advantage. For hard upon two days he walked a verandah with Topelius; for hard upon two days his partners watched from the neighboring public-house the field of battle; and the lamps were not yet lighted on the evening of the second before the enemy surrendered. Wicks came across to the *Sans Souci*, as the saloon was called, his face nigh black, his eyes almost closed and all bloodshot, and yet bright as lighted matches.

"Come out here, boys," he said; and when they were some way off among the palms, "I hold twenty-four," he added, in a voice scarce recognizable, and doubtless referring to the venerable game of cribbage.

"What do you mean?" asked Tommy.

"I've sold the trade," answered Wicks; "or, rather, I've sold only some of it, for I kept back all the mess beef and half the flour and biscuit; and, by God, we're still provisioned for four months! By God, it's as good as stolen!"

"My word!" cried Hemstead.

"But what have you sold it for?" gasped Carthew, the captain's almost insane excitement shaking his nerve.

"Let me tell it my own way," cried Wicks, loosening his neck. "Let me get at it gradual, or I'll explode. I've not only sold it, boys, I've wrung out a charter on my own terms to 'Frisco and back; on my own terms. I made a point of it. I fooled him first by making believe I wanted copra, which of course I knew he wouldn't hear of—couldn't, in fact; and whenever he showed fight, I trotted out the copra, and that man dived! I would take nothing but copra, you see; and so I've got the blooming lot in specie—all but two short bills on 'Frisco. And the sum? Well, this whole adventure, including two thousand pounds of credit, cost us two thousand seven hundred and some odd. That's all paid back; in thirty days' cruise we've paid for the schooner and the trade. Heard ever any man the match of that? And it's not all! For besides that," said the captain, hammering his words, "we've got Thirteen Blooming Hundred Pounds of profit to divide. I bled him in four Thou.!" he cried, in a voice that broke like a schoolboy's.

For a moment the partners looked upon their chief with stupefaction, incredulous surprise their only feeling. Tommy was the first to grasp the consequences.

"Here!" he said, in a hard, business tone. "Come back to that saloon. I've got to get drunk."

"You must please excuse me, boys," said the captain, earnestly. "I daren't taste nothing. If I was to drink one glass of beer, it's my belief I'd have the apoplexy. The last scrimmage, and the blooming triumph, pretty nigh hand done me."

"Well, then, three cheers for the captain!" proposed Tommy.

But Wicks held up a shaking hand. "Not that either, boys," he pleaded. "Think of the other buffer, and let him down easy. If I'm like this, just fancy what Topelius is! If he heard us singing out, he'd have the staggers."

As a matter of fact, Topelius accepted his defeat with a good grace; but the crew of the wrecked *Leslie*, who were in the same employment and loyal to their firm, took the thing more bitterly. Rough words and ugly looks were common. Once even they hooted Captain Wicks from the saloon verandah; the Currency Lasses drew out on the other side; for some minutes there had like to have been a battle in Butaritari; and though the occasion passed off without blows, it left on either side an increase of ill-feeling.

No such small matter could affect the happiness of the successful traders. Five days more the ship lay in the lagoon, with little employment for anyone but Tommy and the captain—for Topelius's natives discharged cargo and brought ballast; the time passed like a pleasant dream; the adventurers sat up half the night debating and praising their good fortune, or strayed by day in the narrow isle, gaping like Cockney tourists; and on the first of the new year, the *Currency Lass* weighed anchor for the second time and set sail for 'Frisco, attended by the same fine weather and good luck. She crossed the doldrums with but small delay; on a wind and in ballast of broken coral, she outdid expectations; and what added to the happiness of the ship's company, the small amount of work that fell on them to do, was now lessened by the presence of another hand. This was the boatswain of the *Leslie;* he had been on bad terms with his own captain, had already spent his wages in the saloons of Butaritari, had wearied of the place, and while all his shipmates coldly refused to set foot on board the *Currency Lass*, he had offered to work his passage to the coast. He was a north of Ireland man, between Scotch and Irish, rough, loud, humorous, and emotional, not without sterling qualities, and an expert and careful sailor. His frame of mind was different indeed from that of his new shipmates; instead of making an unexpected fortune, he had lost a berth; and he was besides disgusted with the rations, and really appalled at the condition of the schooner. A state-room door had stuck, the first day at sea, and Mac (as they called him) laid his strength to it and plucked it from the hinges.

"Glory!" said he, "this ship's rotten."

"I believe you, my boy," said Captain Wicks.

The next day the sailor was observed with his nose aloft.

"Don't you get looking at these sticks," the captain said, "or you'll have a fit and fall overboard."

Mac turned toward the speaker with rather a wild eye. "Why, I see what looks like a patch of dry rot up yonder, that I bet I could stick my fist into," said he.

"Looks as if a fellow could stick his head into it, don't it?" returned Wicks. "But there's no good prying into things that can't be mended."

"I think I was a *Currency Ass* to come on board of her!" reflected Mac.

"Well, I never said she was seaworthy," replied the captain: "I only said she could show her blooming heels to anything afloat. And besides, I don't know that it's dry rot; I kind of sometimes hope it isn't. Here; turn to and heave the log; that'll cheer you up."

"Well, there's no denying it, you're a holy captain," said Mac.

And from that day on, he made but the one reference to the ship's condition; and that was whenever Tommy drew upon his cellar. "Here's to the junk trade!" he would say, as he held out his can of sherry.

"Why do you always say that?" asked Tommy.

"I had an uncle in the business," replied Mac, and launched at once into a yarn, in which an incredible number of the characters were "laid out as nice as you would want to see," and the oaths made up about two-fifths of every conversation.

Only once he gave them a taste of his violence; he talked of it, indeed, often; "I'm rather a voilent man," he would say, not without pride; but this was the only specimen. Of a sudden, he turned on Hemstead in the ship's waist, knocked him against the foresail boom, then knocked him under it, and had set him up and knocked him down once more, before any one had drawn a breath.

"Here! Belay that!" roared Wicks, leaping to his feet. "I won't have none of this."

Mac turned to the captain with ready civility. "I only want to learn him manners," said he. "He took and called me Irishman."

"Did he?" said Wicks. "O, that's a different story! What made you do it, you tomfool? You ain't big enough to call any man that."

"I didn't call him it," spluttered Hemstead, through his blood and tears. "I only mentioned like he was."

"Well, let's have no more of it," said Wicks.

"But you *are* Irish, ain't you?" Carthew asked of his new shipmate shortly after.

"I may be," replied Mac, "but I'll allow no Sydney duck to call me so. No," he added, with a sudden heated countenance, "nor any Britisher that walks! Why, look here," he went on, "you're a young swell, aren't you? Suppose I called you that! 'I'll show you,' you would say, and turn to and take it out of me straight."

On the 28th of January, when in lat. 23° 50′ N., long. 177° W., the wind chopped suddenly into the west, not very strong, but puffy and with flaws of rain. The captain, eager for easting, made a fair wind of it and guyed the booms out wing and wing. It was Tommy's trick at the wheel, and as it was within half an hour of the relief (seven thirty in the morning), the captain judged it not worth while to change him.

The puffs were heavy but short; there was nothing to be called a squall, no danger to the ship, and scarce more than usual to the doubtful spars. All hands were on deck in their oilskins, expecting breakfast; the galley smoked, the ship smelt of coffee, all were in good humor to be speeding eastward a full six; when the rotten foresail tore suddenly between two cloths and then split to either hand. It was for all the world as though some archangel with a huge sword had slashed it with the figure of a cross; all hands ran to secure the slatting canvas; and in the sudden uproar and alert, Tommy Hadden lost his head. Many of his days have been passed since then in explaining how the thing happened; of these explanations it will be sufficient to say that they were all different and none satisfactory;

and the gross fact remains that the main boom gybed, carried away the tackle, broke the mainmast some three feet above the deck and whipped it overboard. For near a minute the suspected foremast gallantly resisted; then followed its companion; and by the time the wreck was cleared, of the whole beautiful fabric that enabled them to skim the seas, two ragged stumps remained.

In these vast and solitary waters, to be dismasted is perhaps the worst calamity. Let the ship turn turtle and go down, and at least the pang is over. But men chained on a hulk may pass months scanning the empty sea-line and counting the steps of death's invisible approach. There is no help but in the boats, and what a help is that! There heaved the *Currency Lass*, for instance, a wingless lump, and the nearest human coast (that of Kauai in the Sandwiches) lay about a thousand miles to south and east of her. Over the way there, to men contemplating that passage in an open boat, all kinds of misery, and the fear of death and of madness, brooded.

A serious company sat down to breakfast; but the captain helped his neighbors with a smile.

"Now, boys," he said, after a pull at the hot coffee, "we're done with this *Currency Lass*, and no mistake. One good job: we made her pay while she lasted, and she payed first rate; and if we care to try our hand again, we can try in style. Another good job: we have a fine, stiff, roomy boat, and you know who you have to thank for that. We've got six lives to save, and a pot of money; and the point is, where are we to take 'em?"

"It's all two thousand miles to the nearest of the Sandwiches, I fancy," observed Mac.

"No, not so bad as that," returned the captain. "But it's bad enough: rather better'n a thousand."

"I know a man who once did twelve hundred in a boat," said Mac, "and he had all he wanted. He fetched ashore in the Marquesas, and never set a foot on anything floating from that day to this. He said he would rather put a pistol to his head and knock his brains out."

"Ay, ay!" said Wicks. "Well, I remember a boat's crew that made this very island of Kauai, and from just about where we lie, or a bit further. When they got up with the land, they were clean crazy. There was an iron-bound coast and an Old Bob Ridley of a surf on. The natives hailed 'em from fishing-boats, and sung out it couldn't be done at the money. Much they cared! there was the land, that was all they knew; and they turned to and drove the boat slap ashore in the thick of it, and was all drowned but one. No; boat trips are my eye," concluded the captain, gloomily.

The tone was surprising in a man of his indomitable temper. "Come, Captain," said Carthew, "you have something else up your sleeve; out with it."

"It's a fact," admitted Wicks. "You see there's a raft of little mouldy reefs about here, kind of chicken-pox on the chart. Well, I looked 'em all up, and there's one—Midway or Brooks they call it, not forty mile from our assigned position—that I got news of. It turns out it's a coaling station of the Pacific Mail," he said, simply.

"Well, and I know it ain't no such a thing," said Mac. "I been quartermaster in that line myself."

"All right," returned Wicks. "There's the book. Read what Hoyt says—read it aloud and let the others hear."

Hoyt's falsehood (as readers know) was explicit; incredulity was impossible, and the news itself delightful beyond hope. Each saw in his mind's eye the boat draw in to a trim island with a wharf, coal-sheds, gardens, the stars and stripes, and the white cottage of the keeper; saw themselves idle a few weeks in tolerable quarters, and then step on board the China mail, romantic waifs, and yet with pocketsful of money, calling for champagne and waited on by troops of stewards. Breakfast, that had begun so dully, ended amid sober jubilation, and all hands turned immediately to prepare the boat.

Now that all spars were gone, it was no easy job to get her launched. Some of the necessary cargo was first stowed on board; the specie, in particular, being packed in a strong chest and secured with lashings to the afterthwart in case

of a capsize. Then a piece of the bulwark was razed to the level of the deck, and the boat swung thwart-ship, made fast with a slack line to either stump, and successfully run out. For a voyage of forty miles to hospitable quarters, not much food or water was required; but they took both in superfluity. Amalu and Mac, both ingrained sailor-men, had chests which were the headquarters of their lives; two more chests with hand-bags, oilskins, and blankets supplied the others; Hadden, amid general applause, added a case of the brown sherry; the captain brought the log, instruments, and chronometer; nor did Hemstead forget the banjo or a pinned handkerchief of Butaritari shells.

It was about three P. M. when they pushed off, and (the wind being still westerly) fell to the oars. "Well, we've got the guts out of *you!*" was the captain's nodded farewell to the hulk of the *Currency Lass*, which presently shrank and faded in the sea. A little after a calm succeeded with much rain; and the first meal was eaten, and the watch below lay down to their uneasy slumber on the bilge under a roaring shower-bath. The twenty-ninth dawned overhead from out of ragged clouds; there is no moment when a boat at sea appears so trenchantly black and so conspicuously little; and the crew looked about them at the sky and water with a thrill of loneliness and fear. With sunrise the trade set in, lusty and true to the point; sail was made; the boat flew; and by about four of the afternoon they were well up with the closed part of the reef, and the captain standing on the thwart, and holding by the mast, was studying the island through the binoculars.

"Well, and where's your station?" cried Mac.

"I don't someway pick it up," replied the captain.

"No, nor never will!" retorted Mac, with a clang of despair and triumph in his tones.

The truth was soon plain to all. No buoys, no beacons, no lights, no coal, no station; the castaways pulled through a lagoon and landed on an isle, where was no mark of man but wreckwood, and no sound but of the sea. For the seafowl that harbored and lived there at the epoch of my visit were then scattered into the uttermost parts of the ocean, and had left no traces of their sojourn besides dropped feathers and addled eggs. It was to this they had been sent, for this they had stooped all night over the dripping oars, hourly moving further from relief. The boat, for as small as it was, was yet eloquent of the hands of men, a thing alone indeed upon the sea but yet in itself all human; and the isle, for which they had exchanged it, was ingloriously savage, a place of distress, solitude, and hunger unrelieved. There was a strong glare and shadow of the evening over all; in which they sat or lay, not speaking, careless even to eat, men swindled out of life and riches by a lying book. In the great good nature of the whole party, no word of reproach had been addressed to Hadden, the author of these disasters. But the new blow was less magnanimously borne, and many angry glances rested on the captain.

Yet it was himself who roused them from their lethargy. Grudgingly they obeyed, drew the boat beyond tide-mark, and followed him to the top of the miserable islet, whence a view was commanded of the whole wheel of the horizon, then part darkened under the coming night, part dyed with the hues of the sunset and populous with the sunset clouds. Here the camp was pitched and a tent run up with the oars, sails, and mast. And here Amalu, at no man's bidding, from the mere instinct of habitual service, built a fire and cooked a meal. Night was come, and the stars and the silver sickle of new moon beamed overhead, before the meal was ready. The cold sea shone about them, and the fire glowed in their faces, as they ate. Tommy had opened his case, and the brown sherry went the round; but it was long before they came to conversation.

"Well, is it to be Kauai after all?" asked Mac, suddenly.

"This is bad enough for me," said Tommy. "Let's stick it out where we are."

"Well, I can tell ye one thing," said Mac, "if ye care to hear it. When I was in the China mail, we once made

this island. It's in the course from Honolulu."

"Deuce it is!" cried Carthew. "That settles it, then. Let's stay. We must keep good fires going; and there's plenty wreck."

"Lashings of wreck!" said the Irishman. "There's nothing here but wreck and coffin boards."

"But we'll have to make a proper blyze," objected Hemstead. "You can't see a fire like this, not any wye awye, I mean."

"Can't you?" said Carthew. "Look round."

They did, and saw the hollow of the night, the bare, bright face of the sea, and the stars regarding them; and the voices died in their bosoms at the spectacle. In that huge isolation, it seemed they must be visible from China on the one hand and California on the other.

"My God, it's dreary!" whispered Hemstead.

"Dreary?" cried Mac, and fell suddenly silent.

"It's better than a boat, anyway," said Hadden. "I've had my bellyful of boat."

"What kills me is that specie!" the captain broke out. "Think of all that riches, four thousand in gold, bad silver, and short bills—all found money, too! and no more use than that much dung!"

"I'll tell you one thing," said Tommy. "I don't like it being in the boat—I don't care to have it so far away."

"Why, who's to take it?" cried Mac, with a guffaw of evil laughter.

But this was not at all the feeling of the partners, who rose, clambered down the isle, brought back the inestimable treasure-chest slung upon two oars, and set it conspicuous in the shining of the fire.

"There's my beauty!" cried Wicks, viewing it with a cocked head. "That's better than a bonfire. What! we have a chest here, and bills for close upon two thousand pounds; there's no show to that—it would go in your vest pocket—but the rest! upwards of forty pounds avoirdupois of coined gold, and close on two hundred-weight of Chile silver! What! aint that good enough to fetch a fleet? Do you mean to say that won't affect a ship's compass? Do you mean to tell me the lookout won't turn to and *smell* it?" he cried.

Mac, who had no part or lot in the bills, the forty pounds of gold, or the two hundredweight of silver, heard this with impatience, and fell into a bitter, choking laughter. "You'll see!" he said, harshly. "You'll be glad to feed them bills into the fire before you're through with ut!" And he turned, passed by himself out of the ring of the firelight, and stood gazing seaward.

His speech and his departure extinguished instantly those sparks of better humor kindled by the dinner and the chest. The group fell again to an ill-favored silence, and Hemstead began to touch the banjo, as was his habit of an evening. His repertory was small: the chords of *Home, Sweet Home* fell under his fingers; and when he had played the symphony, he instinctively raised up his voice. "Be it never so 'umble, there's no plyce like 'ome," he sang. The last word was still upon his lips, when the instrument was snatched from him and dashed into the fire; and he turned with a cry to look into the furious countenance of Mac.

"I'll be damned if I stand this!" cried the captain, leaping up belligerent.

"I told ye I was a voilent man," said Mac, with a movement of deprecation very surprising in one of his character. "Why don't he give me a chance, then? Haven't we enough to bear the way we are?" And to the wonder and dismay of all, the man choked upon a sob. "It's ashamed of meself I am," he said presently, his Irish accent twenty-fold increased. "I ask all your pardons for me voilence; and especially the little man's, who is a harmless crayture, and here's me hand to'm, if he'll condescind to take me by't."

So this scene of barbarity and sentimentalism passed off, leaving behind strange and incongruous impressions. True, every one was perhaps glad when silence succeeded to that all too appropriate music; true, Mac's apology and subsequent behaviour rather raised him in the opinion of his fellow-castaways. But the discordant note had been struck, and its harmonies tingled in the brain. In that savage, houseless isle, the passions of man had sounded, if

only for the moment, and all men trembled at the possibilities of horror.

It was determined to stand watch and watch in case of passing vessels; and Tommy, on fire with an idea, volunteered to stand the first. The rest crawled under the tent, and were soon enjoying that comfortable gift of sleep, which comes everywhere and to all men, quenching anxieties and speeding time. And no sooner were all settled, no sooner had the drone of many snorers begun to mingle with and overcome the surf, than Tommy stole from his post with the case of sherry, and dropped it in a quiet cove in a fathom of water. But the stormy inconstancy of Mac's behavior had no connection with a gill or two of wine; his passions, angry and otherwise, were on a different sail plan from his neighbors'; and there were possibilities of good and evil in that hybrid Celt beyond their prophecy.

About two in the morning, the starry sky—or so it seemed, for the drowsy watchman had not observed the approach of any cloud—brimmed over in a deluge; and for three days it rained without remission. The islet was a sponge, the castaways sops; the view all gone, even the reef concealed behind the curtain of the falling water. The fire was soon drowned out; after a couple of boxes of matches had been scratched in vain, it was decided to wait for better weather: and the party lived in wretchedness on raw tins and a ration of hard bread.

By the 2d of February, in the dark hours of the morning watch, the clouds were all blown by; the sun rose glorious; and once more the castaways sat by a quick fire, and drank hot coffee with the greed of brutes and sufferers. Thenceforward their affairs moved in a routine. A fire was constantly maintained; and this occupied one hand continuously, and the others for an hour or so in the day. Twice a day, all hands bathed in the lagoon, their chief, almost their only pleasure. Often they fished in the lagoon with good success. And the rest was empty time, lolling, strolling, yarns, and disputation. The time of the China steamers was calculated to a nicety; which done, the thought was rejected and ignored. It was one that would not bear consideration. The boat voyage having been tacitly set aside, the desperate part chosen to wait there for the coming of help or of starvation, no man had courage left to look his bargain in the face, far less to discuss it with his neighbors. But the unuttered terror haunted them; in every hour of idleness, at every moment of silence, it returned, and breathed a chill about the circle, and carried men's eyes to the horizon. Then, in a panic of self-defence, they would rally to some other subject. And in that lone spot, what else was to be found to speak of but the treasure?

That was indeed the chief singularity, the one thing conspicuous in their island life; the presence of that chest of bills and specie dominated the mind like a cathedral; and there were besides connected with it, certain irking problems well fitted to occupy the idle. Two thousand pounds were due to the Sydney firm; two thousand pounds were clear profit, and fell to be divided in varying proportions among six. It had been agreed how the partners were to range; every pound of capital subscribed, every pound that fell due in wages, was to count for one "lay." Of these, Tommy could claim five hundred and ten, Carthew one hundred and seventy, Wicks one hundred and forty, and Hemstead and Amalu ten apiece: eight hundred and forty "lays" in all. What was the value of a lay? This was at first debated in the air and chiefly by the strength of Tommy's lungs. Then followed a series of incorrect calculations; from which they issued, arithmetically foiled, but agreed from weariness upon an approximate value of £2 7*s.* 7¼*d.* The figures were admittedly incorrect; the sum of the shares came not to £2000, but to £1996 6*s.*: £3 14*s.* being thus left unclaimed. But it was the nearest they had yet found, and the highest as well, so that the partners were made the less critical by the contemplation of their splendid dividends. Wicks put in £100 and stood to draw captain's wages for two months; his taking was £333 3*s.* 6¾*d.* Carthew had put in £150: he was to take out £401 18*s.* 6½*d.* Tommy's £500 had grown to be £1213 12*s.* 9¾*d.*; and Amalu and

Hemstead, ranking for wages only, had £22 16s. 0½*d.*, each.

From talking and brooding on these figures, it was but a step to opening the chest; and once the chest open, the glamour of the cash was irresistible. Each felt that he must see his treasure separate with the eye of flesh, handle it in the hard coin, mark it for his own, and stand forth to himself the approved owner. And here an insurmountable difficulty barred the way. There were some seventeen shillings in English silver: the rest was Chile; and the Chile dollar, which had been taken at the rate of six to the pound sterling, was practically their smallest coin. It was decided, therefore, to divide the pounds only, and to throw the shillings, pence, and fractions in a common fund. This, with the three pound fourteen already in the heel, made a total of seven pounds one shilling.

"I'll tell you," said Wicks. "Let Carthew and Tommy and me take one pound apiece, and Hemstead and Amalu split the other four, and toss up for the odd bob."

"O, rot!" said Carthew. "Tommy and I are bursting already. We can take half a sov' each, and let the other three have forty shillings."

"I'll tell you now—it's not worth splitting," broke in Mac. "I've cards in my chest. Why don't you play for the slump sum?"

In that idle place, the proposal was accepted with delight. Mac, as the owner of the cards, was given a stake; the sum was played for in five games of cribbage; and when Amalu, the last survivor in the tournament, was beaten by Mac, it was found the dinner hour was past. After a hasty meal, they fell again immediately to cards, this time (on Carthew's proposal) to Van John. It was then probably two P.M. of February 9th; and they played with varying chances for twelve hours, slept heavily, and rose late on the morrow to resume the game. All day of the 10th, with grudging intervals for food, and with one long absence on the part of Tommy from which he returned dripping with the case of sherry, they continued to deal and stake. Night fell: they drew the closer to the fire. It was maybe two in the morning, and Tommy was selling his deal by auction, as usual with that timid player; when Carthew, who didn't intend to bid, had a moment of leisure and looked round him. He beheld the moonlight on the sea, the money piled and scattered in that incongruous place, the perturbed faces of the players; he felt in his own breast the familiar tumult; and it seemed as if there rose in his ears a sound of music, and the moon seemed still to shine upon a sea, but the sea was changed, and the Casino towered from among lamplit gardens, and the money clinked on the green board. "Good God!" he thought, "am I gambling again?" He looked the more curiously about the sandy table. He and Mac had played and won like gamblers; the mingled gold and silver lay by their places in the heap. Amalu and Hemstead had each more than held their own: but Tommy was cruel far to leeward, and the captain was reduced to perhaps fifty pounds.

"I say, let's knock off," said Carthew.

"Give that man a glass of sherry," said some one, and a fresh bottle was opened, and the game went inexorably on.

Carthew was himself too heavy a winner to withdraw or to say more: and all the rest of the night he must look on at the progress of this folly, and make gallant attempts to lose with the not uncommon consequence of winning more. The first dawn of February 11th, found him well-nigh desperate. It chanced he was then dealer, and still winning. He had just dealt a round of many tens; every one had staked heavily; the captain had put up all that remained to him, twelve pounds in gold and a few dollars; and Carthew, looking privately at his cards before he showed them, found he held a natural.

"See here, you fellows," he broke out, "this is a sickening business, and I'm done with it for one." So saying, he showed his cards, tore them across, and rose from the ground.

The company stared and murmured in mere amazement; but Mac stepped gallantly to his support.

"We've had enough of it, I do believe," said he. "But of course it was all fun, and here's my counters back.

All counters in, boys!" and he began to pour his winnings into the chest, which stood fortunately near him.

Carthew stepped across and wrung him by the hand. "I'll never forget this," he said.

"And what are ye going to do with the Highway boy and the plumber?" inquired Mac, in a low tone of voice. "They've both wan, ye see."

"That's true!" said Carthew aloud. "Amalu and Hemstead, count your winnings; Tommy and I pay that."

It was carried without speech; the pair glad enough to receive their winnings, it mattered not from whence; and Tommy, who had lost about five hundred pounds, delighted with the compromise.

"And how about Mac?" asked Hemstead. "Is he to lose all?"

"I beg your pardon, plumber. I'm sure ye mean well," returned the Irishman, "but you'd better shut your face, for I'm not that kind of a man. If I t'ought I had wan that money fair, there's never a soul there could get it from me. But I t'ought it was in fun; that was my mistake, ye see; and there's no man big enough upon this island to give a present to my mother's son. So there's my opinion to ye, plumber, and you can put it in your pocket till required."

"Well, I will say, Mac, you're a gentleman," said Carthew, as he helped him to shovel back his winnings into the treasure chest.

"Divil a fear of it, sir! a drunken sailor-man," said Mac.

The captain had sat somewhile with his face in his hands; now he rose mechanically, shaking and stumbling like a drunkard after a debauch. But as he rose, his face was altered, and his voice rang out over the isle, "Sail, ho!"

All turned at the cry, and there, in the wild light of the morning, heading straight for Midway Reef, was the brig *Flying Scud*, of Hull.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE American man of leisure has been in evidence this spring in such a way, and so many times, as to make his friends more anxious than ever that he should find some satisfactory employment for his time. The situation that confronts him has a certain amount of novelty about it. Other people have got rich before the Americans, and been freed from the necessity of drudging for a livelihood; but in most other countries military life, for one thing, has given enforced occupation to many well-to-do gentlemen; and though with us politics levy with increasing success upon the ranks of the unemployed, it is one thing to talk about going into politics for an occupation, and another thing to be able to get in.

There is one sort of occupation for the well-to-do, though, which does not get the credit that fairly belongs to it. It is a prevalent sentiment that men who have money enough should get out of business. What is the use, the feeling is, of going on and making more money when you have enough already? But though a business at which money is not made is not a good business to be in, there is a great deal more in business than mere money making. A man who buys and sells, or manufactures and sells, is bound to keep in touch with his fellow-beings. He is bound, too, to keep his wits about him and to stay alive; so long as he has control of important commercial interests he has power, and the more complete his control, and the greater the interests subject to it, the greater the power. There is no other high inducement for a man of leisure to go into politics, except to acquire power and use it wisely; and if he can get more power in selling groceries or meat, or making paper or cloth or soap, or running railroads or banks, it seems a bootless change for him to abandon those occupations, or fail to train his sons in them, merely because they are money-making employments and he has money enough.

No family is so rich that it can afford not to work. If its members cannot work at what they wish to, they should do what poorer people have to do, and work at what they can. The American sentiment that everyone ought to have something to do, is a sound sentiment, and the Americans who live up to it are the ones who are the most useful to their country at home and most creditable to it abroad. Accordingly, a family with an hereditary business seems to be in an exceptionally felicitous situation. Such a family not only has possession of a great industrial machine that will produce an income, but it has a training-school for its young men, and a constant incentive to perpetuate itself and keep up its standard as a family. It is an advantage about a business that it is exacting. A family may own townships in the country, or squares in town, or have advantageous collections of securities in the vaults of a bank. Either of these possessions will stand a reasonable amount of neglect without very serious detriment, but a family with a business has got to sit up with it. Such a family can have its full share of play, but it cannot give itself over wholly to the demoralizing

pursuit of pleasure. It has responsibilities, neglect of which is too perilous to be risked. Fortune has its hostages. It must keep up with the times or be run over.

To be sure, the brains of the family may run out, or its energies fail; and in that case the business that has been its feeder may quickly become a drain. If the family has gone hopelessly to seed, of course the sooner it gets out of active life the better. To close out its business then, is common sense. It is quite a different matter to cut loose from it while the family is still strong, and shows no signs of enfeeblement. That is to invite degeneration, to throw away the apparatus by which the family has got its strength, and wait for sloth to overwhelm it.

We talk a great deal about the want of originality nowadays in anything; we say that everything seems to be vamped up and made over out of something old; all the ideas in literature and art, and to a great degree in science, have been used over and over again until they are threadbare; even the men and women we meet in daily life are cut after one pattern; talent is plentiful, but the genius that creates and originates is almost extinct.

So we talk, while we look back upon the creative past with wistful longing, upon the stagnant present with contempt, and upon an uncreative future with gloomy forebodings. At least we think we do all this; but, as an actual fact, we do nothing of the kind, and we do not take at all kindly to originality and novelty. Witness our aversion or contempt for "cranks," and yet these are the present creative and original specimens of our race, the only ones who march out of the dead level and do something novel. Think of the derision cast upon the first man who carried an umbrella, upon the first woman who wore a hoop, and, later, upon the first woman who did not wear one. There has never been an invention for the good of man that has not been forced upon him against his will, there has never been a movement for the elevation of either sex that has not had to fight its way into favor, and is gratefully accepted only when well worn.

I was led into this train of thought the other night when I went to see a new play. It was an "adaptation" from some foreign source, and was very clever, well constructed and amusing. The house was packed with people who enjoyed the play to the utmost; in fact they were overwhelmed with delight and mirth. I enjoyed it myself, immensely, and it was not until I had been at home some time that I began to philosophize about it. And then I could not but wonder as I reviewed it. That play not only had absolutely not one original thought, word, or scene, but the plot and situations were so very, very old that no written record of the drama goes back to the time when they were not. I do not of course mean this assertion to be taken in the broad sense of human emotions and passions, which must be the same in all ages, but in the restricted sense of literary and dramatic conception and ingenuity of construction. To go back but a few hundred years, our English ancestors found these self-same situations, and schemes, and dialogues, and plots intensely diverting. They abound in the plays of those times; and it is a strange thing, when one thinks of it seriously, to hear that laugh ringing down through all the political and social eras, surviving all the changes brought about by human progress, not drowned by the roar of cannon, and heard above all the clang of machinery and the screaming of steam-whistles on a winter's night in 1892 in the metropolis of a new world, the same hearty laugh at the same old thing.

And so it is with pictures. We stare and gape at the paintings on the gallery walls produced by original thinkers, and stammer about purple lights and nature's true coloring, and then we are glad to get away to the corners where hang the same sort of pictures we have seen ever since we came into the world, and before them we feel a throb of genuine pleasure, and talk freely and enjoy to our hearts' content.

Nor do we give more than a passing regard to truly original fiction. We are always asking for it, but we don't want it. We submitted to the ugly heroine for a time, but now we have the pretty one of the centuries back again and we mean to hold on to her. She is not as sentimental as she was, and knows more Greek and philosophy, but in all essential particulars she is the same love-beset damsel who has

charmed us for five hundred years. Ditto the hero; ditto the plot.

I am afraid we love the is more than the might be, or even the ought to be.

Notwithstanding the multitude of human infirmities, it is happily still the rule that men have the use of five senses that they know of, besides the possibility that they benefit by others of whose existence they are not conscious. The great majority of people can see, hear, smell, taste, and touch. For the last three senses to be seriously impaired is uncommon. Multitudes of people have imperfect vision, but most of them are so helped by eye-glasses that they make out very well. Imperfect hearing is much less common than imperfect sight, but it is a much worse scrape when it exists, because so little has been done to help it. If a man has any sight left in him at all, the spectacle-makers can fit him to enjoy the society and share the amusements of his fellows; but if he is deaf, even in moderation, he may as well make up his mind to be in a considerable measure independent of society. It was a deaf person who was asked in what he took the most pleasure, and replied: "In reading, eating and drinking, the sight of my children, games and sports, and in the prospect of death." It was another deaf man who spoke of the measure of satisfaction he found in talking with a single companion; but he added, "But hell comes into the room with the third person."

To be handsomely and agreeably deaf is a very elegant accomplishment, fit to exercise social talents of a high order. The person who aspires to it must check, in a considerable measure, a deaf person's natural tendency to shun society and flock by himself. He must continue to mix with his fellows, and when he does so must in so far conceal his infirmity as to make it a cause of discomfort to none but himself. However little he hears he must never seem unduly desirous to hear more, or yet indifferent to what is being said. However impossible it may be for him to take part in conversation he must neither permit himself to be bored nor to appear so. It is his business always to have the means of entertaining himself in his own head, so that while he continues in company his mind may be constantly and agreeably occupied, however little he may hear. In almost any company a deaf man to whom things that have been said have to be repeated is a check to free discourse; a deaf man who is eager to hear and cannot is a discomforting sight; a deaf man who is bored and wishes himself elsewhere is a depressing influence; in either case he had better go elsewhere. The tolerable deaf man is one who, being in congenial company, can give pleasure by his mere presence, as he can take pleasure in merely having his friends about him. His thoughts must run, not on what he cannot hear, but on what he sees and feels, and upon the ideas that come into his own mind. A deaf man who is always able to entertain himself, and who is always glad, and never over-anxious, to know what is going on about him, has reasonable grounds for believing that at least he is not an incubus upon society. If to his negative accomplishments he can add the habit of having something worth hearing to say, he can even hope to be considered agreeable, and to have his society as welcome to ordinary selfish people as to the more benevolent.

Whether general society is worth cultivating on these terms is another question, and the opinion that there is more of self-discipline in it than amusement seems not without some basis. Still, deaf people are bound to keep as much alive as they can, and it does not do for people who want to keep alive to live a life of too much solitude. Therefore it is a good plan for deaf people to cultivate a taste for anything that has a social side to it, but to the successful prosecution of which good hearing is not essential. Women, on whom deafness doubtless bears more hardly than on men, and who usually bear it with better grace, are likely to find profit in cultivating, for one thing, a taste for dress; for good clothes look as well on a deaf woman as on another, and give as much pleasure to the wearer as if she could hear. Moreover, the gratification incident to fine raiment being incomplete until it has been shown, the possession of ravishing toilets is a constant and wholesome incentive to their owner to brave the discomforts of her infirmity and go among people who have eyes in their heads. The cultivation of the dress faculty is less important, but not unimportant, for men.

Both men and women who are deaf do well to cultivate a taste for all sorts of games, intellectual and athletic. So, too, he can ride a horse, pull an oar, wield a tennis-bat, shoot, bowl, golf, and, with proper coaching, be a useful member of a base-ball nine.

Deafness tends to the formation of fixed habits of life. It is less exasperating at home than abroad, among familiar scenes and faces than where every sight suggests a question, and reminds the would-be questioner that whatever answer he gets he will not hear it. The traveller needs all his faculties. The more he sees the more questions he wants to ask; and the more new people he comes across, the more eager he is to test their quality. That is why the fool's paradise has a special snake in it for the deaf man. He can travel, of course, and get pleasure out of it, but he does it at a disadvantage, and will hardly choose it as an amusement exceptionally fit for him to cultivate.

THACKERAY says in "The Roundabout Papers," "Montaigne and Howel's Letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours and only half remember them." Then, after a page or two, he adds, "I should like to write a night-cap book—a book that you can muse over, that you can smile over, that you can yawn over."

I have so hearty a belief in Mr. Thackeray that I think he would have been more or less pleased to know that he *had* written a "night-cap book;" that the "Roundabout Papers," with their whimsical gentleness, their rambling fancy, have more than once vanquished the devil of Insomnia in a sick-room.

This is no small triumph, for His Insomniac Highness is a most exacting genius; and nerves worn by illness need a peculiar correspondence of soothing thought with musical diction, for a satisfactory lullaby. Nothing can serve so well as books, be they but the right books. Those who have tested the varied and complicated possibilities of insomnia learn to value these far above the kindergarten expedients of saying the alphabet backward, counting sheep jumping over a stone wall, and so on.

Not long ago, I played nurse to a friend who was suffering from nervous prostration, and who purchased moments of sleep with hours of effort. I started in, like the most professional of nurses, with my own little theory that a very stupid article read in a more or less clerical monotone would answer the purpose, and my poor friend would succumb to the double influence. I chose a book of historical research, loaded with dates, heavy with information packed and pressed until the human interest was fairly squeezed out of it. It worked very badly, the patient not being sufficiently enlisted to lose a sense of nervous effort that defeated sleep. Perceiving where the difficulty lay, we hit upon a modern serial, sparkling as champagne, vivid and clear, and the result was a frenzy of wakefulness. Gradually, it dawned upon us that a number of requirements must be complied with in order that a book should be genuinely a night-cap book, and that the sum of these demanded a high order of merit. The article read must be reflective in character, with the quieting influences of flat landscapes and wide horizons. The language must flow, not in a series of tempestuous falls as a mountain brook, but full and limpid as a river; there must be a certain continuity of thought, and the thought must not be feverish, or argumentative, or low, or sorrowful, or gay. It is not an easy thing to be a night-cap author!

Our sedative library, which became a sure resource, contains a varied series, but all answer, in a greater or less degree, to the stern demands made upon them. Copies of the London *Spectator*, Phillips Brooks's sermons, the friendly talks at Dr. Holmes's breakfast and tea tables, the fireside travels of that clear thinker who left us only yesterday, Emerson's lofty essays; and I have just now covertly enriched the shelf by adding "Prue and I," thinking that its fragrant breath of spring life and its unsullied English should make it a slumber song for the weariest heart and most unresting brain.

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